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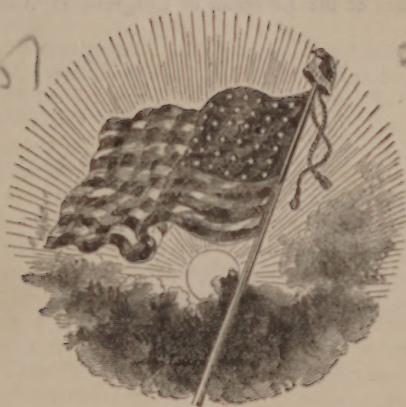
THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF

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VOLUME XXX.



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SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

VII.

SEPTIMIUS, meanwhile, had be-taken himself to the hill-top, which was his place of refuge on all occasions when the house seemed too stifled to contain him; and there he walked to and fro, with a certain kind of calmness and indifference that he wondered at; for there is hardly anything in this world so strange as the quiet surface that spreads over a man's mind in his greatest emergencies; so that he deems himself perfectly quiet, and upbraids himself with not feeling anything, when indeed he is passion-stirred. As Septimius walked to and fro, he looked at the rich crimson flowers, which seemed to be blooming in greater profusion and luxuriance than ever before. He had made an experiment with these flowers, and he was curious to know whether that experiment had been the cause of Aunt Keziah's death. Not that he felt any remorse therefor, in any case, or believed himself to have committed a crime, having really intended and desired nothing but good. I suppose such things (and he must be a lucky physician, methinks, who has no such mischief within his own experience)

never weigh with deadly weight on any man's conscience. Something must be risked in the cause of science, and in desperate cases something must be risked for the patient's self. Septimius, much as he loved life, would not have hesitated to put his own life to the same risk that he had imposed on Aunt Keziah; or if he did hesitate, it would have been only because, if the experiment turned out disastrously in his own person, he would not be in a position to make another and more successful trial; whereas, by trying it on others, the man of science still reserves himself for new efforts, and does not put all the hopes of the world, so far as involved in his success, on one cast of the die.

By and by he met Sybil Dacy, who had ascended the hill, as was usual with her, at sunset, and came towards him, gazing earnestly in his face.

"They tell me poor Aunt Keziah is no more," said she.

"She is dead," said Septimius.

"The flower is a very famous medicine," said the girl, "but everything de-



pend on its being applied in the proper way."

"Do you know the way, then?" asked Septimius.

"No; you should ask Doctor Portsoaken about that," said Sybil.

Doctor Portsoaken! And so he should consult him. That eminent chymist and scientific man had evidently heard of the recipe, and at all events would be acquainted with the best methods of getting the virtues out of flowers and herbs, some of which, Septimius had read enough to know, were poison in one phase and shape of preparation, and possessed of richest virtues in others; their poison, as one may say, serving as a dark and terrible safeguard, which Providence has set to watch over their preciousness; even as a dragon, or some wild and fiendish spectre, is set to watch and keep hidden gold and heaped-up diamonds. A dragon always waits on everything that is very good. And what would deserve the watch and ward of a dragon, or something more fatal than a dragon, if not this treasure of which Septimius was in quest, and the discovery and possession of which would enable him to break down one of the strongest barriers of nature? It ought to be death, he acknowledged it, to attempt such a thing; for how changed would be life if he should succeed! how necessary it was that mankind should be defended from such attempts on the general rule on the part of all but him! How could Death be spared?—then the sire would live forever, and the heir never come to his inheritance, and so he would at once hate his own father, from the perception that he would never be out of his way. Then the same class of powerful minds would always rule the state, and there would never be a change of policy. [*Here several pages are missing.*—ED.]

Through such scenes Septimius sought out the direction that Doctor Portsoaken had given him, and came to the door of a house in the older part of the town. The Boston of those days

had very much the aspect of provincial towns in England, such as may still be seen there, while our own city has undergone such wonderful changes that little likeness to what our ancestors made it can now be found. The streets, crooked and narrow; the houses, many-gabled, projecting, with latticed windows and diamond panes; without sidewalks; with rough pavements.

Septimius knocked loudly at the door, nor had long to wait before a serving-maid appeared, who seemed to be of English nativity; and in reply to his request for Doctor Portsoaken bade him come in, and led him up a staircase with broad landing-places; then tapped at the door of a room, and was responded to by a gruff voice saying, "Come in!" The woman held the door open, and Septimius saw the veritable Doctor Portsoaken in an old, faded morning-gown, and with a night-cap on his head, his German pipe in his mouth, and a brandy-bottle, to the best of our belief, on the table by his side.

"Come in, come in," said the gruff doctor, nodding to Septimius. "I remember you. Come in, man, and tell me your business."

Septimius did come in, but was so struck by the aspect of Doctor Portsoaken's apartment, and his gown, that he did not immediately tell his business. In the first place, everything looked very dusty and dirty, so that evidently no woman had ever been admitted into this sanctity of a place; a fact made all the more evident by the abundance of spiders, who had spun their webs about the walls and ceiling in the wildest apparent confusion, though doubtless each individual spider knew the cordage which he had lengthened out of his own miraculous bowels. But it was really strange. They had festooned their cordage on whatever was stationary in the room, making a sort of gray, dusky tapestry, that waved portentously in the breeze, and flapped, heavy and dismal, each with its spider in the centre of his own system. And what was most marvellous was a spider over the



doctor's head; a spider, I think of some South American breed, with a circumference of its many legs as big, unless I am misinformed, as a teacup, and with a body in the midst as large as a dollar; giving the spectator horrible qualms as to what would be the consequence if this spider should be crushed, and, at the same time, suggesting the poisonous danger of suffering such a monster to live. The monster, however, sat in the midst of the stalwart cordage of his web, right over the doctor's head; and he looked, with all those complicated lines, like the symbol of a conjurer or crafty politician in the midst of the complexity of his scheme; and Septimius wondered if he were not the type of Doctor Portsoaken himself, who, fat and bloated as the spider, seemed to be the centre of some dark contrivance. And could it be that poor Septimius was typified by the fascinated fly, doomed to be entangled by the web?

"Good day to you," said the gruff doctor, taking his pipe from his mouth. "Here I am, with my brother spiders, in the midst of my web. I told you, you remember, the wonderful efficacy which I had discovered in spiders' webs; and this is my laboratory, where I have hundreds of workmen concocting my panacea for me. Is it not a lovely sight?"

"A wonderful one, at least," said Septimius. "That one above your head, the monster, is calculated to give a very favorable idea of your theory. What a quantity of poison there must be in him!"

"Poison, do you call it?" quoth the grim doctor. "That's entirely as it may be used. Doubtless his bite would send a man to kingdom come; but, on the other hand, no one need want a better life-line than that fellow's web. He and I are firm friends, and I believe he would know my enemies by instinct. But come, sit down, and take a glass of brandy. No? Well, I'll drink it for you. And how is the old aunt yonder, with her infernal nostrum, the bitterness and nauseousness of

which my poor stomach has not yet forgotten?"

"My Aunt Keziah is no more," said Septimius.

"No more! Well, I trust in heaven she has carried her secret with her," said the doctor. "If anything could comfort you for her loss, it would be that. But what brings you to Boston?"

"Only a dried flower or two," said Septimius, producing some specimens of the strange growth of the grave. "I want you to tell me about them."

The naturalist took the flowers in his hand, one of which had the root appended, and examined them with great minuteness and some surprise; two or three times looking in Septimius's face with a puzzled and inquiring air; then examined them again.

"Do you tell me," said he, "that the plant has been found indigenous in this country, and in your part of it? And in what locality?"

"Indigenous, so far as I know," answered Septimius. "As to the locality," — he hesitated a little, — "it is on a small hillock, scarcely bigger than a molehill, on the hill-top behind my house."

The naturalist looked steadfastly at him with red, burning eyes, under his deep, impending, shaggy brows; then again at the flower.

"Flower, do you call it?" said he, after a re-examination. "This is no flower, though it so closely resembles one, and a beautiful one, — yes, most beautiful. But it is no flower. It is a certain very rare fungus, — so rare as almost to be thought fabulous; and there are the strangest superstitions, coming down from ancient times, as to the mode of production. What sort of manure had been put into that hillock? Was it merely dried leaves, the refuse of the forest, or something else?"

Septimius hesitated a little; but there was no reason why he should not disclose the truth, — as much of it as Doctor Portsoaken cared to know.

"The hillock where it grew," answered he, "was a grave."

"A grave! Strange! strange!"



quoth Doctor Portsoaken. "Now these old superstitions sometimes prove to have a germ of truth in them, which some philosopher has doubtless long ago, in forgotten ages, discovered and made known; but in process of time his learned memory passes away, but the truth, undiscovered, survives him, and the people get hold of it, and make it the nucleus of all sorts of folly. So it grew out of a grave! Yes, yes; and probably it would have grown out of any other dead flesh, as well as that of a human being; a dog would have answered the purpose as well as a man. You must know that the seeds of fungi are scattered so universally over the world that, only comply with the conditions, and you will produce them everywhere. Prepare the bed it loves, and a mushroom will spring up spontaneously, an excellent food, like manna from heaven. So superstition says, kill your deadliest enemy, and plant him, and he will come up in a delicious fungus, which I presume to be this; steep him, or distil him, and he will make an elixir of life for you. I suppose there is some foolish symbolism or other about the matter; but the fact I affirm to be nonsense. Dead flesh under some certain conditions of rain and sunshine, not at present ascertained by science, will produce the fungus, whether the manure be friend, or foe, or cattle."

"And as to its medical efficacy?" asked Septimius.

"That may be great for aught I know," said Portsoaken; "but I am content with my cobwebs. You may seek it out for yourself. But if the poor fellow lost his life in the supposition that he might be a useful ingredient in a recipe, you are rather an unscrupulous practitioner."

"The person whose mortal relics fill that grave," said Septimius, "was no enemy of mine (no private enemy, I mean, though he stood among the enemies of my country), nor had I anything to gain by his death. I strove to avoid aiming at his life, but he compelled me."

"Many a chance shot brings down the bird," said Doctor Portsoaken. "You say you had no interest in his death. We shall see that in the end."

Septimius did not try to follow the conversation among the mysterious hints with which the doctor chose to involve it; but he now sought to gain some information from him as to the mode of preparing the recipe, and whether he thought it would be most efficacious as a decoction or as a distillation. The learned chemist supported most decidedly the latter opinion, and showed Septimius how he might make for himself a simpler apparatus, with no better aids than Aunt Keziah's teakettle, and one or two trifling things, which the doctor himself supplied, by which all might be done with every necessary scrupulousness.

"Let me look again at the formula," said he. "There are a good many minute directions that appear trifling, but it is not safe to neglect any minutiae in the preparation of an affair like this; because, as it is all mysterious and unknown ground together, we cannot tell which may be the important and efficacious part. For instance, when all else is done, the recipe is to be exposed seven days to the sun at noon. That does not look very important, but it may be. Then again, 'Steep it in moonlight during the second quarter.' That's all moonshine, one would think; but there's no saying. It is singular, with such preciseness, that no distinct directions are given whether to infuse, decoct, distil, or what other way; but my advice is to distil."

"I will do it," said Septimius, "and not a direction shall be neglected."

"I shall be curious to know the result," said Doctor Portsoaken, "and am glad to see the zeal with which you enter into the matter. A very valuable medicine may be recovered to science through your agency, and you may make your fortune by it; though, for my part, I prefer to trust to my cobwebs. This spider, now, is not he a



lovely object? See, he is quite capable of knowledge and affection."

There seemed, in fact, to be some mode of communication between the doctor and his spider, for on some sign given by the former, imperceptible to Septimius, the many-legged monster let himself down by a cord, which he extemporized out of his own bowels, and came dangling his huge bulk down before his master's face, while the latter lavished many epithets of endearment upon him, ludicrous and not without horror, as applied to such a hideous production of nature.

"I assure you," said Doctor Portsoaken, "I run some risk from my intimacy with this lovely jewel, and if I behave not all the more prudently, your countrymen will hang me for a wizard, and annihilate this precious spider as my familiar. There would be a loss to the world; not small in my own case, but enormous in the case of the spider. Look at him now, and see if the mere uninstructed observation does not discover a wonderful value in him."

In truth, when looked at closely, the spider really showed that a care and art had been bestowed upon his make, not merely as regards curiosity, but absolute beauty, that seemed to indicate that he must be a rather distinguished creature in the view of Providence; so variegated was he with a thousand minute spots, spots of color, glorious radiance, and such a brilliance was attained by many conglomerated brilliances; and it was very strange that all this care was bestowed on a creature that, probably, had never been carefully considered except by the two pair of eyes that were now upon it, and that, in spite of its beauty and magnificence, could only be looked at with an effort to overcome the mysterious repulsiveness of its presence; for all the time that Septimius looked and admired, he still hated the thing, and thought it wrong that it was ever born, and wished that it could be annihilated. Whether the spider was conscious of the wish, we are unable to

say; but certainly Septimius felt as if he were hostile to him, and had a mind to sting him; and, in fact, Doctor Portsoaken seemed of the same opinion.

"Aha, my friend," said he, "I would advise you not to come too near Orontes! He is a lovely beast, it is true; but in a certain recess of this splendid form of his he keeps a modest supply of a certain potent and piercing poison, which would produce a wonderful effect on any flesh to which he chose to apply it. A powerful fellow is Orontes; and he has a great sense of his own dignity and importance, and will not allow it to be imposed on."

Septimius moved from the vicinity of the spider, who, in fact, retreated, by climbing up his cord, and ensconced himself in the middle of his web, where he remained waiting for his prey. Septimius wondered whether the doctor was symbolized by the spider, and was likewise waiting in the middle of his web for his prey. As he saw no way, however, in which the doctor could make a profit out of himself, or how he could be victimized, the thought did not much disturb his equanimity. He was about to take his leave, but the doctor, in a derisive kind of way, bade him sit still, for he purposed keeping him as a guest, that night, at least.

"I owe you a dinner," said he, "and will pay it with a supper and knowledge; and before we part I have certain inquiries to make, of which you may not at first see the object, but yet are not quite purposeless. My familiar, up aloft there, has whispered me something about you, and I rely greatly on his intimations."

Septimius, who was sufficiently common-sensible, and invulnerable to superstitious influences on every point except that to which he had surrendered himself, was easily prevailed upon to stay; for he found the singular, charlatanic, mysterious lore of the man curious, and he had enough of real science to at least make him an object of interest to one who knew nothing of the matter; and Septimius's



acuteness, too, was piqued in trying to make out what manner of man he really was, and how much in him was genuine science and self-belief, and how much quackery and pretension and conscious empiricism. So he stayed, and supped with the doctor at a table heaped more bountifully, and with rarer dainties, than Septimius had ever before conceived of; and in his simpler cognizance, heretofore, of eating merely to live, he could not but wonder to see a man of thought caring to eat of more than one dish, so that most of the meal, on his part, was spent in seeing the doctor feed and hearing him discourse upon his food.

"If man lived only to eat," quoth the doctor, "one life would not suffice, not merely to exhaust the pleasure of it, but even to get the rudiments of it."

When this important business was over, the doctor and his guest sat down again in his laboratory, where the former took care to have his usual companion, the black bottle, at his elbow, and filled his pipe, and seemed to feel a certain sullen, genial, fierce, brutal, kindly mood enough, and looked at Septimius with a sort of friendship, as if he had as lief shake hands with him as knock him down.

"Now for a talk about business," said he.

Septimius thought, however, that the doctor's talk began, at least, at a sufficient remoteness from any practical business; for he began to question about his remote ancestry, what he knew, or what record had been preserved, of the first emigrant from England; whence, from what shire or part of England, that ancestor had come; whether there were any memorial of any kind remaining of him; any letters, or written documents, wills, deeds, or other legal papers; in short, all about him.

Septimius could not satisfactorily see whether these inquiries were made with any definite purpose, or from a mere general curiosity to discover how a family of early settlement in America might still be linked with the old coun-

try; whether there were any tendrils stretching across the gulf of a hundred and fifty years, by which the American branch of the family was separated from the trunk of the family tree in England. The doctor partly explained this.

"You must know," said he, "that the name you bear, Felton, is one formerly of much eminence and repute in my part of England, and, indeed, very recently possessed of wealth and station. I should like to know if you are of that race."

Septimius answered with such facts and traditions as had come to his knowledge respecting his family history; a sort of history that is quite as liable to be mythical, in its early and distant stages as that of Rome, and, indeed, seldom goes three or four generations back without getting into a mist really impenetrable, though great, gloomy, and magnificent shapes of men often seem to loom in it, who, if they could be brought close to the naked eye, would turn out as commonplace as the descendants who wonder at and admire them. He remembered Aunt Keziah's legend, and said he had reason to believe that his first ancestor came over at a somewhat earlier date than the first Puritan settlers, and dwelt among the Indians, where (and here the young man cast down his eyes, having the customary American abhorrence for any mixture of blood) he had intermarried with the daughter of a sagamore, and succeeded to his rule. This might have happened as early as the end of Elizabeth's reign, perhaps later. It was impossible to decide dates on such a matter. There had been a son of this connection, perhaps more than one, but certainly one son, who, on the arrival of the Puritans, was a youth, his father appearing to have been slain in some outbreak of the tribe, perhaps owing to the jealousy of prominent chiefs, at seeing their natural authority abrogated or absorbed by a man of different race. He slightly alluded to the supernatural attributes that gathered round this



predecessor, but in a way to imply that he put no faith in them; for Septimius's natural keen sense and perception kept him from betraying his weaknesses to the doctor, by the same instinctive and subtle caution with which a madman can so well conceal his infirmity.

On the arrival of the Puritans, they had found among the Indians a youth partly of their own blood, able, though imperfectly, to speak their language,—having at least some early recollections of it,—inheriting, also, a share of influence over the tribe on which his father had grafted him. It was natural that they should pay especial attention to this youth, consider it their duty to give him religious instruction in the faith of his fathers, and try to use him as a means of influencing his tribe. They did so, but did not succeed in swaying the tribe by his means, their success having been limited to winning the half-Indian from the wild ways of his mother's people, into a certain partial, but decent accommodation to those of the English. A tendency to civilization was brought out in his character by their rigid training; at least, his savage wildness was broken. He built a house among them, with a good deal of the wigwam, no doubt, in its style of architecture, but still a permanent house, near which he established a cornfield, a pumpkin-garden, a melon-patch, and became farmer enough to be entitled to ask the hand of a Puritan maiden. He spent his life, with some few instances of temporary relapse into savage wildness, when he fished in the river Musquehannah, or in Walden, or strayed in the woods, when he should have been planting or hoeing; but, on the whole, the race had been redeemed from barbarism in his person, and in the succeeding generations had been tamed more and more. The second generation had been distinguished in the Indian wars of the provinces, and then intermarried with the stock of a distinguished Puritan divine, by which means Septimius could reckon great

and learned men, scholars of Old Cambridge, among his ancestry on one side, while on the other it ran up to the early emigrants, who seemed to have been remarkable men, and to that strange wild lineage of Indian chiefs, whose blood was like that of persons not quite human, intermixed with civilized blood.

"I wonder," said the doctor, musingly, "whether there are really no documents to ascertain the epoch at which that old first emigrant came over, and whence he came, and precisely from what English family. Often the last heir of some respectable name dies in England and we say that the family is extinct; whereas, very possibly, it may be abundantly flourishing in the New World, revived by the rich infusion of new blood in a new soil, instead of growing feebler, heavier, stupider, each year by sticking to an old soil, intermarrying over and over again with the same respectable families, till it has made common stock of all their vices, weaknesses, madnesses. Have you no documents, I say, no muniment deed?"

"None," said Septimius.

"No old furniture, desks, trunks, chests, cabinets?"

"You must remember," said Septimius, "that my Indian ancestor was not very likely to have brought such things out of the forest with him. A wandering Indian does not carry a chest of papers with him. I do remember, in my childhood, a little old iron-bound chest, or coffer, of which the key was lost, and which my Aunt Keziah used to say came down from her great-great-grandfather. I don't know what has become of it, and my poor old aunt kept it among her own treasures."

"Well, my friend, do you hunt up that old coffer, and, just as a matter of curiosity, let me see the contents."

"I have other things to do," said Septimius.

"Perhaps so," quoth the doctor, "but no other, as it may turn out, of quite so much importance as this. I'll tell you fairly; the heir of a great English house is lately dead, and the estate



lies open to any well-sustained, perhaps to any plausible claimant. If it should appear from the records of that family, as I have some reason to suppose, that a member of it, who would now represent the older branch, disappeared mysteriously and unaccountably, at a date corresponding with what might be ascertained as that of your ancestor's first appearance in this country; if any reasonable proof can be brought forward, on the part of the representatives of that white sagamore, that wizard pow-wow, or however you call him, that he was the disappearing Englishman, why, a good case is made out. Do you feel no interest in such a prospect?"

"Very little, I confess," said Septimius.

"Very little!" said the grim doctor, impatiently. "Do not you see that, if you make good your claim, you establish for yourself a position among the English aristocracy, and succeed to a noble English estate, an ancient hall, where your forefathers have dwelt since the Conqueror; splendid gardens, hereditary woods and parks, to which anything America can show is despicable,—all thoroughly cultivated and adorned, with the care and ingenuity of centuries; and an income, a month of which would be greater wealth than any of your American ancestors, raking and scraping for his lifetime, has ever got together, as the accumulated result of the toil and penury by which he has sacrificed body and soul?"

"That strain of Indian blood is in me yet," said Septimius, "and it makes me despise,—no, not despise; for I can see their desirableness for other people,—but it makes me reject for myself what you think so valuable. I do not care for these common aims. I have ambition, but it is for prizes such as other men cannot gain, and do not think of aspiring after. I could not live in the habits of English life, as I conceive it to be, and would not for my part be burdened with the great estate you speak of. It might answer my purpose for a time. It would suit me well enough to

try that mode of life, as well as a hundred others, but only for a time: It is of no permanent importance."

"I'll tell you what it is, young man," said the doctor, testily, "you have something in your brain that makes you talk very foolishly; and I have partly a suspicion what it is,—only I can't think that a fellow who is really gifted with respectable sense, in other directions, should be such a confounded idiot in this."

Septimius blushed, but held his peace, and the conversation languished after this; the doctor grimly smoking his pipe, and by no means increasing the milkeness of his mood by frequent applications to the black bottle, until Septimius intimated that he would like to go to bed. The old woman was summoned, and ushered him to his chamber.

At breakfast, the doctor partially renewed the subject which he seemed to consider most important in yesterday's conversation.

"My young friend," said he, "I advise you to look in cellar and garret, or wherever you consider the most likely place, for that iron-bound coffer. There may be nothing in it; it may be full of musty love-letters, or old sermons, or receipted bills of a hundred years ago; but it may contain what will be worth to you an estate of five thousand pounds a year. It is a pity the old woman with the damnable decoction is gone off. Look it up, I say."

"Well, well," said Septimius, abstractedly, "when I can find time."

So saying, he took his leave, and retraced his way back to his home. He had not seemed like himself during the time that elapsed since he left it, and it appeared an infinite space that he had lived through and travelled over, and he fancied it hardly possible that he could ever get back again. But now, with every step that he took, he found himself getting miserably back into the old enchanted land. The mist rose up about him, the pale mist-bow of ghostly promise curved before him; and he trod back again, poor boy, out of the



clime of real effort, into the land of his dreams and shadowy enterprise.

"How was it," said he, "that I can have been so untrue to my convictions? Whence came that dark and dull despair that weighed upon me? Why did I let the mocking mood which I was conscious of in that brutal, brandy-burnt sceptic have such an influence on me? Let him guzzle! He shall not tempt me from my pursuit, with his lure of an estate and name among those heavy English beef-eaters of whom he is a brother. My destiny is one which kings might envy, and strive in vain to buy with principalities and kingdoms."

So he trod on air almost, in the latter parts of his journey, and, instead of being wearied, grew more airy with the latter miles that brought him to his wayside home.

So now Septimius sat down, and began in earnest his endeavors and experiments to prepare the medicine, according to the mysterious terms of the recipe. It seemed not possible to do it, so many rebuffs and disappointments did he meet with. No effort would produce a combination answering to the description of the recipe, which propounded a brilliant, gold-colored liquid, clear as the air itself, with a certain fragrance which was peculiar to it, and also, what was the more individual test of the correctness of the mixture, a certain coldness of the feeling, a chillness which was described as peculiarly refreshing and invigorating. With all his trials he produced nothing but turbid results, clouded generally, or lacking something in color, and never that fragrance and never that coldness which was to be the test of truth. He studied all the books of chemistry which at that period were attainable, — a period when, in the world, it was a science far unlike what it has since become; and when Septimius had no instruction in this country, nor could obtain any beyond the dark, mysterious, charlatanic communications of Doctor Portsoaken. So that, in fact, he seemed to be discovering for him-

self the science through which he was to work. He seemed to do everything that was stated in the recipe, and yet no results came from it; the liquid that he produced was nauseous to the smell, — to taste it he had a horrible repugnance, — turbid, nasty, reminding him in most respects of poor Aunt Keziah's elixir; and it was a body without a soul, and that body dead. And so it went on; and the poor, half-maddened Septimius began to think that his immortal life was preserved by the mere effort of seeking for it, but was to be spent in the quest, and was therefore to be made an eternity of abortive misery. He pored over the document that had so possessed him, turning its crabbed meanings every way, trying to get out of it some new light, often tempted to fling it into the fire which he kept under his retort, and let the whole thing go; but then again, soon rising out of that black depth of despair, into a determination to do what he had so long striven for. With such intense action of mind as he brought to bear on this paper, it is wonderful that it was not spiritually distilled; that its essence did not arise, purified from all alloy of falsehood, from all turbidness of obscurity and ambiguity, and from a pure essence of truth and invigorating motive, if of any it were capable. In this interval, Septimius is said by tradition to have found out many wonderful secrets that were almost beyond the scope of science. It was said that old Aunt Keziah used to come with a coal of fire from unknown furnaces, to light his distilling apparatus; it was said, too, that the ghost of the old lord, whose ingenuity had propounded this puzzle for his descendants, used to come at midnight and strive to explain to him this manuscript; that the Black Man, too, met him on the hill-top, and promised him an immediate release from his difficulties, provided he would kneel down and worship him, and sign his name in his book, an old, iron-clasped, much-worn volume, which he produced from his ample pockets, and



showed him in it the names of many a man whose name has become historic, and above whose ashes kept watch an inscription testifying to his virtues and devotion, — old autographs, — for the Black Man was the original autograph-collector.

But these, no doubt, were foolish stories, conceived and propagated in chimney-corners, while yet there were chimney-corners and firesides, and smoky flues. There was no truth in such things, I am sure; the Black Man had changed his tactics, and knew better than to lure the human soul thus to come to him with his musty autograph-book. So Septimius fought with his difficulty by himself, as many a beginner in science has done before him; and to his efforts in this way are popularly attributed many herb-drinks, and some kinds of spruce-beer, and nostrums used for rheumatism, sore throat, and typhus fever; but I rather think they all came from Aunt Keziah; or perhaps, like jokes to Joe Miller, all sorts of quack medicines, flocking at large through the community, are assigned to him or her. The people have a little mistaken the character and purpose of poor Septimius, and remember him as a quack doctor, instead of a seeker for a secret, not the less sublime and elevating because it happened to be unattainable.

I know not through what medium, or by what means, but it got noised abroad that Septimius was engaged in some mysterious work; and, indeed, his seclusion, his absorption, his indifference to all that was going on in that weary time of war, looked strange enough to indicate that it must be some most important business that engrossed him. On the few occasions when he came out from his immediate haunts into the village, he had a strange, owl-like appearance, uncombed, unbrushed, his hair long and tangled; his face, they said, darkened with smoke; his cheeks pale; the indentation of his brow deeper than ever before; an earnest, haggard, sulking look; and so he went hastily along the village street, feeling

as if all eyes might find out what he had in his mind from his appearance; taking by-ways where they were to be found, going long distances through woods and fields, rather than short ones where the way lay through the frequented haunts of men. For he shunned the glances of his fellow-men, probably because he had learnt to consider them not as fellows, because he was seeking to withdraw himself from the common bond and destiny, — because he felt, too, that on that account his fellow-men would consider him as a traitor, an enemy, one who deserted their cause, and tried to withdraw his feeble shoulder from under that great burthen of death which is imposed on all men to bear, and which, if one could escape, each other would feel his load proportionably heavier. With these beings of a moment he had no longer any common cause; they must go their separate ways, yet apparently the same, — they on the broad, dusty, beaten path, that seemed always full, but from which continually they so strangely vanished into invisibility, no one knowing, nor long inquiring, what had become of them; he on his lonely path, where he should tread secure, with no trouble but the loneliness which would be none to him. For a little while he would seem to keep them company, but soon they would all drop away, the minister, his accustomed townspeople, Robert Hagburn, Rose, Sybil Dacy, — all leaving him in blessed unknownness to adopt new temporary relations, and take a new course.

Sometimes, however, the prospect a little chilled him. Could he give them all up, — the sweet sister; the friend of his childhood; the grave instructor of his youth; the homely life-known faces? Yes; there were such rich possibilities in the future: for he would seek out the noblest minds, the deepest hearts in every age, and be the friend of human[ity in all] time. Only it might be sweet to have one unchangeable companion; for, unless he strung the pearls and diamonds of life upon one unbroken affection, he sometimes thought



that his life would have nothing to give it unity and identity; and so the longest life would be but an aggregate of insulated fragments, which would have no relation to one another. And so it would not be one life, but many unconnected ones. Unless he could look into the same eyes, through the mornings of future time, opening and blessing him with the fresh gleam of love and joy; unless the same sweet voice could melt his thoughts together; unless some sympathy of a life side by side with his could knit them into one; looking back upon the same things, looking forward to the same; the long, thin thread of an individual life, stretching onward and onward, would cease to be visible, cease to be felt, cease, by and by, to have any real bigness in proportion to its length, and so be virtually non-existent, except in the mere inconsiderable Now. If a group of chosen friends, chosen out of all the world for their adaptedness, could go on in endless life together, keeping themselves mutually warm on the high, desolate way, then none of them need ever sigh to be comforted in the pitiable snugness of the grave. If one especial soul might be his companion, then how complete the fence of mutual arms, the warmth of close-pressing breast to breast! Might there be one! O, Sybil Dacy!

Perhaps it could not be. Who but himself could undergo that great trial, and hardship, and self-denial, and firm purpose, never wavering, never sinking for a moment, keeping his grasp on life like one who holds up by main force a sinking and drowning friend? — how could a woman do it! He must then give up the thought. There was a choice, — friendship, and the love of woman, — the long life of immortality. There was something heroic and ennobling in choosing the latter. And so he walked with the mysterious girl on the hill-top, and sat down beside her on the grave, which still ceased not to redden, portentously beautiful, with that unnatural flower, — and they talked together; and Sep-

timius looked on her weird beauty, and often said to himself, "This, too, will pass away; she is not capable of what I am, she is a woman. It must be a manly and courageous and forcible spirit, vastly rich in all three particulars, that has strength enough to live! Ah, is it surely so? There is such a dark sympathy between us, she knows me so well, she touches my inmost so at unawares, that I could almost think I had a companion here. Perhaps not so soon. At the end of centuries I might wed one; not now."

But once he said to Sybil Dacy, "Ah, how sweet it would be — sweet for me, at least — if this intercourse might last forever!"

"That is an awful idea that you present," said Sybil, with a hardly perceptible, involuntary shudder; "always on this hill-top, always passing and repassing this little hillock, always smelling these flowers! I always looking at this deep chasm in your brow; you always seeing my bloodless cheek! — doing this till these trees crumble away, till perhaps a new forest grew up wherever this white race had planted, and a race of savages again possess the soil. I should not like it. My mission here is but for a short time, and will soon be accomplished, and then I go."

"You do not rightly estimate the way in which the long time might be spent," said Septimius. "We would find out a thousand uses of this world, uses and enjoyments which now men never dream of, because the world is just held to their mouths, and then snatched away again, before they have time hardly to taste it, instead of becoming acquainted with the deliciousness of this great world-fruit. But you speak of a mission, and as if you were now in performance of it. Will you not tell me what it is?"

"No," said Sybil Dacy, smiling on him. "But one day you shall know what it is, — none sooner nor better than you, — so much I promise you."

"Are we friends?" asked Septimius, somewhat puzzled by her look.



"We have an intimate relation to one another," replied Sybil.

"And what is it?" demanded Septimius.

"That will appear hereafter," answered Sybil, again smiling on him.

He knew not what to make of this, nor whether to be exalted or depressed; but, at all events, there seemed to be an accordance, a striking together, a mutual touch of their two natures, as if, somehow or other, they were performing the same part of solemn music; so that he felt his soul thrill, and at the same time shudder. Some sort of sympathy there surely was, but of what nature he could not tell; though often he was impelled to ask himself the same question he asked Sybil, "Are we friends?" because of a sudden shock and repulsion that came between them, and passed away in a moment; and there would be Sybil, smiling askance on him.

And then he toiled away again at his chemical pursuits; tried to mingle things harmoniously that apparently were not born to be mingled; discovering a science for himself, and mixing it up with absurdities that other chemists had long ago flung aside; but still there would be that turbid aspect, still that lack of fragrance, still that want of the peculiar temperature, that was announced as the test of the matter. Over and over again he set the crystal vase in the sun, and let it stay there the appointed time, hoping that it would digest in such a manner as to bring about the desired result.

One day, as it happened, his eyes fell upon the silver key which he had taken from the breast of the dead young man, and he thought within himself that this might have something to do with the seemingly unattainable success of his pursuit. He remembered, for the first time, the grim doctor's emphatic injunction to search for the little iron-bound box of which he had spoken, and which had come down with such legends attached to it; as, for instance, that it held the Devil's bond with his great-great-grandfather, now cancelled by the

surrender of the latter's soul; that it held the golden key of Paradise; that it was full of old gold, or of the dry leaves of a hundred years ago; that it had a familiar friend in it, who would be exorcised by the turning of the lock, but would otherwise remain a prisoner till the solid oak of the box mouldered, or the iron rusted away; so that between fear and the loss of the key, this curious old box had remained unopened, till itself was lost.

But now Septimius, putting together what Aunt Keziah had said in her dying moments, and what Doctor Portsoaken had insisted upon, suddenly came to the conclusion that the possession of the old iron box might be of the greatest importance to him. So he set himself at once to think where he had last seen it. Aunt Keziah, of course, had put it away in some safe place or other, either in cellar or garret, no doubt; so Septimius, in the intervals of his other occupations, devoted several days to the search; and, not to weary the reader with the particulars of the quest for an old box, suffice it to say that he at last found it, amongst various other antique rubbish, in a corner of the garret.

It was a very rusty old thing, not more than a foot in length, and half as much in height and breadth; but most ponderously iron-bound, with bars and corners, and all sorts of fortification; looking very much like an ancient alms-box, such as are to be seen in the older rural churches of England, and which seem to intimate great distrust of those to whom the funds are committed. Indeed, there might be a shrewd suspicion that some ancient church-beadle among Septimius's forefathers, when emigrating from England, had taken the opportunity of bringing the poor-box along with him. On looking close, too, there were rude embellishments on the lid and sides of the box in long-rusted steel, designs such as the Middle Ages were rich in; a representation of Adam and Eve, or of Satan and a soul, nobody could tell which; but at any rate, an illustration of great value



and interest. Septimius looked at this ugly, rusty, ponderous old box, so worn and battered with time, and recollected with a scornful smile the legends of which it was the object; all of which he despised and discredited, just as much as he did that story in the "*Arabian Nights*," where a demon comes out of a copper vase, in a cloud of smoke that covers the sea-shore; for he was singularly invulnerable to all modes of superstition, all nonsense, except his own. But that one mode was ever in full force and operation with him. He felt strongly convinced that inside the old box was something that appertained to his destiny; the key that he had taken from the dead man's breast, had that come down through time, and across the sea, and had a man died to bring and deliver it to him, merely for nothing? It could not be.

He looked at the old, rusty, elaborated lock of the little receptacle. It was much flourished about with what was once polished steel; and certainly, when thus polished, and the steel bright with which it was hooped, defended, and inlaid, it must have been a thing fit to appear in any cabinet; though now the oak was worm-eaten as an old coffin, and the rust of the iron came off red on Septimius's fingers, after he had been fumbling at it. He looked at the curious old silver key too, and fancied that he discovered in its elaborate handle some likeness to the ornaments about the box; at any rate, this he determined was the key of fate, and he was just applying it to the lock, when somebody tapped familiarly at the door, having opened the outer one, and stepped in with a manly stride. Septimius, inwardly blaspheming, as secluded men are apt to do when any interruption comes, and especially when it comes at some critical moment of projection, left the box as yet unbroached, and said, "Come in."

The door opened, and Robert Hagburn entered; looking so tall and stately, that Septimius hardly knew him for the youth with whom he had

grown up familiarly. He had on the Revolutionary dress of buff and blue, with decorations that to the initiated eye denoted him an officer, and certainly there was a kind of authority in his look and manner, indicating that heavy responsibilities, critical moments, had educated him, and turned the ploughboy into a man.

"Is it you?" exclaimed Septimius. "I scarcely knew you. How war has altered you!"

"And I may say, Is it you? for you are much altered likewise, my old friend. Study wears upon you terribly. You will be an old man, at this rate, before you know you are a young one. You will kill yourself, as sure as a gun!"

"Do you think so?" said Septimius, rather startled, for the queer absurdity of the position struck him, if he should so exhaust and wear himself as to die, just at the moment when he should have found out the secret of everlasting life. "But though I look pale, I am very vigorous. Judging from that scar, slanting down from your temple, you have been nearer death than you now think me, though in another way."

"Yes," said Robert Hagburn; "but in hot blood, and for a good cause, who cares for death? And yet I love life; none better, while it lasts, and I love it in all its looks and turns and surprises;—there is so much to be got out of it, in spite of all that people say. Youth is sweet, with its fiery enterprise, and I suppose mature manhood will be just as much so, though in a calmer way, and age, quieter still, will have its own merits;—the thing is only to do with life what we ought, and what is suited to each of its stages; do all, enjoy all,—and I suppose these two rules amount to the same thing. Only catch real earnest hold of life, not play with it, and not defer one part of it for the sake of another, then each part of life will do for us what was intended. People talk of the hardships of military service, of the miseries that we undergo fighting for our country. I have undergone



my share, I believe, — hard toil in the wilderness, hunger, extreme weariness, pinching cold, the torture of a wound, peril of death ; and really I have been as happy through it as ever I was at my mother's cosey fireside of a winter's evening. If I had died, I doubt not my last moments would have been happy. There is no use of life, but just to find out what is fit for us to do ; and, doing it, it seems to be little matter whether we live or die in it. God does not want our work, but only our willingness to work ; at least, the last seems to answer all his purposes."

"This is a comfortable philosophy of yours," said Septimius, rather contemptuously, and yet enviously. "Where did you get it, Robert?"

"Where ? Nowhere ; it came to me on the march ; and though I can't say that I thought it when the bullets pattered into the snow about me, in those narrow streets of Quebec, yet, I suppose, it was in my mind then ; for, as I tell you, I was very cheerful and contented. And you, Septimius ? I never saw such a discontented, unhappy-looking fellow as you are. You have had a harder time in peace than I in war. You have not found what you seek, whatever that may be. Take my advice. Give yourself to the next work that comes to hand. The war offers place to all of us ; we ought to be thankful, — the most joyous of all the generations before or after us, — since Providence gives us such good work to live for, or such a good opportunity to die. It is worth living for, just to have the chance to die so well as a man may in these days. Come, be a soldier. Be a chaplain, since your education lies that way ; and you will find that nobody in peace prays so well as we do, we soldiers ; and you shall not be debarred from fighting, too ; if war is holy work, a priest may lawfully do it, as well as pray for it. Come with us, my old friend Septimius, be my comrade, and, whether you live or die, you will thank me for getting you out of the yellow forlornness

in which you go on, neither living nor dying."

Septimius looked at Robert Hagburn in surprise ; so much was he altered and improved by this brief experience of war, adventure, responsibility, which he had passed through. Not less than the effect produced on his loutish, rustic air and deportment, developing his figure, seeming to make him taller, setting free the manly graces that lurked within his awkward frame, — not less was the effect on his mind and moral nature, giving freedom of ideas, simple perception of great thoughts, a free natural chivalry ; so that the knight, the Homeric warrior, the hero, seemed to be here, or possible to be here, in the young New England rustic ; and all that history has given, and hearts throbbed and sighed and gloried over, of patriotism and heroic feeling and action, might be repeated, perhaps, in the life and death of this familiar friend and playmate of his, whom he had valued not over highly, — Robert Hagburn. He had merely followed out his natural heart, boldly and singly, — doing the first good thing that came to hand, — and here was a hero.

"You almost make me envy you, Robert," said he, sighing.

"Then why not come with me ?" asked Robert.

"Because I have another destiny," said Septimius.

"Well, you are mistaken ; be sure of that," said Robert. "This is not a generation for study, and the making of books ; that may come by and by. This great fight has need of all men to carry it on, in one way or another ; and no man will do well, even for himself, who tries to avoid his share in it. But I have said my say. And now, Septimius, the war takes much of a man, but it does not take him all, and what it leaves is all the more full of life and health thereby. I have something to say to you about this."

"Say it then, Robert," said Septimius, who, having got over the first excitement of the interview, and the sort



of exhilaration produced by the healthful glow of Robert's spirit, began secretly to wish that it might close, and to be permitted to return to his solitary thoughts again. "What can I do for you?"

"Why, nothing," said Robert, looking rather confused, "since all is settled. The fact is, my old friend, as perhaps you have seen, I have very long had an eye upon your sister Rose; yes, from the time we went together to the old school-house, where she now teaches children like what we were then. The war took me away, and in good time,—for I doubt if Rose would ever have cared enough for me to be my wife, if I had stayed at home, a country lout, as I was getting to be, in shirt-sleeves and bare feet. But now, you see, I have come back, and this whole great war, to her woman's heart, is represented in me, and makes me heroic, so to speak, and strange, and yet her old familiar lover. So I found her heart tenderer for me than it was; and, in short, Rose has consented to be my wife, and we mean to be married in a week: my furlough permits little delay."

"You surprise me," said Septimius, who, immersed in his own pursuits, had taken no notice of the growing affection between Robert and his sister. "Do you think it well to snatch this little lull that is allowed you in the wild striving of war to try to make a peaceful home? Shall you like to be summoned from it soon? Shall you be as cheerful among dangers afterwards, when one sword may cut down two happinesses?"

"There is something in what you say, and I have thought of it," said Robert, sighing. "But I can't tell how it is; but there is something in this uncertainty, this peril, this cloud before us, that makes it sweeter to love and to be loved than amid all seeming quiet and serenity. Really, I think, if there were to be no death, the beauty of life would be all tame. So we take our chance, or our dispensation of Providence, and are going to love, and

to be married, just as confidently as if we were sure of living forever."

"Well, old fellow," said Septimius, with more cordiality and outgush of heart than he had felt for a long while, "there is no man whom I should be happier to call brother. Take Rose, and all happiness along with her. She is a good girl, and not in the least like me. May you live out your threescore years and ten, and every one of them be happy."

Little more passed, and Robert Hagburn took his leave with a hearty shake of Septimius's hand, too conscious of his own happiness to be quite sensible how much the latter was self-involved, strange, anxious, separated from healthy life and interests; and Septimius, as soon as Robert had disappeared, locked the door behind him, and proceeded at once to apply the silver key to the lock of the old strong box.

The lock resisted somewhat, being rusty, as might well be supposed after so many years since it was opened; but it finally allowed the key to turn, and Septimius, with a good deal of flutter at his heart, opened the lid. The interior had a very different aspect from that of the exterior; for, whereas the latter looked so old, this, having been kept from the air, looked about as new as when shut up from light and air two centuries ago, less or more. It was lined with ivory, beautifully carved in figures, according to the art which the mediæval people possessed in great perfection; and probably the box had been a lady's jewel-casket formerly, and had glowed with rich lustre and bright colors at former openings. But now there was nothing in it of that kind,—nothing in keeping with those figures carved in the ivory representing some mythical subjects,—nothing but some papers in the bottom of the box written over in an ancient hand, which Septimius at once fancied that he recognized as that of the manuscript and recipe which he had found on the breast of the young soldier. He eagerly seized them, but was infinitely disappointed to find that

they did not seem to refer at all to the subjects treated by the former, but related to pedigrees and genealogies, and were in reference to an English family and some member of it who, two centuries before, had crossed the sea to America, and who, in this way, had sought to preserve his connection with his native stock, so as to be able, perhaps, to prove it for himself or his descendants; and there was reference to documents and records in England in confirmation of the genealogy. Septimius saw that this paper had been drawn up by an ancestor of his own, the unfortunate man who had been hanged for witchcraft; but so earnest had been his expectation of something different, that he flung the old papers down with bitter indifference.

Then again he snatched them up, and contemptuously read them, — those proofs of descent through generations of esquires and knights, who had been renowned in war; and there seemed, too, to be running through the family a certain tendency to letters, for three were designated as of the colleges of Oxford or Cambridge; and against one there was the note, “he that sold himself to Sathan”; and another seemed to have been a follower of Wickliffe; and they had murdered kings, and been beheaded, and banished, and what not; so that the age-long life of this ancient family had not been, after all, a happy or very prosperous one, though they had kept their estate in one or another descendant, since the Conquest. It was not wholly without interest that Septimius saw that this ancient descent, this connection with noble families, and intermarriages with names, some of which he recognized as known in English history, all referred to his own family, and seemed to centre in

himself, the last of a poverty-stricken line, which had dwindled down into obscurity, and into rustic labor and humble toil, reviving in him a little; yet how little, unless he fulfilled his strange purpose! Was it not better worth his while to take this English position here so strangely offered him? He had apparently slain unwittingly the only person who could have contested his rights, — the young man who had so strangely brought him the hope of unlimited life at the same time that he was making room for him among his forefathers. What a change in his lot would have been here, for there seemed to be some pretensions to a title, too, from a barony which was floating about and occasionally moving out of abeyancy!

“Perhaps,” said Septimius to himself, “I may hereafter think it worth while to assert my claim to these possessions, to this position amid an ancient aristocracy, and try that mode of life for one generation. Yet there is something in my destiny incompatible, of course, with the continued possession of an estate. I must be, of necessity, a wanderer on the face of the earth, changing place at short intervals, disappearing suddenly and entirely; else the foolish, short-lived multitude and mob of mortals will be enraged with one who seems their brother; yet whose countenance will never be furrowed with his age, nor his knees totter, nor his force be abated; their little brevity will be rebuked by his age-long endurance, above whom the oaken roof-tree of a thousand years would crumble, while still he would be hale and strong. So that this house, or any other, would be but a resting-place of a day, and then I must away into another obscurity.”

*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*



## THE SONG OF ROREK.

'T WAS on the night of Michaelmas that lordly Orloff's heir  
Wed with the noble Russian maid, Dimitry's daughter fair.

With mirth and song, and love and wine, that was a royal day ;  
The banners streamed, the halls were hung in black and gold array.

The Twelve Apostles stood in brass, each with a flambeau bright,  
To blaze with holy altar sheen throughout the festive night.

The rings were changed, the tabor rolled, the Kyrie was said ;  
The boyard father drew his sword, and pierced the loaf of bread.

Soon as the priest did drain his cup, and put his pipe aside,  
He wiped his lip upon his sleeve, and kissed the blushing bride.

That very night to Novgorod must hasten bride and heir,  
And Count Dimitry bid them well with robe and bell prepare.

And when from feast and wedding-guest they parted at the door,  
He bade two hunters ride behind, two hunters ride before.

"Look to your carbines, men," he called, "and gird your ready knives."  
With one accord they all replied, "We pledge thee with our lives !"

I was the haiduk of that night, and vowed, by horses fleet,  
Our sleigh must shoot with arrow speed behind the coursers' feet.

We journeyed speedy, werst by werst, with bell and song and glee,  
And I, upon my postal-horn, blew many a melody.

I blew farewell to Minka mine, and bid the strain retire  
Where she sat winding flaxen thread beside the kitchen fire.

We rode, and rode, by hollow pass, by glen and mountain-side,  
And with each bell soft accents fell from lips of bonny bride.

The night was drear, the night was chill, the night was lone and bright ;  
Before us streamed the polar rays in green and golden light.

The gypsy thieves were in their dens ; the owl moaned in the trees ;  
The wind-mill circled merrily, obedient to the breeze.

Shrill piped the blast in birchen boughs, and mocked the snowy shroud,  
Thrice ran a hare across our track ; thrice croaked a raven loud !

The horses pawed the frigid sands, and drove them with the wind ;  
We left the village gallows-tree full thirty wersts behind.

We rode, and rode, by forest shade, by brake and river-side ;  
And as we rode I heard the kiss of groom and bonny bride.

I heard again,—a boding strain ; I heard it, all too well ;  
A neigh, a shout, a groan, a howl,—then heavy curses fell.

Our horses pricked their wary ears, and bounded with affright ;  
From forest kennels picket wolves were baying in the night.

"Haiduk, haiduk,—the lash,—the steeds,—the wolves!—" the lady cried ;  
The wily baron clutched his blade, and murmured to the bride :—

"This all is but a moonlight hunt ; the starveling hounds shall bleed,  
And you shall be the tourney's queen, to crown the gallant deed!"

The moon it crept behind a cloud, as covered by a storm ;  
And the gray cloud became a wolf, a monster wolf in form.

"Gramercy, Mother of our Lord,—gramercy in our needs!"  
Hold well together hand and thong,—hold well, ye sturdy steeds!

Like unto Tartar cavalry the wolf battalion sped ;  
Ungunned, unspurred, but well to horse, and sharpened well to head.

The pines stood by, the stars looked on, and listless fell the snow ;  
The breeze made merry with the trees, nor heeded wolf nor woe.

Now cracked the carbines,—bleeding beasts were rolling here and there ;  
'T was flash and shot and howl,—and yet the wolves were everywhere.

No more they mustered in our wake, their legion ranged beside.  
'T was steed for speed, and wolf for steed, and wolf for lord and bride.

In vain I cited Christian saints, I called Mahomet near ;  
Methought though all the saints did fail, the Prophet would appear.

A moment, and pursuit is stayed,—they tear their wounded kind ;  
A moment,—then the hellish pack did follow close behind.

The baron silent rose amain, by danger unappalled.  
"Strive for your lives, with guns and knives," the mounted guardsmen called.

The lady muttered agony, with crucifix and beads ;  
The wolves were snapping by her side, and leaping at our steeds.

My limbs were numb, my senses dumb, nor reason held its place ;  
I fell beneath two glaring orbs, within a gaunt embrace.

I roused to hear a volley fired, to hear a martial shout ;  
And when I oped my stricken eyes the wolves were all to rout.

A hundred scouting Cossacks met and slew the deadly foe ;  
Fourscore of wolves in throes of death lay bleeding in the snow.

Our lady rested in a swoon, our lord was stained with gore ;  
But none could tell of what befell the trusty hunters four.

*John W. Weidemeyer.*



## THE NEW WRINKLE AT SWEETBRIER ;

## OR, THE DRAMA IN COLLEGES.

I HAVE been distressed, dear Fastidious, by your remonstrance concerning the performance at our college at Sweetbrier of a "stage play." You have heard the facts rightly; that it was given under the superintendence of the English professor, the evening before Commencement, "with many of the accessories of a theatre." You urge that it is unprecedented to have at a dignified institution, which aims at a high standard, under the superintendence of a professor, such a performance; that it excites the prejudices of some people against us; and you quote the sharp remarks of "David's Harp," the organ of the Dunkers. You urge that such things can be nothing more than the play of boys and girls, and are something worse than mere waste of time, for they set young people to thinking of the theatre, which is irretrievably sunk and only harmful. In your character of trustee, you are sorry it has been done, and beg that it may not be done again.

I beg you to listen to a patient stating of the case. It is not without precedent. When you were at Worms, in Germany, do you remember in the Luther memorial the superb figure of Reuchlin, on one of the outer corners? One or two of the statues may be somewhat grander, but no other seemed to me so handsome, as it stood colossal on its pillar, the scholar's gown falling from the stately shoulders, and the face so fine there in the bronze, under the abundant hair and cap. Reuchlin is said to be the proper founder of the German drama. Before his time there had been, to be sure, some performing of miracle-plays, and perhaps things of a different sort. The German literary historians, however, make it an era when Reuchlin came as professor to Heidelberg, and, in 1497, set up a stage, with students for

actors, at the house of Johann, Kämmerer von Dalberg. He wrote his plays in Latin. If you wish, I can send you their titles. Each act, probably, was prefaced by a synopsis in German, and soon translations came into vogue, and were performed as well. On that little strip of level which the crags and the Neckar make so narrow, collected then, as now, a fair concourse of bounding youth. One can easily fancy how, when the prototypes of the trim Burschen of to-day stepped out in their representation, the applause sounded across to the vineyards about the Heiligenberg and Hirschgasse, and how now and then a knight and a dame from the court of the Kurfürst came down the Schlossberg to see it all. What Reuchlin began, came by no means to a speedy end. In the Jesuit seminaries in Germany, in Italy too, and elsewhere, as the Reformation came on, I find the boys were acting plays. This feature in the school was held out as an attraction to win students; and in Prague the fathers themselves wrote dramas to satirize the Protestants, introducing Luther as the comic figure. But what occurred in the Protestant world was more noteworthy. As the choral singing of the school-boys affected in an important way the development of music, so the school-plays had much to do with the development of the drama. Read Gervinus to see how for a century or two it was the schools and universities that remained true to a tolerably high standard, while in the world at large all nobler ideals were under eclipse. It was jocund Luther himself who took it under his especial sanction, as he did the fiddle and the dance, in his sweet large-heartedness finding Scriptural precedents for it, and encouraging the youths who came trooping to Wittenberg to relieve their wrestling with Aristotle and



the dreary controversy with an occasional play. Melancthon, too, gave the practice encouragement, until not only Wittenberg, but the schools of Saxony in general, and Thuringia, whose hills were in sight, surpassed all the countries of Germany in their attention to plays. In Leipsic, Erfurt, and Magdeburg comedies were regularly represented before the schoolmasters. But it was at the University of Strasburg, even at the time when the unsmiling Calvin was seeking asylum there, that the dramatic life of the German seminaries found a splendid culmination. Yearly, in the academic theatre, took place a series of representations, by students, of marvellous pomp and elaboration. The school and college plays were of various character. Sometimes they were from Terence, Plautus, or Aristophanes; sometimes modifications of the ancient mysteries, meant to enforce the Evangelical theology; sometimes comedies full of the contemporary life. There are several men that have earned mention in the history of German literature by writing plays for students. The representations became a principal means for celebrating great occasions. If special honor was to be done to a festival, or a princely visit was expected, the market-place, the Rathhaus, or the church was prepared, and it was the professor's or the schoolmaster's duty to direct the boys in their performance of a play. We get glimpses, in the chronicles, of the circumstances under which the representations took place. The magistrates, even the courts, lent brilliant dresses. One old writer laments that the ignorant people have so little sense for arts of this kind. "Often tumult and mocking are heard, for it is the greatest joy to the rabble if the spectators fall down through broken benches." The old three-storied stage of the mysteries was often retained, with heaven above, earth in the middle space, and hell below; where, according to the stage direction of the "Golden Legend," "the devils walked about and made a great noise."

"Lazarus" is described as represented in the sixteenth century before a hotel, before which sat the rich man carousing, while Abraham, in a parson's coat, looked out of an upper window. This rudeness, however, belongs rather to the "Volks-comédie" than the "Schul-comédie," whose adjuncts were generally far more rational, and sometimes even brilliant, as in the Strasburg representations. It was only in the seminaries that art was preserved from utter decay. One may trace the Schul-comédie until far down in the eighteenth century, and in the last mention I find of it appears an interesting figure. In 1780, at the military school in Stuttgart, the birthday of the Duke of Würtemberg was celebrated by a performance of Goethe's "Clavigo." The leading part was taken by a youth of twenty-one, with high cheek-bones, a broad, low, Greek brow above straight eyebrows, a prominent nose, and lips nervous with an extraordinary energy. The German narrator says he played the part "abominably, shrieking, roaring, unmannerly to a laughable degree." It was the young Schiller, wild as a Pythoness upon her tripod, with the "Robbers," which became famous in the following year.

But I do not mean, Fastidiosus, to cite only German precedents, nor to uphold the college drama with the names of Reuchlin, Melancthon, and Luther alone, majestic though they are. In the University of Paris the custom of acting plays was one of high antiquity. In 1392 the school-boys of Angiers performed "Robin and Marian," "as was their annual custom"; and in 1477 the scholars of Pontoise represented "a certain moralité or farce, as is their custom." In 1558 the comedies of Jacques Grévin were acted at the College of Beauvais at Paris; but it is in the next century that we come upon the most interesting case. In the days of Louis XIV. the girls' school at St. Cyr, of which Madame de Maintenon was patroness, was, in one way and another, the object of much public attention. Mademoiselle



de Caylus, niece of Madame de Maintenon, who became famous among the women of charming wit and grace who distinguished the time, was a pupil at St. Cyr, and in her memoirs gives a pleasant sketch of her school life. With the rest, "Madame de Brinon," she says, "first superior of St. Cyr, loved verse and the drama; and in default of the pieces of Corneille and Racine, which she did not dare to have represented, she composed plays herself. It is to her, and her taste for the stage, that the world owes 'Esther' and 'Athalie,' which Racine wrote for the girls of St. Cyr. Madame de Maintenon wished to see one of Madame de Brinon's pieces. She found it such as it was, that is to say, so bad that she begged to have no more such played, and that instead some beautiful piece of Corneille or Racine should be selected, choosing such as contained least about love. These young girls, therefore, undertook the rendering of 'Cinna,' quite passably for children who had been trained for the stage only by an old nun. They then played 'Andromaque'; and, whether it was that the actresses were better chosen, or gained in grace through experience, it was only too well represented for Madame de Maintenon, causing her to fear that this amusement would fill them with sentiments the reverse of those which she wished to inspire. However, as she was persuaded that amusements of this sort were good for youth, she wrote to Racine, begging him to compose for her, in his moments of leisure, some sort of moral or historic poem, from which love should be entirely banished, and in which he need not believe that his reputation was concerned, since it would remain buried at St. Cyr. The letter threw Racine into great agitation. He wished to please Madame de Maintenon. To refuse was impossible for a courtier, and the commission was delicate for a man who, like him, had a great reputation to sustain. At last he found in the subject of Esther all that was necessary to please the Court." So far

Mademoiselle de Caylus. A French historian of literature draws a pleasing picture of the old Racine superintending the preparation of "Esther," "giving advice full of sense and taste on the manner of reciting his verses, never breaking their harmony by a vulgar diction, nor hurting the sense by a wrong emphasis. What a charm must the verses where Esther recounts the history of her triumph over her rivals have had in the mouth of Mademoiselle de Veillanne, the prettiest and most graceful of the pupils of St. Cyr! How grand he must have been, when, with that noble figure which Louis XIV. admired, he taught Mademoiselle de Glapion, whose voice went to the heart, to declaim the beautiful verses of the part of Mordecai!" The genius of Racine glows finely in "Esther." In the choruses the inspirations of the Hebrew prophets, framed as it were in a Greek mould, give impressive relief to the dialogue, as in Sophocles and Æschylus. It was played several times, and no favor was more envied at the Court than an invitation to the representations. The literature of the time has many allusions to them. The splendid world, in all its lace and powder, crowded to the quiet convent. The great soldiers, the wits, the beautiful women, were all there. The king and Madame de Maintenon sat in stiff dignity in the foreground. The appliances were worthy of the magnificent Court. In Oriental attires of silk, sweeping to their feet, set off with pearl and gold, the loveliest girls of France declaimed and sang the sonorous verse. It is really one of the most innocent and charming pictures that has come down to us of this age, when so much was hollow, pompous, and cruel.

Hamlet says to Polonius, "My lord, you played once in the university, you say." To which Polonius replies, "That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor. I did enact Julius Cæsar. I was killed in the Capitol." Do not suppose, Fastidiosus, that the playing of Polonius was any such light affair as you and I used to be concerned in



up in the fourth story of "Stoughton," when we were members of the Hasty Pudding. In the Middle Ages, in convents and churches, flourished the mysteries; but, says Warton, in the "History of English Poetry," as learning increased, the practice of acting plays went over to the schools and universities. Before the sixteenth century we may find traces of dramatic vitality among the great English seminaries; but if the supposition of Huber, in his account of English universities, is correct, the real founder of the college drama in England was a character no less dignified than its founder in Germany. Erasmus, as he sits enthroned in a scholar's chair in the market-place at Rotterdam, the buildings about leaning on their insecure foundations out of the perpendicular, and the market-women, with their apple-bloom complexions, crowding around him, shows a somewhat withered face and figure, less genial than the handsome Heidelberg professor as he stands at Worms. But it was Erasmus, probably, who, among many other things he did while in England, lent an important impulse to the acting of plays by students. He, no doubt, was no further interested than to have masterpieces of Greek and Latin drama represented, that the students might have exercise in those languages; but before the reign of Henry VIII. was finished, the practice was becoming pursued for other ends, and growing in importance. "Gammer Gurton's Needle," long supposed to be the first English comedy, was first acted by students at Cambridge. That our more rollicking boys had their counterparts then, we may know from its rousing drinking-song, which the fellows rang out at the opening of the second act, way back there in 1551. The chorus is not yet forgotten:—

"Backe and side go bare, go bare,  
Booth foot and hand go colde;  
But, belly, God send thee good ale inoughe,  
Whether it be new or olde!"

For the most part, probably, the performances were of a more dignified character than this. Among the stat-

utes of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1546, there is one entitled "*de præfectu ludorum qui imperator dicitur*," under whose direction and authority Latin comedies are to be exhibited in the hall at Christmas. This "imperator" must be a master of arts, and the society was to be governed by a set of laws framed in Latin verse. The authority of this potentate lasted from Christmas to Candlemas, during which time six spectacles were to be represented. Dr. John Dee, a prodigy of that century, who might have been illustrious like Bacon almost, but who wasted his later years in astrological dreams, in his younger life, while Greek lecturer at Cambridge, superintended in the refectory of the college the representation of the *Εὐρήνη* of Aristophanes, with no mean stage adjuncts, if we may trust his own account. He speaks particularly of the performance of a "Scarabeus, his flying up to Jupiter's palace with a man and his basket of victuals on his back; whereat was great wondering and many vain reports spread abroad of the means how that was effected." The great Roger Ascham, too, has left an indirect testimony to the splendor with which the Cambridge performances at this time were attended. In a journey on the Continent, wishing to express in the highest terms his sense of the beauty of Antwerp, he can say nothing stronger than that it as far surpasses other cities as the refectory of St. John's College at Cambridge, when adorned for the Christmas plays, surpasses its ordinary appearance. On these occasions, the most dignified personages of the University were invited, and at length, as was the German fashion, the representation of plays was adopted as part of the entertainment of visitors. In 1564, Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge, and the picture transmitted to us of the festivities is full of brilliant lights. With the rest, five doctors of the University selected from all the colleges the youths of best appearance and address, who acted before the queen a series of plays of varied character, sometimes



grave, sometimes gay, in part of classic, in part of contemporary authorship. The theatre for the time was no other place than the beautiful King's College chapel, across the entire width of which the stage was built. For light, the yeomen of the royal guard, their fine figures in brilliant uniform, stood in line from end to end of the chapel, each holding a torch. It was a superb scene, no doubt; the torches throwing their wavering glare against the tracery and the low, pointed arch of window and portal, so beautiful in this chapel, in the ruins of Kenilworth, or wherever it appears; the great space filled with the splendor that Roger Ascham thought so wonderful; and, among the glitter, the troop of handsome youths doing their best to please the sovereign. Froude gives a story from De Silva, the Spanish ambassador, which reflects so well the character of the time, and shows up boyish human nature with such amusing faithfulness, that I cannot omit it. When all was over, the students would not let well enough alone, but begged the tired queen to see one more play of their own devising, which they felt sure would give her special pleasure. The queen, however, departed, going ten miles on her journey to the seat of one of her nobility. The persistent boys followed her, and she granted them permission to perform before her in the evening. What should the unconscionable dogs do but drag in the bitter trouble of the time, and heedlessly trample on the queen's prejudices. The actors entered dressed like the bishops of Queen Mary, who were then in prison. Bonner carried a lamb, at which he rolled his eyes and gnashed his teeth. A dog brought up the rear, carrying the Host in his mouth. What further was to follow no one can say. The queen, who was never more than half a Protestant, and clung to the mass all the more devoutly because she was obliged to resign so much, filled the air with her indignation. She swore good round oaths, we may be sure, and left the room in a rage.

The lights were put out, and the students made off in the dark as they could.

The history of the drama at Oxford has episodes of equal interest. The visitor who goes through the lovely Christ Church meadows to the Isis to see the boats, returning, will be sure to visit the refectory of Christ Church. The room is very fine in its proportions and decoration, and hung with the portraits of the multitude of brilliant men who in their young days were Christ Church men. During all the centuries that the rich dark stain has been gathering upon the carved oak in the ceiling and wainscot, it has been the scene of banquets and pageants without number, at which the most illustrious characters of English history have figured. I doubt, however, if any of its associations are finer than those connected with the student plays that have been performed here. Passing over occasions of this kind of less interest of which I find mention, in 1566 Elizabeth visited Oxford, to do honor to whom in this great hall of Christ Church plays were given. Oxford was determined not to be outdone by what had happened at Cambridge two years before. From the accounts, the delight of the hearty queen must have been intense; and as she was never afraid to testify most frankly her genuine feelings, we may be sure the Oxford authorities and their pupils must have presented their entertainments with extraordinary pomp. The plays, as at Cambridge, were of various character, but the one that gave especial pleasure was an English piece having the same subject as the "Knight's Tale" of Chaucer, and called "Palamon and Arcite." It would be pleasant to know that the poet followed as far as possible the words of Chaucer. There is a fine incident narrated connected with the performance. In the scene of the chase, when

"Theseus, with alle joye and blys,  
With his Ypolita, the faire queene,  
And Emelye, clothed al in greene,  
On hontyng be they riden ryally,"



a "cry of hounds" was counterfeited under the windows in the quadrangle. The students present thought it was a real chase, and were seized with a sudden transport to join the hunters. At this, the delighted queen, sitting in stiff ruff and farthingale among her maids of honor, burst out above all the tumult with, "O, excellent! These boys, in very truth, are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds!" When the play was over, the queen called up the poet, who was present, and the actors, and loaded them with thanks and compliments.

When, forty years after, in 1605, the dull James came to Oxford, the poor boys had a harder time. A thing very noteworthy happened when the king entered the city in his progress from Woodstock. If Warton's notion is correct, scarcely the iron cross in the pavement that marks the spot where the bishops were burned, or the solemn chamber in which they were tried, yea, scarcely Guy Fawkes's lantern, which they show you at the Bodleian, or the Brazen Nose itself, are memorials as interesting as the archway leading into the quadrangle of St. John's College, under whose carving, quaint and graceful, one now gets the lovely glimpse into the green and bloom of the gardens at the back. At this gate, three youths dressed like witches met the king, declaring they were the same that once met Macbeth and Banquo, prophesying a kingdom to one and to the other a generation of monarchs, that they now appeared to show the confirmation of the prediction. Warton's conjecture is that Shakespeare heard of this, or perhaps was himself in the crowd that watched the boys as they came whirling out in their weird dance, and that then and there was conceived what was to become the mightiest birth of the human brain, — Macbeth.

King James, however, received it all coldly. The University, kindled by the traditions of Elizabeth's visit, did its best. Leland gives a glimpse of the stage arrangements in Christ Church

Hall. Towards the end "was a scene like a wall, painted and adorned by stately pillars, which pillars would turn about, by reason whereof, with the help of other painted cloths, their stage did vary three times." But the king liked the scholastic hair-splitting with which he was elsewhere entertained better than the plays. In Christ Church Hall he yawned and even went to sleep, saying it was all mere childish amusement. In fact, the poor boys had to put up with even a worse rebuff; the king spoke many words of dislike, and when, in one of the plays, a pastoral, certain characters came in somewhat scantily attired, the queen and maids of honor took great offence, in which the king, who was not ordinarily over-delicate, concurred.

The practice of acting plays prevailed in the schools as well. The visitor to Windsor will remember in what peace, as seen from the great tower, beyond the smooth, dark Thames, the buildings of Eton lie among the trees. Crossing into the old town and entering the school precincts, where the stone stairways are worn by so many generations of young feet, and where on the play-ground the old elms shadow turf where so many soldiers and statesmen have been trained to struggle in larger fields, there is nothing after all finer than the great hall. In every age since the wars of the Roses, it has buzzed with the boisterous life of the privileged boys of England, who have come up afterward by the hundred to be historic men. There are still the fireplaces with the monogram of Henry VI., the old stained glass, the superb wood carving, the dais at the end. If there were no other memory connected with the magnificent hall, it would be enough that here, about 1550, was performed by the Eton boys, "Ralph Roister Doister," the first proper English comedy, written by Nicholas Udal, then head-master, for the Christmas holidays. He had the name of being a stern master, because old Tusser has left it on record that Udal whipped him,—



"for fault but small,  
or none at all."

But the student of our old literature, reading the jolly play, will feel that, though he could handle the birch upon occasion, there was in him a fine genial vein. This was the first English comedy. The first English tragedy, too, "Gorboduc," was acted first by students,—this time students of law of the Inner Temple,—and the place of performance was close at hand to what one still goes to see in the black centre of the heart of London, those blossoming gardens of the Temple, verdant to-day as when the red-cross knights walked in them, or the fateful red and white roses were plucked there, or the voices of the young declaimers were heard from them, rolling out the turgid lines of Sackville's piece, the somewhat unpromising day-spring which a glorious sun-burst was to succeed. From Lincoln's Inn, in 1613, when the Princess Elizabeth married the elector-palatine and went off to Heidelberg Castle, the students came to the palace with a piece written by Chapman, and the performance cost a thousand pounds.

A famed contemporary of Udal was Richard Mulcaster, head-master of St. Paul's school, and afterward of Merchant Taylors', concerning whom we have, from delightful old Fuller, this quaint and naïve description: "In a morning he would exactly and plainly construe and parse the lesson to his scholars, which done, he slept his hour (custom made him critical to proportion it) in his desk in the school; but woe be to the scholar that slept the while. Awaking, he heard them accurately; and Atropos might be persuaded to pity as soon as he to pardon where he found just fault. The prayers of cockering mothers prevailed with him just as much as the requests of indulgent fathers, rather increasing than mitigating his severity on their offending children." The name of this Rhadamanthus of the birch occurs twice in entries of Elizabeth's paymaster, as receiving money for plays acted before

her; and a certain proficiency as actors possessed by students of St. John's College at Oxford is ascribed to training given by old Mulcaster at the Merchant Taylors' school.

But no one of the great English public schools has enjoyed so long a fame in this regard as Westminster. According to Staunton, in his "Great Schools of England," Elizabeth desired to have plays acted by the boys, "Quo juvenus tum actioni tum pronuntiationi decenti melius se assuescat," that the youth might be better trained in proper bearing and pronuntiation. The noted Bishop Atterbury wrote to a friend, Trelawney, Bishop of Winchester, concerning a performance here of Trelawney's son: "I had written to your lordship again on Saturday, but that I spent the evening in seeing "Phormio" acted in the college chamber, where, in good truth, my lord, Mr. Trelawney played Antipho extremely well, and some parts he performed admirably." In 1695, Dryden's play of "Cleomenes" was acted. Archbishop Markham, head-master one hundred years ago, gave a set of scenes designed by Garrick. In our own day, Dr. Williamson, head-master in 1828, drew attention in a pamphlet to the proper costuming of the performers; and when, in 1847, there was a talk of abolishing the plays, a memorial signed by six hundred old "Westminsters" was sent in, stating it as their "firm and deliberate belief, founded on experience and reflection, that the abolition of the Westminster play cannot fail to prove prejudicial to the interests and prosperity of the school." At the present time the best plays of Plautus and Terence are performed at Christmas in the school dormitory.

It all became excessive, and in Cromwell's time, with the accession of the Puritans to power, like a hundred other brilliant traits of the old English life from whose abuse had grown riot, it was purged away. Ben Jonson, in "The Staple of Newes," puts into the mouth of a sour character a complaint which no doubt was becoming com-



mon in that day, and was probably well enough justified. "They make all their schollers play-boyes ! Is't not a fine sight to see all our children made enterluders ? Doe we pay our money for this ? Wee send them to learne their grammar and their Terence and they learne their play-bookes. Well they talk we shall have no more parliaments, God blesse us ! But an we have, I hope Zeale-of-the-land Buzzy, and my gossip Rabby Trouble-Truth, will start up and see we have painfull good ministers to keepe schoole, and catechise our youth ; and not teach 'em to speake playes and act fables of false newes." Studying this rather unexplored subject, one gets many a glimpse of famous characters in interesting relations. Erasmus says that Sir Thomas More, "adolescens, comœdiolas et scripsit et egit," and while a page with Archbishop Moreton, as plays were going on in the palace during the Christmas holidays, he would often, showing his school-boy accomplishment, step on the stage without previous notice, and exhibit a part of his own which gave more satisfaction than the whole performance besides.

In Leland's report of the theatricals where King James behaved so ungraciously, "the machinery of the plays," he says, "was chiefly conducted by Mr. Jones, who undertook to furnish them with rare devices, but performed very little to what was expected." This is believed to have been Inigo Jones, who soon was to gain great fame as manager of the Court masques. The entertainment was probably ingenious and splendid enough, but every one took his cue from the king's pettishness, and poor "Mr. Jones" had to bear his share of the ill-humor.

In 1629 a Latin play was performed at Cambridge before the French ambassador. Among the student spectators sat a youth of twenty, with long locks parted in the middle and falling upon his doublet, and the brow and eyes of the god Apollo, who curled his lip in scorn, and signalized himself by his stormy discontent. Here is his

own description of his conduct : "I was a spectator ; they thought themselves gallant men, and I thought them fools ; they made sport, and I laughed ; they mispronounced, and I misliked ; and to make up the Atticism, they were out and I hissed." It was the young Milton, in the year in which he wrote the "Hymn on the Nativity."

Do I need to cite other precedents for the procedure at the Sweetbrier ? I grant you it cannot be done from the practice of American colleges. The strictest form of Puritanism stamped itself too powerfully upon our New England institutions at their foundation, and has affected too deeply the newer seminaries elsewhere in the country, to make it possible that the drama should be anything but an outlaw here. Nevertheless, at Harvard, Yale, and probably every considerable college of the country, the drama has for a long time led a clandestine life in secret student societies, persecuted or at best ignored by the college government,—an unwholesome weed that deserved no tending, if it was not to be at once uprooted.

I do not advocate, Fastidiosus, a return to the ancient state of things, which I doubt not was connected with many evils ; but is there not reason to think a partial revival of the old customs would be worth while ? It was not for mirth merely that the old professors and teachers countenanced the drama. To the editors of "David's Harp" I have sent this passage from Milton, noblest among the Puritans, and have besought them to lay it before their consistory : "Whether eloquent and graceful incitements, instructing and bettering the nation at all opportunities, not only in pulpits, but after another persuasive method, in theatres, porches, or whatever place or way, may not win upon the people to receive both recreation and instruction, let them in authority consult." The German schoolmasters and professors superintended their boys in the representation of religious plays to instruct them in the theology which they



thought all important; in the performance of Aristophanes and Lucian, Plautus and Terence, mainly in the hope of improving them in Greek and Latin: and when the plays were in the vernacular, it was often to train their taste, manners, and elocution. Erasmus and the Oxford and Cambridge authorities certainly had the same ideas as the Continental scholars. So the English schoolmasters in general, who also managed in the plays to give useful hints in all ways. For instance, Nicholas Udal, in the ingenious letter in "Ralph Roister Doister," which is either loving or insulting according to the position of a few commas or periods, must have meant to enforce the doctrine of Chaucer's couplet:—

"He that pointeth ill,  
A good sentence may oft spill."

Madame de Maintenon was persuaded that amusements of this sort have a value, "imparting grace, teaching a polite pronunciation, and cultivating the memory"; and Racine commends the management of St. Cyr, where "the hours of recreation, so to speak, are put to profit by making the pupils recite the finest passages of the best poets." Here is the dramatic instinct, almost universal among young people, and which has almost no chance to exercise itself, except in the performance of the farces to which we are treated in "private theatricals." Can it not be put to a better use? It would be a cumbrous matter to represent or listen to the "Aulularia," or the "Miles Gloriosus," or the *Εἰρήνη*, in which Dr. Dee and his Scarabeus figured so successfully. The world is turned away from that; but here is the magnificent wealth of our own old dramatic literature, in which is contained the richest poetry of our language. It was never intended to be read, but to be heard in living presentment. For the most part it lies almost unknown, except in the case of Shakespeare, and him the world knows far too little. Who does not feel what a treasure in the memory are passages of fine poetry committed early in life?

Who can doubt the value to the bearing, the fine address, the literary culture of a youth of either sex that might come from the careful study and the attempt to render adequately a fine conception of some golden writer of our golden age, earnestly made, if only partially successful?

I say only partially successful, but can you doubt the capacity of our young people to render in a creditable way the conceptions of a great poet? Let us look at the precedents again. When Mademoiselle de Caylus, in her account of St. Cyr, speaks of the representation of "Andromaque," she writes, "It was only too well done." And prim Madame de Maintenon wrote to Racine: "Our young girls have played it so well they shall play it no more"; begging him to write some moral or historic poem. Hence came the beautiful masterpiece "Esther," to which the young ladies seem to have done the fullest justice, for listen to the testimony. The brilliant Madame de Lafayette wrote: "There was no one, great or small, that did not want to go, and this mere drama of a convent became the most serious affair of the Court." That the admiration was not merely feigned because it was the fashion, here is the testimony of a woman of the finest taste, Madame de Sévigné, given in her intimate letters to her daughter, who, in these confidences, spared no one who deserved criticism: "The king and all the Court are charmed with 'Esther.' The prince has wept over it. I cannot tell you how delightful the piece is. There is so perfect a relation between the music, the verses, the songs, and the personages, that one seeks nothing more. The airs set to the words have a beauty which cannot be borne without tears, and according to one's taste is the measure of approbation given to the piece. The king addressed me and said, 'Madame, I am sure you have been pleased.' I, without being astonished, answered, 'Sire, I am charmed. What I feel is beyond words.' The king said to me, 'Racine has much



genius.' I said to him; 'Sire, he has much, but in truth these young girls have much too; they enter into the subject as if they had done nothing else.' 'Ah! as to that,' said he, 'it is true.' And then his Majesty went away and left me the object of envy." Racine himself says in the Preface to "Esther": "The young ladies have declaimed and sung this work with so much modesty and piety, it has not been possible to keep it shut up in the secrecy of the institution; so that a diversion of young people has become a subject of interest for all the Court"; and what is still more speaking, he wrote at once the "Athalie," "*la chef-d'œuvre de la poésie française*," in the judgment of the French critics, to be rendered by the same young tyros. When, in 1566, in Christ Church Hall, "Palamon and Arcite" was finished, outspoken Queen Bess, with her frank eyes full of pleasure, declared "that Palamon must have been in love indeed. Arcite was a right martial knight, having a swart and manly countenance, yet like a Venus clad in armor." To the son of the dean of Christ Church, the boy of fourteen, who played Emilie in the dress of a princess, her compliment was still higher. It was a present of eight guineas, — for the penurious sovereign, perhaps, the most emphatic expression of approval possible.

Shall I admit for a moment that our American young folks have less grace and sensibility than the French girls, and the Oxford youths who pleased Elizabeth? Your face now, Fastidiosus, wears a frown like that of Rhadamanthus; but I remember our Hasty-Pudding days, when you played the part of a queen, and behaved in your disguise like Thor, in the old saga, when he went to Riesenheim in the garb of Freya, and honest giants, like Thrym, were frightened back the whole width of the hall. Well, I do not censure it, and I do not believe you recall it with a sigh; and the reminiscence emboldens me to ask you whether it would not be still better if our dear Harvard, say (the steam of the pud-

ding infects me through twenty years), among the many new wrinkles she in her old age so appropriately contracts, should devote an evening of Commencement-time to a performance, by the students, under the sanction and direction of professors, of some fine old masterpiece?

At our little Sweetbrier we have young men and young women together, as at Oberlin, Antioch, and Massachusetts normal schools. I have no doubt our Hermione, when we gave the "Winter's Tale," had all the charm of Mademoiselle de Veillanne, who played Esther at St. Cyr. I have no doubt our Portia, in the "Merchant of Venice," in the trial scene, her fine stature and figure robed in the doctor's long silk gown, which fell to her feet, and her abundant hair gathered out of sight into an ample velvet cap, so that she looked like a most wise and fair young judge, recited

"The quality of mercy is not strained," in a voice as thrilling as that in which Mademoiselle de Glapion gave the part of Mordecai. I am sure Queen Elizabeth would think our young cavaliers, well knit and brown from the baseball field, "right martial knights, having swart and manly countenances." If she could have seen our Antoninus, when we gave the act from Massinger's most sweet and tender tragedy of the "Virgin Martyr," or the noble Cæsar, in our selections from Beaumont and Fletcher's "False One," she would have been as ready with the guineas as she was in the case of the son of the dean of Christ Church.

Our play at the last Commencement was "Much Ado about Nothing." It was selected six months before, and studied with the material in mind, the students in the literature class, available for the different parts. What is there, thought I, in Beatrice — sprightliness covering intense womanly feeling — that our vivacious, healthful Ruth Brown cannot master; and what in Benedick, her masculine counterpart, beyond the power of Moore to conceive and render? It is chiefly



girlish beauty and simple sweetness that Hero requires, so she shall be Edith Grey. Claudio, Leonato, Don John, Pedro, — we have clean-limbed, presentable fellows that will look and speak them all well; and as for lumbering Dogberry, Abbot, with his fine sense of the ludicrous, will carry it out in the best manner. A dash of the pencil here and there through the lines where Shakespeare was suiting his own time, and not the world as it was to be after three hundred refining years, and the marking out of a few scenes that could be spared from the action, and the play was ready; trimmed a little, but with not a whit taken from its sparkle or pathos, and all its lovelier poetry untouched.

Then came long weeks of drill. In the passage,

"O my lord,  
When you went onward to this ended action,  
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye," etc.,

Claudio caught the fervor and softness at last, and seemed (it would have pleased Queen Bess better than Madame de Maintenon) like Palamon, in love indeed. Ursula and Hero rose easily to the delicate poetry of the passages that begin,

"The pleasantest angling is to see the fish  
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,"

and

"Look where Beatrice like a lapwing runs."

Pedro got to perfection his turn and gesture in

"The wolves have preyed; and look, the gentle day,  
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray."

With the rough comedy of Dogberry and the watchmen, that foils so well the sad tragedy of poor Hero's heart-breaking, and contrasts in its blunders with the diamond-cut-diamond dialogue of Benedick and Beatrice, there was less difficulty. From first to last, it was engrossing labor, as hard for the trainer as the trained, yet still delightful work; for what is a conscientious manager, but an artist striving to perfect a beautiful dramatic picture? The different personages are the pieces for his mosaic, who, in emphasis, tone, gesture, by-play, must be carved and

filed until there are no flaws in the joining, and the shading is perfect. But all was ready at last, from the roar of Dogberry at the speech of Conrade,

"Away! you're an ass! you're an ass!"

to the scarcely articulate agony of Hero when she sinks to the earth at her lover's sudden accusation,

"O Heavens! how am I beset!  
What kind of catechising call you this?"

I fancy you ask, rather sneeringly, as to our scenery and stage adjuncts. Once, in the great court theatre at Munich, I saw Wagner's "*Rhein-Gold*." The king was present, and all was done for splendor that could be done in that centre of art. When the curtain rose, the whole great river Rhine seemed to be flowing before you across the stage, into the side of whose flood you looked as one looks through the glass side of an aquarium. At the bottom were rocks in picturesque piles; and, looking up through the tide to the top, as a diver might, the spectator saw the surface of the river, with the current rippling forward upon it, and the sunlight just touching the waves. Through the flood swam the daughters of the Rhine, sweeping fair arms backward as they floated, their drapery trailing heavy behind them, darting straight as arrows, or winding sinuously, from bottom to top, from side to side, singing wildly as the Lorelei. The scene changed, and it was the depths of the earth, red-glowing and full of gnomes. And a third time, after a change, you saw from mountain-tops the city which the giants had built in the heavens for the gods, — a glittering dome or pinnacle now and then breaking the line of white palaces, now and then a superb cloud floating before it, until, at last, a mist seemed to rise from valleys below, wrapping it little by little, till all became invisible in soft gradations of vapory gloom. I shall never again see anything like that, where an art-loving court subsidizes heavily scene-painter and machinist; but for all that, is it wise to have only sneers for what can be brought to pass with more modest



means? Our hall at Sweetbrier is as large as the Christ Church refectory, and handsomely proportioned and decorated. A wide stage runs across the end. We found some ample curtains of crimson, set off with a heavy yellow silken border of quite rich material, which had been used to drape a window that had disappeared in the course of repairs. This, stretched from side to side, made a wall of brilliant color against the gray tint of the room; and possibly Roger Ascham, seeing our audience-room before and after the hanging of it, might have had a thought of Antwerp. The stage is the one thing in the world privileged to deceive. The most devoted reader of Ruskin can tolerate shams here. The costumes were devised with constant reference to Charles Knight, and, to the eye, were of the gayest silk, satin, and velvet. There was, moreover, a profusion of jewels, which, for all one could see, sparkled with all the lustre of the great Florentine diamond; as you see it suspended above the imperial crowns in the Austrian Schatz-Kammer at Vienna. The contrasts of tint were well attended to. Pedro was in white and gold, Claudio in blue and silver, Leonato in red; while our handsome Benedick, a youth of dark Italian favor, in doublet of orange, a broad black velvet sash, and scarlet cloak, shone like a bird of paradise.

There was a garden-scene, in the foreground of which, where the eyes of the spectators were near enough to discriminate, were rustic baskets with geraniums, fuchsias, and cactuses, to give a southern air. In the middle distance, armfuls of honeysuckle in full bloom were brought in and twined about white pilasters. There was an arbor overhung with heavy masses of the trumpet-creeper. A tall column or two surmounted with graceful garden-vases were covered about with raspberry-vines, the stems of brilliant scarlet showing among the green. A thick clump of dogwood, whose large white blossoms could easily pass for magnolias, gave background. The

green was lit with showy color of every sort, — handfuls of nasturtiums, now and then a peony, larkspurs for blue, patches of poppies, and in the garden-vases high on the pillars (the imposition!) clusters of pink hollyhocks which were meant to pass for oleander-blossoms, and did. It was brought in at sundown, still wet with the drops of the afternoon shower, which had not dried away when all was in place. First, it was given under gas; then, the hall being darkened, a magnesium-light gave a moon-like radiance, in which the dew on the buds glistened, and the mignonette seemed to exhale a double perfume, and a dreamy melody of Mendelssohn sung by two sweet girl-voices floated out about the "pleached bower," like a song of nightingales. Then toward the end came the scene of the chapel and Hero's tomb. No lovelier form was ever sculptured than that of the beautiful Queen Louisa of Prussia, as she lies in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg, carved by Rauch, asleep on the tomb in white purity. To the eye, our Hero's tomb was just such a block of spotless marble seen against a background of black, with just such a fair figure recumbent upon it, whose palms and lids and draping the chisel of an artist seemed to have folded and closed and hung, — all idealized again by the magic of the magnesium-light. As the crimson curtain was drawn apart, an organ sounded, and a far-away choir sent into the hush the "Ave Verum" of Mozart, low-breathed and solemn.

It was not Munich, Fastidiosus. They were American young men and young women, with no resources but those of a fresh-water college, and such as their own taste and the woods and gardens could furnish; but the young men were shapely and intelligent, and the young women had grace and brightness; their hearts were in it, and in the result surely there was a measure of "sweetness and light," for them and those who beheld.

You fear it may beget in young minds a taste for the theatre, now



hopelessly given over in great part to abominations. Why not a taste that will lift them above the abominations? Old Joachim Greff, schoolmaster at Dessau in 1545, who has a place in the history of German poetry, has left it on record that he trained his scholars to render noble dramas in the conscientious hope "that a little spark of art might be kept alive in the schools under the ashes of barbarism." "And this little spark," says Gervinus, "did these bold men, indeed, through two hundred years, keep honestly until it could again break out into flame." Instead of fearing the evil result, rather would I welcome a revival of what Warton calls "this very liberal exercise." Were Joachim Greff's masters in our high schools and in the English chairs in our colleges, we might now and then catch a glimpse of precious things at present hidden away in never-opened storehouses, and see something done toward the development of a taste that should drive out the *opera-bouffe*.

Here, at the end, Fastidiosus, is what I now shape in mind. Henri Taine, in one of his rich descriptions, thus pictures the performance of a masque: "The *élite* of the kingdom is there upon the stage, the ladies of the court, the great lords, the queen, in all the splendor of their rank and their pride, in diamonds, earnest to display their luxury so that all the brilliant features of the nation's life are concentrated in the price they give, like gems in a casket. What adornment! What profusion of magnificence! What variety! What metamorphoses! Gold sparkles, jewels emit light, the purple draping imprisons within its rich folds the radiance of the lustres. The light is reflected from shining silk. Threads of pearl are spread in rows upon brocades sewed with thread of silver. Golden embroideries intertwine in capricious arabesques, costumes, jewels, appointments so extraordinarily rich that the stage seems a mine of glory."

The fashionable world of our time has little taste for such pleasures. This old splendor we cannot produce; but the words which the magnificent lords and ladies spoke to one another as they blazed, were those that make up the poetry of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd," and, finest of all, the "Comus" of Milton. They are the most matchless frames of language in which sweet thoughts and fancies were ever set. After all, before this higher beauty, royal pomp even seems only a coarse excrescence, and all would be better if the accessories of the rendering were very simple. Already in my mind is the grove for "Comus" designed; the mass of green which shall stand in the centre, the blasted trunk that shall rise for contrast to one side, and the vine that shall half conceal the splintered summit, the banks of wild-flowers that shall be transferred, the light the laboratory shall yield us to make all seem as if seen through enchanter's incense. I have in mind the sweet-voiced girl who shall be the lost lady and sing the invocation to Sabrina; the swart youth who shall be the magician, and say the lines,

"At every fall, smoothing the raven down  
Of darkness till it smiled";

and the golden-haired maid who shall glide in and out in silvery attire, as the attendant spirit. Come, Fastidiosus, — I shall invite too the editors of "David's Harp," — and you shall all own the truth of Milton's own words, "that sanctity and virtue and truth herself may in this wise be elegantly dressed," when the attendant spirit recites: —

"Now my task is smoothly done,  
I can fly or I can run  
Quickly to the green earth's end,  
Where the bowed welkin low doth bend;  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the moon.  
Mortals that would follow me,  
Love virtue; she alone is free,  
She can teach ye how to climb  
Higher than the spherie chime;  
Or if virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

J. K. Hosmer.



## JEFFERSON A REFORMER OF OLD VIRGINIA.

A TEMPTATION crossed Jefferson's path while the Declaration of Independence was still a fresh topic in Christendom. It was a temptation which was, and is, of all others the most alluring to an American who is young, educated, and fond of art; and it came to him in such a guise of public duty, that, if he had yielded to it, only one person in the world would have blamed him. But the censure of that one would have properly outweighed a world's applause: for it was himself.

This temptation presented itself on the 8th of October, 1776. He had resigned his seat in Congress, and, after spending a few days at home, had proceeded to Williamsburg, where he had taken his seat in the Legislature, and was about to engage in the hard and long task of bringing up old Virginia to the level of the age. His heart was set on this work. He wanted to help deliver her from the bondage of outgrown laws, and introduce some of the institutions and usages which had given to New England so conspicuous a superiority over the Southern Colonies. A Virginian, dining one day with John Adams, lamented the inferiority of his State to New England. "I can give you," said Mr. Adams, "a receipt for making a New England in Virginia: *Town meetings, training-days, town schools, and ministers*; the meeting-house, school-house, and training-field are the scenes where New England men were formed." Probably Mr. Jefferson had heard his friend Adams say something of the kind. He was now intent upon purging the Virginia statute-books of unsuitable laws, and founding institutions in accord with the new order of things.

Young as he was, he had had some training now in practical statesmanship. That sharp experience in Congress, while his draft of the Declaration of

Independence was *edited* of its crudities, redundancies, and imprudences, was salutary to him. It completed the preliminary part of his education as a public man, — a public man being one who has to do, not with what is ideally best, but with the best attainable; not to give eloquent expression to his own ideas, but effective expression to the will of his constituents. He wrote little that needed severe pruning after July 4, 1776, though he was still to propose many things that were unattainable. A truly wise, bold, safe, competent public man is one of the slowest formations in nature; but when formed, there is only one man more precious, — the philosopher who is the common teacher of legislators and constituents. If there had been such a philosopher in Virginia just then, he would have smiled, perhaps, at the noble enthusiasm of these young Virginians, who were about to try to make a New England out of a State in which the laboring majority were only too likely to remain slaves.

But it belongs to the generous audacity of youth to attempt the impossible. Here, at Williamsburg, in this October, 1776, were gathered once more the circle of Virginia liberals who had been working together against the exactions of the king. Patrick Henry was governor now, living in "the palace," and enjoying the old viceregal salary of a thousand pounds a year. George Wythe, from service in Congress, had acquired experience and distinction. It was he who began the constitution-making in which Virginia had been engaged during much of this year. In January, while spending an evening with Mr. John Adams at Philadelphia, and hearing him discourse, in his robust and ancient-Briton manner, of the constitution proper for a free state, George Wythe asked him to put the substance of his ideas upon paper.



Mr. Adams gave him, in consequence, his "Thoughts upon Government"; which were the best thoughts on that subject of Locke, Milton, Algernon Sidney, James Otis, and John Adams. How congenial to Mr. Adams such a piece of work! "The best lawgivers of antiquity," said he, "would rejoice to live at a period like this, when, for the first time in the history of the world, three millions of people were deliberately *choosing* their government and institutions." Patrick Henry was well pleased with the "Thoughts." "It shall be my incessant study," he wrote to Mr. Adams, "so to form our portrait of government that a kindred with New England may be discerned in it." So thought all the band of radically liberal men in Virginia, who were beginning to regard Thomas Jefferson as their chief.

And now, on the second day of the session, came a fair excuse for him to leave the "laboring oar," and throw the difficult task of re-creating Virginia upon his colleagues. A messenger from the Honorable Congress reached Williamsburg, October 8th, bearing a despatch for Mr. Jefferson, informing him that he had been elected joint commissioner with Dr. Franklin and Silas Deane to represent the United States at Paris. The temptation was all but irresistible. He relished extremely the delicious society of Dr. Franklin, and was getting into the Franklinian way of dealing with cantankerous man. Paris, too, to which good Americans were already looking as the abode of the blest, where Jefferson could see, at last, after living in the world thirty-three years, harmoniously proportioned edifices, and listen to music such as the Williamsburg "Apollo" had only heard in dreams. The public duty, also, was supposed to be of the first importance. Perhaps it was; but, also, perhaps it was not. Considering the whole case, the young giant might have done better if he had, from the first, made up his mind to fight unassisted. It was a costly business, that French alliance; the heav-

iest item being the habit of leaning upon France, and looking for help, at every pinch, to the *French* treasury. But this could not have been foreseen in 1776; and happy, indeed, would it have been for Franklin, for the country, for the future, if he could have been seconded by a person so formed to co-operate with him as Jefferson. Franklin would have got Canada at the peace of 1782, if he had had a Jefferson to help, instead of a Jay and an Adams to hinder.

Torn with contending desires, Jefferson kept the messenger waiting day after day; so hard was it to say No to Congress, and to give up an appointment promising so much honor and delight. But his duty was plain. There was a lady upon Monticello who had a claim upon his services with which no other claim could compete. To leave her in the condition in which she was, had been infidelity; and to take her with him might have been fatal to her. Virginia had many sons, but Mrs. Jefferson had but one husband. So, on the 11th of October, the messenger mounted and rode away, bearing the proper answer to the President of Congress:—

"It would argue great insensibility in me, could I receive with indifference so confidential an appointment from your body. My thanks are a poor return for the partiality they have been pleased to entertain for me. No cares for my own person, nor yet for my private affairs; would have induced one moment's hesitation to accept the charge. But circumstances very peculiar in the situation of my family, such as neither permit me to leave nor to carry it, compel me to ask leave to decline a service so honorable, and, at the same time, so important to the American cause. The necessity under which I labor, and the conflict I have undergone for three days, during which I could not determine to dismiss your messenger, will, I hope, plead my pardon with Congress; and I am sure there are too many of that body to whom they may with better hopes confide this charge, to leave them under



a moment's difficulty in making a new choice."

As soon as he had reached a decision on this important matter, his colleagues in the Assembly, who had been waiting for it, placed him on a great number of committees; and he began forthwith, on the very day of the messenger's departure, to introduce the measures of reform which he had meditated. Mr. Adams might well regard Virginia as a reformer's paradise; for, owing to the colonial necessity of submitting every desired change to the king, which involved time, trouble, expense, and probable rejection, the Province was far behind even Great Britain in that adaptation of laws and institutions to altered times, which ought to be always in progress in every community. There was such an accumulation, in Virginia, of the outgrown and the unsuitable, that Jefferson and his friends hoped to accomplish in a few months an amount of radical change that would have been a fair allowance for a century and a half.

The law-books were full of old absurdity and old cruelty.\* Of the four hundred thousand people who were supposed to inhabit Virginia, one half were African slaves; and it was a fixed idea in the Jefferson circle, that whites and blacks could not live in equal freedom in the same community. Besides the intense prejudice entertained by the master race against the servile, and the hatred which had been gathering (as Jefferson thought) in the minds of the slaves from four generations of outrage, he believed that Nature herself had made it impossible for the two races to live happily together on equal

\* Like this, for example: "Whereas, oftentimes many brabbling women often slander and scandalize their neighbors for which their poore husbands are often brought into chargeable and vexatious suites, and caste in greate damages: Bee it therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, that in actions of slander, occasioned by the wife as aforesaid, after judgment passed for the damages, the woman shall be punished by ducking; and if the slander be soe enormous as to be adjudged at a greater damage than five hundred pounds of tobacco, then the woman to suffer a ducking for each five hundred pounds of tobacco adjudged against the husband, if he refuse to pay the tobacco."

terms. He evidently had a low opinion of the mental capacity of his colored brethren. The Indian, with no opportunities of mental culture beyond those of the negro, had acquired the art of oratory, could carve the bowl of his pipe into a head not devoid of truth and spirit, and draw upon a piece of bark a figure resembling an animal, a plant, a tract of country. But never had he observed in a negro, or a negro's work, one gleam of superior intelligence, aptitude, or taste. No negro standing behind his master's chair had caught from the conversation of educated persons an elevated mode of thinking. "Never," says Mr. Jefferson, "could I find that a black had uttered a thought above the level of plain narration; never saw even an elementary trait of painting or sculpture." In music they were more gifted, but no negro had yet imagined anything beyond "a small catch." Love, which inspires the melodious madness of poets, kindles only the senses of a black man, not his mind, and has never, in all the tide of time, wrung from him a word which other lovers love to repeat. Mere misery, to other races, has been inspiration. The blacks are wretched enough, but they have never uttered their woes in poetry.

For these and other reasons, Mr. Jefferson was disposed to regard the negro race as naturally inferior; though he expresses himself on the point with the hesitation natural to a scientific mind provided with a scant supply of facts. On the political question, he was clear: the two races could not live together in peace as equals. The attempt to do so, he thought, would "divide Virginians into parties, and produce convulsions which would probably never end but in the extermination of the one or the other race." Here was a problem for a knot of young legislators, without a precedent to guide them in all the known history of man!

The gross ignorance of the white inhabitants, except one small class, was another too obvious fact. They were almost as ignorant as Europeans, with



fewer restraints than Europeans. Almost every glimpse we get of the poorer Virginians of that day is a revelation of rude and reckless ignorance. We have in the Memoirs of Elkanah Watson, who rode through Virginia in 1778, an election scene at Hanover Court-House, which must have been a startling contrast to the elections he had witnessed in his native Massachusetts, where an election was a solemnity opened with prayer. The "whole county," he records, was assembled. "The moment I alighted, a wretched, pugnosed fellow assailed me to swap watches. I had hardly shaken him off when I was attacked by a wild Irishman, who insisted on my swapping horses with him, and in a twinkling ran up the pedigree of his horse to the grand dam. Treating his importunity with little respect, I became near being involved in a boxing-match, the Irishman swearing I did not 'trate him like a jintleman.' I had hardly escaped this dilemma when my attention was attracted by a fight between two very unwieldy fat men, foaming and puffing like two furies, until one succeeded in twisting a forefinger in a side-lock of the other's hair, and in the act of thrusting by this purchase his thumb into the latter's eye, he bawled out, *King's Cruise*, equivalent in technical language to Enough."

There was in Virginia an unusually large proportion of this savage ignorance, easily convertible into fanatical ignorance. The handling of tobacco, it appears, gave employment to a great number of rough fellows,—tobacco-rollers, among others, who drove a pin into each end of a hogshead of tobacco, and thus attaching to it a pair of shafts, harnessed a horse to it, and rolled it to the landing. Professor Tucker of Virginia speaks of this class as "hardy, reckless, proverbially rude, and often indulging in coarse humor at the expense of the traveller who chanced to be well dressed or riding in a carriage." But ignorance was almost universal in Virginia, as it must be in every community, unless there is

a universal system of education. And this was another problem for the young gentlemen at Williamsburg who desired to Yankeeify Virginia. Mr. Jefferson, for one, felt the absolute necessity of the voting class being able to *vote*.

He saw, too, wherever he looked in Virginia, the evils arising from ill-distributed wealth. It is the nature of wealth to get into heaps; because it is the nature of the weak to squander their money, and of the strong to husband it; and this being its nature, laws need not aggravate the tendency. But in Virginia, as in all the old-fashioned countries, there was a whole system of laws and usages expressly designed to keep property from being distributed. Fathers could prevent a profligate son from sinking to his natural level in the community, by entailing upon him and upon the first-born of his male descendants, not his landed estates only, but the negroes who gave them value; and this entail could only be broken by a special act of the Legislature. The law of primogeniture prevented the natural division of estates among all the family of a deceased proprietor, excluding all the daughters, and all the sons but one. The consequence was, that the best portions of Virginia were held by a few families, who suffered the ills and inconveniences of aristocratic rank, without attaining that moral elevation which is possible to aristocrats who accept the public duties of their position. They monopolized the honors of the Colony; but, as a class, they appear to have been as destitute of public spirit as the *grandees* of Spain or Poland. There is only one test of a genuine superiority, and that test was as familiar to their ears as it was foreign to their hearts: "Let him that will be chief among you, be your servant," a perfect definition of a proper aristocracy. Jefferson, Henry, Madison, and their circle, who had been contending with the aristocracy of Virginia during the whole of their public life, had to consider a remedy for this evil also.

The Established Church, during the



ten years preceding the Revolution, had been pressing heavily upon the people of Virginia. Virginians used sometimes to ridicule New-Englanders whom they chanced to meet, for the persecution of the Quakers in Massachusetts, and the witchcraft delusion of Salem and Boston. It is the privilege of an American citizen to be profoundly ignorant of his country's history; and Virginians, availing themselves of this privilege, are not generally aware that at the time when Yankee magistrates were hanging witches and whipping Quakers, Virginia justices of the peace were putting Quakers in the pillory for keeping their hats on in church, and appointing juries of matrons to fumble over the bodies of old women for "witch-marks," which, of course, they found. John Burk, historian of Virginia, intimates that a woman was burned to death in Princess Anne County for witchcraft, and adds that, "in all probability, the case was not solitary." And as Massachusetts expelled Roger Williams and others for opinions' sake, so did Virginia, in the same generation, refuse a residence to some Puritan clergymen who went from Massachusetts to Virginia upon the urgent invitation of persons of their own faith. But there is this to be said in favor of the Yankees: They recovered from the mania of uniformity sooner than the Virginians. If, in 1650, they regarded the celebration of the mass as a capital offence, and would not permit the Church of England service to be performed, nor the rite of baptism to be administered by immersion, nor a company of men to pray with their hats on, yet, in 1750, all these things were permitted, except, perhaps, the celebration of the mass. But, in Virginia, the Established Church had become more intolerant, as the Colony increased in population. It seemed so hostile to liberty, that James Madison, after coming home from Princeton College in New Jersey, where he was educated, expressed the opinion that if the Church of England had been established and endowed in

all the Colonies as it was in Virginia, the king would have had his way, and gradually reduced all America to subjection.

It was not merely that obsolete (though unrepealed) law still made Jefferson and several of his most virtuous friends liable to be burned to death for heresy; nor that a denial of the doctrine of the Trinity was legally punishable by three years' imprisonment; nor that Unitarians could be legally deprived of the custody of their own children, and those children assigned to drunken and dissolute Trinitarians; nor even that Baptists, Presbyterians, and Quakers had to pay for supporting a church they did not attend; — these were not the grievances which made Virginians restive under the establishment.

In 1774, when Madison was twenty-three, we find him writing to a Northern friend: "I want again to breathe your free air. . . . That diabolical, hell-conceived principle of persecution rages among some; and, to their eternal infamy, the clergy can furnish their quota of imps for such purposes. There are at this time, in the adjacent county, not less than five or six well-meaning men in close jail for publishing their religious sentiments, which, in the main, are very orthodox." These prisoners were Baptists, the most numerous and enterprising of the dissenting sects. The historian of the Virginia Baptists, Semple, throws light on Mr. Madison's brief, indignant record. The Baptist ministers, from 1768 to 1775, were frequently arrested, he tells us; and, as it was awkward to define their exact offence, they were usually arraigned as "disturbers of the peace." He gives a ludicrous account of the first arrest, which occurred in 1768, near the seat of the Madisons. Young Madison, then a lad of seventeen, may have witnessed the ridiculous scene. Three Baptist preachers were seized by the sheriff on the same Sunday morning, and brought to the yard of the parish church, where three magistrates, who were in waiting for them,



bound them in a thousand pounds to appear in court two days after: When they were arraigned, the prosecutor assailed them with the utmost vehemence. "May it please your Honors," he cried, "these men are great disturbers of the peace. They cannot meet a man upon the road but they must ram a text of Scripture down his throat." It so chanced that one of the prisoners was a very good lawyer, in an unprofessional way, and made a defence that was embarrassing to magistrates who were resolved to find them in the wrong. The court offered, at length, to release them, if they would give their word not to preach for a year. Refusing this, they were ordered into close confinement, and went to Spottsylvania Jail, singing, "Broad is the road that leads to death," amid the jeers of the mob. After remaining in jail (a straw-strewn pen, with grated holes for windows) for forty-three days, preaching daily through the grated apertures to a hooting crowd, they were released.

Worthy John Blair, governor *pro tem.*, to whom accusers and accused hastened to refer the matter, being a man of liberal opinions, sided, as a matter of course, with the Baptists. He told the bigoted squires that the persecution of dissenters only increased their numbers, and that the Baptists had really brought some reprobates to repentance. Nay, said he, if a man of theirs is idle and neglects to provide for his family, he incurs the censure of his brethren, which has had good effects; and he only wished Church people would try the same system. But there was an ignorant multitude in Virginia, as bigoted as the county magnates. Hence this persecution continued, and the case of these very men was tried again at Spottsylvania Court-House, and Patrick Henry rode fifty miles to defend them.

But for the account (missed by Wirt) which has been preserved of Patrick Henry's performance on this occasion, we should not have understood the secret of his power over an assembly.

The resistless magic of his oratory was greatly due to artifice, management, extreme and sudden changes in tone, adroit repetition of telling phrases. He entered the court-house while the prosecuting attorney was reading the indictment. He was a stranger to most of the spectators, and, being dressed in the country manner, his entrance excited no remark. When the prosecutor had finished his brief opening, the new-comer took the indictment, and glancing at it with an expression of puzzled incredulity, began to speak in the tone of a man who has just heard something too astounding for belief:—

"May it please your worships, I think I heard read by the prosecutor, as I entered the house, the paper I now hold in my hand. If I have rightly understood, the king's attorney has framed an indictment for the purpose of arraigning and punishing by imprisonment these three inoffensive persons before the bar of this court for a crime of great magnitude,—as disturbers of the peace. May it please the court, what did I hear read? Did I hear it distinctly, or was it a mistake of my own? Did I hear an expression as of a crime, that these men, whom your worships are about to try for misdemeanor, are charged with—with WHAT?"

Having delivered these words in a halting, broken manner, as if his mind was staggering under the weight of a monstrous idea, he lowered his voice to its deepest bass; and assuming the profoundest solemnity of manner, answered his own question: "*Preaching the gospel of the Son of God!*"

Then he paused. Every eye was now riveted upon him, and every mind intent; for all this was executed as a Kean or a Siddons would have performed it on the stage,—eye, voice, attitude, gesture, all in accord to produce the utmost possibility of effect. Amid a silence that could be felt, he waved the indictment three times round his head, as though still amazed, still unable to comprehend the charge.



Then he raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and, in a tone of pathetic energy wholly indescribable, exclaimed, "Great God!"

At this point, such was the power of his delivery, the audience relieved their feelings by a burst of sighs and tears. The orator continued:—

"May it please your worships, in a day like this, when truth is about to burst her fetters, when mankind are about to be aroused to claim their natural and inalienable rights, when the yoke of oppression that has reached the wilderness of America, and the unnatural alliance of ecclesiastical and civil power are about to be dissevered,—at *such* a period, when liberty, liberty of conscience, is about to wake from her slumberings, and inquire into the reason of such charges as I find exhibited here to-day in this indictment—" Here occurred another of his appalling pauses, during which he cast piercing looks at the judges and at the three clergymen arraigned. Then resuming, he thrilled every hearer by his favorite device of repetition: "If I am not deceived,—according to the contents of the paper I now hold in my hand,—these men are accused of *preaching the gospel of the Son of God!*" He waved the document three times round his head, as though still *lost* in wonder; and then, with the same electric attitude of appeal to Heaven, he gasped, "Great God!"

This was followed by another burst of feeling from the spectators; and again this master of effect plunged into the tide of his discourse:—

"May it please your worships, there are periods in the history of man when corruption and depravity have so long debased the human character, that man sinks under the weight of the oppressor's hand,—becomes his servile, his abject slave. He licks the hand that smites him. He bows in passive obedience to the mandates of the despot; and, in this state of servility, he receives his fetters of perpetual bondage. But, may it please your worships, such a day has passed. From

that period when our fathers left the land of their nativity for these American wilds,—from the moment they placed their feet upon the American continent,—from that moment despotism was crushed, the fetters of darkness were broken, and Heaven decreed that man should be free,—free to worship God according to the Bible. In vain were all their sufferings and bloodshed to subjugate this New World, if we their offspring must still be oppressed and persecuted. But, may it please your worships, permit me to inquire once more, for what are these men about to be tried? This paper says, *for preaching the gospel of the Saviour to Adam's fallen race!*"

Again he paused. For the third time, he slowly waved the indictment round his head; and then, turning to the judges, looking them full in the face, exclaimed with the most impressive effect, "What laws have they violated?" The whole assembly were now painfully moved and excited. The presiding judge ended the scene by saying, "Sheriff, discharge these men."

It was a triumph of the dramatic art. The men were discharged; but not the less, in other counties, did zealous bigots pursue and persecute the ministers of other denominations than their own. It was not till the Revolutionary War absorbed all minds, that Baptists ceased to be imprisoned; nor then were they released from paying tithes to support a church which they neither attended nor approved.

Such was this old Virginia which Thomas Jefferson and his friends were about to try to reform. A slovenly, slatternly old England in the woods, where the abuses and absurdities of the old country were exaggerated, the flower of her young gentlemen now desired to change her into an orderly, industrious, thoughtful, and instructed *New* England. And what a time to begin, in this gloomy autumn of 1776, after New York was lost, and while Washington was on the retreat, fighting as he went, not for victory, but for escape! Perhaps the time was not so



unpropitious. The minds of men, at periods of public danger, are sometimes in a state of exaltation that renders it possible for them to receive new truth, and gives to persons of understanding an ascendancy that is generally awarded only to rank, talent, or executive force.

There were two parties in the Assembly, of course. But posterity cares only for the party that triumphs, — the radical party, the party in the right. In his own day, the conservative usually is, and usually ought to be, uppermost; he represents the human family, which is too large a body to move forward rapidly. The radical usually is one of a small minority, — half a dozen pioneers with broadaxes and leathern aprons, who march some paces in advance of the regiment, and get little besides scratches and hard knocks. But the radical has his revenge. He alone can have any enduring success. If the politics of the United States, from 1787 to 1861, are remembered at all in the general history of the world, the only names likely to be preserved will be those of a few troublesome Abolitionists, Democrats, law-reformers, and free-traders. The triumphant and respectable multitude with whom and for whom these contended, sweet Oblivion will claim them, and have its claim allowed.

To Thomas Jefferson, it is evident, the radicals of Virginia looked as their chief in the work of reform. First among those upon whom he depended for co-operation was that noble-hearted abolitionist, that humane and high-principled radical, that gentleman without pride and without reproach, George Mason of Gunston Hall on the Potomac, — he who wrote to a neighbor, just before the patriotic Fast Day of 1774: "Please to tell my dear little family that I charge them to pay a strict attention to it, and that I desire my three eldest sons and my two eldest daughters may attend church in mourning, if they have it, as I believe they have." It was he who in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 set his face

against *all* compromise with slavery, and avowed the opinion that the Southern States ought not to be admitted to the Union unless they would give it up. It was he who drew that Virginia Bill of Rights with which Mr. Bancroft enriches and ennobles the eighth volume (p. 381) of his "History of the United States," — a statement of principles so advanced that mankind can never outgrow them. Broken-hearted by the death of his wife, he would not, he could not, leave his family to serve Virginia in Congress, though the appointment was pressed upon him with tears. But he was in his place in the State Legislature in this critical year, 1776, ready to lend the aid of his humane mind and gifted tongue to every enlightened measure. Nature had done everything for him. A superb man he was, of noblest presence and most engaging dignity; the ablest man in some kinds of debate whom Virginia possessed; healthy-minded, too, as fond of out-of-door sport almost as Washington himself.

George Wythe, the abolitionist who emancipated his own slaves when he found he could not emancipate Virginia, was sure to be on the right side of leading questions, though he was not efficient in carrying measures, — a man of the closet rather than the forum. Governor Patrick Henry's influence, at that period, was given without reserve to liberal measures. These were the great names on the liberal side.

But there was a new member in the House this year, a young man of twenty-five, small of stature, wasted by too much study, not in the least imposing in appearance, and too modest as yet to utter one word in debate, who was destined to be Jefferson's most efficient ally during all his career. This was James Madison, to whom we all owe so much more than we know, whose services are so little remarked because they were so great. He never shone resplendent in debate, he never wrote or spoke anything that was striking or brilliant; but few countries have ever possessed so useful a citizen as he.



From 1776 to 1817, look where you will in the public affairs of the United States, you find this little man doing, or helping to do, or trying to get a chance to do, the thing that most wanted doing. He was the willing horse who is allowed to draw the load. His heart was in the business of serving his country. He was simply intent on having the right thing done, not to shine in doing it. Among his virtues was his joyous love of a jest, which made him one of the most agreeable of comrades, and preserved his health and spirits to his eighty-fifth year, and lighted up his dying face with smiles. It is a pleasure to me to walk in Madison Square because it bears his name. Of all Jefferson's triumphs, none seems so exceptional as his being able to give to a man so little brilliant and so very useful the conspicuous place he held in the public life of the United States. They met for the first time at this session of the Legislature, and remained friends and political allies for fifty years.

A leader on the conservative side was R. C. Nicholas, for many years the head of the bar in Virginia, a stanch Churchman and gentleman-of-the-old school. But Jefferson feared most the singular, tireless persistence of Edmund Pendleton: a cool, wary, accomplished speaker, he says; "full of resource, never vanquished; for if he lost the main battle, he returned upon you, and regained so much of it as to make it a drawn one, by dexterous manœuvres, skirmishes in detail, and the recovery of small advantages which, little singly, were important all together. You never knew when you were clear of him." Differ as they might, the leaders of the two parties in this House remained excellent friends; the reason being that they were most scrupulously observant of all the forms of courtesy. It was often remarked of Patrick Henry that never, in his most impetuous oratory, was he guilty of personal disrespect to a member of the House. On the contrary, he was profuse in those expressions of regret for being obliged to dif-

fer, and of respect for the character of an opponent, which assist so much to make public debate a genuine interchange of thought, and keep it above the contemptible pettiness of personal contention. All the men trained in that old House of Burgesses appear to have caught this spirit. What Jefferson said of Madison's manners in debate describes all of them who are remembered: "Soothing always the feelings of his adversaries by civilities and softness of expression." As to Jefferson himself, not once in his whole public career did he lose or weaken a point by needlessly wounding an opponent's self-love.

In the work of reorganizing Virginia, Jefferson struck first at the system of entail. After a three weeks' struggle, that incubus was lifted. Every acre and every negro in Virginia, by the 1st of November, 1776, was held in fee simple, could be sold for debt, was free to fall into hands that were able to use them. It was the easiest and quickest of his triumphs, though he did not live long enough to outlive the enmity his victory engendered. Some of the old Tories found it in their hearts to exult that he who had disappointed so many fathers, lost his only son before it was a month old; and John Randolph, fifty-five years after, could still attribute all the evils of Virginia to this triumph of "Jefferson and his levelling system."

He found it easier to set free the estates of his countrymen than their minds. Petitions for the repeal of statutes oppressive of the conscience of dissenters came pouring in upon the Assembly from the first day of the session. These, being referred to committee of the whole, led to the severest and longest struggle of the session. "Desperate contests," as Jefferson records, "continued almost daily from the 11th of October to the 5th of December." He desired to sweep away the whole system of restraint and monopoly, and establish perfect liberty of conscience and opinion by a simple enactment of half a dozen lines: —



"No man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, ministry, or place whatsoever; nor shall be enforced, restrained, molested, or burdened in his body or goods; nor shall otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or belief; but all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinions in matters of religion; and the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities."

It required more than nine years of effort on the part of Jefferson, Madison, and their liberal friends to bring Virginia to accept this solution of the religious problem, in its simplicity and completeness. All that they could accomplish at this session, after their twenty-five days' debate, was the repeal of the statutes imposing penalties for going to the wrong church, and compelling dissenters to pay tithes. At every subsequent session, for many years, the subject was called up, and, usually, some concession was made to the demands of the liberal party. In 1779, for example, all forced contributions for the support of religion were surrendered. The principle, however, was retained, and, indeed, reasserted, that it was part of the duty of government to regulate religious belief; and the laws remained in force which made it penal to deny the Trinity, and deprived a parent of the custody of his children if he could not subscribe to the leading articles of the Episcopal creed.

We have come now to regard liberty of belief very much as we do liberty of breathing, — as a right too natural, too obvious, to be called in question, — forgetting all the ages of effort and of anguish which it cost to rescue the human mind from the domination of its natural foes. These nine years of Virginia debates have perished; but something of their heat and strenuous vigor survive in a passage which Jefferson inserted in his "Notes on Virginia," written toward the end of the Revolutionary War, and circulated in Virginia a year before the final triumph of religious

freedom. The passage is out of place in the work, and it was probably left in, or lugged in, to give aid to Madison in his last contest with the opponents of Jefferson's act. Doubtless it had its influence, coming as it did from a distant land and a name bright with the undimmed lustre of revolutionary successes. Indeed, this vigorous utterance of Thomas Jefferson was the arsenal from which the opponents of the forced support of religion drew their weapons, during the whole period of about fifty years that elapsed between its publication and the repeal of the last State law which taxed a community for the support of the clergy; nor will it cease to have a certain value as long as any man, in any land, is distrusted, or undervalued, or abridged of his natural rights, on account of any opinion whatever.

It is a curiously intense and compact passage, all alive with short, sharp sentences, as if he had struggled to get the whole of the controversy into a few pages. Opinion, he says, is something with which government has nothing to do. "It does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty gods or no God. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg." Constraint makes hypocrites, not converts. A government is no more competent to prescribe beliefs than diet or medicine. "It is error alone which needs the support of government. Truth can stand by itself. Subject opinion to coercion, and whom will you make your inquisitors? Fallible men, governed by bad passions, by private as well as public reasons. And why subject it to coercion? Difference of opinion is advantageous to religion. The several sects perform the office of *censor morum* over each other. Is uniformity attainable? Millions of innocent men, women, and children, since the introduction of Christianity, have been burnt, tortured, fined, imprisoned; yet we have not advanced one inch toward uniformity. What has been the effect of coercion? To make one half the world fools, and the other half hypo-



crites ; to support roguery and error all over the earth. Let us reflect that it is inhabited by a thousand millions of people ; that these profess probably a thousand different systems of religion ; that ours is but one of that thousand ; that if there be but one right, and ours that one, we should wish to see the nine hundred and ninety-nine wandering sects gathered into the fold of truth. But against such a majority we cannot effect this by force. Reason and persuasion are the only practicable instruments. To make way for these, free inquiry must be indulged ; and how can we wish others to indulge it, while we refuse it ourselves ? ”

Fortunately, he was able to allay the fears of those who believed that virtue would cease to prevail if tithes could not be collected by the sheriff, by pointing to Pennsylvania and New York, where there was no established church, and yet no indications of a decay of morals could be discerned. Religion was well supported, and no more malefactors were hanged than in Virginia. Religious dissension was unknown, for the people had made the happy discovery that the way to silence religious disputes was to take no notice of them ; and to extinguish religious absurdity, to laugh at it. He urged his countrymen to have the rights of conscience fixed in law before the war ended, while rulers were honest and people united ; for, when peace recalled the people to their usual pursuits, he feared it would be difficult to concentrate attention upon a matter of abstract right. “ The shackles which shall not be knocked off at the conclusion of this war will remain on us long, will be made heavier and heavier, till our rights shall revive or expire in a convulsion.”

In 1786 the act drawn by Jefferson, entitled by him “ An Act for establishing Religious Freedom,” became the law of Virginia. The preamble of the act is a forcible statement of the whole argument for freedom of opinion ; and, not content with thus fortifying the law, he adds to the act itself a paragraph which, I believe, is unique :

“ And though we well know that this Assembly, elected by the people for the ordinary purposes of legislation only, have no power to restrain the acts of succeeding Assemblies, constituted with the power equal to our own, and that, therefore, to declare this act irrevocable would be of no effect in law, yet we are free to declare, and do declare, that the rights hereby asserted are of the natural rights of mankind ; and that if any act shall be hereafter passed to repeal the present or to narrow its operation, such act will be an infringement of natural right.”

Never, perhaps, since the earliest historic times, has one mind so incorporated itself with a country's laws and institutions as Jefferson's with those of new-born Virginia. In this first month of October, 1776, besides actually accomplishing much, he cut out work enough to keep the best heads of Virginia busy for ten years. It was he who drew the bill for establishing courts of law in the State, and for defining the powers, jurisdiction, and methods of each of them. It was he who caused the removal of the capital from Williamsburg to Richmond, thus originating the plan, since followed by nearly every State, of fixing the capital near the geographical centre, but remote from the centre of trade, capital, and fashion. It may have been best for Virginia, it *was* best for Virginia ; but it is not yet certain that a policy is sound which caused the city of Washington to come into being, and which has given a fictitious importance to twenty Harrisburgs and Albanys, besides affording to official misconduct the convenient cloak of distance. Little, however, could Jefferson have foreseen the influence of his action when, in the teeth of the old Tory families planted in the ancient capital, he carried the day for the village of Richmond, and served on the committee that laid out its public square, and placed its unfortunate public buildings.

Another bill introduced by him in this most fruitful month has produced consequences far-reaching and momen-



tous. It was a bill fixing the terms upon which foreigners should be admitted to citizenship in Virginia: Two years' residence; a declaration of intention to live in the State, and a promise of fidelity to it; minor children of naturalized parents, and minors without parents in the State, to become citizens on coming of age, without any legal formality. The principle of this bill and most of its details have been adopted by the national government. In the light of the experience of eighty-five years, and writing on Manhattan Island, we can still say, that the principle of admitting foreigners to citizenship on easy terms, and after a short residence, has been the vital principle of the country's growth; and that Jefferson's bill lacked but one brief clause to make it as safe as it has been powerful: *Provided*, That the foreigner aforesaid proves, to the satisfaction of the court, that he can read English well enough to be independent of all other men in acquiring the political information requisite for intelligent voting." Alas! he did not foresee the Manhattan Island of 1871; nor had a mind yet been created capable of conceiving the idea of admitting to the suffrage hordes of ignorant negroes without the least preliminary preparation.

The laws of Virginia were a chaos of obsolete and antiquated enactments, good for lawyers, bad for clients. Jefferson brought in a bill, in October, 1776, proposing that the House name a committee of five, who should get together the whole mass, revise them, and present for the consideration of the House a Body of Law suited to the altered times and circumstances of the State. The bill being passed, the five revisers were elected by ballot, and Jefferson received the highest number of votes; his colleagues being Edmund Pendleton, George Wythe, George Mason, and T. L. Lee. The two last named, not being lawyers, soon withdrew from the commission, leaving the three others to do the work; Jefferson's portion of which occupied the leisure of two years. It was, indeed,

one of the most arduous and difficult labors of his life; for to him was assigned the revision of ancient British law, from the remotest period to the meeting of the first House of Burgesses of Virginia, of which his great-grandfather had been a member, in 1619. Many a long journey it cost these three public-souled gentlemen to get together, in order to discuss principles and compare work; until, in 1779, the revisers were able to present their labors to the Legislature in the convenient form of one hundred and twenty-six bills, to be separately acted upon. These bills were taken up one at a time, as occasion favored or demanded, during the next six or seven years; every enlightened and humane principle or detail having a most persistent and persuasive advocate in James Madison.

Jefferson's part in this revision was most important. The bill for religious freedom, already described, was now completed in the form in which it was finally acted upon in 1786. Against the opposition of Pendleton he carried the extirpation of the principle of primogeniture from the legal system of Virginia. True to his character, Pendleton strove, when the main battle was lost, to save something from the wreck; proposing that the eldest son should, at least, have a double portion. No, said Jefferson; "if the eldest son could eat twice as much, or do double work, it might be a natural evidence of his right to a double portion; but, being on a par in his powers and wants with his brothers and sisters, he should be on a par also in the partition of his patrimony." Against Pendleton, too, Mr. Jefferson prevailed to preserve as much of the letter of ancient law as possible, because the meaning of each word and phrase had been established by judicial decisions. A new code, Mr. Jefferson thought, owing to the imperfection of human language, would "involve us in ages of litigation," until the precise meaning of every word had been settled by decisions and



commentaries. But this did not apply to modern Virginia statutes, which, he thought, should be reduced to the utmost simplicity and directness.

It is pleasing to notice how cordially the revisers labored together, and how entirely they confided in one another, though differing in opinion. Observe this evidence of it in one of Jefferson's later letters: "We found" (on the final revision) "that Mr. Pendleton had not exactly seized the intentions of the committee, which were to reform the language of the Virginia laws and reduce the matter to a simple style and form. He had copied the acts *verbatim*, only omitting what was disapproved; and some family occurrence calling him indispensably home, he desired Mr. Wythe and myself to make it what we thought it ought to be, and authorized us to report him as concurring in the work."

The bill assigning pains and penalties cost Jefferson much research and thought. The committee swept away at once most of the obsolete cruelties of the ancient code, but some of the revisers were disposed to retain portions of the old system of retaliation: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a poisoner to die by poison, and a maimer to be maimed. Jefferson objected. The infliction of such penalties, he thought, would "exhibit spectacles" the moral effect of which would not be salutary; particularly (he might have added) in a State where every free fight was expected to end in gouging. This part of the scheme was, at his suggestion, reconsidered; so that no sheriff in Virginia has ever been called upon to pry out an eye or bite off a nose.

One of Jefferson's substitutions of new sense for ancient folly in the penalties bill was admirable. Instead of the old laws concerning witchcraft, he suggested this: "All attempts to delude the people, or to abuse their understanding by exercise of the pretended arts of witchcraft, conjuration, enchantment, or sorcery, or by pretended prophecies, shall be punished by

ducking and whipping, at the discretion of a jury, not exceeding fifteen stripes." He dropped also the barbarous Jewish penalties for unnatural crimes, on this ground: "Bestiality will ever be properly and severely punished by universal derision." In his preamble to the bill assigning penalties, he asserted doctrines many years in advance of the least monstrous code then existing. At a time when France condemned to death a female servant who stole a spoon, and London saw cartloads of lads drawn to Tyburn for theft, Jefferson began this act by declaring that "cruel and sanguinary laws defeat their own purpose by engaging the benevolence of mankind to withhold prosecution," and that "capital punishments, which exterminate instead of reforming, should be the last melancholy resource against those whose existence has become inconsistent with the safety of their fellow-citizens." In this code, no crimes were capital but murder and treason; and only an overt act was to be accounted treason.

Of the bills drawn by Jefferson, those upon which he most set his heart failed utterly. Only a commonwealth of Jeffersons, Masons, Madisons, and Wythes could have carried into successful operation that magnificent scheme of universal education, embodied in three of the acts drawn by him. He loved knowledge. He loved literature. Writing to Dr. Priestly, in the midst of one of the political frenzies of a later day, he said: "I thank on my knees Him who directed my early education for having put into my possession this rich source of delight," the ability to read Homer in the original; and, during a similar paroxysm of political fury, he wrote to a neighbor, that if anything *could* induce him to sleep another night away from home, it would be his solicitude for the education of youth. He felt that a community needs the whole of the superior intelligence produced in it, and that such intelligence is only made available for good purposes by right culture. His



plan, therefore, embraced the whole intellect of the State. He proposed to place a common school within reach of every child; to make a high school accessible to every superior youth; to convert William and Mary College into a university; and to found at Richmond a State library to be maintained at a cost of two thousand pounds a year. The whole scheme, which was worked out in great detail, was received, he says, with enthusiasm; but when after the war the expense had to be faced, there was not public spirit enough in the counties to set even the common schools in operation. The scheme failed because there was no middle class in Virginia. In his bill for establishing common schools, a clause was slyly inserted leaving each county free to tax itself for the purpose or not, as the tax-payers should decide. But the tax-payers were planters, served by slaves, not accustomed to regard white trash as fellow-citizens whose welfare was identified with their own. They would not tax themselves for the education of the children of tobacco-rollers, and the plan remained inoperative during Jefferson's whole life.

A remarkable feature of the laws drawn by him during this revision are the preambles — compact, loaded with meaning — with which he prefaced many of them. I think he must have derived the idea from Plato. In preparing himself for work so important, he could not have overlooked the fact that Plato's longest work is entitled *Laws*; nor would he have failed to seek light and suggestion from so promising a source.

"And is our legislator," asks the chief person of this Dialogue, "to have no preface to his laws, but to say at once, Do this, avoid that; and then, holding the penalty *in terrorem*, to go on to another law, offering never a word of advice or exhortation to those for whom he is legislating, after the manner of some doctors?" Not so, he thinks. Music has overtures, and discourse its introduction; "but of the

tones and higher strain of law, no one has ever yet uttered any prelude." And Plato recurs to the topic, as though it were a favorite idea.\* I please myself with thinking that it was such passages of the kindred Greek that induced Jefferson to compose those noble preambles — noble, even when preluding laws too difficult for the time and scene — which illuminate Virginia law-books here and there. The preamble to the Act for establishing Religious Freedom is the weightiest and finest. It touches every point; it all but exhausts the subject.

The slave laws remained to be considered. The revisers, first of all, made a digest of existing laws concerning slaves and slavery, silently dropping such as they deemed inadmissible, and arranging the rest, as was their custom, in the form of a bill. This bill, since it contained nothing novel, nor excluded anything vital, could be expected to pass without opposition. The whole difficulty of the subject they resolved to keep by itself, and concentrate it in an amendment to the bill, designing to present this when the times should admit of the discussion of fundamental changes.

The shade of noble, unpractical Plato must have hovered over the place where this amendment was penned. The community has never existed capable of executing such a scheme. These three benevolent revisers demanded of Virginia a degree of self-control, far-seeing wisdom, and executive genius which a community composed of the elect of the whole human race could not have furnished. All slaves born after the passage of the act were to be free, but they were to remain with their parents during childhood; then educated at the public expense, "in tillage, arts, or sciences, according to their geniuses," until maturity; when they were to be colonized in some convenient place, furnished with arms, implements, and seeds, declared independent, and protected till they were strong enough to

\* Jowett's Plato, Vol. IV. pp. 241, 243, 288, 427, etc. (London edition).



protect themselves. While Virginia was employed in this most complicated and not inexpensive business, other ships of hers were to repair to other parts of the earth, and bring home "an equal number of white inhabitants, to induce whom to migrate hither proper encouragements were to be proposed." Such ludicrous impossibilities may the wisest of mortals conceive who legislate in the snug retreat of a library, for out-of-door, every-day men, face to face with the universal task!

No enthusiast ever ventured to introduce this amendment into the Legislature. "It was found," wrote Mr. Jefferson in 1821, "that the public mind would not bear the proposition, nor will it bear it even at this day." One thing Jefferson did accomplish. In 1778 he brought in a bill forbidding the further importation of slaves, which was passed without opposition. This was the only important change which was made in the slave system of Virginia during the Revolutionary period.

During the two years employed in the work of revising the laws, there were four or five sessions of the Legislature, all of them attended by Jefferson. His industry was immense. We find him on numberless committees, and reporting every kind of bill; even such as related to the discipline of the militia, the rank of marine officers, and the subsistence of members of Congress. There was no great merit then in punctuality of attendance, for punctuality was compelled. At the calling of the roll on the opening of one session, fifty members were absent. Every man of them was ordered under arrest; nor was one excused until he had risen in his place and stated the reason of his absence. If the reason was accounted sufficient, he was excused without paying the costs of his arrest; if not, he had to pay them. Many and swift journeys fell to Jefferson's lot during this absorbing time, — to Fredericksburg to meet his brother revisers, a rough ride of a hundred and twenty miles; to Williamsburg, for the semiannual session; back suddenly to

Monticello, more than once, to attend his sick wife. His only son was born in May, 1777, and lived but seventeen days, though causing his parents many a month of anguish and solicitude. But at home, while the lives of mother and child seemed to hang upon the father's care, in the intervals of watching, he worked at his part of the revision. He told Dr. Franklin, in August, 1777, that the people of Virginia had laid aside the monarchical, and taken up the republican government "with as much ease as would have attended their throwing off an old and putting on a new suit of clothes." It was easy to the people of Virginia, because, at this critical time, they were so happy as to possess a few able, experienced, learned, liberal-minded citizens, who thought no labor severe, no self-denial excessive, if exercised in the service of their country.

So passed the first years of the war. It was an anxious time, of course, to all patriotic hearts, but, to the people of Virginia, not so unhappy a period as we should suppose. *Their* trial was to come. Early rid of the nuisance of Dunmore's hateful presence, they had not, since the burning of Norfolk, witnessed much of the desolations of the war; and if their spirits were depressed sometimes by the mishaps of the armies in the North, good news came occasionally, and came magnified by the distance it had travelled. The rapturous tidings of Burgoyne's surrender was enough of itself to light up half a year, and it was followed by news supposed to be even more important: that of the alliance with France. Virginia was to have her turn, but the time had not yet come.

Jefferson, too, was to experience a most ample share of the bitterness of the war. But, during these first three years of it, absorbed in congenial and elevated labors, happy in the confiding love of the people he served, blest at home in wife and children, he lived very much in his accustomed way; still finding time to record the weather, watch the barometer, observe eclipses,



measure the rain, compute the force of the wind, study the growth of plants, and caress the violin. He began now to look forward fondly, as so many fond parents have, to the time when his eldest daughter would play the harpsichord, to his accompaniment. His old teacher of the violin, Alberti, was in Paris in 1778. Jefferson wrote him a gay letter, after Burgoyne's surrender, telling him that Americans had lost all apprehensions touching the issue of the war, and he expected to trouble him, within the next two and three years, to send him over a professor competent to teach singing and the harpsichord. Nay, more; he had indulged dreams of a domestic band of music! He told Alberti that, in his retinue of domestic servants, he kept a weaver, a gardener, a cabinet-maker, and a stone-cutter, to whom he meant to add a vine-dresser. Why could not Alberti send him Europeans of these trades, who could also play on instruments? If he could, — behold a band of music upon Monticello, without going "beyond the bounds of an American fortune!" Music, he said, was "the favorite passion of his soul," and yet fortune had cast his lot in a country where it was in a state of "deplorable barbarism." In the same joyous and triumphant summer of 1778, failing to get much good from the eagerly expected and closely observed eclipse of the sun, from want of an accurate clock, he ordered from Rittenhouse the most perfect clock his art could produce, so as to be ready for the next. As to that theodolite of which he had spoken to him in Philadelphia, Mr. Rittenhouse need not trouble himself about it further, for he had since bought one which was just the thing. A British army captured, and the French alliance avowed, who could expect a much longer continuance of the war? Not Jefferson, most sanguine of men.

The surrender of Burgoyne brought unexpected animation to the neighborhood of Monticello, and filled the house upon its summit with agreeable company. The region roundabout being

the wheat-field of America, yet too remote from the Northern Army to contribute to its supply, Congress deemed it best, in the winter of 1778-79, to march thither the prisoners of war, English and German, four thousand in number, and establish them near Charlottesville. It was a dreary and weary march, in an inclement season, from Boston to Albemarle, a distance of seven hundred miles; and when the troops reached the plateau selected for them, within sight of Monticello, the barracks were unfinished, no store of food had been gathered, the roads were almost impassable, and "the spell of weather," as Jefferson records, "was the worst ever known within the memory of man." The gentlemen of the county did their utmost to mitigate the situation; and who so prompt with needful aid as the inhabitants of Monticello? Mrs. Jefferson lent her help to the wife of the Hessian General Riedesel in getting her started in house-keeping, at the house of Mazzei, their Italian neighbor, who was just going home to Tuscany on a public errand.

Jefferson himself was lavish of attention to officers and men of both nationalities; and, when they were all settled in quarters, threw open his house, his library, his grounds, his garden, to such of them as could enjoy refined pleasures. There could be no lack of officers, among so many, who could play and sing. Many a delightful concert was improvised at Monticello, when some amateur would play violin duets with Jefferson, and the whole company surround Mrs. Jefferson's harpsichord, and join her in singing. A tradition of these pleasant musical evenings lives to this day. General Dix of New York, as Mr. Randall reports, heard them described by a Captain Bibby, who settled in New York after the war. This captain, himself a good violinist, played many a duet with Jefferson, and considered him the best amateur he had ever heard. A German officer of scientific tastes was much in the library of Monticello, a congenial companion



to its proprietor. Even General Phillips, commander of the English troops, whom Jefferson describes as the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth, was not proof against his resolute civilities. "The great cause that divides our countries," Jefferson wrote to the General, "is not to be decided by individual animosities. The harmony of private societies cannot weaken national efforts. To contribute by neighborly intercourse and attention to make others happy, is the shortest and surest way of being happy ourselves." General Phillips, proud as he may have been, seems to have assented to this opinion, for we find him writing to Mr. Jefferson in August, 1779: "The British officers intend to perform a play next Saturday at the barracks. I shall be extremely happy to have the honor to attend you and Mrs. Jefferson in my box at the theatre, should you or that lady be inclined to go."\* In winding up this polite epistle, the haughty son of Albion was careful to say that he was, "with great *personal* respect," Mr. Jefferson's humble servant. He was the gentleman who, at a later day, addressed Mr. Jefferson as "Thomas Jefferson, Esquire, American Governor of Virginia," and the Governor retorted by addressing him as, "William Phillips, Esquire, commanding the British troops in Virginia."

As the spring advanced, the barracks began to exhibit a truly inviting scene, particularly the quarter occupied by the Germans. The officers, who had hired every available house in the neighborhood, bought cows, sheep, and chickens, cultivated fields, and laid out gardens. If some of the decorous Virginia ladies were a little scandalized at the Amazonian habits of Madame Riedesel, who rode astride with the boldness of a fox-hunter, every one commended the liberality of the general toward his men. He distributed among them two hundred pounds' worth of seeds; and soon the whole region round the barracks was smiling with pretty gardens,

and alive with cheerful laborers, conveying to the spectator, as Jefferson said, "the idea of a company of farmers, rather than a camp of soldiers." Some of the officers went to great expense in preparing their houses, even to several thousands of dollars. The health of these troops, thus agreeably situated and pleasantly employed, improved in the most remarkable manner. According to the ordinary rate of mortality, there should have been one death a day; but in three months there were but four deaths among them, and two of those were of infants.

Jefferson wrote in reference to this enchanting scene: "It is for the benefit of mankind to mitigate the horrors of war as much as possible. The practice, therefore, of modern nations, of treating captive enemies with politeness and generosity, is not only delightful in contemplation, but really interesting to all the world, friends, foes, and neutrals."

It is pleasing to reflect that the United States, from the first hour of its existence to the present time, in every instance, and in spite of the bitterest provocation to the contrary in three wars, has treated captives with "politeness and generosity."

The prisoners might well be grateful to Jefferson, for he rendered them a greater service than neighborly attention. A panic fear arose that these four thousand foreign mouths would eat Virginia out of house and home. A famine was dreaded, and Governor Henry was inundated with remonstrances against their longer stay. By the time the barracks were in order, the gardens laid out, and General Riedesel's two hundred pounds' worth of garden seeds all nicely "come up," a terrible rumor ran through the camp, that the governor had yielded to pressure, and was about to order them away. It was Jefferson who interposed in their behalf. He wrote a most vigorous and elaborate statement of the case to Governor Henry, showing the utter groundlessness of the panic, describing the happy situation

\* Lossing's American Historical Record, Vol. I. p. 33.



of the troops after their winter march of seven hundred miles, and exhibiting the cruel breach of faith it would be to compel them so soon to resume their wanderings. The prisoners' camp was not disturbed, and the Virginians discovered that, if the prisoners ate a good deal of wheat and beef, they circulated a great many gold and silver coins.

What strikes me as peculiar in Jefferson's letter is its extreme politeness. Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry had been friends, comrades, fellow-lodgers, partisans, everything that was intimate and confidential, for nineteen years; but in this letter he keeps in mind that he is a Member for Albemarle writing to his Excellency the Governor of Virginia, and he both begins and ends his epistle with expressions of deference and apology. He "takes the liberty of troubling" the governor with some observations on the subject. The reputation and interest of the country being involved, "it could hardly be deemed an indecent liberty in the most private citizen to offer his thoughts to the consideration of the executive"; and there were particular reasons which

justified *him* in so doing, such as his residence near the barracks, his public relation to the people of that county, and his being sure, from his personal acquaintance with the governor and Council, that they would be "glad of information from *any* quarter on a subject interesting to the public." Then, at the end of his letter, after an argument apparently complete and unanswerable, he was "sensible that the same subject might appear to different persons in very different lights." But he hoped that the reasons he had urged, even though to sounder minds they should seem fallacious, would, at least, be plausible enough to excuse his interposition.

There was a reason for this extreme delicacy. The letter was written in March, 1779. The third year of Patrick Henry's governorship would expire in June, and, by the new Constitution, a governor was ineligible after the third term. Jefferson was to succeed him; and it is always a delicate thing for an heir to say or do anything that savors of interference with the management of the estate.

*James Parton.*

## YOUTH AND AGE.

O DAY so gray, you could not chill me,  
In that sweet time, far off and fair,  
Though loud winds shrieked and echoed shrilly,  
And wild rain washed the woodlands bare!  
Though sodden fields stretched cold, unvaried,  
And birds flew south on weary wing;  
For in my happy heart I carried  
The hope and promise of the spring.

O day so gay, you cannot thrill me!  
Your light and perfume, shower and song,  
Your bloom and brightness, only fill me  
With old-time memories, sweet and strong.  
I would not bid your swift hours tarry,  
I do not hasten at your call;  
For in my thankful heart I carry  
The joy and fruitage of the fall.

*Anna Boynton Averill.*



## JOHN BROWN AND HIS FRIENDS.\*

AT the beginning of the year 1858, nobody in Massachusetts, except here and there a fugitive slave perhaps, had heard of John Brown's plan for the invasion of Virginia, though he had made much progress toward its execution. He had enlisted men and engaged the English Garibaldian, Hugh Forbes, to drill them; but this engagement was quite unknown to Brown's Massachusetts friends, who had never seen Forbes, and only heard of him casually and incidentally. They had never been consulted by Brown in regard to paying Forbes, nor, of course, had Brown given Forbes any assurances that they would pay him the salary stipulated between Forbes and Brown; of which, in fact, they knew nothing whatever. It was therefore with much surprise and mystification that, about Christmas-time, 1857, Dr. S. G. Howe and Mr. Sanborn began to receive passionate and denunciatory letters, written by Forbes, complaining of ill-treatment at their hands, and assuming to hold them responsible for the termination of his engagement with Brown, by which, he said, he had been reduced to poverty, and his family in Paris, deprived of pecuniary aid from him, had suffered great hardship. Two of these letters were addressed to Senator Sumner, and were forwarded by him to Dr. Howe and Mr. Sanborn, who, in great ignorance as to what such abusive epistles meant, answered them with some curtness and severity. This correspondence temporarily closed in January, 1858, and the substance of it was communicated to Brown, then in Kansas, with the request that he would explain the meaning of Forbes's anger, and state what their real relations with each other were. Before replying to this request, which probably was not received till weeks afterward, Brown

suddenly left Kansas without the knowledge of his friends there, and appeared, in the beginning of February, 1858, at the house of Frederick Douglass in Rochester, New York. From there he wrote, February 2, to Theodore Parker, George L. Stearns, F. B. Sanborn, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, asking them to aid him in raising a small sum of money to carry out "an important measure in which the world has a deep interest." This, he tells Mr. Parker, is his only errand at the East, and he goes on: "I have written some of our mutual friends in regard to it, but none of them understand my views so well as you do, and I cannot explain without their committing themselves more than I know of their doing. I have heard that Parker Pillsbury, and some others in your quarter, hold out ideas similar to those on which I act, but I have no personal acquaintance with them, and know nothing of their influence or means. Do you think any of our Garrisonian friends, either at Boston, Worcester, or in any other place, can be induced to supply a little 'straw,' if I will absolutely make 'bricks'? I must beg of you to consider this communication strictly confidential, unless you know of parties who will feel and act and hold their peace."\*

Brown's letters of the same date and for a few weeks after, to Colonel Higginson and Mr. Sanborn, were of a similar tenor, though rather more explicit, but they conveyed no distinct intimation of his plans. He wrote to Higginson, February 2, from Rochester: "I am here, concealing my whereabouts for good reasons (as I think), not, however, from any anxiety about my personal safety. I have been told that you are both a true *man* and a true *abolitionist*, and I partly believe the whole story. Last fall I undertook

\* See "John Brown in Massachusetts," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1872.

\* Weiss's Life of Theodore Parker, Vol. II. pp. 163, 164.



to raise from five hundred to one thousand dollars for *secret service*, and succeeded in getting five hundred dollars. I now want to get, for the perfecting of *by far* the most important undertaking of my whole life, from five hundred to eight hundred dollars within the next sixty days. I have written Rev. Theodore Parker, George L. Stearns, and F. B. Sanborn, Esquires, on the subject, but do not know as either Mr. Stearns or Mr. Sanborn are abolitionists. I suppose they are." On the 12th of February he wrote again in response to a remark in Higginson's reply about the Underground Railroad in Kansas: "Railroad business on a somewhat extended scale is the identical object for which I am trying to get means. I have been connected with that business, *as commonly conducted*, from my boyhood, and never let an opportunity slip. I have been operating to some purpose the past season, but I now have a measure on foot that I feel sure would awaken in you something more than a common interest, if you could understand it. I have just written my friends G. L. Stearns and F. B. Sanborn, asking them to meet me for consultation at —. I am very anxious to have you come along, certain as I feel that you will never regret having been one of the council." It was inconvenient for any of the persons addressed to take the long journey proposed, and on the 13th Mr. Sanborn wrote for himself and Mr. Stearns, inviting Brown to visit Boston, and offering to pay his travelling expenses. To this request Brown replied, February 17th: "It would be almost impossible for me to pass through Albany, Springfield, or any of those parts, on my way to Boston, and not have it known; and my reasons for keeping quiet are such that, when I left Kansas, I kept it from every friend there; and I suppose it is still understood that I am hiding somewhere in the Territory; and such will be the idea until it comes to be generally known that I am in these parts. I want to continue that impression as

long as I can, or for the present. I want very much to see Mr. Stearns, and also Mr. Parker, and it may be that I can before long; but I must decline accepting your kind offer at present, and, sorry as I am to do so, ask you both to meet me by the middle of next week at the furthest. I wrote Mr. Higginson of Worcester to meet me also. It may be he would come on with you. My reasons for keeping still are sufficient to keep me from seeing my wife and children, much as I long to do so. I will endeavor to explain when I see you." This letter was written from Rochester.

There was no doubt in the mind of Mr. Sanborn that the promised explanation would clear up the mystery of Forbes's letters, which had grieved as well as annoyed him and the few friends of Brown in Boston who had seen them. Therefore, when Mr. Stearns was still unable to accept this second and pressing request from Brown for a meeting in Central New York, Mr. Sanborn determined to go, and invited Colonel Higginson to join him at Worcester on the 20th, but in fact he made the journey alone, and reached the place of meeting on the evening of Washington's birthday, February 22d. A few friends of Brown were there gathered, among them another Massachusetts man, Mr. Edwin Morton of Plymouth, now of Boston, but then residing in the family of Mr. Gerrit Smith as tutor and private secretary.\* In

\* Morton and Sanborn had been classmates at Harvard College, where they graduated in 1855, and have ever since been intimate friends and correspondents. Much of the subsequent correspondence with Brown and his friends passed through their hands, and it is probable they may have the key to anything that is still unexplained in the movements of Captain Brown, during the twenty months that followed the February conference about to be described. Both were young men, Sanborn being twenty-six and Morton a year younger; and both had been abolitionists from boyhood. Both also were of unmixed New England descent, as John Brown was; Morton being descended from a kinsman of Nathaniel Morton, the first secretary of Plymouth Colony, and his friend from the founder and first minister of the old New Hampshire plantation of Hampton. The other Massachusetts members of Brown's secret committee, Parker, Higginson, Stearns, and Howe, were of the same Puritan ancestry; and it may be worth mentioning that,



the long winter evening which followed, the whole outline of Brown's campaign in Virginia was laid before the little council, to the astonishment and almost the dismay of all present. The constitution which he had drawn up for the government of his men, and such territory as they might occupy, and which was found among his papers at the Kennedy Farm, was exhibited by Brown, its provisions recited and explained, the proposed movements of his men indicated, and the middle of May was named as the time of the attack. To begin this hazardous adventure he asked for but eight hundred dollars, and would think himself rich with a thousand. Being questioned and opposed by his friends, he laid before them in detail his methods of organization and fortification; of settlement in the South, if that were possible, and of retreat through the North, if necessary; and his theory of the way in which such an invasion would be received in the country at large. He desired from his Massachusetts friends a patient hearing of his statements, a candid opinion concerning them, and, if that were favorable, then that they should co-operate with him and persuade others to do so. This was the important business which he had to communicate on the anniversary of Washington's birthday.

After what has passed in the last ten years, no one can picture to himself the startling effect of such a plan, heard for the first time in the dismal days of Buchanan's administration, when Floyd was Secretary of War, and Jefferson Davis and Senator Mason omnipotent in Congress. Those who listened to Captain Brown had been familiar with the bold plots and counter-plots of the Kansas border, and had aided the escape of slaves in various parts of the South. But to strike at once at the existence of slavery, by an organized

force, acting for years, if need be, on the dubious principles of guerilla warfare, and exposed, perhaps, to the whole power of the country, was something they had never contemplated. That was the long-meditated plan of a poor, obscure, old man, uncertain at best of another ten years' lease of life, and yet calmly proposing an enterprise which, if successful, might require a whole generation to accomplish. His friends listened until late at night, proposing objections and raising difficulties, but nothing shook the purpose of the old Puritan. To every objection he had an answer; every difficulty had been foreseen and provided for; the great difficulty of all, the apparent hopelessness of undertaking anything so vast with such slender means, he met with the words of Scripture, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" and "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

To all suggestions of delay until a more favorable time, he would reply, "I am nearly sixty years old; I have desired to do this work for many years; if I do not begin soon, it will be too late for me." He had made nearly all his arrangements; he had so many hundred weapons, so many men enlisted, all that he wanted was the small sum of money. With that he would open his campaign with the spring, and he did not doubt that his enterprise would pay. But those who heard him, while they looked upon the success of Brown's undertaking as a great blessing and relief to the country, felt also that to fail, contending against such odds, might hazard for many years the cause of freedom and union. They had not yet fully attained the sublime faith of Brown when he said, "A few men in the right, and knowing they are right, can overturn a king. Twenty men in the Alleghanies could break slavery to pieces in two years."

On the 23d of February the discussion was renewed, and, as usually happened when he had time enough, Captain Brown began to prevail over the

while Higginson's earliest American ancestor was the first minister of Salem, Sanborn's ancestor, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, was the first minister of Lynn, and probably had among his parishioners there, in 1635-36, Thomas Parker, the first American ancestor of Theodore Parker.



objections of his friends. At any rate, they saw that they must either stand by him, or leave him to dash himself in pieces alone against the fortress which he was determined to assault. To withhold aid would only delay him, not prevent him; nothing short of betraying him to the enemy would do that. As the sun was setting over the snowy hills of the region where they met, the Massachusetts delegate walked for an hour with the principal person in the little council of war, leaving Captain Brown to discuss religion with an old captain of Wellington's army who, by chance, was a guest in the house. The elder of the two, of equal age with Brown, and for many years a devoted abolitionist, said, "You see how it is; our old friend has made up his mind to this course of action, and cannot be turned from it. We cannot give him up to die alone; we must stand by him. I will raise so many hundred dollars for him; you must lay the case before your friends in Massachusetts and see if they will do the same. I see no other way."

The same conclusion had been reached by his younger companion, for himself, and he engaged to bring the scheme at once to the attention of the three Massachusetts men to whom Brown had written, and also of Dr. S. G. Howe, who had sometimes favored action almost as extreme as this proposed by Brown.

Sanborn returned to Boston on the 25th of February, and on the same day communicated the enterprise to Theodore Parker and Colonel Higginson. At the suggestion of Parker, Brown, who had gone to Brooklyn, New York, was invited to visit Boston secretly, and did so early in March, taking a room at the American House, in Hanover Street. He registered himself as "J. Brown," instead of writing out the customary "John" in full, and remained for the most part in his room (No. 126) during the four days of his stay. Parker was one of the first persons to call on him, and promised aid at once. He was deeply interested in the project, but not very sanguine

of its success; he wished to see it tried, however, and gave Brown substantial proof of his interest and support; while Brown in return gave him the fullest confidence in respect to the whole movement. Parker left the country, never to return, early in the following year; but he was kept informed in a general way of the progress of the affair, and as late as September 29, 1859, three weeks before the outbreak at Harper's Ferry, he wrote to inquire what Captain Brown was doing, and said: "I wish I had something now to drop into the hat for the same end. Tell me how our little speculation in wool goes on, and what dividend accrues therefrom."

Two years after the death of Parker, in 1860, one of his executors found among his papers this letter of Brown's, which has never been printed, written just before his visit to Boston, in March, 1858. It was not addressed to Mr. Parker, but had been sent to him by the person who received it.

— N. Y. 24th Feb'y, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND: — Mr. X. has taken the liberty of saying to me that you felt half inclined to make a common cause with me. I *greatly rejoice* at this; for I believe when you come to look at the *ample field* I labor in, and the rich harvest which (not only this entire country, but) the whole world during the present and future generations *may reap* from its successful cultivation, you will feel that you are out of your element, until you find you are in it, an entire unit. What an inconceivable amount of good you might so effect, by your *counsel, your example, your encouragement, your natural and acquired ability* for active service. And then, how very little we can possibly lose? Certainly the cause is enough to *live* for, if not to — for. I have only had *this one* opportunity in a life of nearly sixty years; and could I be continued ten times as long again, I might not again have another equal opportunity. God has honored but comparatively a *very small* part of



mankind with any possible chance for such mighty and soul-satisfying rewards. But, my dear friend, if you should make up your mind to do so, I trust it will be wholly from the promptings of your own spirit, after having *thoroughly counted* the cost. I would *flatter no man* into such a measure, if I could do it ever so easily.

I *expect nothing* but to "endure hardness," but I expect to effect a mighty conquest, even though it be like the last victory of Samson. I felt for a number of years in *earlier life*, a steady, strong desire to *die*, but since I saw any prospect of becoming a "reaper" in the *great* harvest, I have not only felt quite willing to *live*, but have enjoyed life much; and am now rather anxious to live for *a few years* more.

Your sincere Friend,

JOHN BROWN.\*

In a collection of Brown's letters, this would rank among the first for the light it sheds on his life and character. The reference to his longing for death in his youth is one of the few revelations made by him of his early mental struggles, and, no doubt, means that he was unfortunate in love, and in other ways found the world a melancholy place. His early religious experiences, occurring at the same period, must have deepened the sadness which sprang from disappointed affection; but the strength of his religious faith finally overcame it, and gave him peace of mind. The allusion to the last victory of Samson is repeated in one of his letters from prison, in November, 1859, when he wrote to his old schoolmaster, Rev. H. L. Vaill, "Had Samson kept to his determination of not telling Delilah wherein his great strength lay, he would probably have never overturned the house." This comparison of himself to Samson

was not from vanity, but under a profound sense of a divine mission, like that of the Hebrew champion; and he never entered upon his dangerous expeditions in Kansas or elsewhere, without thoughts to which Milton has given utterance in his "Samson Agonistes":—

"Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our law, my nation or myself,—  
The last of me or no I cannot warrant."

Captain Brown reached Boston Thursday, March 4, 1858, and left it Monday, the 8th, for Philadelphia. On Friday and Saturday, in Boston, he had seen at his hotel Theodore Parker, Dr. Howe, Messrs Sanborn, Stearns, and Higginson, and perhaps one or two other persons. He kept himself private, however, and did not, as when he was in Boston a year before, go to the Sunday-evening reception at Mr. Parker's in Exeter Place, where he had met Mr. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and other antislavery leaders in 1857. He therefore communicated with Parker on Sunday, March 7th, by letter; and this letter, an unusually long one for Brown, is printed in Weiss's "Life of Parker."\* He begins by an apology for writing letters on Sunday, and goes on to ask Parker to draw up for him an address to the officers and soldiers of the United States Army, whom he soon expected to meet as opponents, as he had in Kansas. Such an address had been prepared six months before by Forbes, and a copy sent to Parker; but Brown was not satisfied with this, and in this letter gives directions for composing a better address, and also another paper "intended for all persons, old and young, male and female, slaveholding and non-slaveholding"; and a third tract "for every male and female" prisoner on being set at liberty, and to be read by them during confinement." It does not appear that Parker ever tried his hand at these papers,

\* The original of this letter is now in the possession of Mrs. Mary E. Stearns of Medford, the wife of George L. Stearns, who, not less than her lamented husband, was a generous and true friend of Brown. To her we are indebted for Brackett's noble bust of Brown, which stands in her house

\* Vol. II. p. 164. The "address you saw last season," mentioned in this letter, is the same spoken of in the letter of September 11, 1857, on page 162.



or that they were prepared by any person. It may be worth mentioning, however, that Parker sent Brown from his library on this Sunday the report of McClellan on the European armies, which was then a new book, and was thought likely to be of service to Brown. At the same time Brown praised Plutarch's *Lives* as a book he had read with great profit for its military and moral lessons, and particularly mentioned the life of Sertorius, the Roman commander who so long carried on a partisan warfare in Spain. He wished to get a few copies of Plutarch for his men to read in camp, and inquired particularly about the best edition.

Although Brown communicated freely to the persons above named his plans of attack and defence in Virginia, it is not known that he spoke to more than one person in Boston of his purpose of surprising the arsenal and town of Harper's Ferry. Both Dr. Howe and Mr. Stearns testified before Mason's committee, in 1860, that they were ignorant of Brown's plan of attack, which was true so far as the place and manner of beginning the campaign were concerned. It is probable that in 1858 Brown had not definitely resolved to seize Harper's Ferry, since, when he spoke of it to the person referred to, he put it as a question, and did not seem to have made up his mind to a course of action so immediately hazardous. He then argued that it would strike great terror into the whole slaveholding class to find that an armed force had strength enough to capture a place so important and so near Washington; and it was to inspire terror, rather than to possess himself of the arms there, that he then proposed to capture the arsenal. It is believed that Theodore Parker was aware of this half-formed plan of Brown's, but it was not communicated to his men until a year and a half later, or just before the attack was actually made. Charles Plummer Tidd, one of Brown's men, who escaped from Harper's Ferry, afterwards enlisted in a Massa-

chusetts regiment under the name of Plummer, and died under Burnside in North Carolina, is authority for this statement. He said that when Brown called his small company together in October, 1859, on the Maryland shore of the Potomac, and disclosed to them his plan for the capture of the town, they all declared that it would be fatal to attempt it, and refused to take part in it; even his own sons, except Owen, being unwilling to follow their father to what they said would be certain defeat and death. But Brown had now decided upon his course, and adhered to it inflexibly; he would make the attack with a single man, if only one man would obey him. His sons, finding their father so determined, and knowing how impossible it was to change his purpose, first gave in their adhesion; they believed it to be a fatal scheme, but they would not desert him. Gradually all the others came round to the same opinion, and the attack was made with precisely the result that Brown's followers had predicted. We have no reason to doubt that Tidd's statement was true in substance.

On the departure of Brown from Boston in March, 1858, the five persons mentioned — Parker, Howe, Higginson, Sanborn, and Stearns — formed themselves into a secret committee to raise for him the money (now set at \$1,000) which it was agreed should be raised in New England. Each of the five was to raise \$100, and as much more as he could, Dr. Howe having hopes of securing a larger subscription from his friend Mr. George R. Russell. Mr. Stearns was made treasurer of the committee, and ten days after Brown's departure \$250 had been paid in. By the 1st of April \$375 had been collected, and on the 20th of April \$410, of which Stearns, Parker, and Higginson had each paid \$100, Sanborn \$60, and Howe \$50. Stearns pledged \$200 more, and Brown had collected \$260 outside of New England; so that the small sum judged necessary for beginning the enterprise was nearly made up, either in money or pledges, before



the 1st of May, at which time Brown was on his way from Iowa to Ohio, with the arms that had been stored in Iowa, and with some of his men. He was to enlist others in Canada about May 8th, and to strike his first blow in the latter part of the same month. On the 28th of April Brown was in Chicago; on the 2d of May at Chatham, in Canada. But, meanwhile, a formidable obstacle had appeared. Hugh Forbes interposed again, writing from Washington, and threatened to disclose the whole plan to the Republican leaders, and even to the government.

Forbes's letters, as before, were addressed to Howe and Sanborn, neither of whom had yet seen him, but who both knew now, from Brown, what the relation had been between Forbes and himself. In these letters of April and May Forbes insisted that Brown's enterprise should stop, that Brown himself should be dismissed as the leader of the movement, and Forbes be put in his place; and these demands were accompanied by a threat of making public the whole transaction, so far as it had gone. To increase the difficulties of the situation, Forbes had evidently learned, from some quarter, of the countenance given to Brown, since the 1st of March, by his Boston committee. On the 2d of May these letters were submitted to this committee, Howe, Parker, Sanborn, and Stearns being present, and Higginson being informed of them by mail. Parker, Sanborn, and Stearns at once said that the blow must be deferred till another year, and in this opinion Howe partially coincided. Higginson thought otherwise, and so did Brown, who declared that he would go forward, in spite of Forbes and his threats, if the money promised him should be furnished. Here, however, another difficulty sprang up. Forbes, early in May, carried out his threat so far as to inform Senators Hale, Seward, and Wilson and Dr. Bailey, in general terms, of Brown's purposes, and Wilson wrote to Dr. Howe, earnestly protesting against any such demonstration. As

the rifles which had been purchased by the Massachusetts Kansas Committee and intrusted to Brown by them were still, so far as Senator Wilson and the public knew, the property of that committee (though really, as has been explained, the personal property of Mr. Stearns, the chairman), it would expose the Kansas Committee, who were ignorant of Brown's later plans, to suspicions of bad faith, if those arms were used by him in any expedition to Virginia. This awkward complication seems to have decided Dr. Howe in favor of postponing the attack, and both he and Mr. Stearns, as members of the Kansas Committee, wrote to Brown that the arms must not be used for the present, except for the defence of Kansas.\* Brown saw that nothing further could then be done, and yielded, though with regret, to the postponement. About the 20th of May Mr. Stearns met Brown in New York, and arranged that hereafter the custody of the Kansas rifles should be Brown's, as the agent of Stearns, the real owner, and not of the nominal owners, the Kansas Committee. On the 24th of May a meeting of the Boston secret committee, with one of the principal friends of Brown's plan outside of New England, took place at the Revere House in Boston,—Parker, Howe, Sanborn, and Stearns being present, as before; and it was agreed that the execution of the plan should be postponed till the spring of 1859. In the mean time a larger sum of money—from two to three thousand dollars—was to be raised, and Brown was to throw Forbes off his track by returning to Kansas and engaging in the defence of the Free-State men on the border; the alleged property of the Kansas Committee was to be so transferred as to relieve that committee of all responsibility, and the secret committee were, in future, to know nothing in detail of Brown's plans. Brown was not himself present at this Revere House meet-

\* The letters on this subject are printed in Senator Mason's Report (36th Cong. Senate Rep. Com. No. 278), pp. 176, 177.



ing, but came to Boston the next week, and was at the American House May 31st. Here he met all the committee, Higginson included; and, in the two or three days that he stayed, the Revere House arrangement was completed. He received the sole custody of the arms which had belonged to the Kansas Committee, and five hundred dollars beside; was to go to Kansas at once, but after that to use his own discretion; and, though still believing the postponement unwise, he left New England in good spirits the first week in June. He reached Kansas June 26th, with about ten men, and in a week or two after was on the border, near the scene of the Marais des Cygnes murders of May 11th. Remaining in that vicinity, guarding the Free-State settlers for about two months, most of that time he was himself ill with ague. On the 10th of September he was at Osawatomie, whence he wrote, "I have often met the 'notorious' Montgomery,\* and think very favorably of him." He was associated with Montgomery in the border warfare of the autumn and winter of 1858, and finally, just before Christmas, made his famous incursion into Missouri, and brought away a party of slaves, with whom he travelled in January and February, 1859, from the border of Southern Kansas, through Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, and Michigan, to Detroit, where he arrived March 12th, and landed his fugitives safely in Canada. In the latter part of March, 1859, he was at Cleveland, where he sold publicly the horses he had brought from Missouri. In April he visited his family at North Elba, and in the early part of May was in Boston, where he remained for more than three weeks, visiting his friends in the city and its vicinity, and making final arrangements for his Virginia expedition. Before leaving Boston for the last time, Wednesday, June 1, 1859, the sum of \$2,000, which had been promised him at the Revere House

meeting a year before, was made up and placed to his credit. More than half this sum — \$1,200 — was the gift of George L. Stearns, who must have furnished the old hero, first and last, at least \$10,000 in money and arms. Of the other \$800, half was raised in Massachusetts, by private subscription or at public meetings, of which he held several during this visit. He spoke in the Town Hall at Concord (where he spent a portion of his last birthday\*) on Sunday evening, May 8th, to a large audience, hastily gathered; for he had arrived in town unexpectedly the night before, from North Elba. The fame of his last exploit in Kansas had preceded him everywhere, and there was much eagerness to hear what he would say about it. He described briefly his expedition into Missouri, and the way in which he had brought off the party of slaves; but when he went on to assert that it was right to repeat such incursions, and to take property, or even life, in forcibly setting slaves free, his audience winced under it. They applauded his successful deed, but were not ready to encourage its repetition. Some agreed with him, however, and a small contribution was raised at the meeting. He left Concord at noon the next day, — his birthday, — and never returned thither.

John Brown also spoke at one of the Boston Anniversary meetings in Tremont Temple, the last week in this same May, and was present on Saturday, May 28th, at the weekly dinner of the "Bird Club," which then met at the Parker House. The late Governor Andrew was a member of this club, as were Dr. Howe and Mr. Sanborn, and Mr. Stearns joined it on this particular day, having gone there to meet or escort his friend Brown. Governor Andrew was not present at this meeting of the club, but it was probably on the following Sunday evening that he met Brown for the first and last time, at a friend's house. In his testimony before Senator Mason's

\* This was James Montgomery of Kansas, a brave partisan, afterwards colonel of a colored regiment in South Carolina. He has lately died in Kansas.

\* Brown was born May 9, 1800, and was in his sixtieth year at his death.



committee, in February, 1860, Mr. Andrew made this statement respecting his own contribution to Brown's fund: \*—

"After having met Captain Brown one Sunday evening at a lady's house, where I made a social call with my wife, I sent him twenty-five dollars as a present. I did it because I felt ashamed, after I had seen the old man and talked with him, and come within the reach of the personal impression which I find he very generally made on people, that I had never contributed anything directly towards his assistance, as one who I thought had sacrificed and suffered so much for the cause of freedom and of good order and good government in the Territory of Kansas. He was, if I may be allowed to use that expression, a very magnetic person, and I felt very much impressed by him. I confess I did not know how to understand the old gentleman fully, because when I hear a man talk upon great themes, touching which I think he must have deep feeling, in a tone perfectly level, without emphasis and without any exhibition of feeling, I am always ready to suspect that there is something wrong in the man's brain, I noticed that the old gentleman, in conversation, scarcely regarded other people, was entirely self-poised, self-possessed, sufficient to himself, and appeared to have no emotion of any sort, but to be entirely absorbed in an idea which preoccupied him and seemed to put him in a position transcending an ordinary emotion and ordinary reason. . . . In parting with him, as I heard he was a poor man, I expressed my gratitude to him for having fought for a great cause with earnestness, fidelity, and conscientiousness, while I had been quietly at home, earning my money and supporting my family in Boston, under my own vine and fig-tree, with nobody to molest or make me afraid. . . . I am constitutionally peaceable, and by opinion very much of a peace man, and I have very little faith in deeds of vio-

lence, and very little sympathy with them, except as the extremest and direst necessity. My sympathy, so far as I sympathized with Captain Brown, was on account of what I believed to be heroic and disinterested services in defence of a good and just cause, and in support of the rights of persons who were treated with unjust aggression."

This is a statement truly characteristic, not only of Governor Andrew, but of Brown as he was viewed by many people in Massachusetts; and such small sums as were given him in 1858 and 1859, by persons not acquainted with his plans, were mostly given under such impressions as are here so generously described. The whole amount of these contributions, however, did not exceed five hundred dollars in Massachusetts, and probably were less than half that sum. Out of a little more than four thousand dollars in money which passed through the hands of the secret committee, in aid of his Virginia enterprise, or was known to them as contributed, at least thirty-eight hundred dollars were given with a clear knowledge of the use to which it would be put. The gifts of arms made by Mr. Stearns amounted in value to twice as much perhaps, and these also were contributed with a full understanding that they might be used as they were.\*

Brown's hotel, during his last visit to Boston, was the United States House. He was attended, generally, in his movements about the city and its neighborhood, by a faithful henchman, Jerry Anderson, a youth from Indiana who was shot at Harper's Ferry. Both were in rustic dress, but Brown, from his marked aspect and his flowing gray beard (which he first began to wear in Kansas in the summer of 1858), attracted much attention in the streets. He has been described by Judge Hoar (who had seen him in Concord, and perhaps had contributed to his fund from the same motives as

\* Senate Rep. Com., No. 278, 36th Congress, page 192.

\* The biographer of George Stearns, when his life shall be written, should not omit the list of his contributions to Brown and his cause.



Governor Andrew), in one of these street rambles, as calmly walking up Court Street in the midst of the hurrying throng, with his jack-knife in one hand and an apple in the other, which he was peeling and eating, quite unconscious of observation, while his young henchman, less accustomed to cities, walked a little behind him, gazing up at the signs and windows. Another remembers him plodding his way to the Providence Railroad Station, burdened with a heavy carpet-bag, and still escorted by his body-guard. At this time he always went heavily armed, being proclaimed an outlaw by President Buchanan, who offered three thousand dollars for his arrest, and by the governor of Missouri, who offered two hundred and fifty dollars more. When this fact was mentioned to Brown, he sometimes said, in his dry way, that he would pay *two dollars and fifty cents* to anybody who would safely lodge James Buchanan in any jail in the free States. He moved about in Massachusetts entirely without fear or precaution, except his pistols and his henchman, and at this time always went by his own name. It is believed that no effort to arrest him was made outside of Kansas.

In course of his stay in Boston he spent an evening at the house of a gentleman where William Hunt, the painter, was also a guest, and an appointment was made with Brown that he should give Hunt a sitting for his portrait. It is unfortunate that this sitting never took place, for his portrait by Hunt would now be the best representation of him in his last year. Brackett, the sculptor, whose fine bust of him has already been mentioned, also met him at this time; but the studies and measurements for his bust were made in a brief visit to Brown in his cell at Charlestown in the following November. Brown sat for his photograph to a Boston artist named Heywood, and it is from this picture, a half-length standing figure, with the hands behind the back, and the face turned a little aside from a front view,

that all the common portraits of him are taken. It was used by Brackett in modelling his bust, in which, however, the features are somewhat idealized. The suit in which this picture was taken is the same that he wore in Boston two years before, and he was wearing a portion of it when captured at Harper's Ferry. The attitude chosen was a common one with him, and some of our readers may remember him pacing a hall, a prairie, or a hotel corridor with his hands thus clasped behind him.

Leaving Boston on the first day of June, 1859, Brown went to Collinsville in Connecticut, where he arrived June 3d, and renewed his old contract for a thousand pikes, which were made by Charles Blair of that town, and forwarded in August and September, to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, whence they were taken to the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry. In the interval between June and September Brown had moved his men and arms from Canada and Ohio to Chambersburg, and thence to the Kennedy Farm, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, about five miles from Harper's Ferry. This farm was rented by Brown early in July, and its two farm-houses were occupied by him and his men for the three months preceding his attack, October 16th. During this time Brown was frequently absent, often in Chambersburg, to which place all his letters were sent. About a month after he took possession of the Kennedy Farm his supply of money gave out, and he wrote earnestly to his Boston committee for three hundred dollars, with which he could begin his campaign. He made no further communication of his plans, nor was it known to any of his Massachusetts friends exactly where he was or what he was doing. The money asked for was raised by Howe, Stearns, Sanborn, and Higginson, and sent to Chambersburg in small drafts, as requested, the last of it reaching Brown about the 20th of September. In the mean time he had been visited at Chambersburg by Frederick Douglass, who was previously acquainted with the general plan



of action, but does not seem to have been wholly satisfied with what Brown communicated to him at their last interview. The time for striking the blow was still delayed, more from want of money than for any other reason ; and it might have been postponed till the spring of 1860, perhaps, but for another remittance from Massachusetts under circumstances so singular as to be regarded by Brown's friends as providential.

There was then in Boston a young man, who afterwards died as a soldier in the Union Army, a grandson of Francis Jackson, the famous antislavery leader. He was named for his grandfather, Francis Jackson Merriam. His father was dead, and he had inherited a small property, which he was eager to devote to some practical enterprise for freeing the slaves. He was at this time twenty-two years old, enthusiastic and resolute, but with little judgment, and in feeble health ; altogether, one would say, a very unfit person to take part actively in Brown's enterprise. He had heard something of this from James Redpath, with whom he had travelled in Hayti, and was fully determined to join Brown's party. Early in October, having learned in some way that Brown was to be seen at Chambersburg, young Merriam called upon Sanborn, who had never seen him before, though acquainted with his family, and declared his purpose of visiting Brown, offering himself and his little fortune for his cause. Sanborn tried in vain to dissuade him from going, and suggested that he should first invest a portion of his money, and be guided by circumstances as to the future. This good advice Merriam declined, and insisted that he should start at once to find Brown, which he did, leaving Boston on the 7th of October. By Sanborn's advice, he called to see Colonel Higginson at Worcester, on his way, and was still more unfavorably received by that gentleman, who strongly opposed his wild scheme. He went on, however, met Brown at Chambersburg about a

week before the attack was made, gave him six hundred dollars in gold, and joined the little band at Kennedy's. His money reached Brown but a day or two before the attack, and was probably nearly all that the military chest of the invaders of Virginia contained when they crossed the Potomac on Sunday evening, October 16, 1859, to capture the town of Harper's Ferry. Merriam himself was not in the attacking party, but remained to guard the arms, with Cook, Tidd, Owen Brown, Barclay Coppoc, and O. P. Anderson, at the school-house on the Maryland side. He escaped with his companions, all of whom, except Cook, got safely away.

Merriam, after many adventures, reached Canada safely ; but the scenes he had witnessed, and the fate of his leader and comrades, unsettled his mind completely. He planned another raid into the slave States, and at the risk of his life, if captured, he returned to Boston early in December to urge Brown's friends there to aid him in the mad enterprise. It so happened that he reached Boston at the very time of Brown's execution. He took refuge with his physician, Dr. David Thayer, and sent for his uncle, James Jackson, Mr. Wendell Phillips, and Mr. Sanborn to call and see him. They found him full of his new scheme, and very unwilling to obey their earnest injunctions to return at once to Canada. He finally consented to do so, and went to the Fitchburg Railroad station to take the night express train for Montreal. But, in his distracted state of mind, he took the wrong train and was left at Concord early in the evening, where he must pass the night. He had presence of mind enough to go to Sanborn's house, where he was sheltered and provided for ; but his host, out of regard for the young man's safety, refused to see him, or to recognize him by any name but that of Lockwood, which he had assumed. He passed the night in Concord, and early in the morning was driven in a friend's carriage by Henry Thoreau to the neighboring railroad station of South Acton, where he



took the first train for Montreal, and safely arrived there. Mr. Thoreau only knew his companion as "Lockwood," and, though suspecting him to be one of the Harper's Ferry fugitives, was cautious not to inquire his true name of any person, until shortly before his own death in 1862, when the story was told him.

It is unnecessary to speak here of the events at Harper's Ferry, or the subsequent history of the affair. Our purpose has been simply to put on record a few facts which have come to our knowledge concerning the origin and progress of the plan of attack there made, and the relation which a few persons, living or dead, bore to John Brown and his great enterprise. We have shown it to be exclusively his own, carried out by him with the help of a few men and women whom his strong purpose and magnetic personality attracted to his assistance. It is

not known that any of these friends regret or blush for the aid they were able to render to a hero as undaunted, as patient, and as completely under Divine guidance as any whom history or romance describes. Those who are dead did not; those who are still living need not. But if an imagined regard for the reputation of the living or the dead should tempt kinsmen or friends to forget or disown the share of any man in this mysterious affair, let them remember what Sir Kenelon Digby says of his father's connection with the Gunpowder plot of Guy Fawkes. "All men know," pleads the fair Steliana in Sir Kenelon's Private Memoirs, "that it was no malicious intent or ambitious desires that brought Sir Everard Digby into that conspiracy, but his too inviolable faith to his friend that had trusted him with so dangerous a secret, and his zeal to his country's antient liberties."

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## C O U N S E L .

C O M E, watch with me the dead, cold-carven face,  
Fair-lidded and quite dumb,  
All shadow-girded in a dim, still place;  
Nay, follow me, and come.

Why pause? Her lips can say no suppliant word  
Nor any bitter thing.  
She lieth silently, poor wearied bird,  
With wearied, folded wing.

Passionate sorrow or stern scorn alike  
Were nothingness to her.  
Though you should fondly kiss or cruelly strike,  
She will not breathe or stir.

Death's hands, to her bowed spirit having been  
Such rapture of release,  
Are lifted o'er the memory of her sin,  
And softly plead for peace.

Sanction their pleading with one sacred kiss,  
And after, while you live,  
Learn how all-perfect a revenge it is  
Utterly to forgive!

*Edgar Fawcett.*



## A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

## XV.

## MEETING AND PARTING.

GRIMES and Carrol, as we have seen, made it their sole occupation to saunter about the public places, for the simple reason that this was at once the best and most attractive thing that they could do; and as neither cared about company, each went by himself. On one of these occasions, Carrol set forth on his daily pilgrimage and wandered to the Champs Elysées.

There was almost always a great gathering of people here, but on this occasion the crowd was much larger than usual. A body of soldiers marched along, apparently on their way to the outside of the city, consisting of foot-soldiers and cavalry and artillery. From time to time the stirring strains of some martial air burst forth from a passing band, and the shouts and exclamations of the people arose without ceasing. It seemed to be the impression of the people that these troops were on their way to take part in a *sortie*; and the remarks that from time to time reached Carrol's ears gave that idea to him. He therefore found something of greater interest than usual in the sight of men who were actually on the way to attempt such a serious thing as actual battle with the beleaguering host; and so he wandered about from one place to another, seeking some position from which he could gaze upon the scene to the best advantage.

As he was thus moving about, he came upon the outskirts of a cluster of people, and hesitated for a moment about penetrating it. As he did so he noticed immediately in front of him a lady, the sight of whom sent a sudden thrill through every nerve. Her side face only was turned toward him, and she seemed trying to make her way through the crowd so as to go down

the Champs Elysées; but the very first glance that he gave showed him that she was no other than Maud Heathcote herself. He stood motionless with surprise for a few moments, and then, as the lady turned towards the spot where he was standing, he shrank back and hastily concealed himself.

The crowd here made way for Maud, and she passed through, walking so close to Carrol that he could have touched her. But he contrived to conceal himself so effectually that she did not see him, and so she walked on without the slightest idea that he was so near. Carrol watched her closely, and then stole away after her. In order that he might not be observed, he got among some trees, and walked behind them, moving from one to the other in a very stealthy and, it must be confessed, a very absurd manner. It was not at all difficult to do this, for Maud walked very slowly, and at times stopped and looked back. Carrol could easily see by the expression of her face that she was looking for some one, but who that person could be he was at a loss to conjecture. Instantly his suspicious nature was aroused. Now, he thought, was the time to find out the mysterious motive that had kept her here in Paris; and though there was a miserable sense of shame in his mind, yet so great was his jealousy, that he kept up his watchful outlook for some considerable time.

At length Maud went on in a direction where the trees could no longer afford a cover to her jealous watcher. He was compelled, therefore, to venture forth, and this he did as cautiously as possible. There was a crowd in the distance, and toward this Maud walked, and into the midst of this she disappeared. Carrol now hastened in that direction very rapidly, fearing that he might lose her altogether. Maud had gone into the midst of the crowd,



but on reaching that place she found it impossible to go any farther. As her wish was to reach the other side, she found it necessary to retreat and go around the crowd, or attempt the passage farther on. She accordingly turned, and came back to the very place where she had entered. Now Carrol had just reached the edge of the crowd, and in his anxious desire to catch sight of Maud again he was looking most eagerly forward, when, suddenly, full before him, close in front, so close that further concealment of himself was impossible, with her eyes fixed on his, was Maud herself.

As she caught sight of Carrol a deep flush passed over her face, and then died out, leaving it as pale as death; her eyes fastened themselves on his with a look of wistful entreaty and unutterable sadness; and he could see that tears were trembling upon those long lashes. The sight of that face was piteous enough to have moved most deeply a sterner heart than that of Carrol. Her look flashed through him to his inmost soul, and at once all his hot rage, his venomous bitterness, his hard and cruel jealousy vanished and went into utter oblivion. He broke down completely. He reached out his hand and grasped hers feverishly. For a moment he could not speak, but at length he found his voice.

"Maud!"

"Paul!"

His voice was tremulous and hoarse; her voice was tremulous too and faint. They stood for an instant looking at one another with their hands clasped, forgetful of the crowd around them, and of everything except each other. Maud saw the change in Carrol's face; she marked how pale and wan he had become, the dark circles around his hollow eyes, the sharp, pinched features, the trembling and quivering muscles of the face. The sight of these, combined with her own deep agitation, affected her still more strongly, and at length she burst into tears and sobbed aloud.

Carrol stood there fearfully agitated.

He was weak and nervous, for his long struggle with sorrow and passion had produced its natural effect, and had greatly undermined his strength and the steadiness of his nerves. The revulsion which he had just experienced, in passing in one instant from a fierce, headlong desire for vengeance, to the tenderest emotion of love and pity, bewildered his brain. The sight of Maud's sadness had wrought this change, and it was intensified by the sight of Maud's tears. There was a choking sensation in his throat; his heart throbbed wildly; his hand still clutched hers convulsively; and he neither moved nor spoke.

A movement now took place in the crowd, and the people pressed against the two as they stood there. This roused them. Maud gently withdrew her hand, and Carrol regained his presence of mind.

"It's too crowded," he said, in a low voice; "come away—with me—to some other place."

Maud said nothing, but as he started she walked by his side, and they went away out of the crowd.

"I—I lost my way," said Maud, at length, first breaking the silence. She spoke hurriedly and quickly. The silence embarrassed her so greatly, that to break it in any way was a relief; and so she naturally alluded to the first thing that came uppermost, which was her singular appearance thus alone in the midst of a crowd. "I lost my way," she repeated, "that is, I lost my sister, and I was trying to find her."

"Your sister?" said Carrol, in an absent voice.

"Yes. Georgie,—Mrs. Lovell; we went out together, you know," said Maud, who now seemed to have found her voice. "We generally drive out, but to-day she thought she would like a walk. We did n't know there would be such a crowd. We were walking about here together, when suddenly a great rush of people took place and we were separated. I've been looking for her for nearly half an hour, but cannot



find her. Have you seen anything of her?"

She raised her eyes as she said this, and caught his gaze as it was fixed upon her. It was earnest and longing and sad, and full of a strange meaning. Her own eyes fell before it, and she was silent again.

"I have not seen her," said Carrol, in a dreamy, far-off tone.

They walked on a little farther in silence. Maud waited, thinking that Carrol would first break it, but Carrol made no attempt to speak. His brain was full of a tumult of thoughts, none of which he knew how to put into words. For this moment was sweet to him beyond all expression, but beneath the sweetness there was a dread memory which could not altogether leave him; and it was this that held his tongue fast bound, and checked the words that were rising to his lips.

Again Maud broke the silence which embarrassed her. But this time it was no commonplace that she uttered, but rather the thought that for weeks had been uppermost in her mind. It was a thing that she longed to know. Upon this all her future seemed to depend. So with a great effort she forced herself to speak.

"You never answered my last letter. Did you get it?"

She spoke almost breathlessly, with intense eagerness, not looking at him, but walking by his side with her eyes fixed upon the ground. Her voice was low, but the words were distinct, and every one was audible to her companion. To him those words were not altogether intelligible as to their meaning, but they had reference to her letter, to that letter which had wrought so much woe for him. In a moment a new change came over him, his dark memories rushed to the surface, overpowering the tenderness which had been born from this meeting.

"Your letter?" said he, in a harsh voice. "I answered it. Didn't you get my answer?"

His tone startled her and shocked her. She raised her eyes in terror;

she saw a gloomy frown upon his face, and the gaze that he now turned upon her was cold and dark and cruel.

"Oh!" she said, with a low moan of irrepressible grief, "you cannot mean this. You don't know. Did you get my second letter, my letter in which I explained? Did you get that? I explained. It was an awful mistake — the first letter. You did not get my last letter."

Carrol started. He stopped and looked at her. A thought came to him which sent a dark look of anguish over his face.

"Last letter!" said he, "I don't know. I only got one letter, and I answered it. I wrote you a — a farewell. Did you write again? What do you mean by a mistake? Was there a mistake? What mistake? O heaven! tell me what you mean. I never got any other letter. What do you mean by your last letter?"

He spoke eagerly, but his tones expressed the deepest anguish. He was eager to know the truth, but beneath his eager desire was the grim consciousness that it was now too late for any explanation to avail. To find out that she after all was true, to have it all explained, was to him like having heaven opened; but at the same time the consciousness of his dark deed of horror formed an impenetrable barrier that lay between him and that heaven.

All this longing and all this fear showed itself in his face and in his voice; forming a strange mixture, which Maud noticed with wonder and deep apprehension. But for her there was nothing else to do than to exculpate herself, and show her innocence and her truth.

"Paul!" she cried, in a voice that was a wail of anguish, "how could you go without seeing me? How could you take that letter as if it came from me and never come to me, when one word would have explained all? It was all a mistake, — a miserable, miserable mistake. When you wrote to me you must have *known* how I would an-



swer. And I *did* answer it as you knew I would. I answered it as you wished me to. But in my excitement and agitation I foolishly wrote on the envelope the wrong address. I did so because I happened to be writing a reply to some wretched creature, who sent me a silly note at the same time. In my agitation I wrote the wrong address on each envelope, and you got what was not intended for you. As soon as I received your reply I understood it all, and wrote you at once explaining it, but I never heard from you again. And, O Paul! believe me — I have — suffered — much.”

Maud was a proud girl, and all this was a humiliation to her; but she had suffered so much, that she longed to find peace and reconciliation, and so she made this frank explanation. She made it frankly, because she was confident that it would make all things plain, and drive away the last feeling of suspicion and resentment that Carol might entertain. She stood as she said this, not looking at him, but with her eyes fixed on the ground. A burning flush overspread her face. Her hands clutched one another convulsively. She spoke quickly, and the tones of her voice were tremulous and faint from the deep agitation of her heart. As she ended she could scarcely speak; her last words seemed wrung from her in spite of herself; and when she stopped she waited for a moment, expecting Carol's answer, and then she slowly raised her eyes to his face. Her eyes were full of tears, and in them there was again that earnest, wistful look which had before been seen in them.

Carol had heard every word. The few words of explanation had been sufficient to convey to his mind a general, yet a perfectly distinct idea of the nature of Maud's mistake, and to assure him that she had been perfectly true and faithful; that she had hastened to explain her mistake; that she had suffered greatly; and that his miserable jealousy had excited suspicions in his mind against her which

were foully and frightfully unjust and disgraceful. He saw also that she had not only been thus perfectly true and faithful, but that now at this moment, and here by his side, she stood, herself volunteering this explanation, giving it unasked, and speaking to him words of sweet reconciliation. Thus all the truth burst upon him.

But as the truth thus became known to him, there were manifest to his mind other things which darkened that truth, and shrouded all his hopes in the blackness of darkness. She had explained her mistake fully and frankly, but she did not know how terrible, how fatal that mistake had been. As she stood there in her innocent trust, seeking reconciliation, her very words of explanation showed that she was utterly ignorant of the terrible crime which had been the result of this mistake. She evidently thought him as pure and as unstained as he had been when they had last spoken together. She could not have heard of the murder. She could not know what he was now. She thought that nothing lay between them but a misunderstanding that a word could remove; she did not know that between them there yawned an abyss which must separate them forever. Soon she must know all, and then she would understand; but now — but now —

A thousand thoughts like these rushed through Carol's mind as he stood there. He did not venture to look at Maud. As she raised her tearful eyes timidly and wistfully to his face, this was what she saw. She saw Carol standing with averted face, his brow drawn together in a dark and gloomy frown, his lips compressed, and his eyes staring far away into empty space. On that face there was not the faintest approach to anything like a relenting of that harsh and resentful temper which he had manifested ever since their misunderstanding; not the slightest sign of anything like an acquiescence in her explanation, of a readiness to receive it, or a tendency to meet her half-way and resume the old intimacy.



He stood there as harsh, as stern, as implacable as ever.

Maud's heart seemed to turn to stone as she gazed ; and at once there arose within her a bitter sense of wrong and injury ; her whole soul roused itself in strong resentment against such abominable treatment, and all the pride of her nature started up in fierce recoil proportionate to the degree in which she had just humiliated herself. She said not a word ; she turned, and without another look walked quickly away.

Of Carrol she had now only one thought as she thus walked away from him, and that was the thought of a pride on his part so obstinate as to be utterly irremovable ; a pride obdurate, implacable, and utterly devilish ; a nature cold, selfish, and altogether devoid of human feeling ; a foolish yet frantic self-esteem, which preferred continuance in a wrong course to a candid and frank change of opinion, even though such a course should lead to the shipwreck of a life, to the misery of himself and others. To her Carrol was obdurate beyond all hope of change. But it was not sorrow or melancholy that filled her heart as she left him. Her whole soul swelled with the most intense indignation against him for subjecting her so wantonly to such cruel injustice.

Meanwhile Carrol stood half frantic with the emotions that filled his heart and the thoughts that rushed through his brain. He did not see Maud leave him, nor did he hear her as she moved away ; for his sight and hearing were dulled through the deep abstraction into which his feelings had plunged him. But at length he came to himself. He then saw, to his amazement, that he was alone. He could scarcely believe it. He looked all around. Crowds of people appeared assembled together not far away, — men, women, and children, — but where was Maud ?

He looked all around, wildly, and full of consternation. Every word that she had spoken was still fresh in his memory. He knew that he had given no answer to her. He saw that she had

left him in anger. But where had she gone ? He could n't imagine ; and so, after looking in all directions, he started off to search after her.

But Maud had already disappeared in the crowd, and was walking toward her lodgings. As for Carrol, he searched after her all that day, never ceasing to reproach and curse himself for his folly ; but the day passed, and evening came, and Maud appeared no more.

## XVI.

### AN IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL.

ON the same eventful day on which Carrol met with Maud, Grimes also happened to be in the Champs Elysées. He had made his daily effort upon Trochu and the American Minister, but in each case the *queue* had again baffled him. Sauntering away, he had drifted up the Champs Elysées, and, as he had nothing better to do, on reaching the Arc de l'Étoile he turned and allowed himself to drift down again.

Though he had been subject to a fresh disappointment, he was not at all depressed in his mind, but his broad face exhibited an expression of serenity that showed a mind at peace within. There was something in the scene which was pleasant in his eyes. His thoughts were stimulated by the sight of the marching warriors. He saw the invincible legions of republican France going forth at last to victory. He longed to make one among them. Every beat of the drum, every blare of the bugle, every tramp of the measured footfall, seemed a summons for him to come and join these ranks.

He was so absorbed that he sauntered on quite oblivious of the scene around him, he was suddenly roused by an exclamation, and the sound of his own name uttered in a lady's voice. He started and stared.

"Why, Mr. Grimes ! How very, very odd, but how really nice and fortunate !"

And Mrs. Lovell, for it was she who thus encountered him, held forth, with



a beaming smile, her little hand, which Grimes at once grasped and crushed ; while at the same instant, as though the touch of that hand was magical, every thought of Trochu, and the French Republic, vanished from his mind.

"Wal!" exclaimed Grimes. And upon saying that he relapsed into a silence which, under the circumstances, may perhaps have been more eloquent than words.

"It's *so* absurd," said Mrs. Lovell, withdrawing her hand, not without some effort. "You know, I've really lost my way ; and poor Maudie ! I'm so dreadfully anxious about her. We were separated by a great crowd, and I've been looking for her everywhere. I'm really quite wild with anxiety, for I'm sure she can never, never find her way home. And do you think that anything could happen to her, and isn't it a shame, Mr. Grimes?"

To this Grimes made no reply, but stood gazing at her with a smile of almost parental indulgence and fondness.

"You see, she does n't know her way about Paris at all ; and have n't you seen her somewhere ? I thought perhaps I might find her up this way."

Grimes shook his head, without attempting to say anything as yet.

"I'm so dreadfully anxious, and I'm so wretchedly tired," continued Mrs. Lovell. "I've been looking for her everywhere ; and I was just going to sit down and rest, when I met you. And don't you think, now, it would be just as well for me to sit down for a little while, Mr. Grimes ? Might n't she find me more easily in that way, now ? And could n't you find some seat for me, Mr. Grimes, where I could have a good view of the place, and see her if she came anywhere near ?"

"Most certainly, ma'am," said Grimes, quickly. "I'll be perfectly delighted, I assure you. I hain't the slightest doubt that that's the best way to find her. Why, 't aint any use to hunt her up in this crowd, no more 'n a needle in a haystack."

"I was just beginning to think some such thing as that," said Mrs. Lovell.

Grimes now led the way out of the crowd to a seat on one side of the avenue, under the trees, in a place from which an extensive view could be commanded up and down. Here Mrs. Lovell seated herself with, "O thanks, very much ; it's really *so* good of you, Mr. Grimes" ; while Grimes placed himself by her side.

"Wal," said he, after a pause, in a confidential and friendly tone, "and *how* are you to-day ? Pooty well ?"

"O, very well, thanks," said Mrs. Lovell, with a smile.

Grimes paused, and looked solemnly at the ground for a few moments.

"Fine weather we're havin' to-day," said he at length.

"Is n't it perfectly exquisite ?" said Mrs. Lovell.

"Fine place, Paris," continued Grimes, cheerily.

"Delightful," said Mrs. Lovell. "Do you know it's my favorite place, that is, generally ; of course, just now it's a little different."

"Fine people the French," said Grimes.

"Yes ; I always liked them very much ; they are perfectly charming. And how very funny it was that I should meet you here. It's really so nice, and so very, very providential, you know. Why, I was just beginning to despair."

Grimes heaved a heavy sigh, and meditated solemnly for a little while.

"Is this your first visit to Paris ?" he asked at length, with an air of anxiety.

"O no," said Mrs. Lovell. "I was here once or twice before ; and I liked it so very, very much, that I thought I should enjoy it now."

"I find, ma'am," said Grimes, "that you did n't get scared at the siege. You hung on, I see. 'T aint everybody that'd do like that. That's what I call pure spunk. And I tell you what it is, I did n't think you'd 'a' done it. Most women are such cowards."

"O, but I'm a coward, too," said



Mrs. Lovell. "I'm an awful coward. I'm frightened out of my wits. I did n't know there was going to be a siege, you know. There was no regular notice of it given. Nobody told me anything about it. I never was so surprised in my life. There ought to have been some regular public notice; now ought n't there, Mr. Grimes?"

"Wal," said Grimes, "that's queer. It strikes me there was a good deal about it in the papers."

"O yes; but then, you know, I never read the papers. One never can believe the half of what they say. They always contradict themselves the next day. And then they always say such extravagant things. Really, you know, if one went by what the papers say, one could never expect to have any peace at all."

"Wal," said Grimes, "I must say I do admire your style. I've often heard the papers pitched into; but people that abuse them always follow their lead, nevertheless. But you're the very first person I ever met with that deliberately ignored them, and not only despised them, but acted up to it."

Mrs. Lovell took no notice of this, but looked earnestly at Grimes as he was speaking; and when he had ceased, she said, "I wonder why you remained, if you knew there was going to be a siege."

"Me?" said Grimes. "O, I'm goin' to enlist in the French army."

"O, how lovely!" cried Mrs. Lovell, in an animated tone; "how nice, and chivalrous, and all that! Do you know I've always perfectly adored the army? and to think of your being an officer! Only fancy! The idea!"

And Mrs. Lovell fastened her eyes upon space with an expression of wonder beyond words that was exceedingly becoming to her particular style of beauty.

"Yes, 'm," said Grimes seriously and with very creditable self-poise, "I quite agree with you there. It's what you might consider a high and holy callin' just now in these times, when there is a regular epoch, a moment,

ma'am, when liberty long buried is havin' a resurrection, and the eagle of France responds to the clarion voice of—of—the principles of—of—seventy-six, and the Republic arises great, glorious, and free. And so it's the proud privilege of every man that can wield a sword to strike a blow for the cause of freedom,—and so forth."

"How very, very true," said Mrs. Lovell; "and do you know, Mr. Grimes, I don't think I ever knew anything half so funny as the way you and I meet. Only fancy! First there was Niagara, then Montreal, then, you know, we met so absurdly on board the steamer, and now we have met again in the most unaccountable way in the middle of a besieged city. Really, it's the most wonderful thing. But I suppose you don't think anything of meeting with poor me, now that you are a great French general, Mr. Grimes."

Grimes had already experienced a little of Mrs. Lovell's tendency to an abrupt transition from one subject of conversation to another, but this one bewildered him a little by its suddenness. The hint which she made as to his possible indifference was not, however unpleasant, and more than this it very naturally roused him to a manly denial of any such imputation.

"No, 'm," said he steadily, shaking his head at the same time with a very solemn emphasis. "That ain't my style. I don't forget so easy. When I get a thing I always cling to it. The circumstance that led to our acquaintance at Niagara, 'm, still remains with me here at Paris."

"The — the circumstance?" asked Mrs. Lovell, doubtfully.

"Yes, 'm."

"What a funny thing to call it a circumstance," said Mrs. Lovell, with a light laugh. "And have you really brought that absurd chignon here with you? Only fancy!"

"Wal," said Grimes, in a tone of candor, "when I said circumstance I meant incident, but as to the other—the apparatus—I'm free to say I have it still—in my trunk—in this town."



"And did you really bring it all the way across the ocean?"

"Yes, 'm."

"How very funny!" sighed Mrs. Lovell; and then after a pause she added, in a low voice, "I don't see why, I'm sure."

Grimes looked at her earnestly, a slight flush passed over his face, his lips parted to utter words which rested there; but he checked himself, and the words remained unspoken. Mrs. Lovell waited patiently, looking at the ground with a sweet air of meek expectation.

"Wal," said Grimes at last, "you see it was a kind of reminder of what I once wanted — and did n't get."

Mrs. Lovell gave a very little bit of a sigh.

"I'm sure I don't see the use of being so awfully despondent," said she.

Grimes looked at her eagerly and earnestly. Mrs. Lovell looked at the ground. Grimes had a sudden idea that there might still be hope for him in this quarter, and the words were already on his lips which this idea impelled. But again he checked himself. It was his innate modesty and self-depreciation that stopped his utterance. No, he thought, she don't mean that; she is only speakin' of despondency in general, and she's quite right. So Grimes said, "Wal, 'm, I'm not that kind. I like one person, and no other. It ain't the most comfortable nature to have, but a fellow can't help his disposition. For my part, I'm a man of one idea, — always was, am now, and ever shall be. I'm a fellow of one feelin' too, I suppose, and so I find if I once get hankerin' after anybody, why, there I am, and I can't get over it. There ain't any use in it, as you say, course, but what can a fellow do if he can't help it?"

At this Mrs. Lovell again gave a little sigh.

"Yes," said she, "that's just the way it is with me; and I think it's awfully nice."

Grimes slowly took this observation

into his mind and turned it over and over therein. It seemed to him at length to be a very gentle reminder, offered by Mrs. Lovell to him, that she was a widow, and was still brooding over her lost love, to which she still persisted in clinging with unchangeable constancy. He accepted it as a kind of rebuke, and in the simple honesty of his heart he found something in such rare constancy which was at once admirable, delicate, pure, holy, touching, affecting, pathetic, tender, and true. "It's rather rough on me," thought honest Grimes, "but, after all, it comes up to my idea of a high-toned woman." He now felt afraid that he had gone too far in talking about his own feelings. He had perhaps offended her, and she had sought out this delicate way of administering a rebuke. He felt anxious to make amends for his error. He felt that an apology would only make matters worse; and so he sought rather to make an ample atonement by introducing some new subject which should at once be most agreeable to her, and at the same time be suggestive of his own penitence. To him there seemed to be only one subject which could fulfil these conditions, and that was the memory of the one to whom she had just professed, as he supposed, such undying constancy.

"I suppose now," said Grimes, with that heavy sigh, and that deep dolefulness of tone which are often employed by clergymen in condoling with the afflicted or the bereaved, — "I suppose now — that is, I dare say you thought a good deal of him."

Mrs. Lovell at this looked up a little puzzled. But she supposed that this was a remark put forth by Grimes to sound her as to her state of mind with reference to himself. So a slight blush passed over her face, and she sighed gently, "I suppose so."

"Liked to have him around?" continued Grimes in the same austere and dismal voice.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Lovell.

"Missed him — most tremendously now?"



Mrs. Lovell shook her head slowly and emphatically, as though words were incapable of expressing the extent to which she had missed him.

"Die for him, course," wailed Grimes, as his voice grew dimmer and dolefuller.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Lovell, after a pause in which she began to think that Grimes was making her commit herself altogether too much, but at the same time felt an undiminished desire to rouse him from his evident despondency to a healthier state of mind.

"Loss irreparable?" said Grimes, with a groan.

"Well — yes — that is," added Mrs. Lovell, "to lose him altogether, you know."

Grimes gave another groan. If anything had been needed to convince him of the utter futility of the hopes that he had once cherished it was this, — this touching confession of love stronger than death, — this declaration of a woman's truth and constancy. A new despair came to his own heart, but in the midst of his despair he honored her for such feelings. At length he roused himself and made a final effort.

"Fine man, — I s'pose, — this Mr. Lovell?"

That is what Grimes said. It was an outburst of frank generosity. He was boiling over with jealous hate of this Lovell, but in his tender regard for Mrs. Lovell he subdued his jealousy and his hate, subdued himself, and rose to a display of his better nature. "Fine man, — I s'pose, — this Mr. Lovell?"

At this Mrs. Lovell started as though she had been shot. She stared at Grimes in amazement, utterly unable to understand what he could possibly mean.

"Mr. — Lovell?" she faltered at length. "What do you mean? I don't understand you."

"Why," said Grimes in equal amazement, "we've been talkin' about him all along, have n't we? You said your

loss of him was irreparable, and that you'd die for him."

"I was n't talking about *him* at all," said Mrs. Lovell, rising to her feet. "And I'm awfully anxious about poor Maudie. I have n't seen her yet at all. Have you, Mr. Grimes? And I'm sure, I've been looking all over that crowd ever since I sat down here. You have n't seen her, have you, Mr. Grimes? You did n't notice her, did you, Mr. Grimes?"

"No," said Grimes, who had risen to his feet in a dazed way, — "no, I — I have n't."

"I think I ought to go home. She will probably be there; I'm so awfully anxious about her."

With these words Mrs. Lovell walked away, and Grimes walked away with her. He felt confused, bewildered, and confounded. The discovery that Mrs. Lovell had not been yearning over the dear departed had set his brain in a whirl. Who was the happy man for whom she felt such an attachment? He was too modest to think of himself after what had passed. Was there any other person? If so, who was he? Where did he live? Why should Mrs. Lovell be here in Paris? What did it all mean? All these thoughts served to throw him into such a state of confusion that he could scarcely find any words to say.

Out of this confusion, however, he was at length drawn by Mrs. Lovell herself. She at first had felt excessively vexed at the blunder that she had made, but her good-nature at length chased away her vexation; and besides, she had matters of importance about which she wished to speak. This was her present position in Paris, exposed to the insults of Du Potiron. She had defied him, and smiled at his threats; but in spite of all this she could not help feeling some uneasiness, and she was longing to have the interposition of some one whom she could trust. Now Grimes was the very man for this purpose and the only man.

So as they walked along she told Grimes exactly how it happened that



she was in Paris at this time. The admiration which he had felt for her courage was now exchanged for a more tender sentiment of pity for beauty in distress. The distress also was not trivial or ordinary. She explained to him the more peculiar difficulties of her situation, as well as those general ones which were natural to all who were shut up in the city. She did not mention Du Potiron, for she thought that the mention of his name would be of no service, and would only lead to long and troublesome explanations, involving Maud's private affairs. This she considered quite unnecessary. She confined herself simply to generalities. She expressed a great fear of internal difficulties in Paris, alluded in strong language to the chronic panic of Madame Guimarin, and the dangers of a revolution. The terror which she felt about the Reds seemed to Grimes to be very natural under the circumstances. In that danger he fully believed. Amid all his enthusiasm about the French Republic, he was well aware of the existence of a fanatical and blood-thirsty element in Paris, composed of people with whom the word "republic" meant little else than universal anarchy and bloodshed. Though he himself had no personal fears about the Red Republic, yet he knew that an unprotected lady had every reason for fear, and he was full of fear on her account.

And so it was that Mrs. Lovell's pathetic appeal elicited from Grimes a rejoinder so full of earnest sympathy and zealous devotion that she had nothing more to desire. She informed him plainly that her one and only wish was to escape from Paris. Inside the city she would never feel safe. Safety seemed to her to be outside. To this Grimes responded by a solemn promise that he would effect her escape in some way or other.

Grimes walked with Mrs. Lovell back to her lodgings, and left her there. When Mrs. Lovell reached her rooms she found Maud there already. If she had not been so much excited, she would have noticed that Maud was

even paler than usual, and that she evinced a certain feverish agitation that presented a strong contrast to the dull depression which had characterized her manner for the last few weeks.

## XVII.

### A DESPERATE PROJECT.

FOR the remainder of that day Grimes wandered about, his mind filled with novel yet by no means unpleasant thoughts. His meeting with Mrs. Lovell had produced a very strong effect upon his thoughts, giving them a tendency altogether different from what they had before, and driving away from his mind all ideas of a general nature. He no longer thought of the French Republic, or of the sublime resurrection of a dead and buried cause; he no longer exhausted his ingenuity in the endeavor to find some way in which he could assist the arms of struggling France; but, on the contrary, he saw before him something more tangible than an ideal republic. Instead of the symbolical figure of Liberty, he saw the real form and face of Mrs. Lovell asking with anxious look and audible words for his assistance.

She wanted his help. Yet what help could he give her? This was the problem that now occupied his thoughts. She wanted to escape from Paris, and how could he assist her to accomplish this? He knew very well that the place was "straitly shut up," and that no one could either enter or depart through that living wall which the enemy maintained around the beleaguered city. The notice of the approach of the enemy had been frequent and alarming, and the warning of the coming doom had been sufficient to drive away all who were in a position to leave. Almost all foreigners had long since left. A few had remained out of hardihood; but there were none except Mrs. Lovell who had remained on account of ignorance. The discovery of the real cause of her stay, though it put an end to the admiration which he had



felt for what he considered her "pluck," did not at all affect his desire to help her.

Yet how could he help her in her desire to escape? This was the problem that took up all his thoughts; and it proved to be a problem which was by no means easy of solution. In this state of mind he returned to his lodgings.

He found Carrol there, gloomy, meditative, and reticent. In such a mood Carrol did not seem to be at all fitted to become a confidant of the thoughts that were troubling the mind of Grimes, and so Grimes did not feel inclined to make any mention to him of the events of the day. To Grimes it seemed that the slightest allusion to the ladies would only madden his friend, and bring on the usual tirade against all women in general, and against Maud Heathcote in particular. If he had come to any conclusion, or made up his mind to any particular plan of action, he might possibly have sought the co-operation of Carrol; but as it was he was all at sea, and had not as yet settled upon anything. The consequence was that he simply held his tongue, and allowed himself to sink into his own meditations. On the other hand, Carrol's thoughts were certainly not of such a character as he would feel inclined to communicate to any friend, however intimate. He was on this occasion overwhelmed with self-reproach for his treatment of Maud. He had met with her, he had listened to her, and he had not only not replied, but he had allowed her to leave him without being conscious of her departure. The remembrance of this made him utterly miserable; and the misery which he felt was of such a nature that he could not hope for sympathy from others, since he could not even find excuse for himself.

Grimes meditated most earnestly over his problem for hours, until at last he fell asleep; and so intense were his meditations that they did not cease even then, but accompanied him. These dreams did not accomplish any-

thing, however, beyond the simple fact that they served to keep his mind fixed all the more intently upon that one idea which had taken possession of it, and so much so that, on the following morn, it was just the same to him as though he had been wide awake all through the night.

On that day he made a final assault upon the American Minister. Fortunately for him there was a tremendous rain-storm. Now it happens that though the people on the continent of Europe can endure many evils, there is one thing that they cannot endure, and that is a thorough soaking. The terrors of rain have never been successfully encountered by any continental people. To the Anglo-Saxon race alone must the credit be given of a struggle with rain and victory over it. To them must be credited the umbrella, the mackintosh, the waterproof, and the india-rubber coat. These Anglo-Saxon inventions are still comparatively unknown to the benighted nations of the Continent, who still show a craven fear of rain, and, instead of boldly encountering it, shrink into the shelter of their houses at the slightest approach of a shower; and so it was that Grimes found the *queue* dwindled to nothingness, and at last a way opened for him to the ear of the American Minister.

The ambassador sent forth by the majority of the nations of the earth generally has nothing whatever to do; and his office is purely ornamental, being used as a brilliant reward for distinguished political merit. He is a luminary that reflects the lustre of his native country, and his only duty is to shine as bright as he can. The one exception to this is the American Ambassador. He has to do everything. He has to be guide, philosopher, and friend to the multitudinous American traveller. He has to supply him with passes to all manner of places, to shake hands with him, to listen to him, to warn, to rebuke, to instruct, to be instant in season and out of season. But of all the American Ambassadors that have ever lived, it may safely be said that not one



has ever known the possibilities of American ambassadorial duty as it was known to the man who represented his country in Paris during the siege. For on that particular occasion the American eagle offered to gather the deserted chickens of all nations under her wings, and Minister Washburne it was who had to officiate as representative of the benevolent bird.

Grimes was able to make a statement of his case in the most effective manner. His errand now was totally different from what it would have been on a former occasion. Then he sought the Minister's aid for himself; now he sought it for the ladies. His former errand would also have been more successful, for then he merely wished to fight, but now his wish was to run away.

The Minister's answer at once chased away all the bright hopes in which Grimes had been indulging, and exhibited to him the utter desperation of his case. There was no such thing as escape possible to any one in the city, no matter what nation they might belong to. The Prussian rules were too stringent to be set aside for any human being whatever; nor was there any influence sufficiently potent to relax the rigor of those rules.

Of course, after such information as this, Grimes had nothing whatever to say. It was clearly a case in which there was no opportunity to make use of any argument or any persuasion. Paris was as entirely isolated from the world as though it had been an island in the midst of the ocean, unvisited by ships and unknown to man.

This is about what the Minister remarked to Grimes, and at the same time he alluded to the fact that the only communication with the world outside had been contrived by the ingenuity of the Parisians; and those who were sufficiently desperate might now try the air and fly away in a balloon.

The suggestion was made in a general way, but the mention of balloons sank deep into the mind of Grimes and attracted all his thoughts at once. He

carried this thought with him away from the embassy, and as he walked away through the crowded streets he lost himself in speculations as to the feasibility of such a plan.

A balloon!

Flight in a balloon!

At first the idea was certainly startling, in fact quite preposterous. But a second thought made it much less so, and a third and a fourth made it seem rather promising.

A balloon? Why not? It was certainly an easy mode of travelling. No jolts, no plungings and rollings; no alternations of rapidity and slowness, but all calm, smooth, yea, even luxurious.

And the management. Simple? Why, no mode of travelling could possibly equal it in this respect. All one had to do was to pull the valve-rope to bring the balloon down to the earth, and throw out ballast to raise it to the skies.

As to undertaking the management of the untried machine, Grimes had no doubts whatever about his capacity. For that matter he felt himself fully equal to any undertaking, however strange or unfamiliar. He felt within his soul a consciousness that he could manage a balloon, just as he felt the same consciousness that he could edit a paper, or preach a sermon, or command an army. "Yes," said Grimes proudly to himself. "Put me in a balloon, and I'll run it with any professional in all the blue ethereal sky."

In fact the more he thought of this the more fascinating did the idea become, and at length it seemed to him not only a practicable mode of escape from Paris, but the easiest, safest, pleasantest, and most delightful mode of travelling that was ever devised. There was only one objection that could possibly be urged even by the most timid, and that was the notorious fact that the balloon could not be guided, but was at the mercy of the wind. But to Grimes this did not seem any disadvantage whatever. It might be taken, he thought, as an objection



against balloons as a universal mode of travelling where the traveller wished to reach some definite place ; but to him, where his only desire was to escape from this one point, and where destination was a matter of indifference, this formed no objection whatever. Not the slightest difference could it make to him where the wind might carry him, whether east, west, north, or south. One thing, of course, he saw to be desirable, and that was not to start in a gale of wind. "In any ordinary blow," he thought, "I'm at home, and I'm ready to soar aloft to the everlasting stars."

Over such thoughts as these he finally grew greatly excited, and determined at once to make inquiries about balloons. Already they had become an article of necessity to the Parisian world, and at regular intervals they were sent forth bearing messages or passengers to the world without. Already Gambetta had made his flight, and dropped from the skies in the midst of astonished France to take up the *rôle* of heaven-descended monster.

What Gambetta has done, Grimes can do.

Such was the general conclusion which summed up the workings of the Grimesian brain. He had no difficulty in finding out the locality of the Balloon Depot, and in course of time he reached the place and stood in the presence of Monsieur Nadar.

The establishment was an extensive one. The exigencies of the siege had created a demand for balloons as the one great necessity of Paris, and every aeronaut had flung himself into the business. Prominent among these were Messieurs Nadar and Godard, both of whom were eminent in this celestial profession. Although the radical deficiencies of the balloon as a means of travel can never be remedied, yet much had been done by these gentlemen to make the balloon itself as efficient as it is possible for a mere balloon to be. A new material had been invented, consisting of cotton cloth sat-

urated in india-rubber solution, which formed a substance that was quite airtight and at the same time far cheaper than the silk which had formerly been used, as well as stronger. Thus a better balloon was now made at a very much lower price than formerly. Other improvements had also been made in the netting, in the valve-rope and valve, and in the material used for ballast. Its structure was now simple enough to be understood by a child.

M. Nadar informed Grimes that the weather had been unsuitable for some days past, and that none had left the city, but he hoped after this rain there would be one or two quiet days. He had several balloons ready, which he could prepare on short notice. Grimes asked him his opinion as to the possibility of his managing a balloon himself; not that he doubted it himself, but he was naturally desirous to see what another person might think. To his great delight, Nadar informed him that the mere management of a balloon was very simple, the chief requisite being presence of mind and cool courage.

None of the balloons which were ready could carry as many as four, nor did Grimes feel particularly anxious to take the whole party. He felt confident that he could manage the balloon if he had only one other passenger, — Mrs. Lovell, for instance. As to Miss Heathcote, he felt that it would be safer for her, as well as pleasanter for him, if she went in another balloon. He thought that Carrol might go with her. At the same time he did not think that Carrol would be capable of managing a balloon himself; and so he proposed to engage an aeronaut to navigate the other one. Thus everything, as he thought, would be fair and respectable, and safe and pleasant, and they could arrange a common rendezvous, where they could all meet again in a general reunion, and congratulate one another over their escape.

It was a plan which seemed to him to be so pleasant in every respect and from every point of view, that his whole



soul was now set upon carrying it into execution. His last interview with Mrs. Lovell had produced a very strong and very peculiar effect upon him. Her allusions about constancy were not made with reference to her first husband, and he was too modest to venture to appropriate them to himself; but still, though they were not altogether intelligible, they were suggestive of very pleasant possibilities.

There were two difficulties, however, in the way of his plan, which might prevent its accomplishment. The first was, the possible unwillingness of Mrs. Lovell to make such a journey. The other was, the possible refusal of Carol to have anything to do with Maud. Each of these difficulties would have to be encountered. As to the first, he trusted very much to his own powers

of persuasion. He felt that Mrs. Lovell's prejudices against ballooning were merely idle fears which could be readily dissipated, if he only should explain to her how simple, pleasant, safe, agreeable, and delightful that mode of travelling was, and if he could only induce her to put implicit confidence in him. As to Carol, he hoped to be able to persuade him also; but as yet he did not bestow much thought upon him. The great difficulty he rightly felt would be to persuade Mrs. Lovell. Strangely enough, in all this he never thought of any difficulty on the part of Maud. This arose from the fact that he was so in the habit of identifying her with her sister, that if Mrs. Lovell should only consent to go, it seemed to him to follow, as a matter of course, that Maud would go with her.

*James DeMille.*

## HOW LONG?

IF on my grave the summer grass were growing,  
Or heedless winter winds across it blowing,  
Through joyous June, or desolate December,  
How long, sweetheart, how long would you remember,—  
How long, dear love, how long?

For brightest eyes would open to the summer,  
And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet new-comer,  
And on young lips grow kisses for the taking,  
When all the summer buds to bloom are breaking,—  
How long, dear love, how long?

To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,  
Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are lonely,  
I would not call you from your youth's warm blisses,  
Fill up your glass and crown it with new kisses,—  
How long, dear love, how long?

Too gay, in June, you might be to regret me,  
And living lips might woo you to forget me;  
But ah, sweetheart, I think you would remember  
When winds were weary in your life's December,—  
So long, dear love, so long.

*Louise Chandler Moulton.*



## DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB.

## NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

THIS night the Gannet led the way to the more earnest conversation, by returning to a point touched by the Ancient at their fifth meeting. He said, "I should like to know wherein the period of fermentation, which precedes the appearance of an important era in literature, and the period of subsidence, or decadence, which follows it, differ from each other."

ZOÏLUS. H'm! that's rather a tough problem to be solved at a moment's warning. I should guess that the difference is something like that between the first and second childhood of an individual. In the first case, the faults are natural, heedless, graceful, and always suggestive of something to be developed; in the latter, they are helpless repetitions, which point only towards the past.

GALAHAD. Are you not taking the correspondence for granted? Is it exactly justified by the history of any great era in literature?

THE ANCIENT. Not entirely. But there is surely an irregular groping for new modes of thought and new forms of expression, in advance; and a struggle, after the masters of the age have gone, to keep up their pitch of achievement.

THE GANNET. Very well; you are near enough in accord to consider my next question. In which period are we living at present? The Ancient says that we have had the heroes and the *epigonoi*, and that there will be many fallow years: I, on the contrary, feel very sure that we are approaching another great era; and the confusion of which he spoke the other night is an additional proof of it.

THE ANCIENT. If you remember, I disclaimed any power of prediction.

THE GANNET. So you did; but I insist that the reasons you gave are just as powerful against your conclu-

sions, unless you can show us that the phenomena of our day are those which *invariably* characterize a period of decadence. I have been reflecting upon the subject with more earnestness than is usual to me. In our modern literature I do *not* find echoes of any other than the masters who are still living and producing, especially Browning, Longfellow, and Tennyson; the faint reflections of Poe seem to have ceased; and the chief characteristic of this day, so far as the younger authors are concerned, is a straining after novel effects, new costumes for old thoughts, if you please, but certainly something very different from a mere repetition of forms of style which already exist. That there is confusion, an absence of pure, clearly outlined ideals of art, I am willing to admit. I accept the premises, but challenge the inferences.

GALAHAD. I am only too ready to agree with you.

THE ANCIENT. What I wish is, that we should try to comprehend the literary aspects of our time. If we can turn our modern habit of introversion away from our individual selves, and give it more of an objective character (though this sounds rather paradoxical), it will be a gain in every way. A period of decadence is not necessarily characterized by repetition; it may manifest itself in exactly such straining for effect as the Gannet admits. Poe, for instance, or Heine, or Browning, makes a new manner successful; what more natural, then, than that an inferior poet should say to himself, "The manner is everything; I will invent one for myself!" I find something too much of this prevalent, and it does not inspire me with hope.

ZOÏLUS. But the costume of the thought, as of the man, is really more important than the body it hides. And I insist that manner is more than sym-



metry, or even strength, as the French have been shrewd enough to discover. We are moving towards an equal brilliancy of style, only most of us are zig-zagging on all sides of the true path. But we shall find it, and then, look out for a shining age of literature!

THE GANNET (*to the ANCIENT*). You were speaking of the introversion which is such a characteristic of modern thought. Can a writer avoid it, without showing, in the very effort, that he possesses it?

THE ANCIENT. I doubt it. Goethe tried the experiment, and did not fairly succeed. It seems to me that the character of an author is relative to the highest culture of his generation. I have never found that there was much development without self-study; for the true artist must know the exact measure of his qualities, in order to use them in his one true way. This is a law as applicable to Shakespeare as to you; but he may choose to conceal the process, and you may choose to betray it. For a poet to speculate upon his own nature, in his poems, is a modern fashion, which originated with Wordsworth. To us it seems an over-consciousness; yet it may seem the height of naïve candor, and therefore a delightful characteristic, to the critics of two centuries hence.

ZOÏLUS. Well, upon my word, Ancient, you are the most bewildering of guides! You talk of eternal laws, you refer to positive systems, but when we come to apply them, there is nothing permanent, nothing settled, only a labyrinth of perhaps and may-seems. What are we to do?

THE GANNET (*offering the hat*). To draw your name, and write.

ZOÏLUS (*drawing*). Julia Ward Howe: and I feel no mission within me! I shall miserably fail.

THE GANNET. Jean Ingelow: I need no mission.

GALAHAD. The saints help me! Walt Whitman.

THE ANCIENT. Buchanan Read: I must call on the Pope, to judge from the last poem of his which I have read.

There are but one or two more slips in the hat: whom have we? Piatt, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller! Galahad, I suggest that you return our yawping cosmos, and take Piatt in his stead; then let us add John Hay, and we shall have all the latest names together for our next and final night of diversions.

THE GANNET. I second your proposal. It will separate the last and most curious phenomena in poetry from those which preceded them. Perhaps we may be able to guess what they portend.

GALAHAD (*changing the name*). I am so grateful for the permission, that I will write two; adding to the imitation of Piatt that of the author of "A Woman's Poems," in whose poetical fortunes, I imagine, he feels more interest than even in his own. I am attracted by her poems as the Gannet is attracted by Mrs. Stoddard's, though the two are wholly unlike. In "The Woman" I also see indications of a struggle between thought and language, a reluctance to catch the flying Psyche by the wings, and hold her until every wavering outline is clear. Women-poets generally stand in too much awe of their own conceptions.

ZOÏLUS (*solemnly*). I am possessed! *Procul, O procul*,—or at least be silent. (*Writes.*)

(*All write steadily, and finish their tasks nearly at the same time.*)

THE CHORUS. You came up so nearly neck and neck, that only we who timed you can decide. The Gannet first.

THE GANNET. Then hearken to Jean Ingelow. (*Reads.*)

#### THE SHRIMP-GATHERERS.

Scarlet spaces of sand and ocean,  
Gulls that circle and winds that blow;  
Baskets and boats and men in motion,  
Sailing and scattering to and fro.

Girls are waiting, their wimples adorning  
With crimson sprinkles the broad gray flood;  
And down the beach the blush of the morning  
Shines reflected from moisture and mud.

Broad from the yard the sail hangs limpy;  
Lightly the steersman whistles a lay;  
Pull with a will, for the nets are shrimpy,  
Pull with a whistle, our hearts are gay!



Tuppence a quart; there are more than fifty!  
 Coffee is certain, and beer galore:  
 Coats are corduroy, minds are thrifty,  
 Won't we go it on sea and shore!

See, behind, how the hills are freckled  
 With low white huts, where the lasses bide!  
 See, before, how the sea is speckled  
 With sloops and schooners that wait the tide!

Yarmouth fishers may rail and roister,  
 Tyne-side boys may shout, "Give way!"  
 Let them dredge for the lobster and oyster,  
 Pink and sweet are our shrimps to-day!

Shrimps and the delicate periwinkle,  
 Such are the sea-fruits lasses love:  
 Ho! to your nets till the blue stars twinkle,  
 And the shutterless cottages gleam above!

THE CHORUS. A very courteous  
 echo. The Ancient was next.

THE ANCIENT. I think if Buchanan  
 Read had confined himself to those  
 short, sweet, graceful lyrics by which  
 he first became known, he would have  
 attained a better success. It is singular,  
 by the by, that his art does not  
 color his poetry, as in Rossetti's case;  
 no one could guess that he is also a  
 painter. But I remember that Wash-  
 ington Allston is a similar instance.  
 Read's best poems are those which  
 have a pastoral character, and I have  
 turned to them for his characteristic  
 manner. (*Reads.*)

#### A SYLVAN SCENE.

The moon, a reaper of the ripened stars,  
 Held out her silver sickle in the west;  
 I leaned against the shadowy pasture-bars,  
 A hermit, with a burden in my breast.

The lilies leaned beside me as I stood;  
 The lilled heifers gleamed beneath the shed;  
 And spirits from the high ancestral wood  
 Cast their articulate benisons on my head.

The twilight oriole sang her valentine  
 From pendulous nests above the stable-sill,  
 And like a beggar, asking alms and wine,  
 Came the importunate murmur of the mill.

Love threw his flying shuttle through my woof,  
 And made the web a pattern I abhorred;  
 Wherefore alone I sang, and far aloof,  
 My melting melodies, mightier than the sword.

The white-sleeved mowers, coming slowly home,  
 With scythes like rainbows on their shoulders  
 hung,  
 Sniffed not, in passing me, the scent of Rome,  
 Nor heard the music trickling from my tongue.

The milkmaid, following, delayed her step,  
 Still singing as she left the stable-yard:  
 "T was "Sheridan's Ride" she sang: I turned and  
 wept,  
 For woman's homage soothes the suffering bard!

GALAHAD. Why did n't you take  
 Read's "Drifting"?

THE ANCIENT. It is a beautiful  
 poem, but would betray itself in any  
 imitation. My object was to catch his  
 especial poetic dialect.

THE CHORUS. Now, Zoilus.

ZOILUS. I have followed exactly the  
 Ancient's plan, but with the disadvan-  
 tage of not having read Mrs. Howe's  
 "Passion Flowers" lately; so I was  
 forced to take whatever features were  
 accessible, from her prose as well as  
 verse. (*Reads.*)

#### THE COMING RACE.

When with crisped fingers I have tried to part  
 The petals which compose  
 The azure flower of high æsthetic art,  
 More firmly did they close.

Yet woman is not undeveloped man, —  
 So singeth Tennyson:  
 Desire, that ever Duty's feet outran,  
 Begins, but sees not done.

Our life is full of passionate dismay  
 At larger schemes grown small;  
 That which thou doest, do this very day,  
 Then art thou known of all.

The thing that was ungerms the thing to be;  
 Before reflects Behind:  
 So blends our moral trigonometry  
 With spheroids of the mind.

Time shall transfigure many a paradox,  
 Now crushed with hoofs of scorn,  
 When in the beauty of the hollyhocks  
 The Coming Man is born.

His hand the new Evangels then shall hold,  
 That make earth epicene,  
 And on his shoulder, coiffed with chrismal gold,  
 The Coming Woman lean!

THE GANNET. O, she should not  
 lean on his shoulder! That is a de-  
 pendent attitude.

ZOILUS. I know; but there is the  
 exigency of an immediate rhyme, and  
 "epicene" is a word which I could not  
 sacrifice.

THE ANCIENT. You have hit upon  
 one of the vices of our literary class, —  
 the superficial refinement which vents  
 itself on words and phrases. I have  
 seen expressions of both love and grief  
 which were too elegant for passion.  
 The strong thought always finds the  
 best speech, but as its total form: it  
 does not pause to prink itself by the  
 way, or to study its face in a glass. I



beg pardon, Zoilus ; I am not speaking of, but *from*, you.

ZOILUS. As the sinner furnishes more texts than the saint.

THE CHORUS. Let us not keep Galahad waiting.

GALAHAD. I promised two, but have only finished the first. The Gannet must keep me company ; for we were nigh forgetting William Winter, and he must be entertained before our board is cleared for the last comers. I dare say we shall remember others ; indeed, I can think of several who ought to please the Ancient, for they simply give us their ideas without any manner at all.

THE ANCIENT. Sarcasm from Galahad is sarcasm indeed ! I am assailed on all sides, to-night. But let us have Piatt ; we have all looked through his "Western Windows."

GALAHAD. (*Reads.*)

#### THE OLD FENCE-RAIL.

It lies and rots by the roadside,  
Among the withering weeds ;  
The blackberry-vines run o'er it,  
And the thistles drop their seeds.

Below, the Miami murmurs ;  
He flows as he always flowed ;  
And the people, eastward and westward,  
Travel the National Road.

At times a maiden's glances  
Gild it with tints of dawn,  
But the school-boy snorts with his nostrils,  
Kicks it, and hastens on.

Above it the pioneer's chimney,  
Lonely and rickety, leans ;  
Beside it the pioneer's garden  
Is a wildering growth of greens.

It was split by the stalwart settler,  
One of the ancient race,  
And the hands of his tow-haired children  
Lifted it into its place.

Years after the gawky lover  
Sat on it, dangling his heels,  
While his girl forgot her milking,  
And the pen, with its hungry squeals.

Ah, the rail has its own romances,  
The scenes and changes of years :  
I pause whenever I see it,  
And drop on it several tears.

ZOILUS. Don't you all feel, with me, that our imitations become more and more difficult as we take the younger authors who give us sentiment, fancy, pure metres, — in short, very agreeable

and meritorious work, — but who neither conquer us by their daring nor provoke us by offending our tastes ?

THE ANCIENT. We foresaw this, the first evening, you will remember. There are many excellent poets, who cannot be amusingly travestied, — Collins, or Goldsmith, for example. I was just deliberating whether to suggest the names of two women who have written very good poems, Lucy Larcom and she who calls herself "H. H." The former has rhetoric and rhythm, and uses both quite independently ; her "Hannah Binding Shoes" struck an original vein, which I wish she had gone on quarrying. But her finest poem, "The Rose Enthroned," could only be appreciated by about one per cent of her readers. "H. H." shows delicacy and purity of sentiment, yet her verse is not precisely *song*. Her ear fails to catch the rarer music which lurks behind metrical correctness. I don't well see how either could be imitated ; so we will leave the Gannet and Galahad to their second task.

THE GANNET (*looking up*). What you have been saying also applies to my present model. Just the best poems in his "Witness" are so simple, so sweetly and smoothly finished, so marked by pure taste and delicate fancy, that a good travesty would have the air of a serious imitation.

ZOILUS (*to the ANCIENT*). However we may disagree, I heartily join you in relishing a marked individuality in poetry.

THE ANCIENT. When it is honest, when it frankly expresses the individual nature, not too much restricted by the conventionalisms of the day, nor yielding too indolently to the influences of other minds. It is a notable characteristic of nearly all our younger poets, that they wander, as if at random, over such a wide field, before selecting their separate paths. One cause of this, I should guess, is the seduction exercised by that refinement in form, that richness and variety of metrical effect, which marks our



modern poetry. Twenty years ago, our only criticism almost ignored the idea in a poem; it concerned itself with words, lines, or stanzas, italicizing every agreeable little touch of fancy, as a guide to the reader. Leigh Hunt made this fashion popular; Poe imitated him; and our young authors were taught to believe in detached beauties of expression, instead of pure and symmetrical conceptions. Take the earlier poems of Stoddard, Read, Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, and others, and you cannot fail to see how they were led astray.

ZOÏLUS. Then, I suppose, their genuine poetical quality is tested by the extent to which they have emancipated themselves from those early influences, and discovered their proper individualities?

THE ANCIENT. Most certainly; and if you had grown up with the generation, as I have (being very little older), you would see, as I do now, how each is struggling out of the general wilderness. Boker had not far to go; he grew up under the broad wings of the old English dramatists. Stoddard first struck his highest performance in "The Fisher and Charon," and Stedman in his "Alectryon," though both are still best known by their lighter lyrics. Aldrich seems now to be aware of his native grace and delicacy of fancy, and Howells of the sportive, lightsome element, which the *Weltschmerz* of youth for a time suppressed. In his "Pastorals," Bayard Taylor seems inclined to seek for the substance of poetry, rather than the flash and glitter of its rhetorical drapery. Piatt is turning more and more to that which lies nearest him: in short, without pretending to decide how far each is successful, I think that each, now, is attending seriously to his own special work.

ZOÏLUS. How much longer do you give them, to reach their highest planes of performance?

THE ANCIENT. All their lives; and I refer you to Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, and Whittier, as instances of continuous development. If our Amer-

ican atmosphere, as you said the other night, retards the growth of literary men, you cannot deny that it wonderfully prolongs the period of their growth.

THE GANNET. Here have Galahad and myself been waiting with our manuscripts, knowing that you two can never agree, but hoping that each might exhaust the other.

ZOÏLUS. This from you, for whom there is neither time, space, nor place, when you get fairly started! But who are you now?

THE GANNET. William Winter, at your service. (*Reads.*)

#### LOVE'S DIET.

There be who crave the flavors rich  
Of boneless turkey and of beef;  
There be who seek the relish which  
To palsied palates brings relief:  
But I, in love's most patient hush,  
Partake with thee of simple mush.

The pheasant seems so bright of wing,  
Because 'tis wedded with expense;  
The rarer Strasburg pasties bring  
But fleet enjoyment to the sense;  
Yet common things, that seem too nigh,  
Both purse and heart may satisfy.

'Tis sweet to browse on dishes rare,  
When those who give them can afford:  
Sweeter this unpretending fare,  
When thou art seated at the board,  
With spoonful fingers to unfold  
The yielding mush's mass of gold.

Thou pour'st the milk that whiter seems  
Than is the orbit of thy brow,  
And I indulge with lamb-like dreams,  
And many a white and harmless vow;  
I only wish that there could be  
One bowl, not two, for thee and me.

ZOÏLUS. I was not expecting even that much success.

THE GANNET. Galahad was generous, to give me the lighter task. It would have quite bewildered me to imitate "A Woman's Poems," because their chief characteristic is a psychological one. If we had taken that wonderful volume of the songstresses of the "South-Land," now—

ZOÏLUS. That reminds me of a graceful Southern singer, who is like a bird alone in the desert,—Paul H. Hayne. Talk of *our* lack of sympathy and encouragement, here, in New York! What mate has he, for hundreds of



miles around him? Why, there is not even the challenge of a rival lance; he must ride around the lonely lists, with neither antagonist to prove his mettle, nor queen to crown him for success.

THE ANCIENT. An author *must* have an audience, however thin. We are told that Poetry is its own exceeding great reward: very well: but what if you sing your song into the air and never find it again in the heart of a friend? Genius without sympathetic recognition is like a kindled fire without flue or draught; it smoulders miserably away instead of leaping, sparkling, and giving cheer. I have seen some parts of the country where a man of sensitive, poetical nature would surely die, if he could not escape. We ought to be very tender towards all honest efforts in literature.

GALAHAD. The "Woman" whom I have imitated needs only the encounter of kind, yet positive minds, to give her dreams what they still lack,—a distinct reality. I have purposely tried to exaggerate her principal fault, for it was the only thing I could do. (*Reads.*)

#### THE PLASTER CAST.

The white thought sleeps in it enshrined,  
Though mean and cheap the substance seems,  
As sleep conceptions in the mind,  
Hardened, and unreleased by dreams.

A parrot only! yet the child  
Stares with untutored, dim surprise,  
And fain would know what secret mild  
Is ambushed in those moveless eyes.

His cherry from the painted beak  
Falls, when his gentle hand would give,  
So early some return we seek  
From that which only seems to live.

Ah, let us even these symbols guard,  
Nor shatter them with curious touch;  
For, should we break ideals hard,  
The fragments would not move us much.

ZOÏLUS. You have fairly bewildered me, Galahad. I thought there was an actual idea in the verses, but it slips from my hand like an eel.

THE ANCIENT. It would better answer for the travesty of a school which has a limited popularity at present, but to which "A Woman" does not belong.

GALAHAD. What school? I know of none such.

THE ANCIENT. The most active members would no doubt be much astonished if I were to tell them of it; but it is a kind of school, nevertheless. I think it must have originated as long ago as the days of *The Dial*, and has not yet wholly gone out of fashion with a rather large class of readers. You will find plenty of specimens in newspapers of a mixed religious and literary character, and now and then in the magazines.

THE CHORUS. Give us its peculiarities.

THE ANCIENT. First, great gravity, if not solemnity of tone; a rhythm, sometimes weak, sometimes hard, but usually halting; obscurity and incoherence of thought, and a perpetual reference to abstract morality.

ZOÏLUS. Don't describe, but imitate.

THE ANCIENT. I could give you a stanza, by way of illustration. Furnish me with a subject,—anything you please. (*ZOÏLUS writes.*) *The Fifth Wheel!* that will answer; for the poets of this school always begin far away from their themes. The first stanza might run thus:—

From sunshine and from moral truth  
Let Life be woven athwart thy breast!  
The rapid cycles of thy youth  
But fetter Duty's solemn quest.

OMNES. Go on!

THE ANCIENT. Now I may get a little nearer to the subject, though I don't clearly see how. (*After a pause.*)

Vibration gives but faint assent  
To that which in thee seems complete,  
But time evolves the Incident  
Behind the dust-driven chariot's feet.

Be well provided! Overplus  
Is Life's stern law, none can evade;  
Thou to the goal shalt hasten thus,  
When selfish natures' wheels are stayed.

ZOÏLUS. Great Jove! to think that I never discovered the undying Laura Matilda in this prim disguise! It is the languishing creature grown older, with a high-necked dress, a linen collar, and all her curls brushed smooth! Ancient, you have purged mine eyes



from visual film ; this boon wipes out all remembrance of our strife.

OMNES. Enough for to-night !

[*Exeunt.*]

## NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

(*All the members promptly on hand.*)

THE CHORUS. How much does any author distinctly know of himself, or the quality of his works ?

ZOÏLUS. Not much.

GALAHAD. Everything !

THE GANNET. Only what makes a hit, and what does n't.

THE ANCIENT. It depends on who and what the author is : you will find both extremes represented.

THE CHORUS. Yourselves, for instance !

ZOÏLUS. To be frank, I think I have more merit than luck. But when I come to contrast the degrees of popularity with the character of the performance, I am puzzled.

GALAHAD. Popularity has nothing to do with it. I know that some of my qualities are genuine, while other necessary ones are weakly represented. Our talk, the last night, satisfied me that I have not yet found the one best direction ; but, on the other hand, one dare not force one's own development, and I think I see whither I am tending.

THE GANNET. Do you want to see where you stand, now, or very nearly the spot ?

GALAHAD. Show me if you can ?

(*The Gannet takes a sheet of paper and writes.*)

ZOÏLUS (*to the ANCIENT*). Do you think that a poet is generally a correct judge of his own works ?

THE ANCIENT. Please, don't repeat that dismal platitude ! A genuine poet is *always* the best judge of his own works, simply because he has an ideal standard by which he measures whatever he does. He may not be able to guess what will be most popular ; he may attach an exorbitant value to that which is born of some occult individual

mood, in which few others can ever share ; but in regard to the quality of the calm, ripened product of his brain he cannot be mistaken ! To admit that he can be, substitutes chance for law in the poetic art, and brings us down to the vulgar idea of a wayward and accidental inspiration, instead of conscious growth followed by conscious achievement.

ZOÏLUS. You astonish me.

THE ANCIENT. Then be glad ; it is a sign that you are not poetically *blasé*.

GALAHAD. Never ! One can never be that.

THE GANNET. Wait till you hear how your theorbo sounds in my ears. What I have attempted is a serious, not a comical, echo of your style.

OMNES. Give it to us !

THE GANNET. Keep Galahad's hands off me till I have finished ! (*Reads.*)

## THE TWO LIVES.

Down in the dell I wandered,  
The loneliest of our dells,  
Where grow the lowland lilies,  
Dropping their foam-white bells,  
And the brook among the grasses  
Toys with its sand and shells.

Fair were the meads and thickets,  
And sumptuous grew the trees,  
And the folding hills of harvest  
Were lulled with the fanning breeze,  
But I heard, beyond the valley,  
The roar of the plunging seas.

The birds and the vernal grasses,  
They wooed me sweetly and long,  
But the magic of ocean called me,  
Murmuring vast and strong ;  
Here was the flute-like cadence,  
There was the world-wide song !

" Lie in the wood's embraces,  
Sleep in the dell's repose ! "  
" Float on the limitless azure,  
Flecked with its foamy snows ! "  
Such were the changing voices,  
Heard at the twilight's close.

Free with the winds and waters,  
Nestled in shade and dew :  
Bliss in the soft green shelter,  
Fame on the boundless blue ;  
Which shall I yield forever ?  
Which forever pursue ?

OMNES (*clapping their hands*). Galahad ! Galahad !

GALAHAD (*with a melancholy air*). It is worse than the most savage criti-



cism. There is just enough of my own sentiment and poetical manner in it, to show me how monstrously blind I have been in not perceiving that scores of clever fellows may write the same things, if they should choose. I ought to relapse into the corner of a country newspaper.

THE ANCIENT. Take heart, my dear boy! We all begin with sentiment and melodious rhythm,—or what seems to us to be such. We all discover the same old metaphors over again, and they are as new to us as if they had never been used before. Very few young poets have the slightest presentiment of their coming development. They have the keenest delight, the profoundest satisfaction, with their crudest works. With knowledge comes the sense of imperfection, which increases as they rise in performance. Remember that the Gannet is five or six years older than you, and can now write in cold blood what only comes from the summer heat of your mind.

GALAHAD. I understand you, and don't mean to be discouraged. But Zoilus is fully avenged, now.

ZOILUS. I'll prove it by my notice of your next poem in the —. Let us turn to our remaining models. Whatever may be thought of them at home, they have all made a very positive impression in England; how do you account for it, Ancient?

THE ANCIENT. I can only guess at an explanation, apart from the merits which three of them certainly possess. While the average literary culture in England was perhaps never so high as now, the prevalent style of writing was never so conventional. The sensational school, which has been so popular here as well as there, is beginning to fatigue the majority of readers, yet it still spoils their enjoyment of simple, honest work; so, every new appearance in literature, which is racy, which carries the flavor of a fresh soil with it, unconventional yet seemingly natural, neither suggesting the superficial refinement of which they are surfeited nor the nobler refinement which they

have forgotten how to relish,—all such appearances, I suspect, furnish just the change they crave.

THE GANNET. But the changes of popular taste in the two countries are very similar. This is evident in the cases of Bret Harte and Hay; but Walt Whitman seems to have a large circle of enthusiastic admirers in England, and only some half-dozen disciples among us. Do you suppose that the passages of his "Leaves of Grass," which are prose catalogues to us, or the phrases which are our slang, have a kind of poetical charm there, because they are not understood?

ZOILUS. As Tartar or Mongolian "Leaves of Grass" might have to us? Very likely. There are splendid lines and brief passages in Walt Whitman: there is a modern, half-Bowery-boy, half-Emersonian apprehension of the old Greek idea of physical life, which many take to be wholly new on account of the singular form in which it is presented. I will even admit that the elements of a fine poet exist in him, in a state of chaos. It is curious that while he proclaims his human sympathies to be without bounds, his intellectual sympathies should be so narrow. There never was a man at once so arrogant, and so tender towards his fellow-men.

THE ANCIENT. You have very correctly described him. The same art which he despises would have increased his power and influence. He forgets that the poet must not only have somewhat to say, but must strenuously acquire the power of saying it most purely and completely. A truer sense of art would have prevented that fault which has been called immorality, but is only a coarse, offensive frankness.

THE GANNET. Let us divide our labors. There is only one name apiece: how shall we apportion them?

ZOILUS. Take Joaquin Miller, and give Walt Whitman to the Ancient. Choose of these two, Galahad!

GALAHAD (*opening the paper*). Bret Harte.

ZOILUS. Then Hay remains to me.



(They all write steadily for half an hour.)

THE GANNET. Our last is our most difficult task; for we have to give the local flavor of the poetry, as well as its peculiar form and tone.

ZOÏLUS. I should like to know how much of that local flavor is genuine. I am suspicious of Bret Harte's California dialect: some features of it are evidently English, and very suggestive of Dickens. Hay's is nearer the real thing. Miller's scenery and accessories also inspire me with doubt. Now, much of the value of this *genre* poetry (as I should call it) depends upon its fidelity to nature. Sham slang and sham barbarism are worse than sham refinement and luxury.

THE ANCIENT. Harte's use of "which" as an expletive is certainly an English peculiarity, which he may have heard it in some individual miner, but which it is not a feature of California slang. So, when Migges says, "O, if you please, I'm Migges," it is an English girl who speaks. Aside from a few little details of this kind, Harte's sketches and poems are truly and admirably colored. He deserves his success, for he has separated himself by a broad gulf from all the literary buffoonery of this day, which is sometimes grotesque and always inane. But he is *picturesque*, and the coarsest humor of his characters rests on a pure human pathos.

GALAHAD. Somehow, the use of a vulgar dialect in poetry is always unpleasant to me; it is like a grinning mask over a beautiful face. And yet, how charming is "Zekel's Courtship"!

THE ANCIENT. Lowell has done all that is possible with the New England dialect. He has now and then steeped it in an odor of poetry which it never before exhaled and perhaps never may again. Compare it, for instance, with the Scotch of Burns, where every elision makes the word sweeter on the tongue, and where the words which are its special property are nearly always musical. The New England changes are generally on the side of roughness

and clumsiness. *With* becomes an ugly 'th, instead of the soft Scotch *wi'*; *have* hardens into *hev*, instead of flowing into *hae*; and *got* coarsens into *gut*, instead of the quaint sharpness of *gat*. It is the very opposite of the mellow broadness of the Scotch; it sacrifices the vowels and aggravates the consonants; its raciest qualities hint of prevarication and noncommittal, and its sentiment is grotesque even when it is frank and touching. Yet Lowell's genius sometimes so completely transfigures this harsh material, that one's ear forgets it and hears only the finer music of his thought.

ZOÏLUS. Shall we read? I suggest that we take the authors, to-night, in the order of their appearance. Walt Whitman leads.

THE ANCIENT. (Reads.)

#### CAMERADOS.

Everywhere, everywhere, following me;  
Taking me by the buttonhole, pulling off my boots,  
hustling me with the elbows;  
Sitting down with me to clams and the chowder-kettle;  
Plunging naked at my side into the sleek, irascible surges;  
Soothing me with the strain that I neither permit nor prohibit;  
Flocking this way and that, reverent, eager, orotund, irrepressible;  
Denser than sycamore leaves when the north-winds are scouring Paumanok;  
What can I do to restrain them? Nothing, verily nothing.  
Everywhere, everywhere, crying aloud for me;  
Crying, I hear; and I satisfy them out of my nature;  
And he that comes at the end of the feast shall find something over.  
Whatever they want I give; though it be something else, they shall have it.  
Drunkard, leper, Tammanyite, small-pox, and cholera patient, shoddy, and cod-fish millionaire,  
And the beautiful young men, and the beautiful young women, all the same,  
Crowding, hundreds of thousands, cosmical multitudes,  
Buss me and hang on my hips and lean up to my shoulders,  
Everywhere listening to my yawp and glad whenever they hear it;  
Everywhere saying, say it, Walt, we believe it:  
Everywhere, everywhere.

ZOÏLUS. By Jove, Ancient! you could soon develop into a Kosmos.

THE ANCIENT. It would not be difficult, so far as the form is concerned. The immortal Tupper, in his rivalry with Solomon, substituted semi-rhyth-



mical prose lines for verse ; but Walt, being thoroughly in earnest, often makes his lines wholly rhythmical. I confess I enjoy his decameters and hecatameters.

THE CHORUS. Bret Harte was the next appearance, after a very long interval. You will have to do your best, Galahad.

GALAHAD. A superficial imitation is easy enough, but I shall certainly fail to reproduce his subtile wit and pathos. (*Reads.*)

#### TRUTHFUL JAMES'S SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Which his name it was Sam ;  
He had sluiced for a while  
Up at Murderer's Dam,  
Till he got a good pile,  
And the heft of each dollar,  
Two thousand or more,  
He 'd put in the Chollar,  
For he seed it was ore

That runs thick up and down, without ceilin' or floor.

And, says he, it's a game  
That's got but one stake ;  
If I put up that same,  
It'll bust me or make.  
At fifty the foot  
I've entered my pile,  
And the whole derned cahoot  
I'll let soak for a while,

And jest loaf around here, — say, Jim, will you smile?

Tom Fakes was the chum,  
Down in Frisco, of Sam ;  
And one mornin' there come  
This here telegram :  
" You can sell for five hundred,  
Come down by the train ! "  
Sam By-Joe and By-Thundered, —  
'T was whistlin' quite plain,

And down to Dutch Flat rushed with might and with main.

He had no time to sarch,  
But he grabbed up a shirt  
That showed bilin' and starch,  
And a coat with less dirt.  
He jumped on the step  
As the train shoved away,  
And likewise was swep',  
All galliant and gay,

Round the edge of the mounting and down to'rds the Bay.

Seven minutes, to pass  
Through the hole by the Flat !  
Says he, I'm an ass  
If I can't shift in that !  
But the train behind time,  
Only *three* was enough, —  
It came pat as a rhyme —

He was stripped to the buff  
When they jumped from the tunnel to daylight !  
'T was rough.

What else? Here's to you !

Which he sold of his feet  
At five hundred, 't is true,  
And the same I repeat :  
But acquaintances, friends,  
They likes to divert,  
And the tale never ends  
Of Sam and his shirt,

And to stop it from goin' he 'd give all his dirt !

ZOÏLUS. You were right to take a merely comical incident. You could n't possibly have echoed the strong feeling which underlies the surface slang of such a poem as " Jim," which I consider Harte's masterpiece in his special vein.

GALAHAD. He never could have written that if he had been only a humorist. His later work shows that he is a genuine poet.

THE ANCIENT. Yes, that special vein is like many in the Nevada mines, rich on the surface, narrowing as it goes down, pinched off by the primitive strata, opening again unexpectedly into a pocket, but never to be fully depended upon. Harte's instincts are too true not to see this : I believe he will do still better, and therefore probably less popular work.

THE GANNET. Now, Zoïlus, give us Hay, and let *me* close with a war-whoop !

ZOÏLUS. I'm not quite sure of my Pike dialect, but I fancy the tone is rough enough to satisfy you. (*Reads.*)

#### BIG BILL.

There 's them that eats till they're bustin',  
And them that drinks till they're blind,  
And them that 's snufflin' and spooney,  
But the best of all, to my mind,  
(And I've been around in my time, boys,  
And cavorted with any you like,)  
Was Big Bill, that lived in the slashes,  
We called him Big Bill o' Pike.

If he put his hand to his bowie  
Or scratched the scruff of his neck,  
You could only tell by waitin'  
To see if you bled a peck :  
And the way he fired, 't was lovely !  
Nobody knowed which was dead,  
Till Big Bill grinned, and the stiff 'un  
Tumbled over onto his head !

At school he killed his master ;  
Courtin', he killed seven more :  
And the hearse was always a-waitin'  
A little ways from his door.  
There was n't much growth in the county,  
As the census returns will show,  
But we had Big Bill we was proud of,  
And that was enough to grow.



And now Big Bill is an angel, —  
 Damn me, it makes me cry!  
 Jist when he was rampin' the roughest,  
 The poor fellow had to die.  
 A thievih' and sneakin' Yankee  
 Got the start on our blessed Bill,  
 And there's no one to do our killin'  
 And nobody left to kill!

ZOÏLUS. Hay's realism, in those ballads, is of the grimmiest kind. It is like the old Dance of Death, in a new form. I have been greatly amused by the actual fury which his "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso" have aroused in some sectarian quarters. To read the attacks, one would suppose that Christianity was threatened by the declaration that angels may interpose to save children, or that a man, ignorant or regardless of ordinary morality, may redeem his soul by the noblest sacrifice. Really, it seems to me, that to diminish the range of individual damnation renders many good people unhappy.

THE ANCIENT. Hay has made his name known in the most legitimate way, — by representing phenomena of common Western life which he has observed. He might have faintly echoed Shelley or Tennyson for a decade, and accomplished nothing. Those ballads are not, strictly speaking, poetry; but it is impossible that they should not give him a tendency to base his better poems on the realities of our American life.

THE CHORUS. Let us hear the Gannet's war-whoop!

THE GANNET. There is nothing easier than to exaggerate exaggeration. (*Reads.*)

#### THE FATE OF THE FRONTIERSMAN.

That whiskey-jug! For, dry or wet,  
 My tale will need its help, you bet!

We made for the desert, she and I,  
 Though life was loathsome, and love a lie,  
 And she gazed on me with her glorious eye,  
 But all the same, — I let her die!  
 For why? — there was barely water for one  
 In the small canteen, and of provender, none!  
 A splendid snake, with an emerald scale,  
 Slid before us along the trail,  
 With a famished parrot pecking its head;  
 And, seizing a huge and dark brown rock  
 In her dark brown hands, as you crush a crock,  
 With the dark brown rock she crushed it dead.

But ere her teeth in its flesh could meet,  
 I laid her as dead as the snake at my feet,  
 And grabbed the snake for myself to eat.

The plain stretched wide, from side to side,  
 As bare and blistered and cracked and dried  
 As a moccasin sole of buffalo hide,  
 And my throat grew hot, as I walked the trail,  
 My blood in a sizzle, my muscles dry,  
 A crimson glare in my glorious eye,  
 And I felt my sinews wither and fail,  
 Like one who has lavished, for fifty nights,  
 His pile in a hell of gambling delights,  
 And is kicked at dawn, from bottle and bed,  
 And sent to the gulches without a red.  
 There was no penguin to pick or pluck,  
 No armadillo's throat to be stuck,  
 Not even a bilberry's ball of blue  
 To slush my tongue with its indigo dew,  
 And the dry brown palm-trees rattled and roared  
 Like the swish and swizzle of Walker's sword.  
 I was nigh rubbed out: when, far away,  
 A shanty baked in the furnace of day,  
 And I petered on, for an hour or more,  
 Till I dropped, like a mangy hound, at the door.

No soul to be seen; but a basin stood  
 On the bench, with a mess of dubious food,  
 Stringy and doughy and lumpy and thick,  
 As the clay ere flame has turned it to brick.  
 I gobbled it up with a furious fire,  
 A prairie squall of hungry desire,  
 And strength came back; when, lo! a scream  
 Closed my stomach and burst my dream.  
 She stood before me, as lithe and tall  
 As a musquet-bush on the Pimos wall,  
 Fierce as the Zuñi panther's leap,  
 Fair as the slim Apache sheep.  
 A lariat draped her broad brown hips,  
 As she stood and glared with parted lips,  
 While piercing stitches and maddening shoots  
 Ran through my body, from brain to boots.  
 I would have clasped her, but, ere I could,  
 She flung back her hair's tempestuous hood,  
 And screamed, in a voice like a tiger-cat's:  
 "You've gone and ett up my pizen for rats!"  
 My blood grew limp and my hair grew hard  
 As the steely tail of the desert pard:  
 I sank at her feet, convulsed and pale,  
 And kissed in anguish her brown toe-nail.  
 You may rip the cloud from the frescoed sky,  
 Or tear the man from his place in the moon,  
 Fur from the buzzard and plumes from the coon,  
 But you can't tear me from the truth I cry,  
 That life is loathsome and love a lie.  
 She lifted me up to her bare brown face,  
 She cracked my ribs in her brown embrace,  
 And there in the shanty, side by side,  
 Each on the other's bosom died.

She's now the mistress of Buffalo Bill,  
 And pure as the heart of a lily still;  
 While I've killed all who have cared for me,  
 And I'm just as lonely as I can be,  
 So, pass the whiskey, — we'll have a spree!

OMNES. The real thing!

ZOÏLUS. You've beaten us all, but  
 no wonder! Much of Joaquin Miller's  
 verse is itself a travesty of poetry. An-  
 cient, you talk about high ideals of lit-



erary art, and all that sort of thing : can you tell me what Rossetti and the rest of the English critics mean, in hailing this man as the great American poet ?

THE ANCIENT. One thing, of course, they cannot see, — the thorough spuriousness of his characters, with their costumes, scenery, and all other accessories. Why, he takes Lara and the Giaour, puts them in a fantastic, impossible country called "Arizona" or "California," and describes them with a rhythm borrowed from Swinburne and a frenzy all his own, — and we are called upon to accept this as something original and grand ! The amazed admiration of a class in England, and the gushing gratitude of one in America, form, together, a spectacle over which the pure, serene gods must bend in convulsions of inextinguishable laughter.

ZÖILUS. Give me your hand ! As Thackeray says, let us swear eternal friendship ! You have often provoked me by persistently mollifying my judgments of authors ; but, if you had done so in this case, I could not have forgiven you. Joaquin Miller, and he alone, would prove the decadence of our literature : he is an Indianized copy of Byron, made up of shrieks and war-paint, and the life he describes is too brutal, selfish, and insane ever to have existed anywhere. A few fine lines or couplets, or an occasional glittering bit of description, are not enough to make him a genius, or even an unusual talent.

THE GANNET. But the material — not *his*, the true Arizonian material — is good, and he has shown shrewdness in selecting it. He is clever, in some ways, or he never could have made so much capital in England. His temporary success here is only an echo of his success there.

ZÖILUS. If he were a young fellow of twenty, I should say, wait ; but his is not the exaggeration of youth, it is the affectation of manhood.

GALAHAD. If anybody ever seriously said, "Alas !" I should say it now.

I have picked up many a grain of good counsel in the midst of our fun, and the fun itself has become an agreeable stimulus which I shall miss. We must not give up our habit wholly.

ZÖILUS. There is no end of intellectual and poetic gymnastics, which we may try. I propose that we close with a grand satirical American "Walpurgis-Night," modelled on Goethe's *Intermezzo in Faust*.

THE GANNET. That is a good idea, but how shall we carry it out ?

ZÖILUS. Let each write a stanza or two, satirizing some literary school, author, magazine, or newspaper, throw it into the hat, and then take another, as long as we can keep up the game. When all are exhausted, give the hat to the Ancient and let him read the whole collection of squibs, in the order in which they turn up.

OMNES (*eagerly*). Accepted !

[Here, I am compelled to state, my liberty as a reporter ceases. The plan was carried out, and I think it was not entirely unsuccessful. But our mirth was partly at the expense of others : many of the stanzas were only lively and good-humored, but many others thrust out a sharp sting in the last line. As I was not an accomplice, I was perfectly willing that they should all be given to the public. Zöilus did not seriously object ; but the other three were peremptory in their prohibition. Even the Gannet confessed that he was not courageous enough to run the risk of making half a dozen permanent enemies by shafts of four lines apiece : he knew how largely the element of *personal* profit and reputation enters into American literary life, and how touchy a sensitiveness it develops. There was no denying this, for they related many instances to prove it. I yielded, of course, although it was a disappointment to me. After having thus entered authorship by a side-door, as it were, I find the field very pleasant ; and I withdraw now, since there is no alternative, with reluctance. — THE NAMELESS REPORTER.]



## WHY SEMMES OF THE ALABAMA WAS NOT TRIED.

## PART I.

IN December, 1865, the public mind was startled by the announcement that "the pirate Semmes," as he was commonly called, had been arrested in Mobile by order of the Secretary of the Navy, brought to Washington as a prisoner, and closely confined in the Marine Barracks.

It was rumored that Semmes was to be tried by court-martial or military commission, though upon what charge or for what offence the public knew not.

As the Rebellion was ended, and Semmes, who had been paroled under the Sherman-Johnston military convention and sent home to Mobile, had quietly engaged in civil life, some surprise was occasioned by his arrest and imprisonment. A few discreet Union men regretted this proceeding, but the general feeling was one of satisfaction, if not of exultation.

The exploits of Semmes were by no means forgotten by any one; and they rankled in the memories of thousands who had suffered from the depredations of the *Sumter* and *Alabama*.

In less than seven months of 1861-62, the *Sumter* had captured eighteen vessels.\*

The *Alabama* had done still greater mischief. Between September 7, 1862, and April 27, 1864, she captured or destroyed sixty-two merchantmen and whalers, and one ship-of-war.†

Such enormous destruction of ships, and the consequent interruption of commerce, had made the name of

Semmes both terrible during the war, and hateful after it, to every Federal ship-owner, master, seaman, and insurer; and this prevalent dislike was increased by the fact that the *Alabama*, as far as possible, and as if fearful of fight, avoided encounter with naval vessels, and was envenomed by her long and successful efforts to escape our cruisers, while making such havoc with unarmed ships in every sea, as well as by the evasion of her commander from Captain Winslow and the *Kearsarge*, in an English yacht, under shelter of the British flag, thus rendering our victory a mere triumph over lifeless wood and iron; while the fiery captain, who had alone made the *Alabama* mischievous, eluded the grasp of his antagonist, and was again ready to command new *Alabamas*, and repeat his career of capture and burning.

It was, moreover, reported and believed that Semmes had violated the laws of war by cruelties inflicted upon unresisting victims, by perfidious conduct at Cherbourg during and after the fight, and that he had knavishly contrived to obtain a parole as Brigadier-General, to which he was not entitled.

No name connected with the Rebel service, unless that of some spy, "bush-whacker," or guerilla of the grossest criminality, was so generally detested as that of Raphael Semmes. Harsh epithets were heaped upon him, not only by sailors and master-mariners, and merchants whose ships and goods had blazed under his torch, not only by "sensational" reporters and editors, but by some of our gravest writers and highest dignitaries, by whom he was habitually stigmatized as "free-booter," "rover," "corsair," and "pirate." Thus, for example, Mr. Everett, in August, 1864, some six weeks after the engagement which ended in

\* Seven of these were sent to Cuba as prizes, but were restored by the Spanish authorities to their original owners; two were recaptured, two released on ransom, and seven were burned. One only was burned, however, until after these recaptures and restorations had convinced Semmes that all attempt to send his captures in for adjudication was a waste of both time and men.

† The U. S. steamer *Hatteras* was sunk; seven vessels were admitted to ransom; one was made a cartel; the other fifty-four were burned as soon as captured.



the sinking of the Alabama, contributed to the "New York Ledger" an article entitled "The Pirate Alabama, by Edward Everett," whose purpose was to denounce Semmes, not only as a pirate, but as capable and guilty of habitual violations of honor, courage, municipal law, and the law of nations.

When Mr. Everett wrote this article, he knew that Captain Winslow, of the Kearsarge, had treated the officers and men of the Alabama who fell into his hands, not as pirates, corsairs, or freebooters, but as belligerents, prisoners of war, by admitting them to parole; that by establishing a blockade of Confederate ports, our government had recognized the Confederates as belligerents, if not as a belligerent state, and had thus confessed that Confederate officers and men, military or naval, could not be treated as pirates or guerrillas, so long as they obeyed the laws of war; that the same recognition was made when cartels for exchange of prisoners were established between the Federal and Confederate authorities; and, above all, when the Federal executive, after the courts had declared Confederate privateersmen to be pirates, had deliberately set aside those judgments, and admitted the captured and condemned officers and men of the Savannah and the Jeff Davis to exchange as prisoners of war.\*

In the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Navy, dated December, 1864, the Alabama is a "piratical cruiser" that "roamed the seas, robbing and destroying, . . . shunning all armed antagonists." The Alabama and Florida are "rovers" which had "never, during their entire piratical career, sent in for adjudication and condemnation a single ship or cargo"; and "corsairs"

perpetrating "robberies, stealing chronometers," "plundering" and burning vessels, etc. Alluding to the fight off Cherbourg, that Report says that Semmes's "conduct on this occasion" was marked by "the same dishonor" as his "whole ignoble career"; that before leaving Cherbourg for the fight, which he himself had challenged, Semmes "deposited the chronometers and other trophies of his robberies on shore"; and "when beaten and compelled to surrender, he threw overboard the sword that was no longer his own, and, abusing the generous confidence of his brave antagonist, stole away in the English tender, whose owner proved himself, by his conduct, a fit companion for the dishonored and beaten corsair."

Proceeding *fervido animo*, — the fervor somewhat confusing the process of thought, — the Report complains that this "corsair" disregarded the laws of war by running away after his offer of surrender; as though "pirates" were subject to those laws. "Having surrendered," says the Report, Semmes "cannot relieve himself of his obligations as a *prisoner of war*, until he shall be *regularly exchanged*."

The feelings thus expressed by eminent men in 1864, and which were universally diffused, continued, with little diminution, to inflame the public mind in December, 1865; and it is less surprising that Semmes was at last arrested, than that so many months were allowed to pass before he was seized at Mobile, and imprisoned to await trial at Washington.

The manner of his arrest is described by Semmes himself, with reasonable accuracy, in these words: —

"On the night of the 15th of December, 1865, or seven months and a half after I had received the guaranty of General Sherman, at Greensboro', North Carolina, that I should not be molested by the United States authorities, a lieutenant of the Marine Corps, with a guard of soldiers, surrounded my house, and arrested me on an order from Mr. Gideon Welles, without the

\* The reluctance with which this recognition was granted does not affect its validity. After having refused, again and again, President Davis's offers of exchange, the Federal executive, being at last notified that fourteen Union prisoners — six colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, three majors, and three captains — had been shut up in felons' cells, to be hung whenever the Confederate privateers were executed, concluded to regard those "pirates" as lawful belligerents entitled to exchange.



process of any court. I was torn from my family, under guard, and hurried off to Washington. I was kept a close prisoner, with a sentinel at my door, for nearly four months.\*

Semmes was not so suddenly "torn from his family," nor "hurried off" so precipitately, as to prevent his writing a formal protest against his arrest to General Woods, then in command at Mobile, in which he claims exemption from such arrest by virtue of his parole under the Greensboro' convention, as he again does in his letter to General Sherman, two days after his arrest, and as he subsequently did in several communications to President Andrew Johnson.

As Semmes relied upon this "guaranty" as a bar of all proceedings that might be commenced or conducted, in any court, civil or military, for any act done by him during the Rebellion, I will give his account of the circumstances attending his surrender and parole, and also the form of parole, and the article of the Sherman-Johnston military convention under which it was received.

He says: "The country is familiar with what occurred at Greensboro' between Johnston and Sherman. . . . Sherman entered into an agreement . . . that the Southern States should be regarded as *ipso facto* on the cessation of the war, restored to their rights in the Union. . . . Stanton rejected the convention, reminding Sherman that he was nothing but a soldier. . . . He now entered into a *purely military convention*.† The main features of that convention were, that Johnston should disperse his army, and that Sherman

should, in consideration thereof, guarantee it against molestation by the Federal authorities. Commissioners appointed by the two generals met . . . May 1, 1865"; namely, "Brevet Brigadier-General Hartsuff, on the part of the Federals, and Colonel Mason, on the part of the Confederates. Each guaranty of non-molestation had been prepared beforehand, in a printed form, and signed by Hartsuff, and only required to be filled up with the name and rank of the party entitled to receive it, and signed by myself, to be complete. . . . I produced the muster-roll of my command. The general counted out an equal number of blank guaranties, and, handing them to me, said, 'You have only to fill up one of these for each officer and soldier of your command, with his name and rank, and sign it and hand it to him. I have already signed them myself. You can fill up the one intended for yourself in like manner.' 'With regard to the latter,' I replied, 'I prefer, if you have no objection, to have it filled up and completed here in your presence.' 'O, that makes no difference,' he replied. 'Very well,' said I; 'if it makes no difference, you can have no objection to complying with my request.' He now called an aide-de-camp, and, desiring him to be seated at the table where we were, told him to fill up my guaranty after my dictation. I gave him my titles separately, making him write me down a Rear-Admiral in the Confederate States Navy, and a Brigadier-General in the Confederate States Army. When he had done this, he handed me the paper. I signed it, and put it in my pocket, and turning to the general, said, 'I am now satisfied.'"

Semmes's account proceeds as follows: "It was well I took the precaution above described; for when I was afterwards arrested, the Yankee press, howling for my blood, claimed that I had deceived the paroling officer, and obtained my parole under false pretences, the said paroling officer not dreaming, when he was paroling one

\* I quote from "Memoirs of Service afloat, during the War between the States, by Admiral Raphael Semmes, of the late Confederate States Navy, author of 'Service afloat and ashore during the Mexican War,'" published at Baltimore in 1869. This book, under a slightly different title, was published in London the same year. Semmes never was "Admiral," but then he was Brigadier-General when paroled in May, 1865; and as he omits this title from his title-page, we may forgive him for overstating his naval rank.

† I underscore these words to impress them on my reader's mind. Semmes seems not to have realized their full import.



Brigadier-General Semmes, that he had the veritable 'pirate' before him."

While it is not unlikely that General Hartsuff may have been far from suspecting that Rear-Admiral, Brigadier-General Semmes was Commander Semmes of the Alabama, there is no probability that such ignorance influenced his conduct, or that he would have treated "the veritable pirate" any differently, whatever had been his knowledge of his past career; for neither he nor any "Yankee press" ever supposed that a military convention, or parole, was a "guaranty" against criminal liability.\*

The parole is in these words: "In accordance with the terms of the military convention entered into, etc., R. Semmes, Rear-Admiral and Brigadier-General, C. S. Navy and C. S. Army, commanding brigade, has given his solemn obligation not to take up arms against the government of the United States, until properly released from this obligation; and is permitted to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as he observes this obligation, and obeys the laws in force where he may reside."

The fifth article of the convention referred to provided that the Confederate officers and men who surrendered to Sherman, should "be permitted to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their obligations, and the laws in force where they reside."

On the sixth day of January, 1866, Semmes, by his counsel, wrote to the President, reiterating the opinions which he had already urged upon General Wood and General Sherman. Five days afterwards, there was published in the Washington newspapers an opinion of Attorney-General Speed, in which that officer asserted that Confederates guilty of violations of the laws of war might be tried for such offences by military courts, notwithstanding

ing their surrender and parole under military conventions.

This opinion led to a second letter, dated January 15, 1866, from Semmes to the President, written at great length, and giving the fullest expression to his peculiar views. The letter recites the fifth article already quoted, and asserts that Semmes's arrest and detention are infractions of that convention. "The question for you, then, to decide, Mr. President," says this letter, "is the legality of this arrest"; and the writer insists that he cannot, legally, "be held to answer for *any act of war* committed anterior to the convention." He argues that every violation of the laws of war is an act of war, for the perpetration of which, no matter how monstrous the crime may be, he can never be held, or tried, by any tribunal.

He thus confounds two things utterly unlike, and lays down a proposition that shocks humanity, and is at variance with well-settled cases and doctrines. The wilful torture and starvation of prisoners, in the case of Wirz; incendiary attempts in peaceful cities, in the case of Kennedy; the attempt to throw railroad trains from the track, in States remote from the seat of war, in Beall's case,—were held, and properly held, to be no more acts of war than is the poisoning of wells or the massacre of infants, or any other wanton outrage upon the helpless and unoffending. This joinder of incongruities, this confusion of *res insociabiles*, this *discordia rerum*, betrays not only mental blindness, but a perversity of heart that would relegate civilized warfare back to and beyond the barbarisms and horrors of three thousand years ago.

"I did not surrender unconditionally," says this letter, "but upon terms; . . . nor is it consistent with good faith to qualify or restrain those terms, so as to make them inapplicable to acts of war that may be claimed to have been in violation of the laws of war; for this would be to refine away all the protection which has been thrown around me by treaty, and put me in the power of

\* These extracts are from the book of Semmes already cited.



the opposite contracting party, who might put his own construction upon the laws of war." This, as Semmes alleged, was the attempt made by the Secretary of the Navy in ordering his arrest, imprisonment, and trial.

Upon Semmes's theory it was quite immaterial whether he had, or had not, either occasionally or habitually, carelessly or with deliberate malignity, disregarded the law and usage of war; yet he denies, and in this letter seeks to disprove, that he had been guilty of any such crime. Forgetting that he had described the convention under which he was paroled as "a purely military convention," he insists that this convention, having been approved by the President as Commander-in-Chief, at Washington, had acquired the force of a treaty, and had become of perpetual and universal obligation to protect him from prosecution and punishment for any offence committed by him prior to its date, and refers to the delay in ordering his arrest as proof that the administration had so regarded it.

So confident was he in this opinion, and of President Johnson's concurrence therein, that he cast himself unreservedly into the President's hands, and made him his sole judge. He said, "I put it to you, Mr. President, as a man and a magistrate, to say, and I will rest my case on your answer, whether it was consistent with honor and fair dealing for this government, first to entrap me, and then, having me in its power, to arrest me and declare that convention null and void."

For "answer" to this application, the President referred it to the Secretary of the Navy, upon whose charge and by whose order the arrest of Semmes had been made. To him and to the law officer of his department was allotted the duty of determining whether Semmes should be tried, and, if yea, for what crimes or offences and upon what charges and specifications. It was understood that President Johnson would not allow a military court to try Semmes for simple piracy or

treason, but only for offences against that code of law which governs all belligerents.

The first question upon which I had, as Solicitor and Naval Judge Advocate General, to advise the Secretary, after Semmes had been brought as a prisoner to Washington,\* was whether, under the military convention and parole which Semmes so earnestly pressed upon the executive notice, and which he would, of course, plead in bar of trial, whenever arraigned, he could lawfully be tried.

My own opinion was, that capitulations of surrender do not deal with the surrendering force as criminals; that if they attempt so to do, they trespass on the civil authority and its functions; and that such trespass is illegal. The belligerent who has conformed to the laws of war is never regarded by his opponent as a culprit, although, if taken prisoner, he may be held in confinement to prevent his again becoming an active enemy. But this detention, whether by actual imprisonment or by the obligation of a parole, is not a punishment for misconduct.

Neither capture, confinement, parole, exchange, nor discharge under capitulation can affect the criminal liability of an offender against municipal or public laws. Principle and precedent concur in showing that no form of military protection is a shield against such liability. Neither passport nor flag of truce can protect a spy or a deserter; and good American authority has held that a prisoner of war under the safeguard of a capitulation may be selected for punishment by way of retaliation.†

I had no legal doubts upon this sub-

\* Until Semmes had been thus brought to Washington, I had had no knowledge of any proceedings against him.

† Washington seized Badgely and Hatfield as deserters, though covered by a flag of truce; and to an application for their release, he declared that the flag could not screen either deserters or criminals. Arnold's passport could not save André. When the English Captain Lippincott murdered Huddy, Washington threatened, unless Lippincott were given up for trial, to hang some English captain chosen by lot from among prisoners held under capitulation.



ject. The Attorney-General was equally confident. But it was a grave question, and I wished to fortify my opinion by that of publicists and jurists of the greatest weight and reputation. I therefore took counsel of Charles Eames, Esq., of Washington, now, alas, dead, but then in the zenith of his bright career; full of learning, inspired by genius, and inspiring by his eloquence. I conferred, also, with Charles Sumner and Caleb Cushing, whose names are themselves titles of distinction, and whose concurring judgments confirmed my conviction that Semmes was still amenable to justice, and subject to trial for any offence against the rules of civilized warfare.

I applied, of course, to Dr. Francis Lieber, in whose learning and devotion to the Union the government and people of his adopted country fully confided, and whose friendly aid I had enjoyed in several important military trials while I was acting as Judge-Advocate of the Military Department of the East. "There can be no doubt," answered Dr. Lieber, "that we have a perfect right to try him for any offence beyond that of fighting against his legitimate government. The agreement between him and General Hart-suff is a strictly military agreement. It is no pardon for any offences, not even for the offence of having traitorously carried arms against his own country. No agreement, contract, or convention can cover more than its own character and nature imply. This is a question between belligerents. It says, 'Instead of making you an actual prisoner, I let you go on parole,' etc.

Professor Lieber, in communicating this opinion, kindly stated that it had the support of Dr. Theodore W. Dwight, his colleague in the Law School in New York; and referred me, for a more elaborate expression of his views, to an article of his own, published in the "*Independent*." He also reminded me that, in 1863, "instructions for the government of armies of the United States" had been prepared by him, under the direction of Presi-

dent Lincoln, by whom they were approved after revision by a board of army officers, and which became the now world-famous "GENERAL ORDER No. 100," of that year's issue of the War Department.

"Paragraph 59" of that "order" contains these words:—

"A prisoner of war remains answerable for his crimes committed against his captor's army or people before he was captured, and for which he has not been punished by his own authorities."

This "order" was made known at the date of its issue (1863) to the Confederate rebels, and it notified them what to expect at our hands, if they surrendered. As Dr. Lieber remarked, "We have fought on this proclamation, and there has been no misunderstanding on this point."

From President Woolsey of Yale College, himself a leading author and authority on public law, and from Professor Twining of the Yale Law School, I received, in like manner, prompt and friendly answers to my application, containing full and able opinions, corroborating those of Eames, Sumner, Cushing, Lieber, and Dwight. For their generous assistance all these learned and patriotic jurists deserve, and have, my warmest gratitude.

These opinions, supported by the precedents of Marshal Ney and of the Crimean case quoted by Lieber in the "*Independent*," determined the Secretary of the Navy to bring Semmes to trial, provided the evidence should, upon careful preliminary examination, seem strong enough to sustain the charge of "violation of the laws of war."

The precedents just named are as follows:—

Marshal Ney "first deserted the Emperor and joined the Allied forces which restored Louis XVIII. to the French throne. On Napoleon's escape from Elba, Ney deserted Louis, and returned to his old master, for whom he fought during the famous "hundred days." After the capitulation of Paris to the Allies, July 3, 1815, which in-



cluded Ney, who was then in the French capital, he was arraigned upon the charge of treason, and pleaded the capitulation in bar of trial.

Article twelve of the capitulation stipulated that not only the inhabitants, but "all persons in the capital should continue to enjoy their rights and liberties without being disturbed or brought in question, in respect of any functions in which they had been engaged relative to their conduct or politics."

This article was held by the Duke of Wellington, and by the Chamber of Peers which formed the court for Ney's trial, to be "purely a military convention," as Semmes described the Sherman-Johnston convention, and not to affect the rights of the French government to prosecute and punish Ney for his treason. His plea was overruled, conviction followed, and a few hours after sentence he was shot.

It may have been, and doubtless was, foolish, cruel, and unjust to carry this sentence into execution. But all Europe acknowledged that the convention was correctly construed, and that Ney was fairly tried.

During the Crimean War, a Russian officer taken prisoner by the French and English troops was accused of inciting his men to mutilate and kill wounded enemies lying helpless on the field of battle. For this brutal violation of the law of war he was tried by a court-martial convened by his captors, found guilty, and executed. Accounts of this trial and execution of this prisoner of war were published in the journals of different European countries, and nowhere was any disapprobation expressed against the procedure or the principle. Both were everywhere felt and admitted to be right.\* These principles and precedents settled the question of legal liability. And so it was decided that Semmes should be

tried, if, on inquiry, he was clearly an offender.

The next question to be answered, then, was, whether he had been guilty of any, and, if any, what, offences against the law and usages of war.

This general inquiry was considered and pursued under various detailed and specific forms, namely:—

1. Was it such offence to attack, capture, and destroy our unresisting private vessels, and their cargoes, without any effort to send them in for adjudication?

2. Had Semmes, and if yea, in what cases, and how, maltreated his captives, or been guilty of culpable cruelty?

3. Was his conduct criminally perfidious at or after the engagement between the Kearsarge and Alabama, off Cherbourg?

4. Was any one, and which, of the crafty tricks and expedients resorted to by Semmes for the purpose of concealing or misrepresenting the real character and purpose of his ship—or, as Mr. Everett expressed it, for the purpose of "cheating into his power" the unarmed vessels on which he made such fatal warfare; or in effecting his hostile plans, such as extinguishing the light-houses at the mouth of the Mississippi in order to escape unseen by our blockading ships; or assuming the flag of the United States, or of any other recognized nationality; or burning captured vessels as decoys; or "stealing chronometers," or otherwise "plundering" from the vessels he seized and burned—was any one of these acts of fraud or force an offence against law?

5. If Semmes violated neutral rights, as, for example, by pursuing our vessels into neutral waters and there destroying them, is that an offence for which our government will bring him to trial as an offender against public law?

\* Lieber says: "If it were discovered that a prisoner of war had been concerned in the poisoning, or other assassination of an enemy, before his capture, he would plainly remain answerable for the crime, and would be wholly unprotected by his status as prisoner of war; and the law and usages of

war make no distinction as to obligations, or status, between the paroled prisoner and the prisoner in custody." The "Report on the Conduct of the War," Part III. pp. 4, 5, 17, 18, shows that General Sherman did not intend by his convention to screen any criminal.



Some of these questions were promptly answered.

1. It was resolved that neutral powers should be left to vindicate their own rights in their own way.

2. It was concluded that if Semmes was so far a lawful belligerent as to be subject to the laws of war, he must, also, be entitled to all warlike rights, customs, and immunities, including the right to perform all of the customary cheats, falsifications, snares, decoys, false pretences, and swindles of civilized and Christian warfare; to "steal chronometers," or otherwise "plunder" before destroying his captures; and that although it might be an act of barbarism forbidden by public law to extinguish lighthouses in ports not under blockade, and thus wantonly endanger the lives and property of the whole commercial world, yet such an act is not criminal at places closely blockaded, as was New Orleans in June, 1861, when Semmes escaped from the mouth of the Mississippi and the vigilance of the Mohican.

It was also determined to collect from original sources all procurable evidence in regard to Semmes's treatment of prisoners, and his conduct during and after the sea-fight off Cherbourg, before attempting to prepare charges against him.

The other, and first above-stated inquiry, namely, that respecting the captor's duty of sending in captures for adjudication, was met and answered rather as a question of policy than as matter of public law. Without consulting publicist or jurisconsult, it was easily possible to see and show that we, as a government, could not afford to prosecute and punish as a criminal any naval officer for capturing and destroying the enemy's trading vessels, as fast as possible, not only without any attempt to send them in for adjudication, but with a determined purpose and policy not to do so.

This conclusion was the result of a careful study of our own naval history, and of a thoughtful examination of fu-

ture possibilities in the event of war between the United States and some great commercial nation.

I will not dwell upon this last division of the topic, but content myself with a reference to that past theory and practice of our naval warfare, which rendered it impossible to punish Semmes for having learned and practised so successfully the lesson taught by our own instruction and example, in the Revolutionary War, when we were rebels, and in the last war (1812) with Great Britain.

The earlier records are imperfect; but enough can be gathered from our naval historian, Cooper, to show that many of the vessels captured in the war of the Revolution were destroyed at sea.

Of the history and policy of the later period we have abundant proofs. Not less than seventy-four British merchantmen were captured, and destroyed as soon as captured, under express instructions from the Navy Department, and in pursuance of a deliberate purpose and plan, without any attempt or intent to send or bring them in as prizes for adjudication. The orders of the department upon this subject are numerous, emphatic, and carefully prepared. They deserve to be studied and remembered; and they effectually silence all American right or disposition to complain of Semmes for having imitated our example, in obedience to similar orders from the Secretary of the Confederate Navy.

The instructions to which I refer were addressed to Captains David Porter and O. H. Perry, each in command of a squadron; to Captain Charles Stewart, of the *Constitution*, twice; to Captain Charles Morris, of the Congress; Commandant Lewis Warrington, of the *Peacock*; Commandant Johnston Blakely, of the *Wasp*; Master Commandant Joseph Bainbridge, of the *Frolic*; Master Commandant George Parker, of the *Siren*; Master Commandant John O. Creighton, of the *Rattlesnake*; Lieutenant William H. Allen, of the *Argus*; Lieutenant James



Renshaw, of the Enterprise; and Master Ridgely, of the Erie.\*

Extracts from the instructions of the department which led to these immediate burnings of captured vessels will best show the precise purpose and deliberate policy of the government.† I will, therefore, quote brief passages from some five or six different orders as samples of all.

"The great object," says one of them, "is the destruction of the commerce of the enemy, and the bringing into port the prisoners, in order to exchange against our unfortunate countrymen who may fall into his hands." "You will, therefore, man no prize, unless the value, place of capture, and other favorable circumstances shall render safe arrival morally certain." "You will not agree to the ransoming of any prize." "Grant no cartel, nor liberate any prisoners, unless under circumstances of extreme and unavoidable necessity."

In another it is said, "You will, therefore, unless in some extraordinary cases that shall clearly warrant an exception, destroy all you capture; and by thus retaining your crew and continuing your cruise, your services may be enhanced tenfold."

"I have it in command from the President strictly to prohibit the giving or accepting, directly or indirectly, a challenge to combat ship to ship."

Again: "Your own sound judgment and observation will sufficiently demonstrate to you how extremely precarious and injurious is the attempt to send in a prize, unless taken very near a friendly port, and under the

most favorable circumstances. . . . Policy, interest, and duty combine to dictate the destruction of all captures, with the above exceptions."

Another: "The commerce of the enemy is the most vulnerable point of the enemy we can attack, and its destruction the main object; and to this end all your efforts should be directed. Therefore, unless your prizes should be very valuable and near a friendly port, it will be imprudent and worse than useless to attempt to send them in; the chances of recapture are excessively great; the crew, the safety of the ship under your command, would be diminished and endangered, as well as your own fame and the national honor, by hazarding a battle after the reduction of your officers and crew by manning prizes. In every point of view, then, it will be proper to destroy what you capture, except valuable and compact articles, that may be transshipped.\* This system gives to one ship the force of many."

Another order says that "a single cruiser, if ever so successful, can man but a few prizes, and every prize is a serious diminution of her force; but a single cruiser, destroying every captured vessel, has the capacity of continuing, in full vigor, her destructive power, so long as her provisions and stores can be replenished, either from friendly ports or from the vessels captured. . . . Thus has a single cruiser, upon the *destructive plan*, the power, perhaps, of twenty acting upon pecuniary views alone; † . . . and thus may the employment of our small force in some degree compensate for the great inequality [of our force] compared with that of the enemy."

Such were the policy and the orders of President Madison and of the Secretary of the Navy in 1812, 1813, 1814; and such beyond question would be the plan and the instructions of any

\* Of the 74 captures made under these orders of instant destruction, 6 were by the Essex; 5 by the Constitution; 8 by the President; 8 by the corvette Adams; 1 each by the Hornet, the Chesapeake, and the Rattlesnake, in company with the Enterprise; 2 each by the Siren and Frolic; 11 by the Wasp; 13 by the Argus; and 14 by the Peacock.

† I copy, not merely from the original records, but from Peter Force's "American Archives," and from Congressional printed documents connected with the petitions of the gallant officers above-named, for an appropriation in lieu of prize; obedience to these "destructive" orders having deprived them of all benefit from their captures.

\* Such as "chronometers"? What a curious comment is this upon the current complaints against Semmes, that he saved chronometers from the ships he captured and destroyed!

† That is, upon the hope of prize-money from captures sent in for adjudication.



administration under like circumstances.

Not only did Semmes's official conduct conform to this well-known policy of the American Navy, but it was directed by similar instructions from the Secretary of the Confederate Navy. "Do the enemy's commerce the greatest injury in the shortest time," was Mr. Mallory's significant order to Semmes, in June, 1861; and never, in naval history, has such an order been so signally obeyed; never has there occurred so striking an example of the tremendous power of mischief possessed by a single cruiser acting upon this "destructive plan," as that furnished by the Sumter and her successor, the Alabama, under the command of Semmes, whose untiring activity, restless energy, and fiery zeal found no voyage too long, no movement too prompt or too rapid, no danger too great, no labor too wearisome, in the accomplishment of the Confederate purpose to ruin our commerce by destroying our ships and their cargoes, or driving them from the ocean. He was, probably, beyond all other men who had been trained in our navy, the man to carry out the "destructive policy"; and so fatally well did he perform his duty, that twenty years will scarcely suffice to restore our ships and commerce to their old prosperity.

Now, while it might be pardonable, even in Mr. Everett while writing for the "Ledger" and catering to popular taste or prejudice, to forget this most remarkable chapter and policy in our naval history and administration, it could not safely be forgotten or ignored by any law officer of the government, in preparing for the trial of Semmes, who was certain to plant his defence upon the precedents and practice of that navy in which he had been educated and employed, and who, moreover, was entitled to the full weight of those precedents with the executive while considering whether he ought to

be held for trial. Justice required that the Rebel captain should be fairly treated, and I had no sympathy with those persons, official or unofficial, who denied courage and gallantry to Semmes, because he, like our own Bainbridge, Morris, Porter, and Stewart, had implicitly obeyed the orders under which he sailed, and devoted himself to that "destructive plan" which, while it was of vast service to the Confederate cause and of incalculable injury to the Federal mercantile marine, deprived him, as it had deprived them, not only of all hope of prize-money, but also of that higher reward, the distinction and glory arising from well-contested fights, successful engagements with "foemen worthy of his steel," and "combat ship to ship."

It is evident that, after it had been, as it soon was, resolved that neither treason nor piracy should be charged against Semmes before a military or naval tribunal, and that his methods of capturing, "plundering," and destroying vessels should not be treated as offences against public law and duty, but that he should be dealt with as a belligerent naval officer, bound to obey the laws of war and entitled to their protection, it was needless to inquire where or by whom the Alabama was built, manned, armed, or commissioned; or whether a government without an open port can legitimately own or employ a naval force. These inquiries, however interesting or important they might be in other connections, were of no sort of interest or importance as elements of a trial for violating the laws of war in the conduct of a cruiser subject to those laws, and protected by them.

In this way the field and the duty of inquiry were reduced to the two subjects of cruelty to prisoners and perfidy towards Captain Winslow and the power he represented.

In my next paper will be stated the methods and the result of this two-fold investigation.

*John A. Bolles, Naval Solicitor.*



## THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

## VII.

I WAS very sure that the Old Master was hard at work about something, — he is *always* very busy with something, — but I mean something particular.

Whether it was a question of history or of cosmogony, or whether he was handling a test-tube or a blow-pipe; what he was about I did not feel sure; but I took it for granted that it was some crucial question or other he was at work on, some point bearing on the thought of the time. For the Master, I have observed, is pretty sagacious in striking for the points where his work will be like to tell. We all know that class of scientific laborers to whom all facts are alike nourishing mental food, and who seem to exercise no choice whatever, provided only they can get hold of these same indiscriminate facts in quantity sufficient. They browse on them, as the animal to which they would not like to be compared browses on his thistles. But the Master knows the movement of the age he belongs to; and if he seems to be busy with what looks like a small piece of trivial experimenting, one may feel pretty sure that he knows what he is about, and that his minute operations are looking to a result that will help him towards attaining his great end in life, — an insight, so far as his faculties and opportunities will allow, into that order of things which he believes he can study with some prospect of taking in its significance.

I became so anxious to know what particular matter he was busy with, that I had to call upon him to satisfy my curiosity. It was with a little trepidation that I knocked at his door. I felt a good deal as one might have felt on disturbing an alchemist at his work, at the very moment, it might be, when he was about to make projection.

— Come in! — said the Master in his grave, massive tones.

I passed through the library with him into a little room evidently devoted to his experiments.

— You have come just at the right moment, — he said. — Your eyes are better than mine. I have been looking at this flask, and I should like to have you look at it.

It was a small *matrass*, as one of the elder chemists would have called it, containing a fluid, and hermetically sealed. He held it up at the window; perhaps you remember the physician holding a flask to the light in Gerard Douw's "*Femme hydropique*"; I thought of that fine figure as I looked at him. — Look! — said he, — is it clear or cloudy?

— You need not ask me that, — I answered. — It is very plainly turbid. I should think that some sediment had been shaken up in it. What is it, *Elixir Vitæ* or *Aurum potabile*?

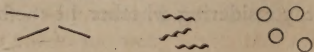
— Something that means more than alchemy ever did! Boiled just three hours, and as clear as a bell until within the last few days; since then has been clouding up.

— I began to form a pretty shrewd guess at the meaning of all this, and to think I knew very nearly what was coming next. I was right in my conjecture. The Master broke off the sealed end of his little flask, took out a small portion of the fluid on a glass rod, and placed it on a slip of glass in the usual way for a microscopic examination.

— One thousand diameters, — he said, as he placed it on the stage of the microscope. — We shall find signs of life, of course. — He bent over the instrument and looked but an instant.

— There they are! — he exclaimed, — look in.

I looked in and saw some objects not very unlike these: —



The straight linear bodies were dart-



ing backward and forward in every direction. The wavy ones were wriggling about like eels or water-snakes. The round ones were spinning on their axes and rolling in every direction. All of them were in a state of incessant activity, as if perpetually seeking something and never finding it.

They are tough, the germs of these little bodies,—said the Master.—Three hours' boiling has n't killed 'em. Now, then, let us see what has been the effect of *six* hours' boiling.

He took up another flask just like the first, containing fluid and hermetically sealed in the same way.

—Boiled just three hours longer than the other,—he said,—six hours in all. This is the *experimentum crucis*. Do you see any cloudiness in it?

—Not a sign of it; it is as clear as crystal, except that there may be a little sediment at the bottom.

—That is nothing. The liquid is clear. We shall find no signs of life.—He put a minute drop of the liquid under the microscope as before. Nothing stirred. Nothing to be seen but a clear circle of light. We looked at it again and again, but with the same result.

—Six hours kill 'em all, according to this experiment,—said the Master.—Good as far as it goes. One more negative result. Do you know what would have happened if that liquid had been clouded, and we had found life in the sealed flask? Sir, if that liquid had held life in it the Vatican would have trembled to hear it, and there would have been anxious questionings and ominous whisperings in the halls of Lambeth palace! The accepted cosmogonies on trial, sir! Traditions, sanctities, creeds, ecclesiastical establishments, all shaking to know whether my little sixpenny flask of fluid looks muddy or not! I don't know whether to laugh or shudder. The thought of an œcumenical council having its leading feature dislocated by my trifling experiment! The thought, again, of the mighty revolution in human beliefs and affairs that might grow out of the same insignificant little phenomenon. A

wineglassful of clear liquid growing muddy. If we had found a wriggle, or a zigzag, or a shoot from one side to the other, in this last flask, what a scare there would have been, to be sure, in the schools of the prophets! Talk about your *megatherium* and your *megalosaurus*,—what are these to the *bacterium* and the *vibrio*? These are the dreadful monsters of to-day. If they show themselves where they have no business, the little rascals frighten honest folks worse than ever people were frightened by the Dragon of Rhodes!

The Master gets going sometimes, there is no denying it, until his imagination runs away with him. He had been trying, as the reader sees, one of those curious experiments in spontaneous generation, as it is called, which have been so often instituted of late years, and by none more thoroughly than by that eminent American student of nature whose process he had imitated with a result like his.

We got talking over these matters among us the next morning at the breakfast-table.

We must agree they could n't stand six hours' boiling,—I said.

—Good for the Pope of Rome!—exclaimed the Master.

—The Landlady drew back with a certain expression of dismay in her countenance. She hoped he did n't want the Pope to make any more converts in this country. She had heard a sermon only last Sabbath, and the minister had made it out, she thought, as plain as could be, that the Pope was the Man of Sin and that the Church of Rome was—Well, there was very strong names applied to her in Scripture.

What was good for the Pope was good for your minister, too, my dear madam,—said the Master.—Good for everybody that is afraid of what people call "science." If it should prove that dead things come to life of themselves, it would be awkward, you know, because then somebody will get up and say if one dead thing made itself alive another might, and so perhaps the



earth peopled itself without any help. Possibly the difficulty would n't be so great as many people suppose. We might perhaps find room for a Creator after all, as we do now, though we see a little brown seed grow till it sucks up the juices of half an acre of ground, apparently all by its own inherent power. That does not stagger us; I am not sure that it would if Mr. Crosse's or Mr. Weekes's *acarus* should show himself all of a sudden, as they said he did, in certain mineral mixtures acted on by electricity.

The Landlady was off soundings, and looking vacant enough by this time.

He turned to me. — Don't think too much of the result of our one experiment. It means something, because it confirms those other experiments of which it was a copy; but we must remember that a hundred negatives don't settle such a question. Life does get into the world somehow. You don't suppose Adam had the cutaneous unpleasantness politely called *psora*, do you?

— Hardly, — I answered. — He must have been a walking hospital if he carried all the maladies about him which have plagued his descendants.

— Well, then, how did the little beast which is peculiar to that special complaint intrude himself into the order of things? You don't suppose there was a special act of creation for the express purpose of bestowing that little wretch on humanity, do you?

I thought, on the whole, I would n't answer that question.

— You and I are at work on the same problem, — said the young Astronomer to the Master. — I have looked into a microscope now and then, and I have seen that perpetual dancing about of minute atoms in a fluid, which you call molecular motion. Just so, when I look through my telescope I see the star-dust whirling about in the infinite expanse of ether; or if I do not see its motion, I know that it is only on account of its immeasurable distance. Matter and motion everywhere; void and rest nowhere. You ask why your

restless microscopic atoms may not come together and become self-conscious and self-moving organisms. I ask why my telescopic star-dust may not come together and grow and organize into habitable worlds, — the ripened fruit on the branches of the tree Yggdrasil, if I may borrow from our friend the Poet's province. It frightens people, though, to hear the suggestion that worlds shape themselves from starmist. It does not trouble them at all to see the watery spheres that round themselves into being out of the vapors floating over us; they are nothing but rain-drops. But if a planet can grow as a rain-drop grows, why then —. It was a great comfort to these timid folk when Lord Rosse's telescope resolved certain nebulae into star-clusters. Sir John Herschel would have told them that this made little difference in accounting for the formation of worlds by aggregation, but at any rate it was a comfort to them.

— These people have always been afraid of the astronomers, — said the Master. — They were shy, you know, of the Copernican system, for a long while; well they might be with an *oubliette* waiting for them if they ventured to think that the earth moved round the sun. Science settled that point finally for them, at length, and then it was all right, — when there was no use in disputing the fact any longer. By and by geology began turning up fossils that told extraordinary stories about the duration of life upon our planet. What subterfuges were not used to get rid of their evidence! Think of a man seeing the fossilized skeleton of an animal split out of a quarry, his teeth worn down by mastication, and the remains of food still visible in his interior, and, in order to get rid of a piece of evidence contrary to the traditions he holds to, seriously maintaining that this skeleton never belonged to a living creature, but was created with just these appearances; a make-believe, a sham, a Barnum's-mermaid contrivance to amuse its Creator and impose upon his intelligent children! And now peo-



ple talk about geological epochs and hundreds of millions of years in the planet's history as calmly as if they were discussing the age of their deceased great-grandmothers. Ten or a dozen years ago people said *Sh! Sh!* if you ventured to meddle with any question supposed to involve a doubt of the generally accepted Hebrew traditions. To-day such questions are recognized as perfectly fair subjects for general conversation; not in the basement story, perhaps, or among the rank and file of the curbstone congregations, but among intelligent and educated persons. You may preach about them in your pulpit, you may lecture about them, you may talk about them with the first sensible-looking person you happen to meet, you may write magazine articles about them, and the editor need not expect to receive remonstrances from angry subscribers and withdrawals of subscriptions, as he would have been sure to not a great many years ago. Why, you may go to a tea-party where the clergyman's wife shows her best cap and his daughters display their shining ringlets, and you will hear the company discussing the Darwinian theory of the origin of the human race as if it were as harmless a question as that of the lineage of a spinster's lapdog. You may see a fine lady who is as particular in her genuflections as any Buddhist or Mahometan saint in his manifestations of reverence, who will talk over the anthropoid ape, the supposed founder of the family to which we belong, and even go back with you to the acephalous mollusk, first cousin to the clams and mussels, whose rudimental spine was the hinted prophecy of humanity; all this time never dreaming, apparently, that what she takes for a matter of curious speculation involves the whole future of human progress and destiny.

I can't help thinking that if we had talked as freely as we can and do now in the days of the first boarder at this table,—I mean the one who introduced it to the public,—it would have sounded

a good deal more aggressively than it does now. — The Old Master got rather warm in talking; perhaps the consciousness of having a number of listeners had something to do with it.

— This whole business is an open question, — he said, — and there is no use in saying, “*Hush! don't talk about such things!*” People do talk about 'em everywhere; and if they don't talk about 'em they think about 'em, and that is worse, — if there is anything bad about such questions, that is. If for the Fall of man, science comes to substitute the RISE of man, sir, it means the utter disintegration of all the spiritual pessimisms which have been like a spasm in the heart and a cramp in the intellect of men for so many centuries. And yet who dares to say that it is not a perfectly legitimate and proper question to be discussed, without the slightest regard to the fears or the threats of Pope or prelate?

Sir, I believe, — the Master rose from his chair as he spoke, and said in a deep and solemn tone, but without any declamatory vehemence, — sir, I believe that we are at this moment in what will be recognized not many centuries hence as one of the late watches in the night of the dark ages. There is a twilight ray, beyond question. We know something of the universe, a very little, and, strangely enough, we know most of what is farthest from us. We have weighed the planets and analyzed the flames of the sun and stars. We predict their movements as if they were machines we ourselves had made and regulated. We know a good deal about the earth on which we live. But the study of man has been so completely subjected to our preconceived opinions, that we have got to begin all over again. We have studied anthropology through theology; we have now to begin the study of theology through anthropology. Until we have exhausted the human element in every form of belief, and that can only be done by what we may call comparative spiritual anatomy, we cannot begin to deal with the alleged extra-human elements without blunder-



ing into all imaginable puerilities. If you think for one moment that there is not a single religion in the world which does not come to us through the medium of a pre-existing language; and if you remember that this language embodies absolutely nothing but human conceptions and human passions, you will see at once that every religion presupposes its own elements as already existing in those to whom it is addressed. I once went to a church in London and heard the famous Edward Irving preach, and heard some of his congregation speak in the strange words characteristic of their miraculous gift of tongues. I had a respect for the logical basis of this singular phenomenon. I have always thought it was natural that any celestial message should demand a language of its own, only to be understood by divine illumination. All human words tend, of course, to stop short in human meaning. And the more I hear the most sacred terms employed, the more I am satisfied that they have entirely and radically different meanings in the minds of those who use them. Yet they deal with them as if they were as definite as mathematical quantities or geometrical figures. What would become of arithmetic if the figure 2 meant three for one man and five for another and twenty for a third, and all the other numerals were in the same way variable quantities? Mighty intelligent correspondence business men would have with each other! But how is this any worse than the difference of opinion which led a famous clergyman to say to a brother theologian, "O, I see, my dear sir, your *God* is my *Devil*."

Man has been studied proudly, contemptuously, rather, from the point of view supposed to be authoritatively settled. The self-sufficiency of egotistic natures was never more fully shown than in the expositions of the worthlessness and wretchedness of their fellow-creatures given by the dogmatists who have "gone back," as the vulgar phrase is, on their race, their

own flesh and blood. Did you ever read what Mr. Bancroft says about Calvin in his article on Jonathan Edwards, — and mighty well said it is too, in my judgment? Let me remind you of it, whether you have read it or not. "Setting himself up over against the privileged classes, he, *with a loftier pride than theirs*, revealed the power of a yet higher order of nobility, not of a registered ancestry of fifteen generations, but one absolutely spotless in its escutcheon, preordained in the council chamber of eternity." I think you'll find I have got that sentence right, word for word, and there's a great deal more in it than many good folks who call themselves after the reformer seem to be aware of. The Pope put his foot on the neck of kings, but Calvin and his cohort crushed the whole human race under their heels in the name of the Lord of Hosts. Now, you see, the point that people don't understand is the absolute and utter *humility* of science, in opposition to this doctrinal self-sufficiency. I don't doubt this may sound a little paradoxical at first, but I think you will find it is all right. You remember the courtier and the monarch, — Louis the Fourteenth, was n't it? — never mind, give the poor fellows that live by setting you right a chance. "What o'clock is it?" says the king. "Just whatever o'clock your Majesty pleases," says the courtier. I venture to say the monarch was a great deal more humble than the follower, who pretended that his master was superior to such trifling facts as the revolution of the planet. It was the same thing, you remember, with King Canute and the tide on the sea-shore. The king accepted the scientific fact of the tide's rising. The loyal hangers-on, who believed in divine right, were too proud of the company they found themselves in to make any such humiliating admission. But there are people, and plenty of them, to-day who will dispute facts just as clear to those who have taken the pains to learn what is known about them, as that of the tide's rising. They don't like to admit these facts, because they



throw doubt upon some of their cherished opinions. We are getting on towards the last part of this nineteenth century. What we have gained is not so much in positive knowledge, though that is a good deal, as it is in the freedom of discussion of every subject that comes within the range of observation and inference. How long is it since Mrs. Piozzi wrote, — "Let me hope that you will not pursue geology till it leads you into doubts destructive of all comfort in this world and all happiness in the next"?

The Master paused and I remained silent, for I was thinking things I could not say.

— It is well always to have a woman near by when one is talking on this class of subjects. Whether there will be three or four women to one man in heaven is a question which I must leave to those who talk as if they knew all about the future condition of the race to answer. But very certainly there is much more of hearty faith, much more of spiritual life, among women than among men, in this world. They need faith to support them more than men do, for they have a great deal less to call them out of themselves, and it comes easier to them, for their habitual state of dependence teaches them to trust in others. When they become voters, if they ever do, it may be feared that the pews will lose what the ward-rooms gain. Relax a woman's hold on man, and her knee-joints will soon begin to stiffen. Self-assertion brings out many fine qualities, but it does not promote devotional habits.

I remember some such thoughts as this were passing through my mind while the Master was talking. I noticed that the Lady was listening to the conversation with a look of more than usual interest. We men have the talk mostly to ourselves at this table; the Master, as you have found out, is fond of monologues, and I myself — well, I suppose I must own to a certain love for the reverberated music of my own accents; at any rate, the Master

and I do most of the talking. But others help us do the listening. I think I can show that they listen to some purpose. I am going to surprise my reader with a letter which I received very shortly after the conversation took place which I have just reported. It is of course by a special licence, such as belongs to the supreme prerogative of an author, that I am enabled to present it to him. He need ask no questions: it is not his affair how I obtained the right to give publicity to a private communication. I have become somewhat more intimately acquainted with the writer of it than in the earlier period of my connection with this establishment, and I think I may say have gained her confidence to a very considerable degree.

MY DEAR SIR: The conversations I have had with you, limited as they have been, have convinced me that I am quite safe in addressing you with freedom on a subject which interests me, and others more than myself. We at our end of the table have been listening, more or less intelligently, to the discussions going on between two or three of you gentlemen on matters of solemn import to us all. This is nothing very new to me. I have been used, from an early period of my life, to hear the discussion of grave questions, both in politics and religion. I have seen gentlemen at my father's table get as warm over a theological point of dispute as in talking over their political differences. I rather think it has always been very much so, in bad as well as in good company; for you remember how Milton's fallen angels amused themselves with disputing on "providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate," and it was the same thing in that club Goldsmith writes so pleasantly about. Indeed, why should not people very often come, in the course of conversation, to the one subject which lies beneath all else about which we occupy our thoughts? And what more natural than that one should be inquiring about what another has accepted and



ceased to have any doubts concerning? It seems to me all right that *at the proper time*, in the *proper place*, those who are less easily convinced than their neighbors should have the fullest liberty of calling to account all the opinions which others receive without question. Somebody must stand sentry at the outposts of belief, and it is a sentry's business, I believe, to challenge every one who comes near him, friend or foe.

I want you to understand fully that I am not one of those poor nervous creatures who are frightened out of their wits when any question is started that implies the disturbance of their old beliefs. I manage to see some of the periodicals, and now and then dip a little way into a new book which deals with these curious questions you were talking about, and others like them. You know they find their way almost everywhere. They do not worry me in the least. When I was a little girl, they used to say that if you put a horsehair into a tub of water it would turn into a snake in the course of a few days. That did not seem to me so very much stranger than it was that an egg should turn into a chicken. What can I say to *that*? Only that it is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in my eyes; and if our philosophical friend should find some little live creatures, or what seem to be live creatures, in any of his messes, I should say as much, and no more. You do not think I would shut up my Bible and Prayer-Book because there is one more thing I do not understand in a world where I understand so very little of all the wonders that surround me?

It may be very wrong to pay any attention to those speculations about the origin of mankind which seem to conflict with the Sacred Record. But perhaps there is some way of reconciling them, as there is of making the seven days of creation harmonize with modern geology. At least, these speculations are curious enough in themselves; and I have seen so many good and handsome children come of parents

who were anything but virtuous and comely, that I can believe in almost any amount of improvement taking place in a tribe of living beings, if time and opportunity favor it. I have read in books of natural history that dogs came originally from wolves. When I remember my little Flora, who, as I used to think, could do everything but talk, it does not seem to me that she was much nearer her savage ancestors than some of the horrid cannibal wretches are to their neighbors the great apes.

You see that I am tolerably liberal in my habit of looking at all these questions. We women drift along with the current of the times, listening, in our quiet way, to the discussions going on round us in books and in conversation, and shift the phrases in which we think and talk with something of the same ease as that with which we change our style of dress from year to year. I doubt if you of the other sex know what an effect this habit of accommodating our *tastes* to changing standards has upon us. Nothing is fixed in them, as you know; the very law of fashion is change. I suspect we learn from our dress-makers to shift the costume of our minds, and slip on the new fashions of thinking all the more easily because we have been accustomed to new styles of dressing every season.

It frightens me to see how much I have written without having yet said a word of what I began this letter on purpose to say. I have taken so much space in "defining my position," to borrow the politicians' phrase, that I begin to fear you will be out of patience before you come to the part of my letter I care most about your reading.

What I want to say is this. When these matters are talked about before persons of different ages and various shades of intelligence, I think one ought to be very careful that his use of language does not injure the sensibilities, perhaps blunt the reverential feelings, of those who are listening to him. You



of the sterner sex say that we women have intuitions, but not logic, as our birthright. I shall not commit my sex by conceding this to be true as a whole, but I will accept the first half of it, and I will go so far as to say that we do not always care to follow out a train of thought until it ends in a blind *cul de sac*, as some of what are called the logical people are fond of doing.

Now I want to remind you that religion is not a matter of intellectual luxury to those of us who are interested in it, but something very different. It is our life, and more than our life; for that is measured by pulse-beats, but our religious consciousness partakes of the Infinite, towards which it is constantly yearning. It is very possible that a hundred or five hundred years from now the *forms* of religious belief may be so altered that we should hardly know them. But the sense of dependence on Divine influence, and the need of communion with the unseen and eternal, will be then just what they are now. It is not the geologist's hammer, or the astronomer's telescope, or the naturalist's microscope, that is going to take away the need of the human soul for that Rock to rest upon which is higher than itself, that Star which never sets, that all-pervading Presence which gives life to all the least moving atoms of the immeasurable universe.

I have no fears for myself, and listen very quietly to all your debates. I go from your philosophical discussions to the reading of Jeremy Taylor's "Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying," without feeling that I have unfitted myself in the least degree for its solemn reflections. And, as I have mentioned his name, I cannot help saying that I do not believe that good man himself would have ever shown the bitterness to those who seem to be at variance with the received doctrines, which one may see in some of the newspapers that call themselves "religious." I have kept a few old books from my honored father's library, and among them there is another of his which I

always thought had more true Christianity in its title than there is in a good many whole volumes. I am going to take the book down, or up, — for it is not a little one, — and write out the title, which, I dare say, you remember, and very likely you have the book. "Discourse of the Liberty of Prophecy, showing the Unreasonableness of prescribing to other Men's Faith, and the Iniquity of persecuting Different Opinions."

Now, my dear sir, I am sure you believe that I *want* to be liberal and reasonable, and not to act like those weak alarmists who, whenever the silly sheep begin to skip as if something was after them, and huddle together in their fright, are sure there must be a bear or a lion coming to eat them up. But for all that, I want to beg you to handle some of these points, which are so involved in the creed of a good many well-intentioned persons that you cannot separate them from it without picking their whole belief to pieces, with more thought for them than you might think at first they were entitled to. I have no doubt you gentlemen are as wise as serpents, and I want you to be as harmless as doves.

The Young Girl who sits by me has, I know, strong religious instincts. Instead of setting her out to ask all sorts of questions, I would rather, if I had my way, encourage her to form a habit of attending to religious duties, and make the most of the simple faith in which she was bred. I think there are a good many questions young persons may safely postpone to a more convenient season; and as this young creature is overworked, I hate to have her excited by the fever of doubt which it cannot be denied is largely prevailing in our time.

I know you must have looked on our other young friend, who has devoted himself to the sublimest of the sciences, with as much interest as I do. When I was a little girl I used to write out a line of Young's as a copy in my writing-book,

"An undevout astronomer is mad";



but I do not now feel quite so sure that the contemplation of all the multitude of remote worlds does not tend to weaken the idea of a personal Deity. It is not so much that nebular theory which worries me, when I think about this subject, as a kind of bewilderment when I try to conceive of a consciousness filling all those frightful blanks of space they talk about. I sometimes doubt whether that young man worships anything but the stars. They tell me that many young students of science like him never see the inside of a church. I cannot help wishing they did. It humanizes people, quite apart from any higher influence it exerts upon them. One reason, perhaps, why they do not care to go to places of worship is that they are liable to hear the questions they know something about handled in sermons by those who know very much less about them. And so they lose a great deal. Almost every human being, however vague his notions of the Power addressed, is capable of being lifted and solemnized by the exercise of public prayer. When I was a young girl we travelled in Europe, and I visited Ferney with my parents; and I remember we all stopped before a chapel, and I read upon its front, — I knew Latin enough to understand it, I am pleased to say, — *Deo erexit Voltaire*. I never forgot it; and knowing what a sad scoffer he was at most sacred things, I could not but be impressed with the fact that even he was not satisfied with himself, until he had shown his devotion in a public and lasting form.

We all want religion sooner or later. I am afraid there are some who have no natural turn for it, as there are persons without an ear for music, to which, if I remember right, I heard one of you comparing what you called religious genius. But sorrow and misery bring even these to know what it means, in a great many instances. May I not say to you, my friend, that I am one who has learned the secret of the inner life by the discipline of trials in the life of outward circumstance? I can re-

member the time when I thought more about the shade of color in a ribbon, whether it matched my complexion or not, than I did about my spiritual interests in this world or the next. It was needful that I should learn the meaning of that text, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

Since I have been taught in the school of trial I have felt, as I never could before, how precious an inheritance is the smallest patrimony of faith. When everything seemed gone from me, I found I had still one possession. The bruised reed that I had never leaned on became my staff. The smoking flax which had been a worry to my eyes burst into flame, and I lighted the taper at it which has since guided all my footsteps. And I am but one of the thousands who have had the same experience. They have been through the depths of affliction, and know the needs of the human soul. It will find its God in the unseen, — Father, Saviour, Divine Spirit, Virgin Mother, — it must and will breathe its longings and its griefs into the heart of a Being capable of understanding all its necessities and sympathizing with all its woes.

I am jealous, yes, I own I am jealous of any word, spoken or written, that would tend to impair that birthright of reverence which becomes for so many in after years the basis of a deeper religious sentiment. And yet, as I have said, I cannot and will not shut my eyes to the problems which may seriously affect our *modes* of conceiving the eternal truths on which, and by which, our souls must live. What a fearful time is this into which we poor sensitive and timid creatures are born! I suppose the life of every century has more or less special resemblance to that of some particular Apostle. I cannot help thinking this century has Thomas for its model. How do you suppose the other Apostles felt when that experimental philosopher explored the wounds of the Being who to them was divine with that inquisitive forefinger? In our time that finger has multiplied itself into ten thousand thousand



implements of research, challenging all mysteries, weighing the world as in a balance, and sifting through its prisms and spectroscopes the light that comes from the throne of the Eternal.

Pity us, dear Lord, pity us! The peace in believing which belonged to other ages is not for us. Again Thy wounds are opened that we may know whether it is the blood of one like ourselves which flows from them, or whether it is a Divinity that is bleeding for His creatures. Wilt Thou not take the doubt of Thy children whom the time commands to *try all things* in the place of the unquestioning faith of earlier and simpler-hearted generations? We too have need of Thee. Thy martyrs in other ages were cast into the flames, but no fire could touch their immortal and indestructible faith. We sit in safety and in peace, so far as these poor bodies are concerned; but our cherished beliefs, the hopes, the trust that stayed the hearts of those we loved who have gone before us, are cast into the fiery furnace of an age which is fast turning to dross the certainties and the sanctities once prized as our most precious inheritance.

You will understand me, my dear sir, and all my solitudes and apprehensions. Had I never been assailed by the questions that meet all thinking persons in our time, I might not have thought so anxiously about the risk of perplexing others. I know as well as you must that there are many articles of belief clinging to the skirts of our time which are the bequests of the ages of ignorance that God winked at. But for all that I would train a child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, according to the simplest and best creed I could disentangle from those barbarisms, and I would in every way try to keep up in young persons that standard of reverence for all sacred subjects which may, without any violent transition, grow and ripen into the devotion of later years.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

I have thought a good deal about this letter and the writer of it lately. She seemed at first removed to a distance from all of us, but here I find myself in somewhat near relations with her. What has surprised me more than that, however, is to find that she is becoming so much acquainted with the Register of Deeds. Of all persons in the world, I should least have thought of him as like to be interested in her, and still less, if possible, of her fancying him. I can only say they have been in pretty close conversation several times of late, and, if I dared to think it of so very calm and dignified a personage, I should say that her color was a little heightened after one or more of these interviews. No! that would be too absurd! But I begin to think nothing is absurd in the matter of the relations of the two sexes; and if this high-bred woman fancies the attentions of a piece of human machinery like this elderly individual, it is none of my business.

I have been at work on some more of the Young Astronomer's lines. I find less occasion for meddling with them as he grows more used to versification. I think I could analyze the processes going on in his mind, and the conflict of instincts which he cannot in the nature of things understand. But it is as well to give the reader a chance to find out for himself what is going on in the young man's heart and intellect.

#### WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

##### III.

The snows that glittered on the disk of Mars  
Have melted, and the planet's fiery orb  
Rolls in the crimson summer of its year;  
But what to me the summer or the snow  
Of worlds that throb with life in forms unknown,

If life indeed be theirs; I heed not these.  
My heart is simply human; all my care  
For them whose dust is fashioned like mine  
own;  
These ache with cold and hunger, live in  
pain



And shake with fear of worlds more full of  
woe ;

There may be others worthier of my love,  
But such I know not save through these I  
know.

There are two veils of language, hid be-  
neath

Whose sheltering folds, we dare to be our-  
selves,

And not that other self which nods and  
smiles

And babbles in our name ; the one is Prayer,  
Lending its licensed freedom to the tongue  
That tells our sorrows and our sins to  
Heaven ;

The other, Verse, that throws its spangled  
web

Around our naked speech and makes it bold.  
I, whose best prayer is silence ; sitting dumb  
In the great temple where I nightly serve  
Him who is throned in light, have dared to  
claim

The poet's franchise, though I may not hope  
To wear his garland ; hear me while I tell  
My story in such form as poets use,  
But breathed in fitful whispers, as the wind  
Sighs and then slumbers, wakes and sighs  
again.

Thou Vision, floating in the breathless air  
Between me and the fairest of the stars,  
I tell my lonely thoughts as unto thee.

Look not for marvels of the scholar's pen  
In my rude measure ; I can only show  
A slender-margined, unilluminated page,  
And trust its meaning to the flattering eye  
That reads it in the gracious light of love.  
Ah, wouldst thou clothe thyself in breathing  
shape

And nestle at my side, my voice should lend  
Whate'er my verse may lack of tender  
rhythm  
To make thee listen.

I have stood entranced  
When, with her fingers wandering o'er the  
keys,

The white enchantress with the golden hair  
Breathed all her soul through some un-  
valued rhyme ;

Some flower of song that long had lost its  
bloom ;

Lo ! its dead summer kindled as she sang !  
The sweet contralto, like the ringdove's coo,  
Thrilled it with brooding, fond, caressing  
tones,

And the pale minstrel's passion lived again,  
Tearful and trembling as a dewy rose  
The wind has shaken till it fills the air

With light and fragrance. Such the won-  
drous charm

A song can borrow when the bosom throbs  
That lends it breath.

So from the poet's lips  
His verse sounds doubly sweet, for none  
like him

Feels every cadence of its wave-like flow ;  
He lives the passion over, while he reads,  
That shook him as he sang his lofty strain,  
And pours his life through each resounding  
line,

As ocean, when the stormy winds are  
hushed,

Still rolls and thunders through his billow  
caves !

Let me retrace the record of the years  
That made me what I am. A man most  
wise,

But overworn with toil and bent with age,  
Sought me to be his scholar, — me, run wild  
From books and teachers, — kindled in my  
soul

The love of knowledge ; led me to his tower,  
Showed me the wonders of the midnight  
realm

His hollow sceptre ruled, or seemed to rule,  
Taught me the mighty secrets of the spheres,  
Trained me to find the glimmering specks  
of light

Beyond the unaided sense, and on my chart  
To string them one by one, in order due,  
As on a rosary a saint his beads.

I was his only scholar ; I became  
The echo to his thought ; whate'er he knew  
Was mine for asking ; so from year to year  
We wrought together, till there came a time  
When I, the learner, was the master half  
Of the twinned being in the dome-crowned  
tower.

Minds roll in paths like planets ; they re-  
volve

This in a larger, that a narrower ring,  
But round they come at last to that same  
phase,

That self-same light and shade they showed  
before.

I learned his annual and his monthly tale,  
His weekly axiom and his daily phrase,  
I felt them coming in the laden air,  
And watched them laboring up to vocal  
breath,

Even as the first-born at his father's board  
Knows ere he speaks the too familiar jest  
Is on its way, by some mysterious sign  
Forewarned, the click before the striking  
bell.



He shrivelled as I spread my growing  
leaves,  
Till trust and reverence changed to pitying  
care ;

He lived for me in what he once had been,  
But I for him, a shadow, a defence,  
The guardian of his fame, his guide, his staff,  
Leaned on so long he fell if left alone.  
I was his eye, his ear, his cunning hand,  
Love was my spur and longing after fame,  
But his the goading thorn of sleepless age  
That sees its shortening span, its lengthen-  
ing shades,

That clutches what it may with eager grasp,  
And drops at last with empty, outstretched  
hands.

All this he dreamed not. He would sit  
him down

Thinking to work his problems as of old,  
And find the star he thought so plain a blur,  
The columned figures labyrinthine wilds  
Without my comment, blind and senseless  
scrawls

That vexed him with their riddles ; he would  
strive

And struggle for a while, and then his eye  
Would lose its light, and over all his mind  
The cold gray mist would settle ; and ere-  
long

The darkness fell, and I was left alone.

Alone ! no climber of an Alpine cliff,  
No Arctic venturer on the waveless sea,  
Feels the dread stillness round him as it  
chills

The heart of him who leaves the slumber-  
ing earth

To watch the silent worlds that crowd the  
sky.

Alone ! And as the shepherd leaves his  
flock

To feed upon the hillside, he meanwhile  
Finds converse in the warblings of the pipe  
Himself has fashioned for his vacant hour,  
So have I grown companion to myself,  
And to the wandering spirits of the air  
That smile and whisper round us in our  
dreams.

Thus have I learned to search if I may know  
The whence and why of all beneath the stars  
And all beyond them, and to weigh my life  
As in a balance, — poising good and ill  
Against each other, — asking of the Power  
That flung me forth among the whirling  
worlds,

If I am heir to any inborn right,  
Or only as an atom of the dust  
That every wind may blow where'er it will.

I am not humble ; I was shown my place,  
Clad in such robes as Nature had at hand ;  
Took what she gave, not chose ; I know no  
shame,

No fear for being simply what I am.  
I am not proud, I hold my every breath  
At Nature's mercy. I am as a babe  
Borne in a giant's arms, he knows not  
where ;

Each several heart-beat, counted like the  
coin

A miser reckons, is a special gift  
As from an unseen hand ; if that withhold  
Its bounty for a moment, I am left  
A clod upon the earth to which I fall.

Something I find in me that well might  
claim

The love of beings in a sphere above  
This doubtful twilight world of right and  
wrong ;

Something that shows me of the self-same  
clay

That creeps or swims or flies in humblest  
form.

Had I been asked, before I left my bed  
Of shapeless dust, what clothing I would  
wear,

I would have said, More angel and less  
worm ;

But for their sake who are even such as I,  
Of the same mingled blood, I would not  
choose

To hate that meaner portion of myself  
Which makes me brother to the least of  
men.

I dare not be a coward with my lips  
Who dare to question all things in my soul ;  
Some men may find their wisdom on their  
knees,

Some prone and grovelling in the dust like  
slaves ;

Let the meek glow-worm glisten in the dew ;  
I ask to lift my taper to the sky  
As they who hold their lamps above their  
heads,

Trusting the larger currents up aloft,  
Rather than crossing eddies round their  
breast,

Threatening with every puff the flickering  
blaze.

My life shall be a challenge, not a truce !  
This is my homage to the mightier powers,  
To ask my boldest question, undismayed  
By muttered threats that some hysteric  
sense

Of wrong or insult will convulse the throne



Where wisdom reigns supreme ; and if I err,  
They all must err who have to feel their way  
As bats that fly at noon ; for what are we  
But creatures of the night, dragged forth by  
day,

Who needs must stumble, and with stam-  
mering steps  
Spell out their paths in syllables of pain ?

Thou wilt not hold in scorn the child who  
dares

Look up to Thee, the Father,—dares to ask  
More than Thy wisdom answers. From  
Thy hand

The worlds were cast ; yet every leaflet  
claims

From that same hand its little shining sphere  
Of star-lit dew ; thine image, the great sun,  
Girt with his mantle of tempestuous flame,  
Glazes in mid-heaven ; but to his noontide  
blaze

The slender violet lifts its lidless eye,  
And from his splendor steals its fairest hue,  
Its sweetest perfume from his scorching fire.

I may just as well stop here as any-  
where, for there is more of the manu-  
script to come, and I can only give it  
in instalments.

The Young Astronomer had told me I  
might read any portions of his manu-  
script I saw fit to certain friends. I  
tried this last extract on the Old Mas-  
ter.

It's the same story we all have to  
tell,—said he, when I had done read-  
ing.—We are all asking questions now-  
adays. I should like to hear him read  
some of his verses himself, and I think  
some of the other boarders would like  
to. I wonder if he would n't do it, if  
we asked him ! Poets read their own  
compositions in a sing-song sort of way ;  
but they do seem to love 'em so, that I  
always enjoy it. It makes me laugh a  
little inwardly to see how they dandle  
their poetical babies, but I don't let  
them know it. We must get up a se-  
lect party of the boarders to hear him  
read. We'll send him a regular invi-  
tation. I will put my name at the head  
of it, and you shall write it.

—That *was* neatly done. How I  
hate writing such things ! But I sup-  
pose I must do it.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## RECENT LITERATURE.\*

IF any reader of ours is at a loss what to  
read on the loveliest day in summer, let  
us counsel him to read *Mirëio*. He will be  
a little sad at the tragical end, but his heart  
will have been moved by the finest art, and  
his senses filled with the freshest pictures  
and with delicious music. He may have

\**Mirëio*. A Provençal Poem. By FRÉDÉRIC MIS-  
TRAL. Translated by HARRIET W. PRESTON. Bos-  
ton : Roberts Brothers. 1872.

*Three Books of Song*. By HENRY WADSWORTH  
LONGFELLOW. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.  
1872.

*Plays of Shakespeare*. With Introductions and  
Notes. By REV. HENRY N. HUDSON. Boston :  
Ginn Brothers. 1871.

*Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobio-  
graphic Reminiscences of William Chambers*.  
New York : Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1872.

*South Sea Bubbles*. By the EARL and the DO-  
CTOR. New York : D. Appleton. 1872.

*Around the World: Sketches of Travel through  
many Lands and over many Seas*. By E. D. G.  
PRIME, D. D. New York : Harper and Brothers.  
1872.

thought that Provençal poetry was dead  
with the troubadours and the ladies who  
listened to them,—it is a very natural and  
general error,—and here in this work of a  
contemporary poet, a farmer still living on  
his ancestral acres at Maillane, he will  
have a surprise so exquisite that the rude

*A Woman's Experiences in Europe. Including  
England, France, Germany, and Italy*. By MRS.  
E. D. WALLACE. New York : D. Appleton & Co.  
1872.

*Ancient America, in Notes on American Archae-  
ology*. By JOHN D. BALDWIN, A. M., Author of  
"Prehistoric Nations." With Illustrations. New  
York : Harper and Brothers. 1872.

"*Una and her Paupers*." Memorials of AGNES  
ELIZABETH JONES, by her Sister. With an Intro-  
duction by FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. New York :  
George Routledge and Sons. 1872.

*Walks in Rome*. By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.  
New York : George Routledge and Sons. 1871.

*The American Baron. A Novel*. By JAMES  
DE MILLE. Author of "The Dodge Club in Italy,"  
etc. With Illustrations. New York : Harper and  
Brothers. 1872.



astonishment afforded by the novelties that the world most loves to wonder at — say Atlantic cables and Pacific railroads — ought to be nothing to it. For here is the careless grace, the frank vigor, the bold, tender, simple passion of a younger time, with now and then a touch, a sidelong glance of modern consciousness, such as a Provençal peasant, who was also a graduate of the college of Montpellier, could not help giving; and here is that true *naïveté* of expression which makes an artificial artlessness like that of Mr. Morris or Mr. Rossetti so evident.

The story is that of Mirèio, the daughter of Ramoun, the rich owner of Lotus Farm, and her lover Vincen, the poor weaver's son. Others come wooing her, but she will have neither Alari, the wealthy shepherd, nor Veran,

"A keeper of wild horses from Sambu,"

nor Ourrias, the mighty herdsman; but when she tells her father that she will have none but Vincen, he furiously swears that she shall never see her lover again. Then, in the night, she remembers that Vincen once said if ever she was in trouble, she must go to the three Saint Maries of Baux; and so she rises and flies, and crossing the wide sea-meadows to their chapel on the sea-shore is sunstruck and dies there, just as father, mother, and lover arrive in search of her. This purely conventional little plot is the ground from which springs a series of scenes and occurrences as fresh, as fragrant of country life, and as richly lit with sunshine and blossom as any May landscape, and yet no more overloaded than such a landscape with sweetness and color. That passage called the leaf-picking, where Vincen climbs into the mulberry-tree to help Mirèio gather leaves, and they find the young birds which she hides in her bosom, and the branch breaks under them and they fall to the ground together, we suppose must be the best of all. It is the most delicate, the tenderest; it is told with the most perfect grace, and yet there are many other episodes of the poem which almost equally attest the poet's skill. The descriptions of the three different wooers and their vocations have a Homeric amplitude and fidelity and an antique confidence in the reader's interest which are as good in their way as the Sicilian sweetness of the love-making in the mulberry-tree. Here, for example, is a picture of Alari's flock: —

"Also to watch them there where they defile  
Into the stony road were well worth while;

The early lambkins all the rest outstripping  
And merrily about the lamb-herd leaping,  
The bell-decked asses with their foals beside,  
Or following after them. These had for guide

"A drover, who a patient mule bestrode.  
Its wattled panniers bare a motley load:  
Food for the shepherd-folk, and flasks of wine,  
And the still bleeding hides of slaughtered kine;  
And folded garments whereon oft there lay  
Some weakly lamb, a-weary of the way.

"Next came abreast — the captains of the host —  
Five fiery bucks, their fearsome heads upstod:  
With bells loud jingling and with sidelong glances,  
And backward curving horns, each one advances.  
The sober mothers follow close behind,  
Striving their lawless little kids to mind.

"A rude troop and a ravenous they are,  
And these the goatherd hath in anxious care.  
And after them there follow presently  
The great ram-chiefs, with muzzles lifted high:  
You know them by the heavy horn that lies  
Thrice curved about the ear in curious wise.

"Their ribs and backs with tufts of wool are decked,  
That they may have their meed of due respect  
As the flock's grandsires. Plain to all beholders,  
With sheepskin cloak folded about his shoulders,  
Strides the chief-shepherd next, with lordly swing;  
The main corps of his army following.

"Tumbling through clouds of dust, the great ewe-  
dams  
Call with loud bleatings to their bleating lambs.  
The little horned ones are gayly drest,  
With tiny tufts of scarlet on the breast  
And o'er the neck. While, filling the next place,  
The woolly sheep advance at solemn pace."

For passion and force, the — transfusion of Ourrias himself into the verse, — we must praise the cattle-branding scene; and then comes that battle between Ourrias and Vincen, which is magnificent in its way, and all but visible before us. We mightily like also that interview of the two old men, Ramoun and Vincen's father, where the latter comes to ask the former for his daughter and is scornfully denied; and also all that there is about the mountaineers who come down to reap Ramoun's harvest. How good is this scene which poor old Ambroi beholds as he passes through their camp away from the farm-house: —

"Then, as he passed into the falling night,  
From the branch-heap arose a ruddy light,  
And one long tongue of flame the wanderer sees  
Curled like a horn by the careering breeze;

"And round it reapers dancing blithesomely,  
With pulsing feet, and haughty heads and free  
Thrown back, and faces by the bonfire lit,  
Loud crackling as the night-wind fanneth it.  
The sound of coals that to the brazier fall  
Blends with the fife-notes fine but musical,

"And merry as the song of the hedge-sparrow,  
Ah, but it thrills the old Earth to her marrow  
When thou dost visit her, beloved St. John!



The sparks went whirling upward, and hummed on  
The tabor gravely and incessantly,  
Like the low surging of a tranquil sea.

"Then did the dusky troop their sickles wave,  
And three great leaps athwart the flame they gave,  
And cloves of odorous garlic from a string  
Upon the glowing embers they did fling,  
And holy herb and John's-wort bare anigh;  
And these were purified and blessed thereby.

"Then 'Hail, St. John!' thrice rose a deafening  
shout;  
And hills and plain, illumined round about,  
Sparkled as though the dark were showering stars.  
And sure the Saint, above the heaven's blue bars,  
The breath of all this incense doth inhale,  
Wafted aloft by the unconscious gale."

The whole canto singing the muster of the farmer's hands to help in the search for *Mirêio* is most admirable for its qualities of picturesqueness, strength, movement; and there is no part of the poem that lags, or that fails to interest, save the scene in the witch's cavern and the legend of the three Maries. You feel throughout that the poet writes of all his homely themes because he loves them; not loves them because he writes of them, as the modern mediæval sham-simple English poets do; and his poem is full of little delights, — birds chirping in covert, sun shining, flowers sweetly blowing, while the greater song flows on, — which the quotation of no single passage can reveal. We do not remember where the poem once passes the modesty of nature and feigns in its people thoughts or feelings above them; yet it abounds in graces of sentiment that forever take the heart. It is, in a word, charming.

Miss Preston has done her part very praiseworthy indeed. She does not, it is true, keep the verse of the original; but she may be right in thinking it presented too many difficulties for an easy English version. We are more concerned to find that she does not always manage the English heroic verse perfectly, and can give us such a line as

"Yet no one holds it in remembrance"

for a good pentameter. There are other small blemishes which we do not care to note, seeing that as a whole her diction is so sweet and musical, and apparently so responsive to the spirit of the original. Hers is the third English version of *Mirêio*, which was first published seventeen years ago; the earliest was literal and unrhymed; the second, which was metrical, failed of the favor which this excellent translation will certainly win.

The ever-rising generation will like Mr.

Longfellow's new book, we suppose, because it is beautiful and fresh as this brave young summer upon which our poor old world has just entered; but many and many maturer readers will be most tenderly and sweetly entreated by it because it is so like Longfellow, — so like the lovely summers they have lived, with the ever-new familiar harmony and color and light. They do not like the poets who have been their lifelong companions to change; they are very jealous of any difference in them, and ready, too ready, to cry out that it is deterioration. Let them give us, they say, such songs as have always pleased us, and leave all new-fangled stops for those who shall afterwards sing and listen. They are doubtless wrong; it is human nature to be so; nevertheless we can sympathize with those who turn from the pleasant translations and the grave majesty of "Judas Macabæus," the tragedy in this book, to read and read again and lingeringly return to "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," here told on a "Second Day." The poet never has written anything more characteristic than these pieces, as our readers well know, for most of them have appeared in our pages. His delicate gayety and gentle humor have never more winningly appeared than in the Poet's tale of Lady Wentworth; the Sicilian's story of the Bell of Atri, through which glimmers the same humorous spirit, is warm with the humanity that always colors his verse; "The Legend Beautiful" exquisitely embodies his religious sense: when were ever tales told more enchantingly or with more of the author's love of Old World lore than the Cobbler of Hagenau, Carmilhan, the Baron of Saint Castine? Conception, diction, music, — it is all Longfellow; and how good it is; and who else will ever give us the like? We dare say every one greatly pleased with a poem dreads that others may overlook its principal charms; and we must ask our readers here if they remember in the Baron of St. Castine, that picture of the curate going with his lantern every night to play lansquenet with the old Baron; or that of Mistress Stavers,

"Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,"

at the beginning of "Lady Wentworth"; or those of the skippers talking together in the cabin of the Carmilhan, and of the sailing of the ship, and of the coming on of the storm; or all those touches with which the poor are painted at the convent gate in the



"Legend Beautiful"? Yes, doubtless, you remember all these, and doubtless you remember nothing better of the kind in literature; and after all as we think again they are not the best, but only of the best in these Tales. The whole group of stories is

"As pure as water, and as good as bread";

and those interludes in which is resumed the slight thread of narrative, binding them together, are full of quiet delight. With what a consummate art is this opening scene portrayed:—

"A cold, uninterrupted rain,  
That washed each southern window-pane,  
And made a river of the road;  
A sea of mist that overflowed  
The house, the barns, the gilded vane,  
And drowned the upland and the plain,  
Through which the oak-trees, broad and high,  
Like phantom ships went drifting by;  
And, hidden behind a watery screen,  
The sun unseen, or only seen  
As a faint pallor in the sky;—  
Thus cold and colorless and gray,  
The morn of that autumnal day,  
As if reluctant to begin,  
Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn,  
And all the guests that in it lay.

"Full late they slept. They did not hear  
The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,  
Who on the empty threshing-floor,  
Disdainful of the rain outside,  
Was strutting with a martial stride,  
As if upon his thigh he wore  
The famous broadsword of the Squire,  
And said, 'Behold me and admire!'

"Only the Poet seemed to hear,  
In drowse or dream, more near and near  
Across the border-land of sleep  
The blowing of a blithesome horn,  
That laughed the dismal day to scorn;  
A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels  
Through sand and mire like stranding keels,  
As from the road with sudden sweep  
The Mail drove up the little steep,  
And stopped beside the tavern door;  
A moment stopped, and then again  
With crack of whip and bark of dog  
Plunged forward through the sea of fog,  
And all was silent as before,—  
All silent save the dripping rain."

And here is the pendant almost as perfect:—

"And generous was the applause and loud,  
But less for him than for the sun,  
That even as the tale was done  
Burst from its canopy of cloud,  
And lit the landscape with the blaze  
Of afternoon on autumn days,  
And filled the room with light, and made  
The fire of logs a painted shade.

"A sudden wind from out the west  
Blew all its trumpets loud and shrill;  
The windows rattled with the blast,  
The oak-trees shouted as it passed,

And straight, as if by fear possessed,  
The cloud encampment on the hill  
Broke up, and fluttering flag and tent  
Vanished into the firmament,  
And down the valley fled amain  
The rear of the retreating rain.

"Only far up in the blue sky  
A mass of clouds, like drifted snow  
Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,  
Was heaped together, vast and high,  
On which a shattered rainbow hung."

But we must not reproduce the whole book. When you have read *Mirêio*, gentle reader, take up these "Three Books of Song," and learn that there are ways out of the oldest literature into naturalness as sweet as that of the newest.

Mr. Hudson's two volumes on the "Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare," though they do not as a whole strike us as in the nature of a revelation, contain much that is interesting and useful, and place him, we think, in the picket-line of those who are campaigning against error in criticism. His work, however, does not seem to be so much the result of a genius for criticism as a carefully trained, conscientious, and often delicate perception. The irritating repetition of the same leading ideas, too, throughout the volumes, suggests that the author has had a hard battle with himself to attain to them, and still feels the necessity of bringing them before his own and the reader's mind. His style presents a mixture of verbiage which has evidently sunk into him from long study of Elizabethan authors, with very striking and colloquial Americanisms of speech. This conflict between adherence to a style received from our mother-country and a desire to cut away into something fresh and idiomatic we take to be symbolic of that tendency in the author's mind which has led him, in spite of evident natural drawbacks, to pursue the study of Shakespeare with utmost devotion and a studied liberality of thought.

The biographical sketch gives a pleasant and acceptable picture of the Poet growing up into manhood and the mastery of his art, mated to a woman he really loves, and to whom, very properly and humanly it would seem, Mr. Hudson conceives the sonnets to have been addressed at intervals during their married life. But Mr. Hudson is needlessly piqued at Shakespeare's withdrawal to Stratford, and cannot understand how Shakespeare could have had so little appreciation of his own works as thus to stop writing so soon as he had amassed the means for building a home in Stratford;



and his manner of accounting for the Poet's death at a comparatively early age on the ground that "Providence," in its wisdom, "may have ruled not to allow the example of so gifted a man living to himself," is hardly satisfactory.

The general attitude of the author's mind in the series of commentaries on the plays, which make up the second part of the work, is perhaps best expressed in his own words. "That criticism is best," he says, "which is rather born of what he (Shakespeare) makes us than of what we are without him. In some respects, indeed, it may be better to speak as independent of him, but yet, on the whole, I prefer to speak as he moves me." From these two given lines of thought, Mr. Hudson has constructed such a parallelogram of forces as to set him in very much the direction he should pursue, and in general he is influenced by them to a well-tempered degree. His discussions of the comedies seem to us less indicative of power than those upon the tragedies and histories. The dramas founded on English history he comprehensively regards as one work, "as it were, an historical poem in the dramatic form, of which the several plays constitute the rhapsodies." Probably the freshest and most ingenious article, however, is that on Julius Cæsar. Herein he gives us a skilful explanation of the apparently inexplicable aspect under which Cæsar appears in the play. "I have sometimes thought," he says, "that the policy of the drama may have been to represent Cæsar, not as he really was, indeed, but as he appeared to the conspirators; to make us see him as they saw him; in order that they too might have fair and good judgment at our hands. . . . This view, I am apt to think, will both explain and justify the strange disguise—a sort of falsetto greatness—under which Cæsar exhibits himself." In regard to Hamlet Mr. Hudson wisely accepts the opinions which the scrutiny of medical men first found reason for, namely, that he is insane. "Deranged not indeed in all his faculties, nor perhaps in any one of them continuously," but still virtually insane. Those who yet delay, from mistaken sentiments, it seems to us, to adopt this view will find in Mr. Hudson's chapter a forcible and dispassionate statement of the various theories.

We have not read lately any book that has given us greater pleasure, of a certain quiet and wholesome kind, than the lives of those good men, Robert and Wil-

liam Chambers, whose names have long been united in a most enviable fame, as publishers of popular literature of the best character. The book is written by William Chambers, and is the modest record of their career from earliest childhood to the death of the younger brother, last year. They were not rich to begin with; and their father, by mismanagement and generous errors, lost what fortune he had, and the family came from their native village in great poverty to Edinburgh, where, after long years of struggle and extreme self-denial, the brothers achieved their noble success. It is a moving story how these two brave boys, William as an ill-paid bookseller's apprentice, and Robert as a half-starved student of divinity, fought on till they united their destitution, set up a bookstall with the remnants of their father's library, bought a decrepit press and worn-out types, began to write, print, bind, and publish cheap books, and so laid the foundations of a prosperity that has been an incalculable benefaction to the whole English-reading world. They had from the first the honorable ambition to furnish the people with reading as good and high in kind as it was low in price, and they completely changed the character of popular literature in Scotland. Robert is known as a writer of taste and merit, and their enterprises had not only business energy, but were inspired by genuine love of letters. The whole history of their lives is interesting, but we enjoyed most the account of the village of Peebles and its people, which is all so delightful that we found it lamentably short. There was a saying, "As quiet as the grave or as Peebles"; but it was believed a lively as well as a "bonny place" by its inhabitants. "An honest old burgher was enabled by some strange chance to visit Paris, and was eagerly questioned, when he came back, as to the character of that capital of capitals; to which it is said he answered that 'Paris, a' thing considered, was a wonderful place; but still, Peebles for pleasure!'" This book is so exquisitely *made* by the Riverside printers and binders that we took it—alas, that this should still be praise!—for English work.

The Earl and the Doctor, who have written a pretty large book about their cruise in the Society Islands, are not to be read for useful information, or a wise treatment of well-known facts. We cannot say either that they are to be read for amusement, to



any great extent. Their adventures are monotonously trivial; their observations are chiefly of the Polynesian girls, who make eyes at them and invite to extreme love-making; their pleasure is to tempt the natives to their forbidden dances, their philosophy to mock the work of the missionaries, which, we suppose, is imperfect and ludicrous enough in many things. The style of the book is a curious result of English study of Artemus Ward and his school of humorists, and is highly spiced with American slang. Nothing worth knowing is told, not even about the immorality of the islanders, to which the authors continually recur with a lickerish fondness. If it must be said of a nobleman's book, the spirit of the whole is vulgar.

Another book of recent travel by a totally different kind of traveller is the story of Rev. Mr. Prime's voyage around the world, in which the hopeless commonness of the material, the thought, the sentiment, is as aggressively evident as the flippancy of the Earl and the Doctor. The author's journey was from New York to California, thence across the Pacific to Japan, and so through China, India, Syria, and Europe home again; but if there was anything new on this somewhat prolonged excursion, Mr. Prime had not the gift to find it out; and if there was any interest left in the old things, he could not persuade them to yield it to his page. When one has diligently followed such a traveller, unrefreshed even by novel facts, it becomes a poignant question with him how the wanton production of books of travel shall be stayed. Can the community have no safeguard against publications that profess in some sort to be instructive, but really fall below the ordinary novel of commerce in usefulness? To be sure, we cannot bring this charge of lack of instructiveness against "A Woman's Experiences in Europe," but that is a very exceptional book of travel. Everywhere, if Mrs. Wallace does not see the most surprising things, upon every object she has some ingenious reflection which bestows the charm of freshness. There is a lively criticism on the studios of artists of various nations at Rome, which reaches its climax in praises of the "American studio. The most absorbing genius reigns here. The terror of the Italian picture-dealer, just as Germany is the thorn in the flesh of English *literati*. Sipping dew from every foreign flower, this saucy bee hums and drones through his

hive, till some fine morning he produces honey, not raw dew of Italy, Germany, France, or England, but an American composition, that excites the admiration and fear of the Italian, the jealousy of the German, the wonder and applause of the hearty Frenchman, the sneer of the Englishman." From this, it is seen that Mrs. Wallace is one of the obsolescent travellers whose pride feeds upon comparisons of Europe and America. Even when using a foreign tongue, like the French, for example, — for there is no denying that French *is* foreign to most of us, — she prefers to use it in a native-American manner, saying, "Ah, le bonheur!" instead of "A la bonne heure!" as the hearty Frenchman would. There is no harm in this, and cruelty alone could blame Mrs. Wallace's vivacious record of her experiences.

Mr. Baldwin, who has very intelligibly grouped in his "Ancient America" the most useful materials of primitive American history, avoids theories or their discussion, and leaves each reader the pleasure of enjoying such as he may happen to have, or the greater delight of forming new ones *ad libitum*. The question of the mounds of North America and their builders he considers very fully in the light of well-collated facts, tending to show that they are the work of the same people who in Central America and Mexico have left more lasting evidences of their genius and culture, and who once inhabited the entire Mississippi and Colorado Valleys, and retired before more savage races. His conclusion that the mounds of the North were the terraces that sustained more imposing though less enduring structures seems well founded. But the most interesting part of the work is that which treats of Mexico and Peru, where the author gathers into convenient form the evidences of a high civilization and an advanced state of arts and science, and even a respectable literature (especially in Mexico), ages before the Spanish invasion. He believes that the history of America is traceable to a period many centuries prior to the Christian era, from records possessed by both Mexicans and Peruvians, when they were overwhelmed by their Christian discoverers; that their civilization waxed and waned through successive periods, the proofs of which are built into and graven upon architectural remains scarcely inferior to those of Egypt and Assyria; and that they were enlightened countries, with a known history and



certain antiquity, when our knowledge of them began. We may at least half believe Mr. Baldwin when he finally asserts that the Spanish invaders found these ancient peoples happy and left them wretched; robbed them of their wealth, and introduced indolence and beggary where had been industry and thrift; gave them anarchy and slavery for orderly government and independence, and ignorance for enlightenment.

That "Una and her Paupers" will be found interesting to many readers there can be but little doubt. It describes an interesting character, and, more than that, it gives an account of the work that a woman, eager to do good, self-denying, earnest, was able to perform and yet in a perfectly womanly way. Miss Agnes Jones was a representative of the large class of women to be found in every community, just in proportion to its refinement, who long to be of some use to the world. She was well educated, in easy circumstances, and she might well have settled into the performance of the ordinary domestic virtues, but she could not content herself with that; she had a natural aptitude for severer duties, and for these she was not wholly without experience. Hence it was that she placed herself at Kaiserswerth in preparation for the more serious occupation that she had chosen for herself. Afterwards she took charge of the Liverpool Workhouse, and here it was that she found herself performing the real work of her life. That her success was very great is clear, that she must have done a great deal of good is equally certain; but yet we think no one who reads the book can help feeling the difference between his admiration of Miss Jones's noble work and a certain impatience at the unwisdom of its direction. For her no one can help having praise. She gave up everything, comfort, health, her life, for the poor, but yet, however admirable in itself this self-denial is, it is to be regretted that her life was really thrown away. What she actually did was of importance; her example, too, we may be sure, will be of great effect; but those who are most anxious to do well would be the last to wish to be judged by what seemed more glorious, instead of by what really did most good. Under proper direction the results will be as good, and the lives of the workers will not be needlessly sacrificed, and just that wiser direction was apparently lacking in her case.

The struggle with poverty is real war, and needs training, caution, and the same supervision of resources that a general in the field must exercise. In the long contest, and that in which Miss Jones enlisted will certainly be a long one, training will always do more than enthusiasm; and the wise general is he who knows when to keep his men under cover as well as when to bid them charge.

In his "Walks about Rome" Mr. Hare has brought together all the information concerning Rome that every traveller who does not limit his information to the red-covered guide-book vows shall be his before he leaves that city. But the absence of one's own books, the dearness of those in Rome, and the difficulty of bringing them away, the weariness that sight-seeing so surely brings, cause one's good plans in this respect, in spite of their attractiveness, to fail as utterly as if they were made with the intention of correcting a favorite fault. The real richness of Rome as well as its interest are only known to those who stay a long time there; but for such, or even for those whose visit is a brief one, we know no single volume that can replace this of Mr. Hare's. In his Introduction he says: "So much has been written about Rome, that in quoting from the remarks of others the great difficulty has been selection; and the rule has been followed that the most learned books are not always the most instructive or the most interesting. No endeavor has been made to enter into deep archaeological questions, to define the exact limits of the Walls of Servilius Tullius, or to hazard a fresh opinion as to how the earth accumulated in the Roman Forum, or whence the pottery came out of which the Monte Testaccio has arisen; but it has rather been sought to gather up and present to the reader such a succession of word pictures from various authors as may not only make the scenes of Rome more interesting at the time, but may deepen their impression afterwards." Such a book is exactly what the traveller wants; the selection has been made with discretion, the author's works of condensation has been well done. One may judge of its thoroughness by noticing the great number of authors from whose writings extracts are made, — Hawthorne, Mrs. Jameson, Mr. W. W. Story, Ampère, Niebuhr, etc., etc. We heartily recommend the volume to past and future visitors of Rome; they



will find it a condensed library of information about the Eternal City.

We like Mr. DeMille's extravagant fictions, in which we find quite as much truth as in many more probable ones, and in which, no matter how terrifying the situations, we are never called upon to feel seriously alarmed. Of course, the young lady whose life is saved by everybody and who regularly engages herself to each successive preserver, is going to marry Rufus K. Gunn (the American made Baron in the papal service), and so we take the wicked Italian Count and the brigands very easily, as Mr. DeMille meant we should. He gives us all the excitement of the high-pressure romance, and insures us against the bursting of the boiler; and there is much more character and humor thrown in than can be afforded by the novelists who are in earnest about their sensation-making. For this reason we commend "The American Baron," and "The Comedy of Terrors" now publishing in these pages.

#### FRENCH AND GERMAN.\*

THE first book on our list, the *Journal et Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère*, is one that all summer travellers would do well to put into their trunks when they leave for the sea-shore or the mountains. It is like an innocent French novel, without the dullness that in that misguided country repels one from pictures of virtue. Those who remember Ampère as a physicist and mathematician need not fear finding algebraic formulas or chemical reactions here; there is in parts a quaint scientific flavor where he observes the feelings of his heart as if it were the magnetic needle, but this only adds to the interest of the book. His journal is an account of his courtship; the

\* All books mentioned in this section may be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

*Journal et Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère*, publiés par Mme. E. C. Paris. 1872.

*Thermidor. Paris en 1794*. Par CH. D'HÉRICHAULT. Paris. 1872.

*Souvenirs personnels d'Émeutes et de Révolutions*. Par AMADÉE ACHARD. Paris. 1872.

*Les Jours d'Épreuve*. Par E. CARO. Paris. 1871.

*Julie de Trécœur*. Par OCTAVE FEUILLET. Paris. 1872.

*Histoire de l'Économie politique des anciens Peuples de l'Inde, de l'Égypte, de la Judée, et de la Grèce*. Par DU MESNIL-MARIGNY. Paris.

*Im Vorübergehen*. Von ELISE POLKO. Leipzig. 1872.

*Zur linken Hand*. Von E. HOFER. Leipzig. 1872.

letters are his own, those of his wife and her sister. The story of his falling in love is charmingly told, with a *naïveté* that a novelist would give his right hand to attain. For instance, under the date of September 26, 1796, we find, "I found her in the garden, without daring to speak with her. . . . Oct. 29. I saw Julie in the courtyard as I entered, but, unfortunately, some men were emptying a cart; I went into the house. I found a Mme. Petit calling, and I did not dare to speak. . . . Oct. 31. A great deal of company. A chance in the garden lost. I brought back the seventh volume of Sévigné. I forgot the eighth and my umbrella. . . . Nov. 2. I went to get my umbrella. . . . Nov. 9. Julie told me not to come so often. . . . Dec. 15. Breakfasted with M. Perisse [her brother-in-law]. Julie came at last. I stayed with her till eleven in the morning. She showed me all her jewels, told me my hair was cut too short, and made fun of the people with whom she spent last evening. . . . Dec. 23. I talked with her a long time about Grandison, the passions, and I mourned the lot of those who do not know if they are loved. 'She reminded me that last year I had said I only wanted to be sure that I was not hated.' And so it goes on. From his brief hints we catch a charming vision of his earnestness, affection, and seriousness; while of Julie we have brief glimpses, as if we met her on the stairs, or saw her tripping through the garden. In his calls he stays too late, and she has to remind him to go away. She chides him for inattention to his dress. Then, too, we have all the letters that her sister Elise writes to her about him. Women's letters have been so often and indiscriminately praised, that it may be worth while to say that a letter is not good, save under certain well-known exceptional cases, merely because a woman wrote it; but then, when a woman does write a charming letter, it is indeed charming; and these letters of Elise, a great many of which are given, are delightful. This book is not all an idyl; they are married, Julie's health fails her, and soon she dies; but with all this sadness we can be grateful for the picture that this book gives us of innocence and real affection, and, at the last, of bravery. As we said, it is like a novel, in some places surprisingly so, but with infinitely more poetry than most, and of course with more realism than even Balzac.

*Thermidor* is the title of an historical



novel dealing with nearly the same time. It is a grisly tale, rigid with accuracies in the names of streets, the dates of thunderstorms, etc., but yet one that will be found of interest, and full of instruction too. It is curious to notice the difference between the historical novel and memoir of the same time; how in the novel, at the time of the terror, every one is terrified; in a revolution every one raises his hand to heaven, etc.: while in the memoir we get glimpses of the people going about their business, and laughing and talking as usual. In that respect this novel may be compared with the book we have mentioned above.

For another study of the recent revolutions we know no better book than Achard's *Souvenirs personnels d'Émeutes et de Révolutions*, which has recently appeared. The author gives us modestly and with very little comment an account of what has passed before his eyes in the many days of warfare that Paris has seen during the last forty years. With the events of a year ago still fresh in our memories, it seems hardly worth while to quote any account of the horrors which all good Americans are only too ready to forget in consideration of the cheapness of kid gloves and hack-fare in Paris; but we recommend the book for its historical interest and for the personal interest, the secret of which lies in an author's leaving himself out of his work.

In a volume entitled *Les Jours d'Épreuve* M. Caro has collected a certain number of essays that had already appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. They are all about the war and the condition of France. Although at times they are noticeably weak, if not almost querulous, they are well worth reading as an example of the thoughts of the better class of Frenchmen. But no French writer seems to write definitely enough about the problem which lies before that country. They are often eloquent, they are always intelligent; but what they say seems vague and rhetorical when one considers the very active nature of the dangers that beset them. When a man's house is burning it is not wise for him to be searching his text-books for an account of the laws of combustion.

M. Octave Feuillet's last novel, *Julie de Trécoeur*, is, like everything he writes, well worth reading, at least by such as are accustomed to tales in the French tongue. It does not demand a serious examination,

but its cleverness, which is its most marked trait, makes it very entertaining. Whatever one may think of M. Feuillet's writing, no one can accuse him of carelessness. Indeed carpers, whom no one can please, might say that he was only too careful. Certainly this little story may be taken as a very good example of what is meant by the polish of French workmanship.

M. Du Mesnil-Marigny has published a *Histoire de l'Économie politique des anciens Peuples de l'Inde, de l'Égypte, de la Judée, et de la Grèce*. This large and thorough work will be found of interest by the student. The author undertakes to prove the antiquity of this science, and to illustrate its history from what we know of these countries. He proves the existence of the theory of protection in ancient times, and also the existence in Athens of a unit of weight and measure taken from the length of a cube of distilled water, one side of the cube representing the unit. Moreover, the book is full of information on the laws that regulated the commerce and manufactures of the countries of which he writes. In the necessarily brief notice, which is all that our space allows, we cannot by any means do full justice to the thoroughness of this book. To dismiss a book of this importance with a flippant or even a well-considered adjective is unfair to the author and to the reader. But it is equally impossible in half a page to give an intelligent abstract of two thick volumes on Political Economy of whatever age or country. It only remains for us to recommend the work most heartily to the many students of the science.

We have left ourselves but little space for German books, and those we have received this month are but few in number. At this season the ponderous tome is not attractive, but it may not be amiss to mention merely the appearance of Henne-Am Rhyn's *Culturgeschichte*, of the third edition of Schleicher's *Compendium der Indogermanischen Sprachen*, which is not a work of general interest, and of the first part of Steinthal's *Abriß der Sprachwissenschaft*.

For lighter reading we have a volume by Elise Polko, *Im Vorübergehen*, containing four short stories that will be found as tearfully sentimental as most of the writing of that lady. Edmund Hoefler's new story, *Zur linken Hand* is not absolutely unreadable. The third volume of *Fritz Ellrodt*, finishing the novel, has arrived.



## ART.

IT is difficult to know whether one should bring into the list of fine-art phenomena such a singular exhibition as that which was last month opened to the public at the Studio Building by Mr. H. C. Pratt, with the announcement of "sublime scenery in California," etc. But the artist is evidently so in earnest, and, at the same time, so evidently mistaken as to the true ends of art, that it seems not wholly out of place to set his collection in its proper relations. The first picture on his list is a "View of the Great Yosemite Falls in the famous Yosemite Valley." It would involve a much ampler and more radical treatise than we are now engaged upon to explain why the painting is not worth a detailed criticism. We must be allowed to stop at saying that it is simply very, very poor. But we must distinctly object to the practice, first introduced, we are afraid, in the case of Mr. Bierstadt's large works, of explaining in a catalogue or on a printed slip of paper precisely what elements in the subject of the exhibited picture are to excite us into awe and admiration. It is quite an illegitimate mode of assisting his paints, for instance, when Mr. Pratt announces in his catalogue that these falls are twenty-six hundred and thirty feet high, and that "Mr. Hutchings (the admirable proprietor and conductor of the first hotel in the Valley)" pronounces this picture to be "the most truthful representation he has ever seen of that famous and sublime locality." Unfortunately Mr. Hutchings's reputation for correct and independent art criticism, however he may merit it, is not sufficiently well established here to carry conviction; and it is altogether a mistake to suppose that because the declivity over which a stream precipitates itself is many hundred feet high, the pictorial representation of it should be classed as high art. There are eight other views in California and New Mexico, all of which are treated in the catalogue with a rich verbiage similar to that above quoted, and two of them Mr. Pratt endeavors to bring within the sphere of human sympathies by the statement that the Southern Pacific Railroad will pass near the points which his compositions include. Besides these he displays two large "Allegorical Pictures" of Night and Morning, "from designs in marble by

Thorwaldsen the Dane." All these are very meagrely painted, and exhibit a very disorganized sentiment for the relations of colors. If he can free himself of these errors, and engage in an earnest attempt faithfully to portray beauty of form and hue for themselves alone, including merely so much beauty of idea as must come indirectly through every other kind of beauty, he will produce pictures which, though they may cover a smaller area, and offer thus a less extended ground for mellifluous cataloguing, still cannot corrupt his own and the popular taste as these must.

It is refreshing to turn from these mountainous mistakes to the mention of a private collection of pictures recently sold by Messrs. Leonard & Co. Here were some ninety pictures, none very large, one fifth of which were finished water-color sketches. The average excellence of these last was by no means equal to that of the oils. We would especially remind our readers that such pictures as the two sketches among these, by S. Triscott of London, do not fairly represent the best English painting in this line. Though clearly drawn, pretty, and lucid in color, they neither exhibit the earnest realism nor the solidity of execution characteristic of the later school. But, indeed, if we are speaking of the lack of representation from which good English painters suffer among us, it is greatly to be regretted that our market cannot command some specimens of those among them who chiefly work in oils. Could artists as well as picture-buyers here interest themselves in this matter so far as to organize at least a loan-exhibition of pictures by such men as Mason, Barclay, Moore, Stanhope, Herny, and their followers, and, if such a thing were possible, a few pieces from Rossetti, Madox Brown, Millais, Whistler, and Leighton, we think both amateur school and connoisseur would make material gains from the study of them. But until some such adequate audience shall have been given to the first men of the English school, those unfamiliar with it should be warned not to attempt characterizing it in their own minds from such minor and often vilifying fragments as drift into our galleries. It seems strange, indeed, that we who need so much all the education and inspiration we can get in art



should remain in such ignorance of what is now going on in England, while we are familiar with modern French masters. An undertaking like the exhibition proposed, however, would call for ample funds and an unimpeachable, entirely disinterested management. It may be, then, that we can hope for progress towards the desired end only when the coming Art Museum shall get into operation and be in readiness with the proper enginery to assist the popular taste.

Among the oils, which were mostly French and Belgian, were to be found some quite well worth noticing. Of those by American painters but two attracted us. There were, indeed, pieces by Tait, Chapman, and Casilear, but whoever looks for vital and inspiring art would find himself at a loss to draw from these any inspiration whatever. But let us look for a moment at a landscape by Fuller, — a dark green hill sloping down to a pool in the foreground, where the sod hangs in a torn fringe over a little sandy bank. Towards this pool creeps timidly a foolish sheep, looking half scared as if at the reflection of himself which he perhaps already sees rising out of the water. In the left are trees; behind all a pearly sky. The whole is modest, well balanced, not without a certain self-contained mastery. G. N. Cass's "Spring" displays elaborate handling, but without corresponding merits in the result. The hard, fine-grained texture of the sky and left background, where a river swims dimly into distant mists of May, is perhaps the most successful portion. The apple-trees bloom with a pink too much like that of the peach-blossom; and a drove of over-labored sheep in the foreground seem wallowing hopelessly in the unnatural brown of their shadows. There is something here that reminds us of Homer Winslow, though far less successful. The general tone is a striving for something true, but it rings with a falsetto quality that pains.

We cannot refrain from mentioning briefly certain of the foreign pictures:—

In C. T. Frère's *Encampment of a Caravan near Cairo, Egypt*, the foreground and middle are occupied by white tents and groups of Arabs, some of whom are engaged about fires that send up a faint smoke. Three or four lofty palms lift on the right their slender heads of leaves, until they stand out against the upper portion of the sunset sky. A line of amethystine hills separates the plains and encampment from this sky, which in its even splendor

seems all compacted from infinitesimal grains of gold. The hue deepens as it approaches the purple border of the hills to a solemn, glowing golden-red. At the left are two dotted lines of distant birds, describing in their flight an acute angle on the glowing background.

Milne Ramsay's *Still Life* shows, grouped upon a heavy-hanging white tablecloth, a copper water-jug, from which the light slips as if it were real metal, green Dutch hock-glasses, a punch-bowl, and a lemon with the skin split and curled off at one end. The cloth has been drawn away from the right-hand portion of the table, and there on the wood lies the burning stump of a cigar, its glow perceptible through the accumulated ash, sending up a straight thread of smoke that expands as it ascends. The painter seems to have thoroughly imbued himself with the nature and meaning of his materials. Nothing can be more copper-like than his copper, more lemon-like than his lemon, nor more cigar-like than the smouldering weed in his picture. This latter adjunct, too, gives the painting a kind of evanescent human interest, — a most agreeable relief to the dead quietude of most still-life subjects.

*Japanese Still Life* is a companion picture to this, and would set it off to advantage by the richness of its coloring. The table is here draped with a red covering of plushy texture, and holds a Japanese earthenware teapot, two porcelain cups, and a white silk fan, all painted over with mimic Japanese decoration in deep blue, crimson, red, green, straw, yellow, and gray. It offers an ingenious study in the matching of a number of distinct colors.

The *Ideal Head*, by T. Lobrichon, is a woman's head, tossed back, the face of a faint, yet warm, red temperature, subdued with pale brown shadows, and wearing a somewhat wanton expression. Only the upper half of the figure is shown. The dress is a hunter's green, with puffs of bright red, suggesting the pomegranate and its green-gold rind. The head is crowned with auburn hair, and the heavy tresses are bound by a broad fillet of green and red as in the dress. This strange scornful head seems, in its half-fantastic yet harmonious coloring, fairly to flit past us in front of its background of deep red-brown.

The small landscape by Corot, is made up, after the manner of Corot, out of strangely few materials. On the left is a little hill bearing a clump of trees that thin



out, as they descend its slope, into a single line of aspens, apparently, standing against a thick white heaven, their trunks leading the eye to a pool in the foreground wherein the cloudy white gleams again. To the left of the pool is a dauby old woman in red kirtle, bending down to the grass; to the right a reddish-brown cow, grazing. A hint of blue sky, melting through the incrustated white in the upper right-hand corner, saves the composition from a certain lassitude which might otherwise have marked it oppressively.

A landscape by Lambinet is almost of the same size as the Corot, and we could greatly fancy these two arranged as pendants to each other. But the Lambinet is a more elaborate composition, and seems to us to have something more like a soul than the other. We cannot help suspecting that Corot is fooling us, when we find ourselves admiring his spattery foliage, his general indistinctness, and slender evanescence of material. To be mainly suggestive, indeed, is his forte; but suggestiveness, both in painting and writing, may become too vague and airy to be quite excellent, and we are not sure that Corot always keeps bounds in this direction. However, here is the Lambinet; and, allowing the description of the two to be about on a par, let the reader decide as to his preference. A group of cottage roofs rising from behind a grassy mound, the tiling pervaded by crimson lake sparingly dispensed; on the left, a glimpse over fields and woods and hills, with birds dashing about against a sky full of gray clouds, lilac-flushed; over the cottages, again, a clump of poplars. In the right, a pond reflecting the crimson that lurks in the roofs, and perhaps something of that distant echo of sunset on the clouds. To the left of the water two women in reddish garments, behind them two cows; and in the distant field another reverberation of their duality in the shape of two more brown animals, horses or cows. The green of the meadows, which also spreads over the bank that divides the roofs from the pool, crops up with a freshness as if it were newly sprung.

A chief transaction of late on our local art-stage has been the first annual exhibition in Horticultural Hall, of drawings from the free industrial drawing-schools established during the past year in this State. The merit of the work here displayed must naturally be determined by a due regard to the fact that some of the classes represented have been

very lately formed; that of Lowell, for instance, dating its organization from March 7, 1872. Keeping this in mind, we shall find the different degrees of progress in each school, as compared with their opportunities, very encouraging indeed. It is evident from this collection that the materials among us are plentiful for producing experts in both industrial and other kinds of drawing; and an examination of the cards affixed to all the drawings, giving the name and occupation of each pupil, shows that the response to this opportunity for education is enthusiastic,—the persons represented being students, machinists, engravers, photographers, etc., and one at least of even so uninspiring a calling as that of letter-carrier. The town of Lynn has the highest proportion of awards of merit, six out of its eight drawings having been marked by the committee. But Boston naturally contributes the largest number as well as those intrinsically the best. The Appleton Street class presents an imposing phalanx of large drawings from casts, models, and flat copies, the best of which are in black chalk. Those finished in pencil do not reach nearly so high a level, leaving still much to be accomplished. Boston and Taunton give the most attractive and excellent of the machine-drawings and architectural designs; but perhaps the most interesting piece of all the works is an original design for an Axminster carpet by F. C. Swann, æt. 18, late of Kidderminster Art School, England, and now of Lowell. Altogether the exhibition is a success, and we may look forward to its yearly repetitions with hopeful anticipation. In the upper hall were shown, simultaneously with these, drawings from the Boston public schools, interesting as showing what a broad and admirable basis is here being laid for a future popular appreciation of art. It is only from such careful training of large bodies of the young, and from the gradual identification of the artist with the artisan, through the agency of the industrial schools, that we can hope to reach a period of truly healthy art in this country; a period when grace and beauty shall make themselves felt in common things—in the shaping of furniture and utensils, in the decoration of our walls and the external aspect of our dwellings—to such a degree that our daily thoughts may be led easily and gladly back to nature and the delight of living. And now at last the day seems dawning when life shall thus be sweetened for us,



## MUSIC.\*

IT is with great pleasure that we notice a *Sarabande* and *Scherzo* for piano-forte by Stephen A. Emery. The *Sarabande*, in B-minor, is a most masterly piece of contrapuntal writing, and shows to what good purpose the composer has studied the piano-forte works of Sebastian Bach. Mr. Emery indeed seems to have caught something of the great master's spirit in this little piece, and to have done more than merely imitate his musical forms. Apart from the excellence of the counterpoint, there is enough of originality and of the more modern musical essence in this *Sarabande* to stamp it as something better than a work of mere imitative cleverness. It is a composition that, to say the very least, shows great talent and sound musical culture, and there is not a note in it that we would willingly see changed. The *Scherzo*, in B-major, is thoroughly charming throughout, and, although more modern in form than the *Sarabande*, follows it naturally and easily. Here the composer shows that he has not confined his studies to the works of the older, contrapuntal masters, and in the last return of the theme he has made quite happy use of a syncopation evidently caught from Beethoven. The *Caprice*, Opus 18, is written in a freer style and is musicianlike, at times even charming in treatment, but does not as a whole strike us as coming quite up to the standard of some other of the composer's works which have come under our notice.

We are forced to express far less satisfaction at Mr. Sloper's "Santley Album." The "Album" is a series of six transcriptions of songs sung by Mr. Charles Santley, and as such will no doubt commend itself to many of the great baritone's admirers. With the exception of the *Tarantelle*, *La Danza*, from Rossini's *Soirées Musicales*, the songs themselves are at best very common-

place compositions, and have to thank Mr. Santley's singing for whatever effect they may have made in the concert-room. That Mr. Santley should have sung them is by no means surprising, as it is but too familiar a fact that great singers have perhaps the greatest hold upon the generality of their audiences by means of very inferior songs; but we are sorry to find that any one who has been associated in our minds with better things musically, as Mr. Sloper undoubtedly has been, should have thought it worth while to transcribe such music for the piano-forte. The manner, too, in which Mr. Sloper has performed his task is no better than the matter he has chosen to work upon. There is nothing in the transcriptions that places them above the rank of the usual piano-solo arrangements of operas and cantatas with which the music-market is flooded. As arrangements of fine music, however poorly done, such things are often welcome as means of studying the works of the great masters and of recalling to the mind impressions received on hearing the performance of some symphony or opera, but as specimens of piano-forte writing they fall even below the level of respectable mediocrity.

In his *Fantaisie* upon Russian airs Mr. Sloper has trodden upon dangerous ground. This as well as his *Fantaisie* upon "Home, Sweet Home" (when will pianists mercifully cease torturing that much-injured song?) is written much more pretentiously than the Santley song transcriptions, and seems to invite comparison with Sigismund Thalberg's *Airs Russes Variés*, Opus 17; a comparison very little to Mr. Sloper's advantage. As far as the subject-matter is concerned, the two compositions are as nearly as possible identical, but in the manner of treatment Mr. Sloper cuts but a sorry figure beside Thalberg. In arranging the first

*Theme with Variations* from the first Orchestra Suite by Franz Lachner, transcribed for the Piano-forte by ERNST PERABO. Boston: Kopitz, Prüffer, & Co.

*Fairy Menuet*. By CH. B. LYSBERG, Op. 43. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

*Spring is here*. By FRITZ SPINDLER, Op. 200. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

*Mignon*, *Fantaisie brillante*. Par EUGÈNE KETTERER, Op. 209. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

*Maria Mater*. Hymn for Four Voices. Music by F. BOOTT. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

\* *Sarabande und Scherzo* für Piano. Von STEPHEN A. EMERY, Op. 6. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

*Caprice*. By STEPHEN A. EMERY, Op. 18, No. 6. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

*The Santley Album*. Six of Mr. Charles Santley's most popular Songs transcribed for Piano by LINDSAY SLOPER. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

*Grands Fantaisies de Concert*. No. 1, Home, Sweet Home. No. 2, Russian Air. By LINDSAY SLOPER. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.



little theme, which Thalberg has treated with all that easy grace and refinement so peculiar to himself, Mr. Sloper flounders about in the most woful manner among strangely crude harmonic progressions and bad counterpoint, such as second-rate organists often take refuge in in their improvisations while lying in wait for a musical idea. The musical idea, however, does not apparently come to Mr. Sloper, for he soon switches off through a series of every-day piano-forte commonplaces to the National Hymn. This he has harmonized little better than the preceding theme, though if we continue the comparison, we must admit that Thalberg's treatment of the Hymn is also decidedly weak and far inferior to his handling of the other air. Mr. Sloper, after setting forth the Hymn in plain harmony, treats us to a painfully trivial variation, which at last comes to an end with a few bars of the conventional *finale* double-shuffle business for both hands. We are at a loss to understand how anybody with the slightest claim to being a pianist could have written this *Fantaisie*. Putting aside the musical inanity of the composition itself, the manner in which it is put upon the instrument, the *Claviersatz*, as the Germans have it, is poor, thin, and unmusicallike. If this is the best that Mr. Sloper can do, we hope that the *cacoëthes scribendi* is not a chronic malady with him, and that he does not often abandon the accompanist's stool, at which post he has fairly won so many laurels, for the composer's desk.

Ernst Perabo's piano-forte arrangement of the Lachner "Theme with Variations" is quite a good rendering of the original. Of the twenty-three variations in the original *Suite*, Mr. Perabo has transcribed twelve in such a manner as to make us wish that he had done as much for the remaining eleven. To be sure, this would have made the movement almost inordinately long for a piano-forte piece, especially as the absence of orchestral coloring and of the contrasting of one body of instruments with another of different *timbre* robs the composition of much of its variety. The fear of too great monotony was, no doubt, Mr. Perabo's reason for the cuts that he has made, and this consideration is by no means unworthy of attention; but, on the other hand, the artistic unity of the whole suffers by such a dismemberment. This makes itself painfully felt at the end of the transcription, where Mr. Perabo closes with the twentieth variation, thus leaving the

piece as it were with one foot in the air. Nevertheless, there is enough intrinsic beauty in Lachner's composition to make it very acceptable, even in this imperfect shape. Mr. Perabo has done his work well, considering the great difficulties that one meets on every hand in making effective piano-forte arrangements of modern orchestral works, especially of one of such intricate polyphonic structure as some of the variations in question. In order to make a thoroughly fine transcription, one must not only be a consummate master of the piano-forte, but also possess an exhaustive practical knowledge of the orchestra, — two qualities rarely to be found united in one individual. The finest efforts in this direction have been made by Franz Liszt, Hans v. Bülow, Carl Tausig, and Carl Klindworth, many of whose piano-forte transcriptions border on the miraculous. In listening to some of Liszt's arrangements of Beethoven's symphonies and, as the Marchioness said, "making believe very hard," we can almost cheat ourselves into believing that we hear the orchestra itself. It is no disparagement to Mr. Perabo to say that this is hardly the case with the transcription in hand; but if he has not succeeded in giving us those delicate hints at orchestral coloring which we find in Liszt's transcriptions, he has at least given us an arrangement that is thoroughly *claviermässig* (we know of no English word that exactly expresses the idea) and quite playable.

Lysberg's "Fairy Menuet" is a pretty, unpretentious little piece, well within the executive scope of almost anybody who may have dabbled in piano-forte playing.

Fritz Spindler's "Spring is here" is one of the composer's most showy efforts, though hardly up to the mark of some of his less pretentious compositions. Although Spindler deserves a higher rank as a composer than such wholesale music-makers as Krug, Oesten, and the rest of that tribe, yet he at times seems almost to deserve the title of *Musikfabrikant*, which a fellow-townsmen of his own bestowed upon him. He has undoubtedly great facility in composing, and his ideas, such as they are, flow easily and often gracefully from his pen; but his themes are too often commonplace and trivial, and his treatment of them too much upon a stereotyped plan, to save his compositions from that close family resemblance which in time amounts to flat and unprofitable sameness.



There is a certain refinement about everything he writes, and a direct, naïve simplicity of expression, that is not without its charm, and his treatment of the piano-forte is generally skilful. He has the knack of producing often quite brilliant effects by simple and easy means, and seems to possess every requisite for a first-class piano-forte writer, excepting genius.

Another quite brilliant piece of *salon* music is Eugène Ketterer's *Fantaisie* on Thomas's *Mignon*. This is much better than most compositions of its class, though it has the one great fault of all potpourris, namely, the want of any artistic unity in form. It begins quite strongly with the Bohemian March, then passes to a very good arrangement of the *Pastorale* and the fascinating little *Danse des oeufs*, and ends with a very brilliant and effective setting of the *Polonaise*. M. Ketterer has treated the piano-forte in a large, brilliant style, and the *Fantaisie* is not too difficult for amateurs who have acquired some facility in octave playing.

Francis Boott's *Maria Mater* seems to us to be one of the very best of the composer's works. Besides being a fine specimen of four-part vocal writing, the music is throughout in perfect keeping with the character of the words, — a rare merit in sacred music nowadays. We may be pardoned a short digression here, more fully to explain our meaning. In the old contrapuntal church music there is much that at first sight seems at variance with the religious character of the text. Much has been written, especially of late years, about the seeming incongruity of setting sentences like *Kyrie eleison*, *Dona nobis pacem*, and other parts of the mass, to music in strict fugue form and often with great contrapuntal elaboration. Even a man of Hector Berlioz's musical insight has found nothing but what is ridiculous in many of the fugued choruses of Händel and Sebastian Bach, and his often too facile pen has held up much of the old sacred music to public ridicule. But though the old contrapuntal forms may appear to us to-day to be strangely unfit for the expression of religious sentiment, the *spirit* of the old church music is thoroughly devotional. We must look at what is behind the counterpoint, not at the counterpoint itself. In more modern sacred music we find less to shock us in the outward form, but we also find less of the devotional and purely religious spirit. Even in Mendelssohn we find that sentimentality too often takes the

place of sentiment, and that what aims at being religious mysticism too often resolves itself into mere aimless, dreamy sensuousness. But in many of the composers of to-day, especially those of the French school, this realistic sentimentalism attains an excessive development, and in listening to the Eastern splendor of their harmony with its yearning augmented intervals and sensuous ninths and thirteenths, we often feel as if the Arabian Nights were the source of the inspiration, rather than the devotional words to which the music is set. Although Mr. Boott is avowedly a violent opponent of the old strict forms of composition, especially in sacred music, he has not fallen into this error. There is a healthy, tonic character in most of his music, which, if it shows how little influence his studies in Palestrina and the old Italian church masters have had upon his style, also shows that he has not given in to the prevailing tendency to sentimentalism of some of the modern schools, and in the composition in question he has kept clear of the sensational commonplaces of the modern Italian operatic school, which in some of his other works he has evinced a strong tendency to imitate. The employment of the chord of the augmented sixth in the last phrase but one (at all times a dangerous chord to have to do with) makes one for a moment fear that the conventional, operatic burst from darkness to sunshine, or rather from turned-down lamps to Bengal lights, is coming; but the resolution through a minor chord into a really grand diminished seventh, followed after a short silence by a calm, reposeful cadence, makes this *crescendo* one of the finest passages in the whole piece. The least successful part of the composition is the little bit of imitation, at the bottom of the fourth page, on the words *tu nos ab hoste*. This, although grammatically written, sounds cheap and commonplace beside the rest of the work. If the whole composition have a pervading fault, it is the too frequent recurrence of the perfect cadence, which, besides making the harmony a little monotonous, tends to separate the different phrases too much and to make them too independent of each other. But in spite of this there is much real beauty in the composition, and it gives us the hope that Mr. Boott will continue to write in this vein, which seems more congenial to him than the lighter forms of composition that he has attempted.



## SCIENCE.

A VALUABLE contribution to the so-called Darwinian theory has recently been made by Mr. Chauncey Wright, in a paper on "The Use and Origin of the Arrangements of Leaves in Plants," published among the Memoirs of the American Academy of Science and Arts. By a comparison of the various angular distances of leaves arranged about a stem, it is found that they may all be resolved into the general form of a continued fraction, of which the approximate value is such a number that any given power of it is equal to the difference between its two next lower powers; for example,  $K^n = K^{n-2} - K^{n-1}$ . On this arithmetical peculiarity depends the geometrical fact that, in such an arrangement, each new or higher leaf must be placed over the angular space between the two older and lower ones which are nearest in direction, so as to subdivide this space in the same ratio in which any two successive leaves divide the circumference. This arrangement is that which effects the most thorough distribution of leaves around the stem, so that each leaf secures for itself the most complete exposure to air and sunlight, besides obtaining the most ample "elbow-room" for expansion in the bud. There is no evidence that this arrangement is anywhere completely realized in nature any more than the cell of the honey-bee ever thoroughly realizes the definite form which it suggests to the geometrician as that which secures the greatest possible amount of available room with the least possible expenditure of building material. Nevertheless, as is also the case with the honey-cell, this ideal arrangement of leaves is approximately realized, with all needful accuracy, in many of the different arrangements actually found. Thus the  $\frac{2}{3}$  arrangement differs from the ideal  $K$  only by 0.007, and the  $\frac{8}{13}$  arrangement differs only 0.003.

Mr. Wright's inquiry into the sources and uses of this arrangement admirably illustrates the difference in scientific character between the doctrine of types and the doctrine of adaptation, of which Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection is part and parcel. The position taken is well expressed in an excellent foot-note concerning the parallel case of the bee's cells. The

doctrine of types regards the perfect geometrical cell-form as something archetypal or pre-existing which serves as a model for the bee's instinct to copy. Plainly this is a metaphysical *hysteron proteron*, or putting of the cart before the horse. According to the doctrine of adaptation, the bee's cells are slowly perfected modifications of clumsier structures of similar general pattern, — such as are actually built by wasps, humblebees, and other hymenoptera, — and their gradual approach toward ideal perfection has been determined simply by the usefulness to the species of parsimony in building with hard-earned material. It is well known to naturalists that there are great differences in excellence of workmanship among hive-bees; even in the same garden may be found cells of various degrees of perfection, none of which absolutely answer the requirements met by the geometer's ideal cell. But in proportion as the bee builds with economy is he favored in the struggle for life; so that the ideal type of cell is just that which long-continued natural selection must inevitably tend to produce, and — as Mr. Wright very keenly observes — "whatever evidence there is that the bee's instinct is determined toward the ideally perfect type of the honey-cell is directly convertible into proofs that it is so determined by these simple conveniences and utilities." The type, therefore, is not a pre-existing pattern to which the phenomena are in some inscrutable way made to conform; but it is the goal toward which the unceasing operation of the principle of utility tends ever to urge the progress of the phenomena.

We purposely choose this collateral illustration from the bee's cell, because it is more generally intelligible, and admits of briefer summing up, than any illustrations which might be gathered from the main discussion concerning leaf arrangement. Mr. Wright's very striking essay carries out the principle of utility just indicated in its application to the various systems of phyllotaxy; seeking to show that those arrangements which correspond to different forms of his ideal fraction are directly useful, or have been directly useful, either to existing or to ancestral plants as affording the most favorable conditions for the ab-



sorption and elaboration of sap. The subject is not an easy one to make clear to the general reader, and the author's style, excellent and attractive as it is for its brevity and fulness of meaning, nevertheless by virtue of these very qualities demands the closest attention. To those, however, who have had sufficient scientific training to follow its line of argument, this essay will commend itself as a fine specimen of original investigation, valuable both to science and to philosophy, of a kind always too seldom met with, and very rarely to be found in our own country.

As we are speaking of natural selection, it may be well to note Professor Shaler's ingenious explanation of the rattlesnake's rattle. The existence of this appendage has long been a puzzle to philosophical naturalists, and Darwinians have been repeatedly challenged to account for the formation or preservation by natural selection of an organ assumed to be injurious to the species. The difficulty has lain in the assumption, too hastily made, that the noise of the rattle must be prejudicial to the snake by forewarning its enemies or prey of its presence, and thus giving the enemies time for sudden attack, and allowing the prey to escape. On the theory of natural selection, the preservation of the species must entail the atrophy of such an organ, or, rather, must prevent its origination, unless the damage occasioned by it be more than compensated by some utility not hitherto detected. Professor Shaler's hypothesis, however, suggests the possibility that this whole speculation is fundamentally erroneous. Far from being injurious to the snake, by serving to warn its prey, it seems likely that the rattle may be directly useful by serving as a decoy. Professor Shaler has observed that the peculiar sound of the rattle is a very close imitation of the note emitted by a certain cicada common in American forests frequented by rattlesnakes; and, according to his ingenious suggestion, the bird, hearing the note and thinking to make a meal of the cicada, advances upon its own destruction, becoming the eaten instead of the eater. If this be true, we may have data here for explaining some of the alleged phenomena of fascination, so far as rattlesnakes are concerned; and another case will be added to the numerous cases now on record in which animals have acquired, for utility's sake, peculiarities characteristic of totally different creatures. An alternative explanation, how-

ever, has been offered, which is worthy of careful attention. The general law that animals are benefited by concealment—the law which so beautifully explains many of the chief features of animal coloring—has some important exceptions. In many cases, when an animal is especially noxious, it is advantageous to him to be conspicuous, that enemies may recognize him at a distance and keep away from him. Thus, while grasshoppers, moths, and butterflies (on the exposed under surfaces of their wings) are in nearly all cases so colored as best to escape notice, on the other hand, bees and wasps, which are protected by their stings, and many beetles, which are protected by a noxious taste or odor, are apt to be conspicuously colored. A still better example is that of the jet-black toad which Mr. Darwin saw in La Plata, which emitted a poisonous secretion, and which, as it crawled on the light-tinted sand, could not fail to be recognized by every passing creature as something to be avoided. Now a rattlesnake is unquestionably a very noxious animal, and so dangerous to its enemies that they will always do well to keep out of its way. Moreover, the death-wound inflicted by it, though usually very sure, is somewhat slow in operation; so that in a fierce struggle it will often happen that its action is not prompt enough to preclude a return of compliments fatal to the snake. When a tiger tears open the jugular vein of his enemy, the enemy is placed *hors du combat* at once; but when the rattlesnake has bitten, there is nothing to prevent the foe from employing his short remaining period of probation in tearing the serpent to pieces. Hence the rattlesnake must be peculiarly benefited by an apparatus which serves as a signal to warn enemies of his presence, and to keep them from attacking him. His more formidable enemies, belonging chiefly to the mammalian class, are certainly intelligent enough to profit by such warning and shun the danger; and as it is plainly the snake's object to avoid even a conflict, it is clear that he is helped less by his terrible bite than by his power of threatening a bite.

This explanation seems to us in principle quite sound; yet if we adopt it, there is nothing to prevent us from giving due weight also to Professor Shaler's suggestion. The success with which the note of the cicada is counterfeited by the rattle is a point to be more fully determined by fur-



ther careful observation. And if it turns out that the rattle fulfils the double purpose of alarming sundry animals that are hostile and of enticing sundry others that are good for food, it will not be the first case in which it has happened that a structure useful in one way has also become useful in another way. The question is an interesting one, and valuable, if only because it re-

minds us of the danger of reasoning too confidently in an *a priori* manner concerning points the due elucidation of which requires careful study of the details of the every-day life of animals. It is one of the great merits of the theory of natural selection, that it has directed so many naturalists, with eyes open, into this fruitful field of inquiry.

## POLITICS.

THE humorous nomination of the ironical convention which met at Cincinnati in May has been received by the nation with the contrasted feelings usually awakened in mixed audiences by a joke; the great mass have no real pleasure in it; many whose opinions or prejudices have been trifled with resent it; a few like it; but at first everybody laughs. To be sure Mr. Greeley was in some respects a pretty old joke, and most of us had had our gibe at his knowledge of farming, his white hat, and his handwriting; but the public is something of a great child in these matters, and likes the same thing over and over again. Besides there was actually a shock of novelty in the choice of a lifelong protectionist by a convention resulting from a movement of free-trade reformers, and electrical laughter naturally ran along all the telegraph wires in the country, and set the whole Union on the broad grin.

It was so altogether preposterous, under the circumstances, and his election would be so much less surprising, that people began to say that very probably he would be elected. We suppose there never was any very good ground for this belief, and its fallacy soon appeared, and has constantly grown more evident. The Democrats, whom the gods have made definitively mad, seem resolved by a large majority to refuse their opportunity; the sincere free-traders who, in a convention that united the wisdom of the dove to the harmlessness of the serpent, were certainly not answerable for the result, have generally rejected it; the wavering Republicans, who were halting between their allegiance to General Grant and their hopes of a better man, have almost universally determined to bear the ills they have; the white Southern vote

may be won for Mr. Greeley, but the black Southern vote cannot be counted upon for any one who wants the white vote; the Irish vote—the intelligent, the logical, the delightful Irish vote—will be cast, as it has always been, for the choice of the Democratic Convention, whoever or whatever that may be. These things are plain enough to any reader of the newspapers; not merely the city journals, which attempt to lead popular opinion, but also the country papers, which are simply content to express it; and in the mean time the charges brought against Mr. Greeley, and the reasons given why he should not be elected, present a diversified and instructive prospect to the philosophical observer. On one hand he is held to be unsafe for the station he seeks, because, though a man of good intentions and excellent heart, he is of so guileless and single a mind, that he will become the mere tool of the wicked, and will lead us to ruin by paths that he blindly takes to be the flowery ways of reform; on the other hand it is declared that his seeming simplicity and virtue do but cover a wily and treacherous nature, an unscrupulous ambition, an utter lack of principle. By some he is pronounced unfit to preside in the White House because his manners are not agreeable, and he does not dress stylishly; Mr. Wendell Phillips believes that he has a "secret understanding if not a positive contract" with the Rebel voters at the South to place Jeff. Davis in his Cabinet; others insinuate that he is in league with Tammany; others yet doubtless have their little fears of Fourierism, of free-love, of miscegenation, of woman's rights, of premature peace with the belligerent South, or a precipitate attack on Richmond,—of that whole order of sidelong, eccentric, sud-



denly repentant, violently persistent progress which is more vividly embodied to the popular fancy by the name of Greeley than by any other word. We have still to wait for the stock accusations of drunkenness, ancestral piracy, Catholicism, and the habitual violation of all the commandments; but it is yet early in the canvass, and they will doubtless appear in good time.

For our part, at a moment which seems favorable for all desiring to set up a private conscience, we confess that we should be very little troubled if we were an original Greeley man by any of the facts of the present situation, save the fact that Mr. Greeley has consented to forego all his high protection principles and, if elected, not to use his power against the free-trade which he has always professed to believe unspeakably disastrous. On this point we should waive discussion; as for the rest, we should answer that no friend of Mr. Greeley ever pretended that he was a glass of fashion or a mould of form, and that he might do uncouth things in the White House, but more probably would not; that the bargain with Jeff. Davis and the league with Tammany had not the shadow of proof; that the evidence of Mr. Greeley's political wickedness was rather to be found in the rancor of his enemies than the depravity of the causes he had espoused; that he was fickle, and eccentric, yes, but his sudden changes were from conviction, and that obstinacy was quite as bad in a President as honest inconsistency; that the possession of office is itself often ballast enough to steady the most erratic craft; and that finally the reasons against Mr. Greeley are so contradictory that they cannot all be good. They leave in fact a great deal to be said in his favor, — as, that he is a man of unimpeachable private life, just, charitable, generous; that like many of our greatest statesmen he has raised himself from an obscure station, by his own unaided exertions, to a place of great power and distinction; that though he has been all his life a politician, he has never basely sought office, and never held office save once, and then very briefly; that with all his errors, his influence has always been used in favor of every true reform, as well as many that merely promised well; that he is a thorough believer in American ideas and things.

We say, a very pretty case could be made out for Mr. Greeley by the original Greeley man, and yet we should not be wholly persuaded by him. We should fear that trait of inconstancy and that tendency to panic and compromise which have appeared in Mr. Greeley at most great crises; and we should distrust his knowledge of men. We should totally object to his protectionist ideas, and we should not think it augured well for the future that he had been willing to hold them in abeyance as the price of his nomination. In short, between Mr. Greeley and General Grant, we should prefer General Grant, of whom we have some reason to think that we know the worst. Under him during the next four years it is not probable that the nation would be debauched by an entire change of office-holders; and it appears that he favors civil-service reform at least as much as Mr. Greeley does. His relations are now, we believe, all comfortably provided for; grateful citizens have showered upon him as many gifts as he will probably care to receive; the Mormon persecutions will hardly be resumed; the Alabama question is in the way to be settled, however ingloriously; and there are no very menacing difficulties before us. His re-election in view of the fact that vast numbers of Republicans would vote for him as a choice of evils, could not be taken for unqualified approval of his administration; and throughout his second term of office his acts would be subject to the scrutiny and criticism of a minority within his own party more numerous, active, and determined than that which has already existed.

We are not, it may have been surmised, very ardent for Grant; but it is scarcely possible that the Philadelphia Convention, by the time this reaches the reader, will have nominated any other, and it is not probable that any better candidate will be presented to the people during this canvass.

The original Grant men can doubtless make a more flattering statement for him than we have done; the original Greeley men are, as we have shown, not without defence; the only men who have nothing at all to say for themselves are the original Cincinnati Convention men, who expected something more than a division of the party from that body. As one of these, we hereupon hold our peace.



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SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

VIII.

WITH almost a regret, he continued to look over the documents until he reached one of the persons recorded in the line of pedigree,—a worthy, apparently, of the reign of Elizabeth, to whom was attributed a title of Doctor in Utriusque Juris; and against his name was a verse of Latin written, for what purpose Septimius knew not, for on reading it, it appeared to have no discoverable appropriateness; but suddenly he remembered the blotted and imperfect hieroglyphical passage in the recipe. He thought an instant, and was convinced this was the full expression and outwriting of that crabbed little mystery; and that here was part of that secret writing for which the Age of Elizabeth was so famous and so dexterous. His mind had a flash of light upon it, and from that moment he was enabled to read not only the recipe but the rules, and all the rest of that mysterious document, in a way which he had never thought of before; to discern that it was not to be taken literally and simply, but had a hidden process involved in it that made the whole thing

infinitely deeper than he had hitherto deemed it to be. His brain reeled, he seemed to have taken a draught of some liquor that opened infinite depths before him, he could scarcely refrain from giving a shout of triumphant exultation, the house could not contain him, he rushed up to his hill-top, and there, after walking swiftly to and fro, at length flung himself on the little hillock, and burst forth, as if addressing him who slept beneath.

"O brother, O friend!" said he, "I thank thee for thy matchless beneficence to me; for all which I rewarded thee with this little spot on my hill-top. Thou wast very good, very kind. It would not have been well for thee, a youth of fiery joys and passions, loving to laugh, loving the lightness and sparkling brilliancy of life, to take this boon to thyself; for, O brother! I see, I see, it requires a strong spirit, capable of much lonely endurance, able to be sufficient to itself, loving not too much, dependent on no sweet ties of affection, to be capable of the mighty trial which now devolves on me. I thank thee, O kinsman! Yet thou, I feel,

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hast the better part, who didst so soon lie down to rest, who hast done forever with this troublesome world, which it is mine to contemplate from age to age, and to sum up the meaning of it. Thou art disporting thyself in other spheres. I enjoy the high, severe, fearful office of living here, and of being the minister of Providence from one age to many successive ones."

In this manner he raved, as never before, in a strain of exalted enthusiasm, securely treading on air, and sometimes stopping to shout aloud, and feeling as if he should burst if he did not do so; and his voice came back to him again from the low hills on the other side of the broad, level valley, and out of the woods afar, mocking him; or as if it were airy spirits, that knew how it was all to be, confirming his cry, saying, "It shall be so," "Thou hast found it at last," "Thou art immortal." And it seemed as if Nature were inclined to celebrate his triumph over herself; for above the woods that crowned the hill to the northward, there were shoots and streams of radiance, a white, a red, a many-colored lustre, blazing up high towards the zenith, dancing up, flitting down, dancing up again; so that it seemed as if spirits were keeping a revel there. The leaves of the trees on the hillside, all except the evergreens, had now mostly fallen with the autumn; so that Septimius was seen by the few passers-by, in the decline of the afternoon, passing to and fro along his path, wildly gesticulating; and heard to shout so that the echoes came from all directions to answer him. After nightfall, too, in the harvest moonlight, a shadow was still seen passing there, waving its arms in shadowy triumph; so, the next day, there were various goodly stories afloat and astir, coming out of successive mouths, more wondrous at each birth; the simplest form of the story being, that Septimius Felton had at last gone raving mad on the hill-top that he was so fond of haunting; and those who listen to his shrieks said that he was calling to the Devil; and some

said that by certain exorcisms he had caused the appearance of a battle in the air, charging squadrons, cannon-flashes, champions encountering; all of which foreboded some real battle to be fought with the enemies of the country; and as the battle of Monmouth chanced to occur, either the very next day or about that time, this was supposed to be either caused or foretold by Septimius's eccentricities; and as the battle was not very favorable to our arms, the patriotism of Septimius suffered much in popular estimation.

But he knew nothing, thought nothing, cared nothing about his country or his country's battles; he was as sane as he had been for a year past, and was wise enough, though merely by instinct, to throw off some of his superfluous excitement by these wild gestures, with wild shouts, and restless activity; and when he had partly accomplished this he returned to the house, and, late as it was, kindled his fire, and began anew the processes of chemistry, now enlightened by the late teachings. A new agent seemed to him to mix itself up with his toil and to forward his purpose; something helped him along; everything became facile to his manipulation, clear to his thought. In this way he spent the night, and when at sunrise he let in the eastern light upon his study, the thing was done.

Septimius had achieved it. That is to say, he had succeeded in amalgamating his materials so that they acted upon one another, and in accordance; and had produced a result that had a subsistence in itself, and a right to be; a something potent and substantial; each ingredient contributing its part to form a new essence, which was as real and individual as anything it was formed from. But in order to perfect it, there was necessity that the powers of nature should act quietly upon it through a month of sunshine; that the moon, too, should have its part in the production; and so he must wait patiently for this. Wait! surely he would! Had he not time for waiting? Were



he to wait till old age, it would not be too much; for all future time would have it in charge to repay him.

So he poured the inestimable liquor into a glass vase, well secured from the air, and placed it in the sunshine, shifting it from one sunny window to another, in order that it might ripen; moving it gently lest he should disturb the living spirit that he knew to be in it. And he watched it from day to day, watched the reflections in it, watched its lustre, which seemed to him to grow greater day by day, as if it imbibed the sunlight into it. Never was there anything so bright as this. It changed its hue, too, gradually, being now a rich purple, now a crimson, now a violet, now a blue; going through all these prismatic colors without losing any of its brilliance, and never was there such a hue as the sunlight took in falling through it and resting on his floor. And strange and beautiful it was, too, to look through this medium at the outer world, and see how it was glorified and made anew, and did not look like the same world, although there were all its familiar marks. And then, past his window, seen through this, went the farmer and his wife, on saddle and pillion, jogging to meeting-house or market; and the very dog, the cow coming home from pasture, the old familiar faces of his childhood, looked differently. And so at last, at the end of the month, it settled into a most deep and brilliant crimson, as if it were the essence of the blood of the young man whom he had slain; the flower being now triumphant, it had given its own hue to the whole mass, and had grown brighter every day; so that it seemed to have inherent light, as if it were a planet by itself, a heart of crimson fire burning within it.

And when this had been done, and there was no more change, showing that the digestion was perfect, then he took it and placed it where the changing moon would fall upon it; and then again he watched it, covering it in darkness by day, revealing it to the moon by night; and watching it here,

too, through more changes. And by and by he perceived that the deep crimson hue was departing, — not fading; we cannot say that, because of the prodigious lustre which still pervaded it, and was not less strong than ever; but certainly the hue became fainter, now a rose-color, now fainter, fainter still, till there was only left the purest whiteness of the moon itself; a change that somewhat disappointed and grieved Septimius, though still it seemed fit that the water of life should be of no one richness, because it must combine all. As the absorbed young man gazed through the lonely nights at his beloved liquor, he fancied sometimes that he could see wonderful things in the crystal sphere of the vase; as in Doctor Dee's magic crystal used to be seen, which now lies in the British Museum: representations, it might be, of things in the far past, or in the further future; scenes in which he himself was to act; persons yet unborn, the beautiful and the wise, with whom he was to be associated; palaces and towers, modes of hitherto unseen architecture; that old hall in England to which he had a hereditary right, with its gables, and its smooth lawn; the witch-meetings in which his ancestor used to take part; Aunt Keziah on her death-bed; and, flitting through all, the shade of Sybil Dacy, eying him from secret nooks, or some remoteness, with her peculiar mischievous smile, beckoning him into the sphere. All such visions would he see, and then become aware that he had been in a dream, superinduced by too much watching, too intent thought; so that, living among so many dreams, he was almost afraid that he should find himself waking out of yet another, and find that the vase itself and the liquid it contained were also dream-stuff. But no; these were real.

There was one change that surprised him, although he accepted it without doubt, and, indeed, it did imply a wonderful efficacy, at least singularity, in the newly converted liquid. It grew strangely cool in temperature



in the latter part of his watching it. It appeared to imbibe its coldness from the cold chaste moon, until it seemed to Septimius that it was colder than ice itself; the mist gathered upon the crystal vase as upon a tumbler of iced water in a warm room. Some say it actually gathered thick with frost, crystallized into a thousand fantastic and beautiful shapes, but this I do not know so well. Only it was very cold. Septimius pondered upon it, and thought he saw that life itself was cold, individual in its being, a high, pure essence, chastened from all heats; cold, therefore, and therefore invigorating.

Thus much, inquiring deeply and with painful research into the liquid which Septimius concocted, have I been able to learn about it,—its aspect, its properties; and now I suppose it to be quite perfect, and that nothing remains but to put it to such use as he had so long been laboring for. But this, somehow or other, he found in himself a strong reluctance to do; he paused, as it were, at the point where his pathway separated itself from that of other men, and meditated whether it were worth while to give up everything that Providence had provided, and take instead only this lonely gift of immortal life. Not that he ever really had any doubt about it; no, indeed; but it was his security, his consciousness that he held the bright sphere of all futurity in his hand, that made him dally a little, now that he could quaff immortality as soon as he liked.

Besides, now that he looked forward from the verge of mortal destiny, the path before him seemed so very lonely. Might he not seek some one own friend—one single heart—before he took the final step? There was Sybil Dacy! O, what bliss if that pale girl might set out with him on his journey! how sweet, how sweet, to wander with her through the places else so desolate! for he could but half see, half know things, without her to help him. And perhaps it might be so. She must already know, or strongly suspect, that

he was engaged in some deep mysterious research; it might be that, with her sources of mysterious knowledge among her legendary lore, she knew of this. Then, O, to think of those dreams which lovers have always had, when their new love makes the old earth seem so happy and glorious a place, that not a thousand nor an endless succession of years can exhaust it,—all those realized for him and her! If this could not be, what should he do? Would he venture onward into such a wintry futurity, symbolized, perhaps, by the coldness of the crystal goblet? He shivered at the thought.

Now, what had passed between Septimius and Sybil Dacy is not upon record, only that one day they were walking together on the hill-top, or sitting by the little hillock, and talking earnestly together. Sybil's face was a little flushed with some excitement, and really she looked very beautiful; and Septimius's dark face, too, had a solemn triumph in it that made him also beautiful; so rapt he was after all those watchings, and emaciations, and the pure, unworldly, self-denying life that he had spent. They talked as if there were some foregone conclusion on which they based what they said.

"Will you not be weary in the time that we shall spend together?" asked he.

"O no," said Sybil, smiling, "I am sure that it will be very full of enjoyment."

"Yes," said Septimius, "though now I must remould my anticipations; for I have only dared, hitherto, to map out a solitary existence."

"And how did you do that?" asked Sybil.

"O, there is nothing that would come amiss," answered Septimius; "for, truly, as I have lived apart from men, yet it is really not because I have no taste for whatever humanity includes; but I would fain, if I might, live everybody's life at once, or, since that may not be, each in succession. I would try the life of power, ruling men; but that might come later, after I had had



long experience of men, and had lived through much history, and had seen, as a disinterested observer, how men might best be influenced for their own good. I would be a great traveller at first; and as a man newly coming into possession of an estate goes over it, and views each separate field and wood-lot, and whatever features it contains, so will I, — whose the world is, because I possess it forever; whereas all others are but transitory guests, — so will I wander over this world of mine, and be acquainted with all its shores, seas, rivers, mountains, fields, and the various peoples who inhabit them, and to whom it is my purpose to be a benefactor; for think not, dear Sybil, that I suppose this great lot of mine to have devolved upon me without great duties, — heavy and difficult to fulfil, though glorious in their adequate fulfilment. But for all this there will be time. In a century I shall partially have seen this earth, and known at least its boundaries, — have gotten for myself the outline, to be filled up hereafter."

"And I, too," said Sybil, "will have my duties and labors; for while you are wandering about among men, I will go among women, and observe and converse with them, from the princess to the peasant girl; and will find out what is the matter, that woman gets so large a share of human misery laid on her weak shoulders. I will see why it is that, whether she be a royal princess, she has to be sacrificed to matters of state, or a cottage girl, still somehow the thing not fit for her is done; and whether there is or no some deadly curse on woman, so that she has nothing to do, and nothing to enjoy, but only to be wronged by man, and still to love him, and despise herself for it, — to be shaky in her revenges. And then if, after all this investigation, it turns out — as I suspect — that woman is not capable of being helped, that there is something inherent in herself that makes it hopeless to struggle for her redemption, then what shall I do? Nay, I know not, unless

to preach to the sisterhood that they all kill their female children as fast as they are born, and then let the generations of men manage as they can! Woman, so feeble and crazy in body, fair enough sometimes, but full of infirmities; not strong, with nerves prone to every pain; ailing, full of little weaknesses, more contemptible than great ones!"

"That would be a dreary end, Sybil," said Septimius. "But I trust that we shall be able to hush up this weary and perpetual wail of womankind on easier terms than that. Well, dearest Sybil, after we have spent a hundred years in examining into the real state of mankind, and another century in devising and putting in execution remedies for his ills, until our maturer thought has time to perfect his cure, we shall then have earned a little playtime, — a century of pastime, in which we will search out whatever joy can be had by thoughtful people, and that childlike sportiveness which comes out of growing wisdom, and enjoyment of every kind. We will gather about us everything beautiful and stately, a great palace, for we shall then be so experienced that all riches will be easy for us to get; with rich furniture, pictures, statues, and all royal ornaments; and side by side with this life we will have a little cottage, and see which is the happiest, for this has always been a dispute. For this century we will neither toil nor spin, nor think of anything beyond the day that is passing over us. There is time enough to do all that we have to do."

"A hundred years of play! Will not that be tiresome?" said Sybil.

"If it is," said Septimius, "the next century shall make up for it; for then we will contrive deep philosophies, take up one theory after another, and find out its hollowness and inadequacy, and fling it aside, the rotten rubbish that they all are, until we have strewn the whole realm of human thought with the broken fragments, all smashed up. And then, on this great mound of broken potsherds (like that great Monte



Testaccio, which we will go to Rome to see), we will build a system that shall stand, and by which mankind shall look far into the ways of Providence, and find practical uses of the deepest kind in what it has thought merely speculation. And then, when the hundred years are over, and this great work done, we will still be so free in mind, that we shall see the emptiness of our own theory, though men see only its truth. And so, if we like more of this pastime, then shall another and another century, and as many more as we like, be spent in the same way."

"And after that another play-day?" asked Sybil Dacy.

"Yes," said Septimius, "only it shall not be called so; for the next century we will get ourselves made rulers of the earth; and knowing men so well, and having so wrought our theories of government and what not, we will proceed to execute them, — which will be as easy to us as a child's arrangement of its dolls. We will smile superior, to see what a facile thing it is to make a people happy. In our reign of a hundred years, we shall have time to extinguish errors, and make the world see the absurdity of them; to substitute other methods of government for the old, bad ones; to fit the people to govern itself, to do with little government, to do with none; and when this is effected, we will vanish from our loving people, and be seen no more, but be revered as gods, — we, meanwhile, being overlooked, and smiling to ourselves, amid the very crowd that is looking for us."

"I intend," said Sybil, making this wild talk wilder by that petulance which she so often showed, — "I intend to introduce a new fashion of dress when I am queen, and that shall be my part of the great reform which you are going to make. And for my crown, I intend to have it of flowers, in which that strange crimson one shall be the chief; and when I vanish, this flower shall remain behind, and perhaps they shall have a glimpse of me wearing it in the crowd. Well, what next?"

"After this," said Septimius, "having seen so much of affairs, and having lived so many hundred years, I will sit down and write a history, such as histories ought to be, and never have been. And it shall be so wise, and so vivid, and so self-evidently true, that people shall be convinced from it that there is some undying one among them, because only an eye-witness could have written it, or could have gained so much wisdom as was needful for it."

"And for my part in the history," said Sybil, "I will record the various lengths of women's waists, and the fashion of their sleeves. What next?"

"By this time," said Septimius, — "how many hundred years have we now lived? — by this time, I shall have pretty well prepared myself for what I have been contemplating from the first. I will become a religious teacher, and promulgate a faith, and prove it by prophecies and miracles; for my long experience will enable me to do the first, and the acquaintance which I shall have formed with the mysteries of science will put the latter at my fingers' ends. So I will be a prophet, a greater than Mahomet, and will put all man's hopes into my doctrine, and make him good, holy, happy; and he shall put up his prayers to his Creator, and find them answered, because they shall be wise, and accompanied with effort. This will be a great work, and may earn me another rest and pastime."

*[He would see, in one age, the column raised in memory of some great deed of his in a former one.]*

"And what shall that be?" asked Sybil Dacy.

"Why," said Septimius, looking askance at her, and speaking with a certain hesitation, "I have learned, Sybil, that it is a weary toil for a man to be always good, holy, and upright. In my life as a sainted prophet, I shall have somewhat too much of this; it will be enervating and sickening, and I shall need another kind of diet. So, in the next hundred years, Sybil, — in that one little century, — methinks I would fain be what men call wicked. How



can I know my brethren, unless I do that once? I would experience all. Imagination is only a dream. I can imagine myself a murderer, and all other modes of crime; but it leaves no real impression on the heart. I must live these things.

[*The rampant unrestraint, which is the characteristic of wickedness.*]

"Good," said Sybil, quietly; "and I too."

"And thou too!" exclaimed Septimius. "Not so, Sybil. I would reserve thee, good and pure, so that there may be to me the means of redemption, — some stable hold in the moral confusion that I will create around myself, whereby I shall by and by get back into order, virtue, and religion. Else all is lost, and I may become a devil, and make my own hell around me; so, Sybil, do thou be good forever, and not fall nor slip a moment. Promise me!"

"We will consider about that in some other century," replied Sybil, composedly. "There is time enough yet. What next?"

"Nay, this is enough for the present," said Septimius. "New vistas will open themselves before us continually, as we go onward. How idle to think that one little lifetime would exhaust the world! After hundreds of centuries, I feel as if we might still be on the threshold. There is the material world, for instance, to perfect; to draw out the powers of nature, so that man shall, as it were, give life to all modes of matter, and make them his ministering servants. Swift ways of travel, by earth, sea, and air; machines for doing whatever the hand of man now does, so that we shall do all but put souls into our wheel-work and watch-work; the modes of making night into day; of getting control over the weather and the seasons; the virtues of plants; — these are some of the easier things thou shalt help me do."

"I have no taste for that," said Sybil, "unless I could make an embroidery worked of steel."

"And so, Sybil," continued Septim-

ius, pursuing his strain of solemn enthusiasm, intermingled as it was with wild, excursive vagaries, "we will go on as many centuries as we choose. Perhaps — yet I think not so — perhaps, however, in the course of lengthened time, we may find that the world is the same always, and mankind the same, and all possibilities of human fortune the same; so that by and by we shall discover that the same old scenery serves the world's stage in all ages, and that the story is always the same; yes, and the actors always the same, though none but we can be aware of it; and that the actors and spectators would grow weary of it, were they not bathed in forgetful sleep, and so think themselves new made in each successive lifetime. We may find that the stuff of the world's drama, and the passions which seem to play in it, have a monotony, when once we have tried them; that in only once trying them, and viewing them, we find out their secret, and that afterwards the show is too superficial to arrest our attention. As dramatists and novelists repeat their plots, so does man's life repeat itself, and at length grows stale. This is what, in my desponding moments, I have sometimes suspected. What to do, if this be so?"

"Nay, that is a serious consideration," replied Sybil, assuming an air of mock alarm, "if you really think we shall be tired of life, whether or no."

"I do not think it, Sybil," replied Septimius. "By much musing on this matter, I have convinced myself that man is not capable of debarring himself utterly from death, since it is evidently a remedy for many evils that nothing else would cure. This means that we have discovered of removing death to an indefinite distance is not supernatural; on the contrary, it is the most natural thing in the world, — the very perfection of the natural, since it consists in applying the powers and processes of Nature to the prolongation of the existence of man, her most perfect handiwork; and this could only be done by entire accordance and co-effort



with nature. Therefore Nature is not changed, and death remains as one of her steps, just as heretofore. Therefore, when we have exhausted the world, whether by going through its apparently vast variety, or by satisfying ourselves that it is all a repetition of one thing, we will call death as the friend to introduce us to something new."

*[He would write a poem, or other great work, inappreciable at first, and live to see it famous, — himself among his own posterity.]*

"O, insatiable love of life!" exclaimed Sybil, looking at him with strange pity. "Canst thou not conceive that mortal brain and heart might at length be content to sleep?"

"Never, Sybil!" replied Septimius, with horror. "My spirit delights in the thought of an infinite eternity. Does not thine?"

"One little interval — a few centuries only — of dreamless sleep," said Sybil, pleadingly. "Cannot you allow me that?"

"I fear," said Septimius, "our identity would change in that repose; it would be a Lethe between the two parts of our being, and with such disconnection a continued life would be equivalent to a new one, and therefore valueless."

In such talk, snatching in the fog at the fragments of philosophy, they continued fitfully; Septimius calming down his enthusiasm thus, which otherwise might have burst forth in madness, affrighting the quiet little village with the marvellous things about which they mused. Septimius could not quite satisfy himself whether Sybil Dacy shared in his belief of the success of his experiment, and was confident, as he was, that he held in his control the means of unlimited life; neither was he sure that she loved him, — loved him well enough to undertake with him the long march that he propounded to her, making a union an affair of so vastly more importance than it is in the brief lifetime of other mortals. But he determined to let her drink the in-

valuable draught along with him, and to trust to the long future, and the better opportunities that time would give him, and his outliving all rivals, and the loneliness which an undying life would throw around her, without him, as the pledges of his success.

And now the happy day had come for the celebration of Robert Hagburn's marriage with pretty Rose Garfield, the brave with the fair; and, as usual, the ceremony was to take place in the evening, and at the house of the bride: and preparations were made accordingly; the wedding-cake with which the bride's own fair hands had mingled her tender hopes, and seasoned with maiden fears, so that its composition was as much ethereal as sensual; and the neighbors and friends were invited, and came with their best wishes and good-will. For Rose shared not at all the distrust, the suspicion, or whatever it was, that had waited on the true branch of Septimius's family, in one shape or another, ever since the memory of man; and all — except, it might be, some disappointed damsels who had hoped to win Robert Hagburn for themselves — rejoiced at the approaching union of this fit couple, and wished them happiness.

Septimius, too, accorded his gracious consent to the union, and while he thought within himself that such a brief union was not worth the trouble and feeling which his sister and her lover wasted on it, still he wished them happiness. As he compared their brevity with his long duration, he smiled at their little fancies of loves, of which he seemed to see the end: the flower of a brief summer, blooming beautifully enough, and shedding its leaves, the fragrance of which would linger a little while in his memory, and then be gone. He wondered how far in the coming centuries he should remember this wedding of his sister Rose; perhaps he would meet, five hundred years hence, some descendant of the marriage, — a fair girl, bearing the traits of his sister's fresh beauty; a young



man, recalling the strength and manly comeliness of Robert Hagburn, — and could claim acquaintance and kindred. He would be the guardian, from generation to generation, of this race; their ever-reappearing friend at times of need; and meeting them from age to age, would find traditions of himself, growing poetical in the lapse of time; so that he would smile at seeing his features look so much more majestic in their fancies than in reality. So all along their course, in the history of the family, he would trace himself, and by his traditions he would make them acquainted with all their ancestors, and so still be warmed by kindred blood.

And Robert Hagburn, full of the life of the moment, warm with generous blood, came in a new uniform, looking fit to be the founder of a race who should look back to a hero sire. He greeted Septimius as a brother. The minister, too, came, of course, and mingled with the throng, with decorous aspect, and greeted Septimius with more formality than he had been wont; for Septimius had insensibly withdrawn himself from the minister's intimacy, as he got deeper and deeper into the enthusiasm of his own cause. Besides, the minister did not fail to see that his once devoted scholar had contracted habits of study into the secrets of which he himself was not admitted, and that he no longer alluded to studies for the ministry; and he was inclined to suspect that Septimius had unfortunately allowed infidel ideas to assail, at least, if not to overcome, that fortress of firm faith which he had striven to found and strengthen in his mind, — a misfortune frequently befalling speculative and imaginative and melancholic persons, like Septimius, whom the Devil is all the time planning to assault, because he feels confident of having a traitor in the garrison. The minister had heard that this was the fashion of Septimius's family, and that even the famous divine, who, in his eyes, was the glory of it, had had his season of wild infidelity in his youth, before grace touched him; and had always thereafter, throughout

his long and pious life, been subject to seasons of black and sulphurous despondency, during which he disbelieved the faith which, at other times, he preached so powerfully.

"Septimius, my young friend," said he, "are you yet ready to be a preacher of the truth?"

"Not yet, reverend pastor," said Septimius, smiling at the thought of the day before, that the career of a prophet would be one that he should some time assume. "There will be time enough to preach the truth when I better know it."

"You do not look as if you knew it so well as formerly, instead of better," said his reverend friend, looking into the deep furrows of his brow, and into his wild and troubled eyes.

"Perhaps not," said Septimius. "There is time yet."

These few words passed amid the bustle and murmur of the evening, while the guests were assembling, and all were awaiting the marriage with that interest which the event continually brings with it, common as it is, so that nothing but death is commoner. Everybody congratulated the modest Rose, who looked quiet and happy; and so she stood up at the proper time, and the minister married them with a certain fervor and individual application that made them feel they were married indeed. Then there ensued a salutation of the bride, the first to kiss her being the minister, and then some respectable old justices and farmers, each with his friendly smile and joke. Then went round the cake and wine, and other good cheer, and the hereditary jokes with which brides used to be assailed in those days. I think, too, there was a dance, though how the couples in the reel found space to foot it in the little room, I cannot imagine; at any rate, there was a bright light out of the windows, gleaming across the road, and such a sound of the babble of numerous voices and merriment, that travellers passing by, on the lonely Lexington road, wished they were of the party; and one or two of them



stopped and went in and saw the new-made bride, drank to her health, and took a piece of the wedding-cake home to dream upon.

*[It is to be observed that Rose had requested of her friend, Sybil Dacy, to act as one of her bridesmaids, of whom she had only the modest number of two; and the strange girl declined, saying that her intermeddling would bring ill-fortune to the marriage.]*

"Why do you talk such nonsense, Sybil?" asked Rose. "You love me, I am sure, and wish me well; and your smile, such as it is, will be the promise of prosperity, and I wish for it on my wedding-day."

"I am an ill-fate, a sinister demon, Rose; a thing that has sprung out of a grave; and you had better not entreat me to twine my poison tendrils round your destinies. You would repent it."

"O, hush, hush!" said Rose, putting her hand over her friend's mouth. "Naughty one! you can bless me, if you will, only you are wayward."

"Bless you then, dearest Rose, and all happiness on your marriage!"

Septimius had been duly present at the marriage, and kissed his sister with moist eyes, it is said, and a solemn smile, as he gave her into the keeping of Robert Hagburn; and there was something in the words he then used that afterwards dwelt on her mind, as if they had a meaning in them that asked to be sought into, and needed reply.

"There, Rose," he had said, "I have made myself ready for my destiny. I have no ties any more, and may set forth on my path without scruple."

"Am I not your sister still, Septimius?" said she, shedding a tear or two.

"A married woman is no sister; nothing but a married woman till she becomes a mother; and then what shall I have to do with you?"

He spoke with a certain eagerness to prove his case, which Rose could not understand, but which was probably to justify himself in severing, as he was

about to do, the link that connected him with his race, and making for himself an exceptional destiny, which, if it did not entirely insulate him, would at least create new relations with all. There he stood, poor fellow, looking on the mirthful throng, not in exultation, as might have been supposed, but with a strange sadness upon him. It seemed to him, at that final moment, as if it were Death that linked together all; yes, and so gave the warmth to all. Wedlock itself seemed a brother of Death; wedlock, and its sweetest hopes, its holy companionship, its mysteries, and all that warm mysterious brotherhood that is between men; passing as they do from mystery to mystery in a little gleam of light; that wild, sweet charm of uncertainty and temporariness,—how lovely it made them all, how innocent, even the worst of them; how hard and prosaic was his own situation in comparison to theirs. He felt a gushing tenderness for them, as if he would have flung aside his endless life, and rushed among them, saying,—

"Embrace me! I am still one of you, and will not leave you! Hold me fast!"

After this it was not particularly observed that both Septimius and Sybil Dacy had disappeared from the party, which, however, went on no less merrily without them. In truth, the habits of Sybil Dacy were so wayward, and little squared by general rules, that nobody wondered or tried to account for them; and as for Septimius, he was such a studious man, so little accustomed to mingle with his fellow-citizens on any occasion, that it was rather wondered at that he should have spent so large a part of a sociable evening with them, than that he should now retire.

After they were gone the party received an unexpected addition, being no other than the excellent Doctor Portsoaken, who came to the door, announcing that he had just arrived on horseback from Boston, and that, his object being to have an interview with Sybil Dacy, he had been to Robert



Hagburn's house in quest of her; but, learning from the old grandmother that she was here, he had followed.

Not finding her, he evinced no alarm, but was easily induced to sit down among the merry company, and partake of some brandy, which, with other liquors, Robert had provided in sufficient abundance; and that being a day when man had not learned to fear the glass, the doctor found them all in a state of hilarious chat. Taking out his German pipe, he joined the group of smokers in the great chimney-corner, and entered into conversation with them, laughing and joking and mixing up his jests with that mysterious suspicion which gave so strange a character to his intercourse.

"It is good fortune, Mr. Hagburn," quoth he, "that brings me here on this auspicious day. And how has been my learned young friend Doctor Septimius, — for so he should be called, — and how have flourished his studies of late? The scientific world may look for great fruits from that decoction of his."

"He'll never equal Aunt Keziah for herb-drinks," said an old woman, smoking her pipe in the corner, "though I think likely he'll make a good doctor enough by and by. Poor Kezzy, she took a drop too much of her mixture, after all. I used to tell her how it would be; for Kezzy and I ever were pretty good friends once, before the Indian in her came out so strongly, — the squaw and the witch, for she had them both in her blood, poor yellow Kezzy!"

"Yes! had she indeed?" quoth the doctor; "and I have heard an odd story, that if the Feltons chose to go back to the old country, they'd find a home and an estate there ready for them."

The old woman mused, and puffed at her pipe. "Ah, yes," muttered she, at length, "I remember to have heard something about that; and how, if Felton chose to strike into the woods, he'd find a tribe of wild Indians there, ready to take him for their sagamore, and conquer the whites; and how, if he chose to go to England, there was a

great old house all ready for him, and a fire burning in the hall, and a dinner-table spread, and the tall-posted bed ready, with clean sheets, in the best chamber, and a man waiting at the gate to show him in. Only there was a spell of a bloody footstep left on the threshold by the last that came out, so that none of his posterity could ever cross it again. But that was all nonsense."

"Strange old things one dreams in a chimney-corner," quoth the doctor. "Do you remember any more of this?"

"No, no; I'm so forgetful nowadays," said old Mrs. Hagburn; "only it seems as if I had my memories in my pipe, and they curl up in smoke. I've known these Feltons all along, or it seems as if I had; for I'm nigh ninety years old now, and I was two year old in the witch's time, and I have seen a piece of the halter that old Felton was hung with."

Some of the company laughed.

"That must have been a curious sight," quoth the doctor.

"It is not well," said the minister seriously to the doctor, "to stir up these old remembrances, making the poor old lady appear absurd. I know not that she need to be ashamed of showing the weaknesses of the generation to which she belonged; but I do not like to see old age put at this disadvantage among the young."

"Nay, my good and reverend sir," returned the doctor, "I mean no such disrespect as you seem to think. Forbid it, ye upper powers, that I should cast any ridicule on beliefs — superstitions, do you call them? — that are as worthy of faith, for aught I know, as any that are preached in the pulpit. If the old lady would tell me any secret of the old Felton's science, I shall treasure it sacredly; for I interpret these stories about his miraculous gifts as meaning that he had a great command over natural science, the virtues of plants, the capacities of the human body."

While these things were passing, or before they passed, or some time in that eventful night, Septimius had with-



drawn to his study, when there was a low tap heard at the door, and, opening it, Sybil Dacy stood before him. It seemed as if there had been a previous arrangement between them; for Septimius evinced no surprise, only took her hand and drew her in.

"How cold your hand is!" he exclaimed. "Nothing is so cold, except it be the potent medicine. It makes me shiver."

"Never mind that," said Sybil. "You look frightened at me."

"Do I?" said Septimius. "No, not that; but this is such a crisis; and methinks it is not yourself. Your eyes glare on me strangely."

"Ah, yes; and you are not frightened at me? Well, I will try not to be frightened at myself. Time was, however, when I should have been."

She looked round at Septimius's study, with its few old books, its implements of science, crucibles, retorts, and electrical machines; all these she noticed little; but on the table drawn before the fire, there was something that attracted her attention; it was a vase that seemed of crystal, made in that old fashion in which the Venetians made their glasses, — a most pure kind of glass, with a long stalk, within which was a curved elaboration of fancy-work, wreathed and twisted. This old glass was an heirloom of the Feltons, a relic that had come down with many traditions, bringing its frail fabric safely through all the perils of time, that had shattered empires; and, if space sufficed, I could tell many stories of this curious vase, which was said, in its time, to have been the instrument both of the Devil's sacrament in the forest, and of the Christian in the village meeting-house. But at any rate, it had been a part of the choice household gear of one of Septimius's ancestors, and was engraved with his arms, artistically done.

"Is that the drink of immortality?" said Sybil.

"Yes, Sybil," said Septimius. "Do but touch the goblet; see how cold it is."

She put her slender, pallid fingers on the side of the goblet, and shuddered, just as Septimius did when he touched her hand.

"Why should it be so cold?" said she, looking at Septimius.

"Nay, I know not, unless because endless life goes round the circle and meets death, and is just the same with it. O Sybil, it is a fearful thing that I have accomplished! Do you not feel it so? What if this shiver should last us through eternity?"

"Have you pursued this object so long," said Sybil, "to have these fears respecting it now? In that case, methinks I could be bold enough to drink it alone, and look down upon you, as I did so, smiling at your fear to take the life offered you."

"I do not fear," said Septimius; "but yet I acknowledge there is a strange, powerful abhorrence in me towards this draught, which I know not how to account for, except as the reaction, the revulsion of feeling consequent upon its being too long overstrained in one direction. I cannot help it. The meannesses, the littlenesses, the perplexities, the general irksomeness of life, weigh upon me strangely. Thou didst refuse to drink with me. That being the case, methinks I could break the jewelled goblet now, untasted, and choose the grave as the wiser part."

"The beautiful goblet! What a pity to break it!" said Sybil, with her characteristic malign and mysterious smile. "You cannot find it in your heart to do it."

"I could, — I can. So thou wilt not drink with me?"

"Do you know what you ask?" said Sybil. "I am a being that sprung up, like this flower, out of a grave; or, at least, I took root in a grave, and growing there, have twined about your life, until you cannot possibly escape from me. Ah, Septimius! you know me not. You know not what is in my heart towards you. Do you remember this broken miniature? would you wish to see the features that were destroyed



when that bullet passed? Then look at mine!"

"Sybil! what do you tell me? Was it you — were they your features — which that young soldier kissed as he lay dying?"

"They were," said Sybil. "I loved him, and gave him that miniature, and the face they represented. I had given him all, and you slew him."

"Then you hate me," whispered Septimius.

"Do you call it hatred?" asked Sybil, smiling. "Have I not aided you, thought with you, encouraged you, heard all your wild ravings when you dared to tell no one else? kept up your hopes; suggested; helped you with my legendary lore to useful hints; helped you, also, in other ways, which you do not suspect? And now you ask me if I hate you. Does this look like it?"

"No," said Septimius. "And yet, since first I knew you, there has been something whispering me of harm, as if I sat near some mischief. There is in me the wild, natural blood of the Indian, the instinctive, the animal nature, which has ways of warning that civilized life polishes away and cuts out; and so, Sybil, never did I approach you, but there were reluctances, drawings back, and, at the same time, a strong impulse to come closest to you; and to that I yielded. But why, then, knowing that in this grave lay the man you loved, laid there by my hand, — why did you aid me in an object which you must have seen was the breath of my life?"

"Ah, my friend, — my enemy, if you will have it so, — are you yet to learn that the wish of a man's inmost heart is oftenest that by which he is ruined and made miserable? But listen to me, Septimius. No matter for my earlier life; there is no reason why I should tell you the story, and confess to you its weakness, its shame. It may be, I had more cause to hate the tenant of that grave than to hate you who unconsciously avenged my cause; nevertheless, I came here in hatred,

and desire of revenge, meaning to lie in wait, and turn your dearest desire against you, to eat into your life, and distil poison into it, I sitting on his grave, and drawing fresh hatred from it; and at last, in the hour of your triumph, I meant to make the triumph mine."

"Is this still so?" asked Septimius with pale lips; "or did your fell purpose change?"

"Septimius, I am weak, — a weak, weak girl, — only a girl, Septimius; only eighteen yet," exclaimed Sybil. "It is young, is it not? I might be forgiven much. You know not how bitter my purpose was to you. But look, Septimius, — could it be worse than this? Hush, be still! Do not stir!"

She lifted the beautiful goblet from the table, put it to her lips, and drank a deep draught from it; then, smiling mockingly, she held it towards him.

"See; I have made myself immortal before you. Will you drink?"

He eagerly held out his hand to receive the goblet, but Sybil, holding it beyond his reach a moment, deliberately let it fall upon the hearth, where it shattered into fragments, and the bright, cold water of immortality was all spilt, shedding its strange fragrance around.

"Sybil, what have you done?" cried Septimius, in rage and horror.

"Be quiet! See what sort of immortality I win by it, — then, if you like, distil your drink of eternity again, and quaff it."

"It is too late, Sybil; it was a happiness that may never come again in a lifetime. I shall perish as a dog does. It is too late!"

"Septimius," said Sybil, who looked strangely beautiful, as if the drink, giving her immortal life, had likewise the potency to give immortal beauty answering to it, "listen to me. You have not learned all the secrets that lay in those old legends, about which we have talked so much. There were two recipes, discovered or learned by the art of the studious old Gaspar Felton.



One was said to be that secret of immortal life which so many old sages sought for, and which some were said to have found; though, if that were the case, it is strange some of them have not lived till our day. Its essence lay in a certain rare flower, which, mingled properly with other ingredients of great potency in themselves, though still lacking the crowning virtue till the flower was supplied, produced the drink of immortality."

"Yes, and I had the flower, which I found in a grave," said Septimius, "and distilled the drink which you have spilt."

"You had a flower, or what you called a flower," said the girl. "But, Septimius, there was yet another drink, in which the same potent ingredients were used; all but the last. In this, instead of the beautiful flower, was mingled the semblance of a flower, but really a baneful growth out of a grave. This I sowed there, and it converted the drink into a poison, famous in old science, — a poison which the Borgias used, and Mary de Medicis, — and which has brought to death many a famous person, when it was desirable to his enemies. This is the drink I helped you to distil. It brings on death with pleasant and delightful thrills of the nerves. O Septimius, Septimius, it is worth while to die, to be so blest, so exhilarated as I am now."

"Good God, Sybil! is this possible?"

"Even so, Septimius. I was helped by that old physician, Doctor Portsoaken, who, with some private purpose of his own, taught me what to do; for he was skilled in all the mysteries of those old physicians, and knew that their poisons at least were efficacious, whatever their drinks of immortality might be. But the end has not turned out as I meant. A girl's fancy is so shifting, Septimius. I thought I loved that youth in the grave yonder; but it was you I loved, — and I am dying. Forgive me for my evil purposes, for I am dying."

"Why hast thou spilt the drink?" said Septimius, bending his dark brows upon her, and frowning over her. "We might have died together."

"No; live, Septimius," said the girl, whose face appeared to grow bright and joyous, as if the drink of death exhilarated her like an intoxicating fluid. "I would not let you have it, not one drop. But to think," and here she laughed, "what a penance, — what months of wearisome labor thou hast had, — and what thoughts, what dreams, and how I laughed in my sleeve at them all the time! Ha, ha, ha! Then thou didst plan out future ages, and talked poetry and prose to me. Did I not take it very demurely, and answer thee in the same style? and so thou didst love me, and kindly didst wish to take me with thee in thy immortality. O Septimius, I should have liked it well! Yes, latterly, only, I knew how the case stood. O, how I surrounded thee with dreams, and instead of giving thee immortal life, so kneaded up the little life allotted thee with dreams and vaporing stuff, that thou didst not really live even that. Ah, it was a pleasant pastime, and pleasant is now the end of it. Kiss me, thou poor Septimius, one kiss!"

[*She gives the ridiculous aspect to his scheme, in an airy way.*]

But as Septimius, who seemed stunned, instinctively bent forward to obey her, she drew back. "No, there shall be no kiss! There may a little poison linger on my lips. Farewell! Dost thou mean still to seek for thy liquor of immortality? — ah, ah! It was a good jest. We will laugh at it when we meet in the other world."

And here poor Sybil Dacy's laugh grew fainter, and dying away, she seemed to die with it; for there she was, with that mirthful, half-malign expression still on her face, but motionless; so that however long Septimius's life was likely to be, whether a few years or many centuries, he would still have her image in his memory so. And here she lay among his broken hopes, now shattered as completely as the goblet which



held his draught, and as incapable of being formed again.

The next day, as Septimius did not appear, there was research for him on the part of Doctor Portsoaken. His room was found empty, the bed untouched. Then they sought him on his favorite hill-top; but neither was he found there, although something was found that added to the wonder and alarm of his disappearance. It was the cold form of Sybil Dacy, which was extended on the hillock so often mentioned, with her arms thrown over it; but, looking in the dead face, the beholders were astonished to see a certain malign and mirthful expression, as if some airy part had been played out,—some surprise, some practical joke of a peculiarly airy kind, had burst with fairy shoots of fire among the company.

"Ah, she is dead! Poot Sybil Dacy," exclaimed Doctor Portsoaken. "Her scheme, then, has turned out amiss."

This exclamation seemed to imply some knowledge of the mystery; and it so impressed the auditors, among whom was Robert Hagburn, that they thought it not inexpedient to have an investigation; so the learned doctor was not uncivilly taken into custody and examined. Several interesting particulars, some of which throw a certain degree of light on our narrative, were discovered. For instance, that Sybil Dacy, who was a niece of the doctor, had been beguiled from her home and led over the sea by Cyril Norton, and that the doctor, arriving in Boston with another regiment, had found her there, after her lover's death. Here there was some discrepancy or darkness in the doctor's narrative. He appeared to have consented to, or instigated (for it was not quite evident how far his concurrence had gone) this poor girl's scheme of going and brooding over her lover's grave, and living in close contiguity with the man who had slain him. The doctor had not much to say for himself on this point; but there

was found reason to believe that he was acting in the interest of some English claimant of a great estate that was left without an apparent heir by the death of Cyril Norton; and there was even a suspicion that he, with his fantastic science and antiquated empiricism, had been at the bottom of the scheme of poisoning, which was so strangely intertwined with Septimius's notion, in which he went so nearly crazed, of a drink of immortality. It was observable, however, that the doctor—such a humbug in scientific matters, that he had perhaps bewildered himself—seemed to have a sort of faith in the efficacy of the recipe which had so strangely come to light, provided the true flower could be discovered; but that flower, according to Doctor Portsoaken, had not been seen on earth for many centuries, and was banished probably forever. The flower, or fungus, which Septimius had mistaken for it, was a sort of earthly or devilish counterpart of it, and was greatly in request among the old poisoners for its admirable uses in their art. In fine, no tangible evidence being found against the worthy doctor, he was permitted to depart, and disappeared from the neighborhood, to the scandal of many people, unchanged; leaving behind him few available effects beyond the web and empty skin of an enormous spider.

As to Septimius, he returned no more to his cottage by the wayside, and none undertook to tell what had become of him; crushed and annihilated, as it were, by the failure of his magnificent and most absurd dreams. Rumors there have been, however, at various times, that there had appeared an American claimant, who had made out his right to the great estate of Smithell's Hall, and had dwelt there, and left posterity, and that in the subsequent generation an ancient baronial title had been revived in favor of the son and heir of the American. Whether this was our Septimius, I cannot tell; but I should be rather sorry to believe that after such splen-



did schemes as he had entertained, he should have been content to settle down into the fat substance and reality of English life, and die in his due time, and be buried like any other man.

A few years ago, while in England, I visited Smithell's Hall, and was entertained there, not knowing at the time that I could claim its owner as my countryman by descent; though as I now remember, I was struck by the

thin, sallow, American cast of his face, and the lithe slenderness of his figure, and seem now (but this may be my fancy) to recollect a certain Indian glitter of the eye, and cast of feature.

As for the Bloody Footstep, I saw it with my own eyes, and will venture to suggest that it was a mere natural reddish stain in the stone, converted by superstition into a Bloody Footstep.

*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

## AUTHOR'S NIGHT.

"**B** RILLIANT SUCCESS!" the play-bills said,

Flaming all over the town one day,  
Blazing in characters blue and red,  
(Printed for posting, by the way,  
Before the public had seen the play!)

"Received with thunders of applause!  
New Piece! New Author!! Tremendous  
hit!!!"

This was on Tuesday: still it draws,  
And to-night is the Author's Benefit.

"New piece": I've a word to say about  
that.

Nine years ago, it may be more,  
There came one day to the manager's door  
A hopeful man, with a modest rat-tat,  
Who smilingly entered, took off his hat,  
And, begging the great man's pardon, slipped  
Into his hand a manuscript.

In a month he came again: "The play —  
Which I troubled you with, — the other  
day —"

"The play? Oh! ah!" says the manager,  
Politest of men. "Excuse me, sir!  
'T is being considered." (Safe to bet  
He had n't looked at the title yet!)

"I'll drop you a line; or, you'll confer  
A favor by calling a week from now."  
And he turned him out with a model bow.

Eight days later again they met, —  
Modest author hopeful as ever;

But the great man finished his business thus:  
"I've read your play, sir; very clever;

But" (handing it back to him) "I regret  
It is n't exactly the thing for us.

Good morning, sir!" Politest of men! —  
Nine years ago, it may be ten.

Author and piece were new enough then.

But sorrow and toil and poverty  
Have taken the gloss from him, you see;  
And the play was afterwards knocked about  
The theatres, keeping company  
With dice and euchre-packs so long,  
And pipes and actors' paint, it grew  
To look so dingy and smell so strong,  
You'd have called it anything but new!

Till gruff and gouty old Montagu  
Happened to take it up one day.  
'T was after dinner; he thought, no doubt,  
'T would help him to a nap. "But stay!  
What in the deuce, boys! Here's a  
play!"

He rubbed his glasses, forgot his gout,  
And read till he started up with a shout,  
"T is just the thing for my *protégée*,  
And hang me, if I don't bring it out!"

And so it chanced, politest of men!  
The play came into your hands again  
Nine years later, — did I say ten?  
And either age had improved its flavor,  
Or you are wiser than you were then;  
For now you deem it a special favor  
That gouty and grouty old Montagu  
Consented to bring it out with you.

"Tremendous hit!"

In the vast theatre's hollow sphere  
High hangs the glittering chandelier;

Its bright beams flash on  
Beauty and fashion;

A sea of life pours into the pit,  
And cloud upon cloud piles over it,  
Where Youth and Pleasure and Mirth and  
Passion



And Years and Folly and Wisdom and Wit  
Throng to the Author's Benefit.

The orchestra leader takes his place ;  
Horn and serpent and oboë follow,  
Violin and violoncello,  
Trombone, trumpet, and double-bass.  
A turning of music-leaves begins,  
With a thrumming and screwing of violins ;  
Then the leader waves his bow, and —  
crash !

Kettle-drum rattles and cymbals clash,  
And brass and strings and keen triangle  
And high-keyed piccolo, piercing and pure,  
Their many-colored chords entangle,  
Weaving the wild, proud overture.

Old Montagu, with fret and frown,  
All cloaked and gloved, walks up and down  
Before the door of his *protégée*,  
Keeping her worshippers at bay.  
But he catches one who comes that way,  
Gives him a gouty finger or two,  
And seems quite civil : " Why did n't you  
Have a bouquet

For my *protégée*,

In the boudoir-scene last night ? 'T will do  
As well to-night, though." (Straight off  
goes gay

Young Lothario, hunting a nosegay.)  
He punches a pale reporter next  
With his playful cane : " She's terribly vext  
At you, young fellow ! Why did n't you get  
That notice into your last Gazette ?  
You will in your next, eh ? Don't forget !"  
And gruff and snuffy old Montagu  
Limps down to the curtain and peeps  
through :

" Boys ! what a house it is ! Thanks to me,  
The fellow's fortune is made," quoth he.

Then, tinkle-tinkle ! The music hushes ;  
Up to the ceiling the great curtain rushes ;  
And a world of surprise  
To fresh young eyes,  
A realm of enchantment, glows and flushes,  
Stretching far back from the footlights'  
brink.

How does it look to worldly-wise  
And crusty old Montagu, do you think ?

And the author, where all the while is he ?  
How seems it to him ? Were I in his place,  
Turning at last my toil-worn face  
From the dreary deserts of poverty,  
Would n't all my heart leap high to see  
The flowers of beauty and fashion and grace,  
One many-hued, gay,  
Immense bouquet,

Flaunting and fluttering here for me ?

The costumed players, even she,

The bright young queen

Of the radiant scene,

Speaking his speeches, living his thought ;

And all this vast, pulsating mass

Held captive by the spell he wrought,

Held breathless, like a sea of glass

That bursts in breakers of wild applause ; —

Would n't you conceive you had some  
cause

For an honest thrill, if you were he ?

But where, as we said, can the fellow be ?

Montagu is crabbed and old ;

And the wings are barren and gusty and  
cold ;

And, ah ! could the fresh young eyes be-  
hold,

Around and under

That vision of wonder, —

Behind the counterfeit joys and hopes,

The tinsel and paint of the players' parts, —

The barn-like vault, with its pulleys and  
ropes,

Shabby canvas and sheet-iron thunder,

And, O, the humanest lives and hearts !

Head of Jesuit, heart of Jew,

Snuffy and puffy old Montagu

Watches his ward, as a lynx his prey,

Wheedles her lovers, and reckons his  
gains ;

Though naught but praise of his *protégée*

Will he hear from another, he follows the  
play

With eyes that threaten and brows that  
rebuke her,

And lips that can chide in a fierce, sharp  
way,

When all is over, for all her pains.

The priest and the lover are playing euchre

In the intervals of their parts ; the clown,

Dull fellow enough when the curtain is  
down,

Has had, they say,

Bad news to-day ;

The merry ghost of the murdered man

Takes pleasant revenge on the whiskered  
villain

At a game of chess which they began

In the green-room, just before the killing ;

The beggar is scuffling with the king ;

And the lovelorn maiden is gossiping

With the misanthrope, prince of all good  
fellows ;

And some are sad, and some are gay,

Some are in love, and some are jealous ;

And there's many a play within the play !



And, O young eyes ! in yonder alley,  
Which the tall theatre overtops  
(Its sheer crag towering above a valley  
Of poor men's tenements and shops), —  
Where three little cherubs, not overfed,  
Are lying asleep in a trundle-bed,  
While a thin, wan woman, sitting late,  
Is stitching a garment beside the grate, —  
You might, at this moment, see a man  
Act as no paid performer can, —  
In that wholly unstudied, natural way  
No one to this day  
Ever saw in a play !

Out at elbows, out at toes,  
A needy, seedy, lank little man,  
To and fro and about he goes,  
With a vexed little bundle of infantine  
woes, —  
Sitting down, rising up, and with rocking  
and walking,  
With hushing and tossing and singing and  
talking,  
Vainly trying  
To still its crying ;  
While a shadow behind him, huge and dim,  
With a shadow-baby mimics him,  
Sketched on the wall  
Grotesque and tall !

Anon he pauses. Hark to the cheers !  
He laughs as he hears ;  
And he says, " I believe I could tell by the  
cheers,  
(If only this child would n't worry so !)  
Whether they come from above or below,  
Begin in the boxes or up in the tiers,  
Which is the speech, and who is the play-  
er !"  
In his keen face kindles a youthful glow, —  
And lo ! 't is the face of the man we know, —  
'T is certainly so !  
Though faded and jaded, thinner and grayer,  
With a ghost of the look of long ago.

" To think," he says, " I never knew  
The play was to be brought out, until  
I saw it that morning on the bill !  
Then did n't I hurry home to you  
(I vow, this baby will never hush !  
There, bite my finger, if you will !)  
With the wonderful news ? And did n't I  
rush

Up the alley, to find old Montagu ?  
You would n't believe it was really true,  
And you only half believe it still !"

Reason enough that she should doubt !  
For has n't she witnessed, all these years,  
His coming in, and his going out,

His wisdom, his weakness, his laughter and  
tears ?

Seen him pine and seen him fret ?  
Eating his dinner (when dinners were had) ;  
Serious, frivolous, hopeful, sad ; —

Why, he never could get

A living yet,

And all that he tried has failed outright !

Now can it be,

Is it really he,

This poor, weak man at her side, whose wit  
Is making the theatre shake to-night,  
As if its very sides would split ?

Odd, is it not ? But after all,  
If you will observe, it does n't take  
A man of giant mould to make  
A giant shadow on the wall ;  
And he who in our daily sight  
Seems but a figure mean and small,  
Outlined in Fame's illusive light  
May stalk, a silhouette sublime,  
Across the canvas of his time.

She answers with a peevish smile,  
Taking stitch upon stitch the while :  
" Why did n't they pay you something down,  
To buy you a coat and me a gown ?  
Then I could go to the theatre too,  
And you would n't be ashamed to sit  
In the private box they offered you,  
Instead of sneaking in as you do.  
They put you off with a benefit !  
And how do I know but Montagu  
Is going to cheat you out of it ?"

" These women never will understand  
Some things !" he cries. " How many times  
more

Must I explain —" A rap at the door !  
A step on the creaking stairway floor !  
He opens, and sees before him stand  
A visitor, courteous, bland, and grand, —  
His friend the manager, true as you live !  
Who puts a packet into his hand,  
Very much as once we saw him give  
A manuscript, with the same old bow.  
(Everything seems altered now  
But the model man and his model bow :  
He will enter, I fancy, the other world

In just this style, —

With a flourish and smile,

Diamonds sparkling, and mustache curled !)

" It gives me very great pleasure : one third  
Of the gross receipts" : presenting the  
packet.

" For a first instalment, upon my word,  
Not bad, my friend ! — A check, if preferred ;



But I thought you might manage this," he says.

"A little seed, which I trust will grow.  
The piece is certainly a success,  
And, with the right management to back it,  
Will run, I should say, six weeks or so.  
Really, a very neat success!  
We shall always be playing it more or less.  
I'm happy to say so much; although  
I think I was right, nine years ago.  
(Sign this little receipt, if you please?)  
Times were not ripe for it then, you know;  
The play would have failed, nine years ago.  
Now, when can you give us another piece?"

The author, in the sudden heat  
And tumult of his joy, (or is it  
His strange confusion at this visit?)  
The greatest honor of all his life!)  
Partly because the said receipt  
Is to be signed, and partly, maybe,  
Because one arm still holds the baby,  
Turns over the packet to his wife.  
She tears the wrapper, and both her hands  
Amazed she raises, —  
Amazed she gazes!

The bursting treasure her broad lap fills, —  
Gold and silver and good bank-bills!  
Why, this at last she understands;  
And now she believes in the benefit,  
In the manager, and in Montagu,  
In the play, and just a little bit  
In her dear, old, clever husband too!

As for him, he seizes his hat, —  
Wife and children must have a treat!  
He follows the manager into the street,  
Bent on purchasing this and that,  
Something to wear and something to eat.  
But the worthy man is quite too fast:  
The shops are mostly closed; and at last  
He comes around to the play-house door,  
Where he hears such a din  
Burst forth within,  
What does he do, but just look in?

He reaches the lobby, and stands in the crowd;  
By stretching his neck, and tiptoeing tall,  
He can see that the curtain is down, that's all.  
But still the roar

Goes up as before,  
Shout upon shout!

Rapping and clapping and whistling and calling,  
Stamping and tramping and caterwauling.  
So he cries aloud to a man in the crowd,  
"What is it about?"  
And the man in the crowd screams back as loud,  
"Don't you know?"  
It's the end of the show!  
They're trying to call the author out!"

The manager appears in his place,  
Hat in hand, extremely polite,  
Bowing and smiling to left and right,  
(If only the author could get a sight!)  
And delivers with characteristic grace  
A neat little speech of about a minute,  
With a plenty of pleasant nothings in it: —

"Author — unable to appear —  
Obliged — presents —  
Compliments —"  
(If only the author himself could hear!  
How the people cheer!)

"Company — favorite — credit due —  
My friend and the public's — Montagu —  
Theatre — enterprise in securing —  
Author — other plans maturing —  
Public — generous appreciation —  
Gratification —  
This ovation —"

And so, with a beautiful peroration,  
Just the thing for the happy occasion,  
Sails off in the breeze of a grand sensation.

All is over, and out with the throng  
The jostled author is borne along.  
Will the fresh young eyes, I wonder, see  
The crumpled man in the crowd, and note  
The napless hat and the seedy coat?  
Alone, unknown, he goes his way,  
None so unknown and lonely as he!  
While he hears at his side a sweet voice say,

"O, what would n't any one give to be  
The author of that delightful play!  
I know he is handsome, he must be gay,  
And tall, — though of that I'm not so certain;

Why did n't he come before the curtain?"  
F. T. Trowbridge.



## WHY SEMMES OF THE ALABAMA WAS NOT TRIED.

## PART II.

THE first of these two points remaining to be settled was, whether there existed any, and, if any, what, proof of Semmes's having abused his powers as cruiser or as captor by illegitimate treatment of his captives, or by other forbidden cruelties.

A hundred rumors of outrage were in circulation. The public mind was inclined to believe them all. Just as the Scotch and English, in the days of John Paul Jones, were ready to credit any story that blackened Jones's character, so now, no report of Raphael Semmes's buccaneering misdeeds failed to secure a crowd of willing listeners, more than half credulous of any alleged outrage. But where was the evidence? Who were the sufferers, and who the witnesses? It seemed clear that somehow I must put myself in communication with the victims, accusers, and parties most directly in interest; and that the rights of Semmes, not less than those of the public, required of me such an investigation as would fully prove, or disprove, the current rumors of his cruelty.

As the readiest method of accomplishing the desired result, advertisements were published in the leading newspapers of the seaboard States, calling upon owners, officers, crews, and passengers of vessels destroyed by the *Sumter* or *Alabama* to send me at once full details of Semmes's conduct towards them and their vessels.

These advertisements were promptly and satisfactorily answered. I received and have now before me multitudes of letters intended to be responsive to those advertisements, from parties interested, pecuniarily or personally, in thirty-six or thirty-seven of the *Alabama's* captures.\*

\* These vessels were the *Alert*, *Altamaha*, *Amazonian*, *Benj. Tucker*, *Chastelaine*, *Contest*, *Cape Cora*, *Charles Hill*, *Dorcas Prince*, *Daniel Trowbridge*, *Eben Dodge*, *Emma Jane*, *Elisha Dunbar*,

Very few of these letters accused Semmes of either cruelty or unkindness, although they all complained of him for capturing their vessels, burning their cargoes, interrupting their voyages, and otherwise treating them as enemies, after the rough fashion of war, instead of behaving as though no war existed, and they were still sailing under "the flag of our Union."

The case of the *SOLFERINO* seemed at first to threaten Semmes with fatal results.

This ship was commanded by Captain John Pendleton of Searsport, Maine. She and her commander sailed from the East Indies, in September, 1862, for Queenstown, Ireland, passed the Cape of Good Hope in safety, and were spoken on the 22d of December between that cape and the island of St. Helena, "all well, and ship in good condition," and were never again heard from.

Mr Eastman, our consul at Queens-town, communicated these facts to Secretary Seward in February, 1866, and at the same time informed him that there were reports of conversations by some old Alabama men, in which they declared that the *Alabama*, in "The Southeast Trades," had fallen in with a ship answering to the description of the *Solferino*, had pursued and overtaken her, as she endeavored, under heavy press of canvas, to escape; and then, although she hauled down her flag, and gave every signal of surrender, had fired into and sunk her, with every soul on board, making no effort to rescue her crew.

Mr. Seward sent the despatch of Mr.

Golden Eagle, Golden Rocket, the United States steamer *Hatteras*, the *Jabez Snow*, *Kingfisher*, *LaFayette*, *Levi Starbuck*, *Lamplighter*, *Martha Wenzell*, *Martaban* (*alias Texan Star*), *Nye*, *Nora*, *Ocean Rover*, *Ocmulgee*, *Rockingham*, *Sea-Lark*, *Solferino*, *Tycoon*, *T. B. Wales*, *Union Jack*, *Virginia*, *Wave Crest*, and *Winged Racer*.



Eastman to the Secretary of the Navy, and upon its receipt I wrote to Captain Pendleton at Searsport. His father received and opened the letter and answered briefly, like one too deeply moved to indulge in many words. He said: "The Solferino sailed September 30, 1862; on the 22d of December she was spoken near the Cape of Good Hope; since which time I have no news from the ship."\*

One of the Alabama's crew, an intelligent Englishman, was induced to come over from England, in order to be examined on this and kindred matters of inquiry. He denied, as calumnious, all charges of cruelty on the part of Semmes and his officers and men towards prisoners, and said, not only that no such incident as a chase and sinking of a vessel by the Alabama, had ever occurred, but, also, that it could not have occurred to the Solferino at the period and on the route described, because the Alabama was not within five hundred miles of any point which the Solferino could have touched, between December 22, 1862, and the 1st of March following. This, he affirmed, would appear from the narrative, and the tables of latitude and longitude, contained in the book entitled "The Cruise of the Alabama and Sumter," originally published in London, and afterwards reprinted by Carleton & Co., in New York.

On looking into that work I found the record to be as he had stated. While that tract of ocean known as "The Southeast Trades" is south of the equator, the Alabama was north of the equator from August, 1862, to the end of March, 1863. On the 22d of December, 1862, she was in the Gulf of Mexico. On the 11th of January, as we too well remember, she was off Galveston, Texas, and there fought and sunk the United States steamer Hatteras; and on the 29th of January was at San Domingo.

It became certain, therefore, that the Solferino was never seen by the Ala-

bama. "Foundered at sea" is doubtless the history of her disappearance from the knowledge of men.

So ended one accusation of cruelty.

The case of the AMAZONIAN was, for a short time, clouded by suspicion. My attention was called to it, in the first instance, by an anonymous letter, charging Semmes with homicidal cruelty. From this letter I extract the following sentences:—

"Semmes destroyed a bark. The captain—I think his name was Snow—lived in Chelsea, Massachusetts. A young man named Butler was on board" (the writer's grammar is dreadfully confused); "and when they were boarded, he fired a pistol at them. When they destroyed the vessel they were put aboard the Alabama, and then on board another vessel, to come home, excepting Butler, who was treated with the utmost barbarity, and starved, so that he died from that cause. It was a very brutal case of death, because the young man would not allow the flag to be lowered."

Anonymous communications are generally cowardly and treacherous, and I should have paid no heed to this one, had it not given me the address of Butler's brother, and referred to him in support of the accusation, and thus furnished the means of verifying or falsifying the story. I wrote to the brother, and, in his answer, he informed me that the name of the "bark" was "the Amazonian"; that her captain was William Loveland of Boston, and her first mate Lemuel L. Hatch of Lincolnville, Maine: to whom I wrote at once for information, but from whom it was long before I received any answer. Butler's letter further stated that his brother, with the rest of the crew of the Amazonian, was taken to the Alabama; that they were all treated "as well as they could expect," and were all transferred to a brig bound for Rio Janeiro, where his brother was shipped in the brig Hannah, bound to New York; that he was then taken sick, and placed in a hospital at St. Jago de Cuba, where he died. Subsequently Captain Love-

\* Recently (October, 1871) he has again written to me, to the same effect.



land informed me that none of his "crew resisted when the Amazonian was captured"; that not a gun or pistol was fired by any of them, nor by any passenger; that although the crew were put in irons, they were not starved nor maltreated; that "all were transferred to one vessel from the Alabama, and carried to Rio, where," said he, "I got a berth for Butler on the American brig Hannah."

The Amazonian, therefore, like the Solferino, furnished no evidence against Semmes.

Two other cases of reputed cruelty, and only two others, were ever made known to me; and they vanished in like manner before the inquest of careful examination. These were the WINGED RACER and the EMMA JANE, two of the Alabama's East Indian captures.

Rumor asserted that the captain of the Winged Racer, his family, his officers and crew, after their vessel was burned, were removed from the Alabama, and turned adrift by Semmes, off the coast of Java, in boats intentionally damaged, and damaged so badly as to be unseaworthy, and exposing the passengers to almost certain death.

But this dreadful rumor was unsupported by proof. On the contrary, the captain himself asked for the boats, and requested leave to embark in them for the purpose of proceeding without delay to Batavia. The second mate, Mr. More, informed me that on the day after thus voluntarily leaving the Alabama, they were taken up by an English vessel, and carried to Batavia in safety, where they were provided for by the American Consul.

The story about the Emma Jane, which at first seemed to inculcate Semmes, turned out to be equally unfounded. It was said that Semmes landed the captain of that captured vessel, together with his wife and crew, at some obscure point on the Malabar coast where vessels never touch, and from which there was no escape.

Unfortunately for this accusation, it appeared that "somehow or other"

these captives did escape; and it transpired that Semmes furnished them with provisions, and engaged the magistrate of Amjanga, where they were landed, to forward them without charge to a port some sixty miles off, where British ships were sure to be found.

Here ended all charges of cruelty against the commander of the Alabama. In not one solitary instance was there furnished a particle of proof that "the pirate Semmes," as many of my correspondents called him, had ever maltreated his captives, or subjected them to needless or avoidable hardships and deprivations, however much he may have offended them by taking their goods, burning their ships, and denouncing their country and its government.

This is the more remarkable from the fact that the commander of the Alabama was not adapted either by gentle temper or gracious manners to win the good-will or soften the resentments of those whose vessels and cargoes he destroyed, or incline them to withhold complaint where anything occurred that could furnish good ground of reproach and accusation.

This chapter of complaint and suspicion was, therefore, dismissed as composed of nothing but slanderous rumors and idle gossip.

Nothing now remained for investigation but the conduct of Semmes during the Cherbourg engagement and after the sinking of the Alabama.

At the time of his arrest in Mobile he was charged with violation of the law of war, in that he was guilty of three distinct acts of perfidy, namely, 1. Fraudulently obtaining a cessation of firing on the part of the Kearsarge by showing a white flag, and then reopening his own fire; 2. Perfidiously running away after overtures of surrender; 3. Re-entering the Rebel service without having been exchanged.

The engagement between the Kearsarge and Alabama, it will be remembered, occurred off Cherbourg, on Sunday forenoon, June 19, 1864. It was sharp, short, and decisive; last-



ing about an hour, at the end of which period the Alabama, then actually sinking, struck her flag and made signals of distress. In twenty minutes more she sank, before any boat from the Kearsarge could board her. Semmes, having sent his wounded men in his own boats to the Kearsarge, leaped overboard as his vessel was going down, and, being picked up by the English yacht *Deerhound*, Captain Lancaster, was hurried off to England, while some of his crew were yet struggling in the water.

On the day of this fight and flight, and again on the next day, Captain Winslow briefly reported his victory to the Navy Department. But in neither of these reports did he accuse Semmes of perfidy or allude to his escape.

On the 21st of June he wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, enclosing extracts from his ship's log. This letter stated that after the Alabama struck her flag, she sent an officer to announce her surrender, and ask for help; that at his, Captain Winslow's, request, the English yacht *Deerhound* helped save some of the Alabama's men, and then made off with Captain Semmes. The only comment on this affair was in these words: "I could not believe that the commander" of the yacht "could be guilty of so disgraceful an act as taking our prisoners off, and therefore took no means to prevent it."

The "extracts from the log" simply state that the fight began at 11 o'clock A. M. and lasted till noon, when the Alabama showed signs of distress, suspended her fire, and sent a boat with an officer to surrender and ask for help; and that at 12<sup>h</sup>. 24<sup>m</sup>. she went down in forty fathoms, leaving most of her crew struggling in the water; that the *Deerhound* as requested by Captain Winslow to aid in saving the Alabama's men; that she did take some of them aboard, and "then steamed rapidly away, without reporting how many she had picked up."

On the 23d of June a copy of Semmes's official report of the engage-

ment was published in the "London Times." In that report Winslow is accused of violating the law of honorable warfare by firing into the Alabama five times after her colors had been struck. As the Kearsarge, at the time of this publication, was cruising in the English Channel, Captain Winslow very soon received and read this report and accusation. The report was not long in finding its way to the Navy Department. But not until thirty-seven days after this publication did Captain Winslow write to the department accusing Semmes of misconduct during the Cherbourg fight. On the 30th of July, in an official letter, he stated that, when the Alabama's flag came down, he could not ascertain whether it had been hauled or shot down; but that "a white flag having been displayed over the stern, our fire was reserved"; that two minutes had not more than elapsed before "the Alabama" again opened on "the Kearsarge" with the two guns on the port-side; that the Kearsarge then renewed her fire on the Alabama, and "steamed ahead and laid across her bows for raking, the white flag still flying"; that the Kearsarge again "reserved" her fire, and that "shortly after this" the Alabama's boats were lowered, and an officer in one of them came alongside and reported her surrender, and that in twenty minutes she sank.

This statement contains the first accusation of a perfidy so monstrous that the common mind fails to understand how or why Captain Winslow could or should have omitted, for nearly two months, to make even an allusion to the crime, and that nothing was heard from him upon that subject until after he had been accused of a like offence by Semmes.

This dilatory complaint was the basis of the charge on which Semmes was ultimately arrested. To this were added the further allegations, that when he was bound to remain and complete his convention of surrender, by delivering up himself and sword, he either fled, or allowed himself to be



carried off by Captain Lancaster in the *Deerhound*; and that afterwards, without having been exchanged, he re-entered the Rebel service and bore arms against the United States.

Semmes himself furnished a part of the evidence in support of these charges. His official report, already mentioned, contained an admission that he first exhibited to the Kearsarge the ordinary tokens of surrender, which led to a cessation of the fight, and then evaded the performance of the promise thus implied, and from which no act of Lancaster could absolve him. Whether he requested that officer to carry him off, or was carried away contrary to his own will, his perfidy was equally great. But his subsequent failure to place himself, at the earliest or at any opportunity, in our hands as a prisoner, is conclusive proof that his flight was his own voluntary act,—an act base and disgraceful to the Rebel actor and to his British accessory, and doubly infamous in view of the circumstance that he hurried off without caring for many of his own men, still struggling in the water.

I had an official copy of that official report of Semmes in one of the public documents of the Confederate House of Representatives. It bears date, "Southampton, England, June 21, 1864," the second day after the fight. It states that, when Semmes found the *Alabama* to be in a sinking condition, he hauled down his colors, sent a boat for help to the Kearsarge, ordered his men to jump overboard as their vessel sank; leaped overboard himself to save his own life, and, with a number of his officers and men, was picked up by the *Deerhound*, and was, as he says, "*fortunate* enough thus to escape to the shelter of a neutral flag." What he thus describes as "*fortunate*," is pronounced by every naval officer whom I have consulted unfortunate for the Rebel commander; because, in their judgment, it was his incumbent duty to have placed himself in Captain Winslow's hands. His surrender made this a sacred obligation.

Had he, as some desperately gallant officers have done, determined to die rather than surrender, had he nailed his flag to the mast of the *Alabama*, and gone down with his shattered ship, the whole world, not excepting his bitterest foes, would have pronounced him to be a hero. But "he that fights and runs away," though he may "live to fight another day," is never regarded as heroic.

His overtone of surrender and his subsequent evasion were also admitted by Semmes in one of the aforementioned letters to the President, in which, as well as in his binominal book of 1869, he makes what seems to me "a lame and impotent" attempt to justify his conduct. In that letter he says, "There was no cessation of the engagement from beginning to end, until the fight was over. When my ship was beaten I hauled down my colors, and ceased firing the few disabled guns that remained; but the Kearsarge continuing to fire upon me, notwithstanding, I caused one of the seamen to wave in his hand a white flag, to attract the attention of the enemy to the fact that my colors were down and that I had ceased the combat. In the few minutes that my ship floated after my colors were struck, I filled the only remaining boat that I had with my wounded men, and shoved her off to the Kearsarge, remaining on board my ship myself until the last moment, ready to yield possession to the enemy, and expecting him every moment to take possession. No enemy's boat having reached me, and my ship sinking from under me, I leaped into the sea, after having ordered my officers and men to do so likewise, to endeavor to save my life. I was still at the mercy of the enemy, and he might have picked me up at any moment, and thus have completed his conquest by making me his prisoner. Being in the sea, and having no longer any ship to deliver him, I was not bound by the laws of war to seek him personally. It was his business to seek me, and failing to obtain manual



possession of me, I was, in no sense, his prisoner, but had the undoubted right to make my escape if I could."

Besides these two confessions of surrender, I had also the proof, furnished in like manner by Semmes himself, that after his escape he re-entered the Confederate service, and engaged in active hostilities, first as a Rear-Admiral in the Confederate Navy, and then as a Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army, without having been previously exchanged.

These three pieces of evidence were enough to convict him of two of the three specified offences; but as yet there was no competent evidence of the other, namely, perfidiously obtaining and abusing a cessation of the engagement.

To supply, if possible, this defect, the Secretary of the Navy summoned to Washington seven of the officers of the Kearsarge, namely, Captain Winslow, and Mr. Hartwell, his clerk; Executive-Officer Thornton; Acting-Masters Stoddard and Wheeler; Boatswain Walton, and Signal-Quarter-Master Saunders. They came in obedience to this order, and I interrogated them all, separately and with great care, recording their statements, and, after record, reading aloud to them what I had written, and asking them to suggest corrections or alterations, to make their narrative complete.

That examination was very surprising in its progress and in its conclusion. The seven statements were not only irreconcilably at variance with each other on many leading points, but were severally so confused and contradictory as to show that, in the heat, smoke, confusion, and excitement of battle, the perceptions of these men and their recollections were obscured and distracted. They did not furnish any safe material to be used in any prosecution as against the accused, but left upon my mind two distinct convictions, namely, first, that no perfidious attempt of the Alabama to procure a cessation of hostilities on the part of the Kearsarge was provable by

these witnesses; and, second, that no such attempt was in fact made. Honest and truthful as these men doubtless were, their testimony could not be relied upon to support any charge or specification against Semmes. Some of them saw the Alabama's flag come down three times, some twice, and some only once, before the firing ceased on both sides. Some saw two white flags, and some saw but one. Some said that one of the Alabama's guns was fired after the Kearsarge ceased her fire, some said two, and some said none at all. In short, the hour of the fight was one of those occasions when no man is so cool as to observe attentively and remember clearly; and in regard to which countless differences of detail will be found in the narratives of several witnesses, each and all of whom are honest and truthful and all of whom had equal opportunities of observation.

Such being the result of this examination of witnesses, there remained only the charge of running off in the Deerhound, and re-entering the Rebel service.

By this time I had come to the conclusion that, although Semmes was culpable in that he did not either remain until picked up by Captain Winslow's boats, or, on reaching England, give himself up as prisoner of war, and also in that he re-entered, unexchanged, the Confederate service, and that, although for either of these offences, had he been caught and tried and brought to conviction *flagrante bello*, he would have been sentenced to death, yet now it was scarcely worth while to bring him to trial for these offences, before a military court,\*

\* After some hesitation on the part of Secretary Welles and President Johnson, it had been resolved that Semmes, if tried at all, should be tried by a military commission, composed of five naval and four army officers, with an officer of the navy for president of the court. When asked by the Secretary of the Navy if there were any precedents for such a mixed commission, I answered that the case itself was unexampled, and that in trying this odd compound of Rear-Admiral and Brigadier-General, a mixed court was most appropriate, especially as it would have to consider and decide questions peculiar to each one of these two arms of the service, army and navy. The Secretary of War, on the con-



a tribunal, in time of peace, repugnant to the American, jury-loving mind, and especially when offenders of far deeper and bloodier dye were left undisturbed.

The legal aspect of the case seemed free from difficulty or doubt. Here, too, I had the strong support of President Woolsey and Professor Lieber. Dr. Woolsey says, with characteristic clearness, that "the manifestation of an intention to surrender requires that the surrender shall be carried out in good faith; otherwise it is an act of perfidy. If anything prevented Semmes from completing the surrender at the time, he was bound to complete it on the first opportunity.

"It is true, indeed, that when once a prisoner of war, but not on parole, he might have gone away; but the forms of surrender ought to have been gone through with, in order to bring him into the category of escaped prisoners, the essence of surrender being to place one's self in the other party's hands.

"The forms of surrender, when they stop the actual process of war, are a convention in fact; and that convention Semmes was bound to observe. He was acting perfidiously as long as he forbore to give himself up to complete his surrender. His presence in Johnston's army was thus an act of perfidy; for *he was not an escaped prisoner of war.*"

Of precisely the same opinion was Professor Lieber, although he thought it would, as an administrative act, be unwise to try Semmes, unless some other and more serious violation of the law of war could be alleged and proved against him. He said, "If we consider that his offence was universally known when the special agreement of May 1, 1865" (the Sherman-Johnston convention), "was signed, and that, in view of this fact, Semmes signed the parole, undoubtedly believing that he would not be tried for his

Alabama offence; that his offence, disreputable though it be, is not one of deep moral turpitude, such as Wirz's cruelty was; and that taking up so odious an offender on this single charge would look very much as though we were desirous of getting at him, but cannot find a better handle, — if we weigh these considerations, it would appear that he had better be sent away."

"These considerations" were "weighed," and the result was a determination to discharge Semmes without trial. This determination was reached after patient thought and thorough investigation, — processes that consumed several months, during which Semmes was naturally vexed and annoyed by what seemed to him a needless and cruel delay. But he was the gainer by this deliberation and delay, and the administration was not dilatory in any of its movements in his case, except in making his arrest. Reviewing the various steps of the investigation, we see that it was resolved not to try him by military court for mere piracy or treason; not to try him at all, unless, upon due inquest, it should appear certain that he had offended against the code of the laws of war; that his violations of neutral rights should be left for the consideration of neutral powers; that his adoption of "the destructive plan" as to his captures should not be charged as an offence; that his treatment of captives had been far from cruel or unjust; that to destroy the lighthouses of blockaded ports is no crime in one of the belligerents; that he, as a belligerent, was entitled to practise all the stratagems and deceptions known to civilized warfare, and was, also, entitled to all the protection and advantage which the law of war confers upon belligerents; and that he was not chargeable with perfidy at Cherbourg until after his vessel went down. And now, at last, it was determined that, because his neglect to complete his surrender, and his return to the Rebel service, just at the end of the war, had produced no appreciable difference in

trary, approved of this proposition the moment it was laid before him. "Certainly," said Mr. Stanton: "that is the very method, and I will give you the four best officers in the army."



the result of the Rebellion, but were, practically, of no consequence to either party to the strife, and because the leaders of that Rebellion were still at large, and even the most red-handed raiders and "bushwhackers" and "jay-hawkers" were left "unwhipped of justice," he should be set at liberty, and allowed to return, if he pleased, to his Southern home.

As soon as this conclusion was reached, Semmes was released from custody. Had he been hurried to trial as soon as arrested and brought to Washington, although nothing but his escape in the *Deerhound*, his subsequent neglect to give himself up, and his return to actual service in the Confederate Army and Navy, might have been proved against him, and no evidence but his own admissions might have been produced upon the trial, his conviction would have been certain; and, with the feelings of dislike and hatred which then burned against him, he might have been sentenced to death, and, like Marshal Ney, have been promptly executed. But four months of delay diverted the public feeling to matters more interesting than his case, and to persons more important than him. And during those four months the persevering search for proofs of his actual conduct had dispelled a hundred calumnious rumors against him, and relieved his character from a vast amount of undeserved obloquy, so that, although not shown to have been free from all violation of the law of war, he was discovered to be by no means the guilty monster of the belief that prevailed against him up to the close of 1865.

Without expressing any opinion as to the wisdom of his arrest prior to a careful examination of his case, I am free to declare that no person under military arrest was ever treated with greater fairness or with more substantial kindness. From the moment his case was referred to me as Solicitor and Naval Judge Advocate General, I was resolved that, so far as depended upon me, it should be, as I can safely

affirm that it was, conducted and disposed of with absolute justice and impartiality. Such had been my method in all of the many hundred cases which I had investigated or tried, as Judge Advocate and Provost Judge, in 1862-1865, while in the military service. During all those years, and in all those cases, I had had the good fortune to satisfy alike the government and the accused by this system of "even-handed justice"; and in Semmes's case, I found the Secretary of the Navy and the President of the United States disposed to continue that system. To these facts, and not to any special or secret motive, plan, or influence, was Semmes indebted for his liberation.

He has, in the volume already quoted, attributed his deliverance to motives less creditable to the government, — to political causes, to the quarrel between Congress and the late President, to Mr. Johnson's desire to build up for himself a Southern party. "I was only saved," he says at page 825, "by the circumstances which will be presently related"; and then he relates as follows: —

"At the time of my arrest there was a newspaper called 'The Republican,' published in the city of Washington in the interests of President Johnson. There had been some little struggle between Congress and the President as to who should take the initiative in the wholesale hanging of 'traitors,' which had been resolved upon. 'The Republican,' speaking for President Johnson," declared "his readiness to act. 'He is only waiting,' it said, 'for Congress to move in the matter.'" Semmes continues thus: "There is an old adage which says, 'when rogues fall out, honest men get their rights.' Fortunately for the 'traitors' of the South, Andrew Johnson and the Congress quarrelled. Johnson undertook to reconstruct the Southern States in *his* interests, and Congress claimed the right to reconstruct them in *its* interests. The Constitution of the United States was equally disregarded by both. It was a struggle between usurpers,



which should be master ; that was all. The breach widened from day to day, and the quarrel at last became bitter. Johnson, finding that his quarrel with Congress had ruined him with his party, now set about constructing a new one, — a Johnson party. His scheme was to ignore both the Democratic and the Republican party. If he could succeed in reconstructing the Southern States to the exclusion of Congress, he might hope to get the votes of those States in the next Presidential election. But, to conciliate these States, it would not do to hang five hundred of the military and political leaders of the Rebel government as a mere ‘beginning.’ He must pursue a different policy. He now issued first one amnesty proclamation, and then another, — doling out amnesty grudgingly, in broken doses, — until he had issued three of them. By the last of these proclamations, the writer of these pages, who was true to his State, was ‘graciously pardoned’ by Andrew Johnson, who had not only been a traitor to his State, but had betrayed, besides, two political parties. A glorious opportunity presented itself for him to show himself a statesman. He has proved a charlatan instead.”

This relation of Semmes furnishes a curious revelation of his character, by showing that the writer, though “saved” by President Johnson, could vilify and abuse his savior. It also shows that Semmes is as mistaken in his facts as ungrateful in his sentiments. Semmes was “saved,” so far as discharge from imprisonment and trial constituted salvation, sixteen months before the issue of the first proclamation to which he refers. He was not “saved” nor “graciously” or ungraciously “par-

doned” by either of the three amnesty proclamations. His discharge was in April, 1866. The first proclamation is dated September 7, 1867, and did not include within its provisions any person who had held rank or title in the Rebel Navy higher than that of captain. Of course it excluded Rear-Admiral Semmes. The second proclamation, bearing date July 4, 1868, extended only to cases of treason not under presentment or indictment. It did not touch “pirates,” nor offenders against the law of war. The third proclamation, by which, in particular, Semmes claims to have been “saved” and “pardoned,” is dated December 25, 1868, and includes no other crime than treason.

Reference to the Statutes at Large, Volume XV. pages 700, 703, and 712, would have shown his mistake to this discharged culprit, and might have led him to perceive that he was still amenable to the courts, both civil and military, for every offence except treason.

I will not call this carelessness wilful or criminal, for my object is not to reproach the Rebel Rear-Admiral ; and I refer to it chiefly for the purpose of showing that Semmes’s discharge was not due to any of the causes which he has specified. I have stated fully and fairly the true answer to the question, “Why was not Semmes of the Alabama tried ?” — a question asked very often at the time of his release, and repeated, with more or less interest, up to the present hour. The recent treaty with Great Britain, and the assembling of the Geneva Conference, have revived the inquiry ; and the foregoing pages furnish as complete an answer to that question as can be furnished by any one familiar with the facts.

*John A. Bolles, Naval Solicitor.*



## A RIVERMOUTH ROMANCE.

## CHAPTER I.

AT five o'clock on the morning of the 10th of July, 1860, the front door of a certain house on Anchor Street, in the ancient seaport town of Rivermouth, might have been observed to open with great caution. This door, as the least imaginative reader may easily conjecture, did not open itself. It was opened by Miss Margaret Callaghan, who immediately closed it softly behind her, paused for a few seconds with an embarrassed air on the stone step, and then, throwing a furtive glance up at the second-story windows, passed hastily down the street towards the river, keeping close to the fences and garden walls on her left.

There was a ghostlike stealthiness to Miss Margaret's movements, though there was nothing whatever of the ghost about Miss Margaret herself. She was a plump, short person, no longer young, with coal-black hair growing low on the forehead, and a round face that would have been nearly meaningless if the features had not been emphasized — italicized, so to speak — by the small-pox. Moreover, the brilliancy of her toilet would have rendered any ghostly hypothesis untenable. Mrs. Solomon — we refer to the dressiest Mrs. Solomon, which ever one that was — in all her glory was not arrayed like Miss Margaret on that eventful summer morning. She wore a light green shotted silk frock, a blazing red shawl, and a yellow crape bonnet profusely decorated with azure, orange, and magenta artificial flowers. In her hand she carried a white parasol. The newly risen sun, ricocheting from the bosom of the river and striking point-blank on the top-knot of Miss Margaret's gorgeousness, made her an imposing spectacle in the quiet street of that Puritan village. But, in spite of the bravery of her apparel, she stole guiltily along by

garden walls and fences until she reached a small, dingy framehouse near the wharves, in the darkened doorway of which she quenched her burning splendor, if so bold a figure is permissible.

Three quarters of an hour passed. The sunshine moved slowly up Anchor Street, fingered noiselessly the well-kept brass knockers on either side, and drained the heel-taps of dew which had been left from the revels of the fairies overnight in the cups of the morning-glories. Not a soul was stirring yet in this part of the town, though the Rivermouthians are such early birds that not a worm may be said to escape them. By and by one of the brown Holland shades at one of the upper windows of the Bilkins mansion — the house from which Miss Margaret had emerged — was drawn up, and old Mr. Bilkins in spiral nightcap looked out on the sunny street. Not a living creature was to be seen, save the dissipated family cat, — a very Lovelace of a cat that was not allowed a night-key, — who was sitting on the curbstone opposite, waiting for the hall door to be opened. Three quarters of an hour, we repeat, had passed, when Mrs. Margaret O'Rouke, *née* Callaghan, issued from the small dingy house by the river, and regained the doorstep of the Bilkins mansion in the same stealthy fashion in which she had left it.

Not to prolong a mystery that must already oppress the reader, Mr. Bilkins's cook had, after the manner of her kind, stolen out of the premises before the family were up and got herself married, — surreptitiously and artfully married, as if matrimony were an indictable offence.

And something of an offence it was in this instance. In the first place, Margaret Callaghan had lived nearly twenty years with the Bilkins family, and the old people — there were no



children now — had rewarded this long service by taking Margaret into their affections. It was a piece of subtle ingratitude for her to marry without admitting the worthy couple to her confidence. In the next place, Margaret had married a man some eighteen years younger than herself. That was the young man's look out, you say. We hold it was Margaret that was to blame. What does a young blade of twenty-two know? Not half so much as he thinks he does. His exhaustless ignorance at that age is a discovery which is left for him to make in his prime.

“Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,  
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;  
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,  
Under Bonnybell's window panes, —  
Wait till you come to Forty Year!”

In one sense Margaret's husband *had* come to forty year, — she was forty to a day.

Mrs. Margaret O'Rourke, with the baddish cat following closely at her heels, entered the Bilkins mansion, reached her chamber in the attic without being intercepted, and there laid aside her finery. Two or three times while arranging her more humble attire, she paused to take a look at the marriage certificate, which she had deposited between the leaves of her Prayer-Book, and on each occasion held that potent document upside down; for Margaret's literary culture was of the severest order, and excluded the art of reading.

The breakfast was late that morning. As Mrs. O'Rourke set the coffee-urn in front of Mrs. Bilkins, and flanked Mr. Bilkins with the broiled mackerel and the buttered toast, Mrs. O'Rourke's conscience smote her. She afterwards declared that when she saw the two sitting there so innocent-like, not dreaming of the *comether* she had put upon them, she secretly and unbeknownt let a few tears fall into the cream-pitcher. Whether or not it was this material expression of Margaret's penitence that spoiled the coffee, does not admit of inquiry; but the coffee was bad. In fact the whole breakfast was a comedy of errors.

It was a blessed relief to Margaret when the meal was ended. She retired in a cold perspiration to the penetralia of the kitchen, and it was remarked by both Mr. and Mrs. Bilkins that those short flights of vocalism, — apropos of the personal charms of one Kate Kearney who lived on the banks of Killarney, — which ordinarily issued from the direction of the scullery, were unheard that forenoon.

The town clock was striking eleven, and the antiquated timepiece on the staircase (which never spoke but it dropped pearls and crystals, like the fairy in the story) was lisping the hour, when there came three tremendous knocks at the street door. Mrs. Bilkins, who was dusting the brass-mounted chronometer in the hall, stood transfixed with arm uplifted. The admirable old lady had for years been carrying on a guerrilla warfare with itinerant vendors of furniture polish and pain-killer and crockery cement, and the like. The effrontery of the triple knock convinced her the enemy was at her gates, — possibly that dissolute creature with twenty-four sheets of note-paper and twenty-four envelopes for fifteen cents.

Mrs. Bilkins swept across the hall and opened the door with a jerk. The suddenness of the movement was apparently not anticipated by the person outside, who, with one arm stretched feebly towards the receding knocker, tilted gently forward, and rested both hands on the threshold in an attitude which was probably common enough with our ancestors of the Apean period, but could never have been considered graceful. By an effort that testified to the excellent condition of his muscles, the person instantly righted himself, and stood swaying unsteadily on his toes and heels, and smiling rather vaguely on Mrs. Bilkins.

It was a slightly built but well-knitted young fellow in the not unpicturesque garb of our marine service. His woollen cap pitched forward at an acute angle with his nose, showed the back part of a head covered with short yellow hair,



which had broken into innumerable curls of painful tightness. On his ruddy cheeks a sparse sandy beard was making a timid *début*. Add to this a weak, good-natured mouth, a pair of devil-may-care blue eyes, and the fact that the man was very drunk, and you have a pre-Raphaelite portrait—we may as well say it at once—of Mr. Larry O'Rouke of Ballyshanty, County Connaught, and late of the U. S. sloop-of-war Santee.

The man was a total stranger to Mrs. Bilkins; but the instant she caught sight of the double white anchors embroidered on the lapels of his jacket, she unhesitatingly threw back the door which, with great presence of mind, she had partly closed.

A drunken sailor standing on the step of the Bilkins mansion was no novelty. The street, as we have stated, led down to the wharves, and sailors were constantly passing. The house abutted directly on the street; the granite doorstep was almost flush with the sidewalk, and the huge old-fashioned brass knocker—seemingly a brazen hand that had been cut off at the wrist and nailed against the oak as a warning to malefactors—extended itself in a kind of grim appeal to everybody. It seemed to possess strange fascinations for all seafaring folk; and when there was a man-of-war in port the rat-tat-tat of that knocker would frequently startle the quiet neighborhood long after midnight. There appeared to be an occult understanding between it and the blue-jackets. Years ago there was a young Bilkins, one Charles Bilkins,—a sad losel, we fear,—who ran away to try his fortunes before the mast, and fell overboard in a gale off Hatteras. "Lost at sea," says the chubby marble slab in the Old South Burying-Ground, "*et*at 18." Perhaps that is why no blue-jacket, sober or drunk, was ever repulsed from the door of the Bilkins mansion.

Of course Mrs. Bilkins had her taste in the matter, and preferred them sober. But as this could not always be, she tempered her wind, so to speak, to the

shorn lamb. The flushed, prematurely old face that now looked up at her moved the good lady's pity.

"What do you want?" she asked kindly.

"Me wife."

"There's no wife for you here," said Mrs. Bilkins, somewhat taken aback. "His wife!" she thought; "it's a mother the poor boy stands in need of."

"Me wife," repeated Mr. O'Rouke, "for betther or for worse."

"You had better go away," said Mrs. Bilkins, bridling up, "or it will be the worse for you."

"To have and to howld," continued Mr. O'Rouke, wandering retrospectively in the mazes of the marriage service, "to have and to howld, till death—bad luck to him!—takes one or the ither ov us."

"You're a blasphemous creature," said Mrs. Bilkins, severely.

"Thim's the words his riverince spake this blessed mornin', standin' foreninst us," explained Mr. O'Rouke. "I stood here, see, and me jewel stood there, and the howly chaplain beyont."

And Mr. O'Rouke with a wavering forefinger drew a diagram of the interesting situation on the doorstep.

"Well," returned Mrs. Bilkins, "if you're a married man, all I have to say is, there's a pair of fools instead of one. You had better be off; the person you want does n't live here."

"Bedad, thin, but she does."

"Lives here?"

"Sorra a place else."

"The man's crazy," said Mrs. Bilkins to herself.

While she thought him simply drunk she was not in the least afraid; but the idea that she was conversing with a madman sent a chill over her. She reached back her hand preparatory to shutting the door, when Mr. O'Rouke, with an agility that might have been expected from his previous gymnastics, set one foot on the threshold and frustrated the design.

"I want me wife," he said sternly.

Unfortunately Mr. Bilkins had gone up town, and there was no one in the



house except Margaret, whose pluck was not to be depended on. The case was urgent. With the energy of despair Mrs. Bilkins suddenly placed the toe of her boot against Mr. O'Rourke's invading foot and pushed it away. The effect of this attack was to cause Mr. O'Rourke to describe a complete circle on one leg and then sit down heavily on the threshold. The lady retreated to the hat-stand and rested her hand mechanically on the handle of a blue cotton umbrella. Mr. O'Rourke partly turned his head and smiled upon her with conscious superiority. At this juncture a third actor appeared on the scene, evidently a friend of Mr. O'Rourke, for he addressed that gentleman as "a saplin'" and told him to go home.

"Divil an inch," replied the saplin'; but he got himself off the threshold and resumed his position on the step.

"It's only Larry, mum," said the man, touching his forelock politely; "as dacent a lad as iver lived, when he's not in liquor; an' I've known him to be sober for days together," he added reflectively. "He don't mane a hap'orth o' harum, but jist now he's not quite in his right moind."

"I should think not," said Mrs. Bilkins, turning from the speaker to Mr. O'Rourke, who had seated himself gravely on the scraper, and was weeping. "Has n't the man any friends?"

"Too many of 'em, mum, and it's along wid dhrinkin' toasts wid 'em that Larry got throwed. The punch that saplin' has dhrunk this day would amaze ye. He give us the slip awhile ago, bad 'cess to him, and come up here. Did n't I tell ye, Larry, not to be afther ringin' at the owld gintleman's knock-er? Ain't ye got no sinse at all?"

"Misther Donnehugh," said Mr. O'Rourke with great dignity, "ye're dhrunk agin."

Mr. Donnehugh, who had not taken more than thirteen ladles of rum-punch, disdained to reply directly.

"He's a dacent lad enough," — this to Mrs. Bilkins; "but his head is wake. Whin he's had two sups o' whiskey he belaves he's dhrank a bar'l full. A

gill o' wather out of a jimmyjohn'd fuddle him, mum."

"Is n't there anybody to look after him?"

"No, mum, he's an orphan; his father and mother live in the owld country, an' a fine hale owld couple they are."

"Has n't he any family in the town —"

"Sure, mum, he has a family; was n't he married this blessed mornin'?"

"He said so."

"Indade, thin, he was, — the pore divil!"

"And the — the person?" inquired Mrs. Bilkins.

"Is it the wife ye mane?"

"Yes, the wife, where is she?"

"Well thin, mum," said Mr. Donnehugh, "it's yerself that can answer that."

"I?" exclaimed Mrs. Bilkins. "Good heavens! this man's as crazy as the other!"

"Begorra, if anybody's crazy it's Larry, for it's Larry has married Margaret."

"What Margaret?" cried Mrs. Bilkins with a start.

"Margaret Callaghan, sure."

"Our Margaret? Do you mean to say that OUR Margaret has married that — that good-for-nothing, inebriated wretch!"

"It's a civil tongue the owld lady has, anyway," remarked Mr. O'Rourke, critically, from the scraper.

Mrs. Bilkins's voice during the latter part of the colloquy had been pitched in a high key; it rung through the hall and penetrated to the kitchen, where Margaret was thoughtfully wiping the breakfast things. She paused with a half-dried saucer in her hand, and listened. In a moment more she stood with bloodless face and limp figure, leaning against the banister, behind Mrs. Bilkins.

"Is it there ye are, me jewel!" cries Mr. O'Rourke, discovering her.

Mrs. Bilkins wheeled upon Margaret.

"Margaret Callaghan, is that thing your husband?"



"Ye-yes, mum," faltered Mrs. O'Rourke, with a woful lack of spirit.

"Then take it away!" cried Mrs. Bilkins.

Margaret, with a slight flush on either cheek, glided past Mrs. Bilkins, and the heavy oak door closed with a bang, as the gates of Paradise must have closed of old upon Adam and Eve.

"Come!" said Margaret, taking Mr. O'Rourke by the hand; and the two wandered forth upon their wedding-journey down Anchor Street, with all the world before them where to choose. They chose to halt at the small shabby tenement-house by the river, through the doorway of which the bridal pair disappeared with a reeling, eccentric gait; for Mr. O'Rourke's intoxication seemed to have run down his elbow and communicated itself to Margaret.

O Hymen! who burnest precious gums and scented woods in thy torch at the melting of aristocratic hearts, with what a pitiful penny-dip thou hast lighted up our matter-of-fact romance!

## CHAPTER II.

It had been no part of Margaret's plan to acknowledge the marriage so soon. Though on pleasure bent, she had a frugal mind. She had invested in a husband with a view of laying him away for a rainy day, that is to say, for such time as her master and mistress should cease to need her services; for she had promised on more than one occasion to remain with the old people as long as they lived. And indeed, if Mr. O'Rourke had come to her and said in so many words, "The day you marry me you must leave the Bilkins family," there is very little doubt but Margaret would have let that young sea-monster slip back unmated, so far as she was concerned, into his native element. The contingency never entered into her calculations. She intended that the ship which had brought Ulysses to her island should take him off again after a decent interval of honeymoon; then she would confess all to

Mrs. Bilkins, and be forgiven, and Mr. Bilkins would not cancel that clause supposed to exist in his will bequeathing two first-mortgage bonds of the Squedunk R. R. Co. to a certain faithful servant. In the mean while she would add, each month, to her store in the coffers of the Rivermouth Savings Bank; for Calypso had a neat sum to her credit on the books of that provident institution.

But this could not be now. The volatile bridegroom had upset the wisely conceived plan, and "all the fat was in the fire," as Margaret philosophically put it. Mr. O'Rourke had been fully instructed in the part he was to play, and, to do him justice, had honestly intended to play it; but destiny was against him. It may be observed that destiny and Mr. O'Rourke were not on very friendly terms.

After the ceremony had been performed and Margaret had stolen back to the Bilkins mansion, as related, Mr. O'Rourke with his own skilful hands had brewed a noble punch for the wedding guests. Standing at the head of the table and stirring the pungent mixture in the small wash-tub purchased for the occasion, Mr. O'Rourke came out in full flower. His flow of wit, as he replenished the glasses, was as racy and seemingly as inexhaustible as the punch itself. When Mrs. McLaughlin held out her glass, inadvertently upside down, for her sixth ladleful, Mr. O'Rourke gallantly declared it should be filled if he had to stand on his head to do it. The elder Miss O'Leary whispered to Mrs. Connally that Mr. O'Rourke was "a perfic gentleman," and the men in a body pronounced him a bit of the raal shamrock. If Mr. O'Rourke was happy in brewing a punch, he was happier in dispensing it, and happiest of all in drinking a great deal of it himself. He toasted Mrs. Finnigan, the landlady, and the late lamented Finnigan, the father, whom he had never seen, and Miss Biddy Finnigan, the daughter, and a young toddling Finnigan, who was at large in shockingly scant raiment. He drank to the



company individually and collectively, drank to the absent, drank to a tinpeddler who chanced to pass the window, and indeed was in that propitiatory mood when he would have drunk to the health of each separate animal that came out of the Ark. It was in the midst of the confusion and applause which followed his song touching the propriety of putting "the Grane above the Red," that Mr. O'Rourke, the punch being all gone, withdrew unobserved and went in quest of Mrs. O'Rourke,—with what success the reader knows.

According to the love-idyl of the period, when Laura and Charles Henry, after unheard-of obstacles, are finally united, all cares and tribulations and responsibilities slip from their sleek backs like Christian's burden. The idea is a pretty one, theoretically, but like some of those models in the Patent-Office at Washington, it does n't work. Charles Henry does not go on sitting at Laura's feet and reading Timothy Titcomb to her forever; the rent of the cottage by the sea falls due with prosaic regularity; there are bakers, and butchers, and babies, and tax-collectors, and doctors, and undertakers, and sometimes gentlemen of the jury to be attended to. Wedded life is not one long amatory poem with recurrent rhymes of love and dove, and kiss and bliss. Yet when the average sentimental novelist has supplied his hero and heroine with their bridal outfit and attended to that little matter of the marriage certificate, he usually turns off the gas, puts up his shutters, and saunters off with his hands in his pockets, as if the day's business were over. But we, who are honest dealers in real life and disdain to give short weight, know better. The business is by no means over: it is just begun. It is not Christian throwing off his pack for good and all, but Christian taking up a load heavier and more difficult than any he has carried.

If Margaret Callaghan, when she meditated matrimony, indulged in any roseate dreams, they were quickly put

to flight. She suddenly found herself dispossessed of a quiet, comfortable home, and realized the fact that she had a white elephant on her hands. It is not likely that Mr. O'Rourke assumed precisely the shape of a white elephant to her mental vision; but he was as useless and cumbersome and unmanageable as one.

Margaret and Larry's wedding-tour did not extend beyond Mrs. Finnigan's establishment, where they took two or three rooms and set up housekeeping in a modest way. Margaret, who was a tidy housewife, kept the floor of her apartments as white as your hand, the tin plates on the dresser as bright as your lady-love's eyes, and the cooking-stove as neat as the machinery on a Sound steamer. When she was not rubbing the stove with lamp-black she was cooking upon it some savory dish to tempt the palate of her marine monster. Naturally of a hopeful temperament, she went about her work singing softly to herself by times, and would have been very happy that first week if Mr. O'Rourke had known a sober moment. But Mr. O'Rourke showed an exasperating disposition to keep up festivities. At the end of ten days, however, he toned down, and at Margaret's suggestion that he had better be looking about for some employment, he rigged himself up a fishing-pole and set out with an injured air for the wharf at the foot of the street, where he fished for the rest of the day. To sit for hours blinking in the sun, waiting for a cunner to come along and take his hook, was as exhaustive a kind of labor as he cared to engage in. Though Mr. O'Rourke had recently returned from a long cruise, he had not a cent to show. During his first three days ashore he had dissipated his three years' pay. The housekeeping expenses began eating a hole in Margaret's little fund, the existence of which was no sooner known to Mr. O'Rourke than he stood up his fishing-rod in one corner of the room, and thenceforth it caught nothing but cobwebs.



"Divil a sthroke o' work I'll do," said Mr. O'Rouke, "whin we can live at aise on our earnin's. Who'd be affther frettin' hisself, wid money in the bank? How much is it, Peggy darlint?"

And divil a stroke more of work did he do. He lounged down on the wharves, and, with his short clay pipe stuck between his lips and his hands in his pockets, stared off at the sail-boats on the river. He sat on the doorstep of the Finnigan domicile and plentifully chaffed the passers-by. Now and then, when he could weedle some fractional currency out of Margaret, he spent it like a crown-prince at The Wee Drop round the corner. With that fine magnetism which draws together birds of a feather, he shortly drew about him all the ne'er-do-weels of Rivermouth. It was quite wonderful what an unsuspected lot of them there was. From all the frowsy purloons of the town they crept forth into the sunlight to array themselves under the banner of the prince of scalawags. It was edifying of a summer afternoon to see a dozen of them sitting in a row, like turtles, on the string-piece of Jedediah Rand's wharf, with their twenty-four feet dangling over the water, assisting Mr. O'Rouke in contemplating the islands in the harbor, and upholding the scenery, as it were.

The rascal had one accomplishment, he had a heavenly voice, quite in the rough, to be sure, and he played on the violin like an angel. He did't know one note from another, but he played in a sweet natural way, just as Orpheus must have played, by ear. The drunker he was the more pathos and humor he wrung from the old violin, his sole piece of personal property. He had a singular fancy for getting up at two or three o'clock in the morning and playing by an open casement. All the dogs in the immediate neighborhood and innumerable dogs in the distance would join to swell the chorus on a scale that would have satisfied Mr. Gilmore himself.

Unfortunately Mr. O'Rouke's *bêtises*

were not always of so innocent a complexion. On one or two occasions, through an excess of animal and other spirits, he took to breaking windows in the town. Among other nocturnal feats he accomplished the demolition of the glass in the door of The Wee Drop. Now, breaking windows in Rivermouth is an amusement not wholly disconnected with an interior view of the police-station (bridewell is the local term); so it happened that Mr. O'Rouke woke up one fine morning and found himself snug and tight in one of the cells in the rear of the Brick Market. His plea that the bull's-eye in the glass door of The Wee Drop winked at him in an insultin' manner as he was passing by, did not prevent Justice Hackett from fining the delinquent ten dollars and costs, which made sad havoc with the poor wife's bank account. So Margaret's married life wore on, and all went merry as a funeral knell.

After Mrs. Bilkins, with a brow as severe as one of the Parcæ, had closed the door upon the O'Roukes that summer morning, she sat down on the stairs and, sinking the indignant goddess in the woman, burst into tears. She was still very wroth with Margaret Callaghan, as she persisted in calling her; very merciless and unforgiving, as the gentler sex are apt to be—to the gentler sex. Mr. Bilkins, however, after the first vexation, missed Margaret from the household; missed her singing, which was in itself as helpful as a second girl; missed her hand in the preparation of those hundred and one nameless comforts which are necessities to the old, and wished in his soul that he had her back again. Who could make a gruel, when he was ill, or cook a steak, when he was well, like Margaret? So, meeting her one morning at the fish-market,—for Mr. O'Rouke had long since given over the onerous labor of catching cunners,—he spoke to her kindly, and asked her how she liked the change in her life, and if Mr. O'Rouke was good to her.

"Troth, thin, sur," said Margaret,



with a short dry laugh, "he 's the divil's own !"

Margaret was thin and careworn, and her laugh had the mild gayety of champagne not properly corked. These things were apparent even to Mr. Bilkins, who was not a shrewd observer. With a duplicity quite foreign to his nature, he gradually drew from her the true state of affairs. Mr. O'Rourke was a very bad case indeed ; he did nothing towards her support ; he was almost constantly drunk ; the little money she had laid by was melting away and would not last until winter. Mr. O'Rourke was perpetually coming home with a sprained ankle, or a bruised shoulder, or a broken head. He had broken most of the furniture in his festive hours, including the cooking-stove. "In short," as Mr. Bilkins said in relating the matter afterwards to Mrs. Bilkins, "he had broken all those things which he should n't have broken, and failed to break the one thing he ought to have broken long ago — his neck, namely."

The revelation which startled Mr. Bilkins most was this : in spite of all, Margaret loved Larry with the whole of her warm Irish heart. Further than keeping the poor creature up waiting for him until ever so much o'clock at night, it did not appear that he treated her with personal cruelty. If he had beaten her, she would have worshipped him. As it was, she merely loved the ground he trod upon.

Revolving Margaret's troubles in his thoughts as he walked homeward, Mr. Bilkins struck upon a plan by which he could help her. When, this plan was laid before Mrs. Bilkins, she opposed it with a vehemence that convinced him she had made up her mind to adopt it.

"Never, never will I have that ungrateful woman under this roof!" cried Mrs. Bilkins; and accordingly the next day Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke took up their abode in the Bilkins mansion, — Margaret as cook, and Larry as gardener.

"I'm convanient if the owld gintle-

man is," had been Mr. O'Rourke's remark, when the proposition was submitted to him. Not that Mr. O'Rourke had the faintest idea of gardening. He did n't know a tulip from a tomato. He was one of those sanguine people who never hesitate to undertake anything and are never abashed by their gigantic inability.

Mr. Bilkins did not look to Margaret's husband for any great botanical knowledge ; but he was rather surprised one day when Mr. O'Rourke pointed to the triangular bed of lilies-of-the-valley, then out of flower, and remarked, "Thim 's a nate lot o' purtaties ye've got there, sur." Mr. Bilkins, we repeat, did not expect much from Mr. O'Rourke's skill in gardening ; his purpose was to reform the fellow if possible, and in any case to make Margaret's lot easier.

Re-established in her old home, Margaret broke into song again, and Mr. O'Rourke himself promised to do very well ; morally, we mean, not agriculturally. His ignorance of the simplest laws of nature, if nature has any simple laws, and his dense stupidity on every other subject, were heavy trials to Mr. Bilkins. Happily Mr. Bilkins was not without a sense of humor, else he would have found Mr. O'Rourke insupportable. Just when the old gentleman's patience was about exhausted, the gardener would commit some atrocity so perfectly comical, that his master all but loved him for the moment.

"Larry," said Mr. Bilkins, one sweltering afternoon in the middle of September, "just see how the thermometer stands on the back porch."

Mr. O'Rourke disappeared, and after a prolonged absence returned with the monstrous announcement that the thermometer stood at 82o !

Mr. Bilkins looked at the man closely. He was unmistakably sober.

"Eight hundred and twenty what?" cried Mr. Bilkins, feeling very warm, as he naturally would in so high a temperature.

"Eight hundthred an' twinty degraes, I suppose, sur."



"Larry, you're an idiot."

This was obviously not to Mr. O'Rourke's taste; for he went out and brought the thermometer, and pointing triumphantly to the line of numerals running parallel with the glass tube, exclaimed, "Add 'em up yerself, thin!"

Perhaps this would not have been amusing if Mr. Bilkins had not spent the greater part of the previous forenoon in initiating Mr. O'Rourke in the mysteries of the thermometer. Nothing could make amusing Mr. O'Rourke's method of setting out crocus bulbs. Mr. Bilkins had received a lot of a very choice variety from Boston, and, having a headache that morning, turned over to Mr. O'Rourke the duty of planting them. Though he had never seen a bulb in his life, Larry unblushingly asserted that he had set out thousands for Sir Lucius O'Grady, of O'Grady Castle, "an illegant place intirely, wid tin miles o' garden walks," added Mr. O'Rourke, crushing Mr. Bilkins, who boasted of only a few humble flower-beds.

The following day he stepped into the garden to see how Larry had done his work. There stood the parched bulbs, carefully arranged in parallel lines on top of the soil.

"Did n't I tell you to set out these bulbs?" cried Mr. Bilkins, wrathfully.

"An' did n't I set 'em out?" expostulated Mr. O'Rourke. "An' ain't they a settin' there beautiful?"

"But you should have put them into the ground, stupid!"

"Is it bury 'em, ye mane? Be jabbers! how could they iver git out agin? Give the little jokers a fair show, Misher Bilkins!"

For two weeks Mr. O'Rourke conducted himself with comparative propriety; that is to say, he rendered himself useless about the place, appeared regularly at his meals, and kept sober. Perhaps the hilarious strains of music which sometimes issued at midnight from the upper window of the north gable were not just what a quiet, unostentatious family would desire;

but on the whole there was not much to complain of.

The third week witnessed a falling off. Though always promptly on hand at the serving out of rations, he did not even make a pretence of working in the garden. He would disappear mysteriously immediately after breakfast, and reappear with supernatural abruptness at dinner. Nobody knew what he did with himself in the interval, until one day he was observed to fall out of an apple-tree near the stable. His retreat discovered, he took to the wharves and the alleys in the distant part of the town. It soon became evident that his ways were not the ways of temperance, and that all his paths led to The Wee Drop.

Of course, Margaret tried to keep this from the family. Being a woman, she made excuses for him in her heart. It was a dull life for the lad anyway, and it was worse than him that was leading Larry astray. Hours and hours after the old people had gone to bed, she would sit without a light in the lonely kitchen, listening for that shuffling step along the gravel-walk. Night after night she never closed her eyes, and went about the house the next day with that smooth, impenetrable face behind which women hide their care.

One morning found Margaret sitting pale and anxious by the kitchen stove. O'Rourke had not come home at all. Noon came and night, but not Larry. Whenever Mrs. Bilkins approached her that day, Margaret was humming "Kate Kearney" quite merrily. But when her work was done, she stole out at the back gate and went in search of him. She scoured the neighborhood like a madwoman. O'Rourke had not been at the Finnigan's. He had not been at The Wee Drop since Monday, and this was Wednesday night. Her heart sunk within her when she failed to find him in the police station. Some dreadful thing had happened to him. She came back to the house with one hand pressed wearily against her cheek. The dawn struggled through the kitch-



en windows and fell upon Margaret crouched by the stove.

She could no longer wear her mask. When Mr. Bilkins came down she confessed that Larry had taken to drinking again, and had not been home for two nights.

"Mayhap he's drownedd hisself," suggested Margaret, wringing her hands.

"Not he," said Mr. Bilkins, "he does n't like the taste of water well enough."

"Troth, thin, he does n't," reflected Margaret; and the reflection comforted her.

"At any rate, I'll go and look him up after breakfast," said Mr. Bilkins. And after breakfast, accordingly, Mr. Bilkins sallied forth with the depressing expectation of finding Mr. O'Rouke without much difficulty. "Come to think of it," said the old gentleman to himself, drawing on his white cotton gloves as he walked up Anchor Street, "*I don't want to find him.*"

### CHAPTER III.

BUT Mr. O'Rouke was not to be found. With amiable cynicism Mr. Bilkins directed his steps in the first instance to the police station, quite confident that a bird of Mr. O'Rouke's plumage would be brought to perch in such a cage. But not so much as a feather of him was discoverable. The Wee Drop was not the only bacchanalian resort in Rivermouth; there were five or six other low drinking-shops scattered about town, and through these Mr. Bilkins went conscientiously. He then explored various blind alleys, known haunts of the missing man, and took a careful survey of the wharves along the river on his way home. He even shook the apple-tree near the stable with a vague hope of bringing down Mr. O'Rouke, but brought down nothing except a few apples, which, being both unripe and unsound, were not perhaps bad representatives of the object of his search.

That evening a small boy stopped at the door of the Bilkins' mansion with a straw hat, at once identified as Mr. O'Rouke's, which had been found on Neal's Wharf. This would have told against another man; but O'Rouke was always leaving his hat on a wharf.

Margaret's distress is not to be pictured. She fell back upon and clung to the idea that Larry had drowned himself, not intentionally, may be; possibly he had fallen overboard while intoxicated. The late Mr. Buckle has informed us that death by drowning is regulated by laws as inviolable and beautiful as those of the solar system; that a certain percentage of the earth's population is bound to drown itself annually, whether it wants to or not. It may be presumed, then, that Rivermouth's proper quota of dead bodies was washed ashore during the ensuing two months. There had been gales off the coast and pleasure parties on the river, and between them they had managed to do a ghastly business. But Mr. O'Rouke failed to appear among the flotsam and jetsam which the receding tides left tangled in the piles of the Rivermouth wharves. This convinced Margaret that Larry had proved a too tempting morsel to some buccaneering shark, or had fallen a victim to one of those immense schools of fish which seem to have a yearly appointment with the fishermen on this coast. From that day Margaret never saw a cod or a mackerel brought into the house without an involuntary shudder. She averted her head in making up the fish-balls, as if she half dreaded to detect a faint aroma of whiskey about them. And, indeed, why might not a man fall into the sea, be eaten, say, by a halibut, and reappear on the scene of his earthly triumphs and defeats in the non-committal form of hashed fish?

"Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

But, perhaps, as the conservative Horatio suggests, 't were to consider too curiously to consider so.

Mr. Bilkins had come to adopt Mar-



garet's explanation of O'Rouke's disappearance. He was undoubtedly drowned, had most likely drowned himself. The hat picked up on the wharf was strong circumstantial evidence in that direction. But one feature of the case staggered Mr. Bilkins. O'Rouke's violin had also disappeared. Now it required no great effort to imagine a man throwing himself overboard under the influence of *mania à potu*; but it was difficult to conceive of a man committing violini-cide! If the fellow went to drown himself, why did he take his fiddle with him? He might as well have taken an umbrella or a German student-lamp. This question troubled Mr. Bilkins a good deal first and last. But one thing was clear, the man had gone,—and had evidently gone by water.

It was now that Margaret invested her husband with charms of mind and person not calculated to make him recognizable by any one who had ever had the privilege of knowing him in the faulty flesh. She forgot all his bad qualities, and projected from her imagination a Mr. O'Rouke as he ought to have been,—a sort of seraphic being mixed up in some way with a violin; and to this ideal she set up a headstone in the suburban cemetery. If Mr. O'Rouke could have read the inscription, he would never have suspected his own complicity in the matter.

But there the marble stood, sacred to his memory; and soon the snow came down from the gray sky and covered it, and the invisible snow of weeks and months drifted down on Margaret's heart, and filled up its fissures, and smoothed off the sharp angles of its grief; and there was peace upon it.

Not but she sorrowed for Larry at times. But life had a relish to it again; she was free, though she did not look at it in that light; she was happier in a quiet fashion than she had ever been, though she would not have acknowledged it to herself. She wondered that she had the heart to laugh

when the ice-man made love to her. Perhaps she was conscious of something comically incongruous in the warmth of a gentleman who spent all winter in cutting ice and all summer in dealing it out to his customers. She had not the same excuse for laughing at the baker; yet she laughed still more merrily at him when he pressed her hand over the steaming loaf of brown-bread delivered every Saturday morning at the scullery door. Both these gentlemen had known Margaret many years, yet neither of them had valued her very highly until another man came along and married her. A widow, it would appear, is esteemed in some sort as a warranted article, being stamped with the maker's name.

There was even a third lover in prospect; for according to the gossip of the town, Mr. Donnehugh was frequently to be seen of a Sunday afternoon standing in the cemetery and regarding Mr. O'Rouke's headstone with unrestrained satisfaction.

A year had passed away, and certain bits of color blossoming among Margaret's weeds indicated that the winter of her mourning was over. The ice-man and the baker were hating each other cordially, and Mrs. Bilkins was daily expecting it would be discovered before night that Margaret had married one or both of them. But to do Margaret justice, she was faithful in thought and deed to the memory of O'Rouke,—not the O'Rouke who disappeared so strangely, but the O'Rouke who never existed.

"D'ye think, mum," she said one day to Mrs. Bilkins, as that lady was adroitly sounding her on the ice question, "d'ye think I would condescend to take up wid the likes o' him, or the baker either, afther sich a man as Larry?"

The rectified and clarified O'Rouke was a permanent wonder to Mr. Bilkins, who bore up under the bereavement with remarkable resignation.

"Peggy is right," said the old gentleman, who was superintending the burning out of the kitchen flue. "She



wont find another man like Larry O'Rouke, in a hurry."

"Thru' for ye, Mr. Bilkins," answered Margaret. "Maybe there's as good fish in the say as iver was caught, but I don't belave it all the same."

As good fish in the sea! The words recalled to Margaret the nature of her loss, and she went on with her work in silence.

"What — what is it, Ezra?" cried Mrs. Bilkins, changing color, and rising hastily from the breakfast-table. Her first thought was apoplexy.

There sat Mr. Bilkins, with his wig pushed back from his forehead and his eyes fixed vacantly on "The Weekly Chronicle," which he held out at arm's length before him.

"Good heavens, Ezra! what *is* the matter?"

Mr. Bilkins turned his eyes upon her mechanically, as if he were a great wax-doll and somebody had pulled his wire.

"Can't you speak, Ezra?"

He could n't, but he pointed a rigid finger, quite in the manner of a guide-board, at a paragraph in the paper which he held up for Mrs. Bilkins to read over his shoulder. When she had read it she sunk back into her chair without a word, and the two sat contemplating each other as if they had never met before in this world and were not overpleased at meeting.

The paragraph which produced this singular effect on the aged couple occurred at the end of a column of telegraph despatches giving the details of an unimportant engagement that had just taken place between one of the blockading squadrons and a Confederate cruiser. The engagement itself does not concern us, but this item from the list of casualties on the Union side has a direct bearing on our narrative: —

"Larry O'Rouke, seaman, splinter wound in the leg. Not serious."

That splinter flew far. It glanced from Mr. O'Rouke's leg, went plumb through the Bilkins mansion, and knocked over a small marble slab in the Old South Burying-Ground.

If a ghost had dropped in familiarly to breakfast, the constraint and consternation of the Bilkins family could not have been greater. How was the astounding intelligence to be broken to Margaret? Her explosive Irish nature made the task one of extreme delicacy. Mrs. Bilkins flatly declared herself incapable of undertaking it. Mr. Bilkins, with many misgivings as to his fitness, assumed the duty; for it would never do to have the news sprung upon Margaret suddenly by people outside.

As Mrs. O'Rouke was clearing away the breakfast things, Mr. Bilkins, who had lingered near the window with the newspaper in his hand, coughed once or twice in an unnatural way to show that he was not embarrassed, and began to think that may be it would be best to tell Margaret after dinner. Mrs. Bilkins fathomed his thought with that intuition which render women terrible, and sent across the room an eye-telegram to this effect, "Now is your time."

"There's been another battle down South, Margaret," said the old gentleman presently, folding up the paper and putting it in his pocket. "A sea-fight this time."

"Sure, an' they're allus fightin' down there."

"But not always with so little damage. There was only one man wounded on our side."

"Pore man! It's sorry we oughter be for his wife and childer, if he's got any."

"Not badly wounded, you will understand, Margaret; not at all seriously wounded; only a splinter in the leg."

"Faith, thin, a splinter in the leg is no pleasant thing in itself."

"A mere scratch," said Mr. Bilkins lightly, as if he were constantly in the habit of going about with a splinter in his own leg and found it rather agreeable. "The odd part of the matter is the man's first name. His first name was Larry."

Margaret nodded, as one should say there's a many Larrys in the world.



"But the oddest part of it," continued Mr. Bilkins, in a carelessly sepulchral voice, "is the man's last name."

Something in the tone of his voice made Margaret look at him, and something in the expression of his face made the blood fly from Margaret's cheek.

"The man's last name," she repeated, wonderingly.

"Yes, his last name, — O'Rouke."

"D' ye mane it?" shrieked Margaret, — "d' ye mane it? O worra! worra!"

"Well, Ezra," said Mrs. Bilkins, in one of those spasms of base ingratitude to which even the most perfect women are liable, "you've made nice work of it. You might as well have knocked her down with an axe!"

"But, my dear —"

"O bother! — my smelling-bottle! — second bureau drawer, — left-hand side."

Joy never kills; it is a celestial kind of hydrogen of which it seems impossible to get too much at one inhalation. In an hour Margaret was able to converse with comparative calmness on the resuscitation of Larry O'Rouke, whom the firing of a cannon had brought to the surface as if he had been in reality a drowned body.

Now that the whole town was aware of Mr. O'Rouke's fate, his friend Mr. Donnehugh came forward with a statement that would have been of some interest at an earlier period, but was of no service as matters stood, except so far as it assisted in removing from Mr. Bilkins's mind a passing doubt as to whether the Larry O'Rouke of the telegraphic reports was Margaret's scapegrace of a husband. Mr. Donnehugh had known all along that O'Rouke had absconded to Boston by a night train and enlisted in the navy. It was the possession of this knowledge that had made it impossible for Mr. Donnehugh to look at Mr. O'Rouke's gravestone without grinning.

At Margaret's request and in Margaret's name, Mr. Bilkins wrote three

or four letters to O'Rouke, and finally succeeded in extorting an epistle from that gentleman, in which he told Margaret to cheer up, that his fortune was as good as made, and that the day would come when she should ride through the town in her own carriage, and no thanks to old flint-head, who pretended to be so fond of her. Mr. Bilkins tried to conjecture who was meant by old flint-head, but was obliged to give it up. Mr. O'Rouke furthermore informed Margaret that he had three hundred dollars prize-money coming to him, and broadly intimated that when he got home he intended to have one of the most extensive blow-outs ever witnessed in Rivermouth.

"Oche!" laughed Margaret, "that's jist Larry over agin. The pore lad was allus full of his nonsense and spirits."

"That he was," said Mr. Bilkins, dryly.

Content with the fact that her husband was in the land of the living, Margaret gave herself no trouble over the separation. O'Rouke had shipped for three years; one third of his term of service was past, and two years more, God willing, would see him home again. This was Margaret's view of it. Mr. Bilkins's view of it was not so cheerful. The prospect of Mr. O'Rouke's ultimate return was anything but enchanting. Mr. Bilkins was by no means disposed to kill the fatted calf. He would much rather have killed the Prodigal Son. However, there was always this chance: he might never come back.

The tides rose and fell at the Rivermouth wharves; the summer moonlight and the winter snow, in turn, bleached its quiet streets; and the two years had nearly gone by. In the mean time nothing had been heard of O'Rouke. If he ever received the five or six letters sent to him, he did not fatigue himself by answering them.

"Larry's all right," said hopeful Margaret. "If any harum had come to the boy, we'd have knowed it. It's the bad news that travels fast."



Mr. Bilkins was not so positive about that. It had taken a whole year to find out that O'Rouke had not drowned himself.

The period of Mr. O'Rouke's enlistment had come to an end. Two months slipped by, and he had neglected to brighten Rivermouth with his presence. There were many things that might have detained him, difficulties in getting his prize-papers or in drawing his pay; but there was no reason why he might not have written. The days were beginning to grow long to Margaret, and vague forebodings of misfortune possessed her.

Perhaps we had better look up Mr. O'Rouke.

He had seen some rough times, during those three years, and some harder work than catching cunners at the foot of Anchor Street, or setting out crocuses in Mr. Bilkins's back garden. He had seen battles and shipwreck, and death in many guises; but they had taught him nothing, as the sequel will show. With his active career in the navy we shall not trouble ourselves; we take him up at a date a little prior to the close of his term of service.

Several months before he had been transferred from the blockading squadron to a gun-boat attached to the fleet operating against the forts defending New Orleans. The forts had fallen, the fleet had passed on to the city, and Mr. O'Rouke's ship lay off in the stream, binding up her wounds. In three days he would receive his discharge and the papers entitling him to a handsome amount of prize-money in addition to his pay. With noble contempt for so much good fortune, Mr. O'Rouke dropped over the bows of the gun-boat one evening and managed to reach the levee. In the city he fell in with some soldiers, and, being of a convivial nature, caroused with them that night, and next day enlisted in a cavalry regiment.

Desertion in the face of the enemy—for though the city lay under Federal guns, it was still hostile enough—involved the heaviest penalties.

O'Rouke was speedily arrested with other deserters, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death.

The intelligence burst like a shell upon the quiet household in Anchor Street, listening daily for the sound of Larry O'Rouke's footstep on the threshold. It was a heavy load for Margaret to bear, after all those years of patient vigil. But the load was to be lightened for her. In consideration of O'Rouke's long service, and in view of the fact that his desertion so near the expiration of his time was an absurdity, the Good President commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life, with loss of prize-money and back pay. Mr. O'Rouke was despatched North, and placed in Moyamensing Prison.

If joy could kill, Margaret would have been a dead woman the day these tidings reached Rivermouth; and Mr. Bilkins himself would have been in a critical condition, for, though he did not want O'Rouke shot or hanged, he was delighted to have him permanently shelved.

After the excitement was over, and this is always the trying time, Margaret accepted the situation very philosophically.

"The pore lad's out o' harum's rache, any way," she reflected. "He can't be gitting into hot wather now, and that's a fact. And may be after awhile they'll let him go agin. They let out murderers and thaves and sich like, and Larry's done no hurt to anybody but hisself."

Margaret was inclined to be rather severe on President Lincoln for taking away Larry's prize-money. The impression was strong in her mind that the money went into Mr. Lincoln's private exchequer.

"I would n't wonder if Misthress Lincoln had a new silk gownd or two this fall," Margaret would remark sarcastically.

The prison rules permitted Mr. O'Rouke to receive periodical communications from his friends outside. Once every quarter Mr. Bilkins wrote him a letter, and in the interim Marga-



ret kept him supplied with those doleful popular ballads, printed on broadsides, which one sees pinned up for sale on the iron railings of city churchyards, and seldom anywhere else. They seem the natural exhalations of the mould and pathos of such places, but we have a suspicion that they are written by sentimental young undertakers. Though these songs must have been a solace to Mr. O'Rouke in his captivity, he never so far forgot himself as to acknowledge their receipt. It was only through the kindly chaplain of the prison that Margaret was now and then advised of the well-being of her husband.

Towards the close of that year the great O'Rouke himself did condescend to write one letter. As this letter has never been printed, and as it is the only specimen extant of Mr. O'Rouke's epistolary manner, we lay it before the reader *verbatim et literatim* :—

february. 1864

mi beloved wife  
                                   for the luv of God sind mee pop  
 gose the wezel.  yours til deth  
                                   larry O rouke

"Pop goes the Weasel" was sent to him, and Mr. Bilkins ingeniously slipped into the same envelope "Beware of the Bowl," and "The Drunkard's Death," two spirited compositions well calculated to exert a salutary influence over a man imprisoned for life.

There is nothing in this earthly existence so uncertain as what seems to be a certainty. To all appearances, the world outside of Moyamensing Prison was forever a closed book to O'Rouke. But the Southern Confederacy collapsed, the General Amnesty Proclamation was issued, cell doors

were thrown open; and one afternoon Mr. Larry O'Rouke, with his head neatly shaved, walked into the Bilkins kitchen and frightened Margaret nearly out of her skin.

Mr. O'Rouke's summing up of his case was characteristic: "I've bin kilt in battle, hanged by the coort-martial, put into the lock-up for life, and here I am, bedad, not a ha'p'orth the worse for it."

None the worse for it, certainly, and none the better. By no stretch of magical fiction can we make an angel of him. He is not at all the material for an apotheosis. It was not for him to reform and settle down, and become a respectable, oppressed tax-payer. His conduct in Rivermouth, after his return, was a repetition of his old ways. Margaret all but broke down under the tests to which he put her affections, and came at last to wish that Larry had never got out of Moyamensing Prison.

If any change had taken place in Mr. O'Rouke, it showed itself in occasional fits of sullenness towards Margaret. It was in one of these moods that he slouched his hat over his brows, and told her that she need n't wait dinner for him.

It will be a cold dinner, if Margaret has kept it waiting, for two years have gone by since that day, and O'Rouke has not come home.

Possibly he is off on a whaling voyage; possibly the swift maelstrom has dragged him down; perhaps he is lifting his hand to knock at the door of the Bilkins mansion as we pen these words. But Margaret does not watch for him impatiently any more. There are strands of gray in her black hair. She has had her romance.

T. B. Aldrich.



## A T R Y S T .

"The iceberg slowly floating down into the path of traffic, to keep its fatal appointment with the ship." —  
JOHN WEISS, *Lecture on Fate.*

FROM out the desolation of the North  
An iceberg took its way,  
From its detaining comrades breaking forth,  
And travelling night and day.

At whose command? Who bade it sail the deep  
With that resistless force?  
Who made the dread appointment it must keep?  
Who traced its awful course?

To the warm airs that stir in the sweet South  
A good ship spread her sails;  
Stately she passed beyond the harbor's mouth,  
Chased by the favoring gales.

And on her ample decks a happy crowd  
Bade the fair land good by;  
Clear shone the day, with not a single cloud  
In all the peaceful sky.

Brave men, sweet women, little children bright,  
For all these she made room,  
And with her freight of beauty and delight  
She went to meet her doom.

Storms buffeted the iceberg, spray was swept  
Across its loftiest height;  
Guided alike by storm and calm it kept  
Its fatal path aright.

Then warmer waves gnawed at its crumbling base  
As if in piteous plea,  
The ardent sun sent slow tears down its face,  
Soft flowing to the sea.

Dawn kissed it with her tender rose-tints, eve  
Bathed it in violet;  
The wistful color o'er it seemed to grieve  
With a divine regret.

Whether day clad its clefts in rainbows dim  
And shadowy as a dream,  
Or night through lonely spaces saw it swim  
White in the moonlight's gleam,



Ever Death rode upon its solemn heights,  
Ever his watch he kept;  
Cold at its heart through changing days and nights  
Its changeless purpose slept.

And where afar a smiling coast it passed  
Straightway the air grew chill,  
Dwellers thereon perceived a bitter blast,  
A vague report of ill.

Like some imperial creature, moving slow  
Meanwhile, with matchless grace,  
The stately ship, unconscious of her foe,  
Drew near the trysting-place.

For still the prosperous breezes followed her,  
And half the voyage was o'er;  
In many a breast glad thoughts began to stir  
Of lands that lay before :

And human hearts with longing love were dumb  
That soon should cease to beat,  
Thrilled with the hope of meetings soon to come,  
And lost in memories sweet.

Was not the weltering waste of water wide  
Enough for both to sail?  
What drew the two together o'er the tide,  
Fair ship and iceberg pale?

There came a night with neither moon nor star,  
Clouds draped the sky in black;  
With straining canvas reefed at every spar,  
And weird fire in her track,

The ship swept on, a wild wind gathering fast  
Drove her at utmost speed;  
Bravely she bent before the fitful blast  
That shook her like a reed.

O helmsman, turn thy wheel! Will no surmise  
Cleave through the midnight drear?  
No warning of the horrible surprise  
Reach thine unconscious ear?

She rushed upon her ruin; not a flash  
Broke up the waiting dark :  
Dully through wind and sea one awful crash  
Sounded, with none to mark.

Scarcely her crew had time to clutch despair,  
So swift the work was done;  
Ere their pale lips could frame a speechless prayer  
They perished, every one !

*Mrs. Celia Thaxter.*



## JEFFERSON GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

COLLEGE friends find themselves strangely confronted, sometimes, in after life ; rivals, perhaps, for prizes more important than a high place in a commencement programme. In January, 1779, the Virginia Legislature had to choose a governor to succeed Patrick Henry, whose third term would expire on the 1st of June. The favorite candidates were no other than John Page and Thomas Jefferson, fellow-students at William and Mary, who had exchanged love-confidences, and gone with thumping hearts together to meet their sweethearts at the balls in the Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg ; and not so very long before either. In 1779, they were still young men, — thirty-six, both ; Page being fifteen days the elder. The gilding was still bright on some parts of the state coach which Lord Botecourt had brought over from England about the time of their entering public life ; and "the palace" had not yet been defaced by vandal hands. Timothy Pickering of Massachusetts saw that tremendous vehicle, as late as 1781, in an outhouse near the palace ; "a clumsy machine," he thought it ; "as heavy as two common wagons" ; "gilded in every part, even the edges of the tires of the wheels, and the arms of Virginia painted on every side." On the day, ten years before, when these two young friends had smiled derision at this historic coach, as it bore the new governor to the Capitol, who were less likely than they to be candidates for the right to ride in it? Things had changed, indeed, in Virginia, since young Jefferson had put his fiddle under his arm, and gone to the palace to take his part in one of Governor Fauquier's weekly concerts.

Page's strong point was, that, though born a member of the plantation aristocracy, possessing a great estate, inhabiting the largest house ever built

in Virginia, and enjoying the honor most coveted by his class, a seat at the viceregal Council board, he had, from the beginning of the controversy with the king, sided with his country. The contest was a warm one between the friends of the candidates ; but between the candidates themselves there was no contest. It was part of the recognized etiquette of politics then, which both of these gentlemen observed, that the candidates for a responsible executive post should take no part, either by word or deed, in the canvass. Jefferson was elected by a majority of a very few votes. His old friend wrote him a letter of apology and congratulation, and Jefferson replied with the tact which good-nature inspires. "It had given me much pain," he said, "that the zeal of our respective friends should ever have placed us in the situation of competitors. I was comforted, however, with the reflection that it was their competition, not ours, and that the difference of the numbers which decided between us was too insignificant to give you a pain or me a pleasure, had our dispositions toward each other been such as to admit those sensations." Twenty-three years later, when Jefferson was President, he had the pleasure of congratulating his friend Page on his election to the governorship of their native State.

The governor elect took the lead in one important administrative act before he was sworn in. The war was gasping for money ; for the legal-tender notes were rushing down the sharp decline that led from par to zero ; and, as yet, the French troops had not begun to scatter coin about the country, nor Dr. Franklin to coax more millions from the French treasury than were needed to freight a few ships with military stores. One of Jefferson's friends in the House, who had rented four thousand acres of good land be-



fore the war to tenants at six pounds a year per hundred acres, and received his rents in 1778 in the legal-tender currency, had not money enough from that estate to buy twenty barrels of corn. Governor Jefferson's magnificent salary of four thousand five hundred pounds a year was not enough, when he began to receive it, to supply the inmates of the palace with food; and when he went out of office, it would hardly buy the governor a new saddle. This was the period when members of Congress — the ruling power of the United States — had to borrow little sums from their landladies in order not to be quite penniless. Elbridge Gerry, member from Massachusetts, a man of good estate in Marblehead, was behind with his board, in 1779, a hundred and forty-seven dollars, besides being obliged to borrow twenty-seven from his landlady, and going in debt sixteen to his tailor and shoemaker. At the head of the Finance Committee, which had to deal with millions, he had not sixpence in his personal pocket with which to buy a pair of shoestrings.

Hard money alone, as it was thought, could restore the currency. Jefferson's Italian neighbor, Philip Mazzei, who had once been in office under the Duke of Tuscany, told him that the Duke, like his Highness of Hesse-Cassel, was a great hoarder of money, and, only three years before, had had "ten million crowns lying dead in his treasury"; part of which, Mazzei thought, *he* could borrow for the United States, if he could be sent over properly authorized. Jefferson wrote to John Adams on the subject, stating the facts, and commending Mazzei as "a native of that duchy, well connected there, conversant in courts, of great understanding, and equal zeal in our cause." Nothing came of this suggestion, so far as is known, and those ten million crowns remained in the Duke's strong box, though the struggling States needed them so much, needed them more and more. Doubtless the two neighbors talked over those precious crowns of-

ten enough as they sat by Jefferson's fireside on Monticello, or strolled about in Mazzei's young vineyards. Indeed, whenever, in this impecunious world, there is known to be a large lump of money "lying dead" anywhere, there are sure to be individuals scheming for its resurrection. Besides, was not the Duke of Tuscany, though an Austrian prince, a brother of Marie Antoinette, queen of France, known to be enthusiastic for Franklin and the noble insurgents? And had not Philip Mazzei sent his Duke an Italian translation of the Declaration of Independence? How plausible, on the breezy heights of Albemarle, seemed the scheme of getting some of those dead crowns from Tuscany, and giving them life in Virginia!

Philip Mazzei, who had all an Italian's ardor for the American cause, offered to go himself without compensation to his native land, and negotiate the loan; and soon after the election of Jefferson to the governorship, he sailed, commissioned by Governor Henry and his Council, to borrow from his prince a sum not to exceed nine hundred thousand pounds sterling, and to buy with part of it a quantity of supplies for Virginia's quota of troops. Not to exceed! It is always prudent to limit strictly the powers of an agent. Mazzei *might*, in his excessive zeal, carry off the whole ten million crowns!

It was a costly mission to poor Mazzei. His misfortunes began before he left home. He rented his house to the Hessian general, Baron Riedesel, who moved in, with his Amazon of a wife and his large military family, before the Italians could move out. It was a tight squeeze, as the Baroness recorded; and Mazzei, it seems, had no notion of the amount of sustenance required by so many Hessian warriors and a baroness who rode astride. "We looked impatiently forward," wrote the lady, "to the time of his departure, and that of his wife and daughter, on account of the smallness of the house and the scarcity of provisions." She took the liberty of remarking one day,



that a calf's head and tripe was not enough for twenty persons' dinner ; but the frugal Italian replied that " we could make a very good soup of it." He did, however, add to the repast " two cabbages and some stale ham," and this, says the Baroness, " was all we could obtain from him." The Italians left the house at last ; and long before they had made their way across the sea, the Hessians' horses had trampled their vineyards, planted with so much care, and watched by Jefferson and by all intelligent Virginia with so much interest, into irremediable ruin.

In Paris, face to face with practical Dr. Franklin, the project of extracting nine hundred thousand pounds sterling from the coffers of an Austrian duke addicted to hoarding, at an interest of five per cent, for a Province four thousand miles off, whose independence the duke had not acknowledged and *would* not acknowledge, did not wear so feasible an aspect as it had on Jefferson's piazza, overlooking the rich garden of Virginia. If the Duke of Tuscany was brother to a romantic queen of France, he was also brother to an emperor of Austria, who reminded Paris patriots that he was a king by trade. Tuscany ! The very name was enough to put even the placid Franklin out of temper ; for he had had an eye himself upon those Tuscan crowns, *knew* they could not be got, and was in full quarrel with Ralph Izzard of South Carolina for drawing twenty-five hundred pounds sterling per annum, in his character of Tuscan minister, though unable to do so much as to get permission to enter Tuscany. Franklin was barely civil to the sanguine and generous Italian. At their first interview, the moment he learned Mazzei's errand, he dashed cold water upon the scheme. " So many people," he said, " have come to Europe on that kind of business, that they have ruined our credit, and made the money-men shy of us." \* Mazzei argued in vain. As

often as he went out to Passy and broached the subject, Franklin " never failed," as Mazzei reported to Governor Jefferson, " giving some mark of disapprobation and displeasure." And well he might, since he had already offered six per cent for the very crowns which Virginia hoped to get for five. The Duke of Tuscany kept his money ; Mazzei returned to Virginia to find his estate in ruins, and to seek in vain compensation for his losses ; and the governor passed his two terms in torture, with hostile fleets ravaging the shores, and hostile armies menacing the interior, while every effort to defend the State was " cramped for want of money."

In sending Mazzei upon this mission to a reigning prince, Virginia performed the act of a sovereign State. In the same spirit, and, evidently, without a thought of impropriety, the Legislature, on the second day of Jefferson's governorship, June 2, 1779, formally ratified the treaty with France. Such acts as these throw a valuable light upon the subsequent State Rights controversy. This ratification seems to me so remarkable, that I will copy the resolutions by which it was authorized :—

" *Resolved*, NEMINE CONTRADICENTE, That it is the opinion of this Assembly that the treaties of alliance and commerce between his Most Christian Majesty of France on the one part, and the Congress of the United States of America, on behalf of the said States, on the other part, ought to be ratified and confirmed, and the same are accordingly hereby ratified, confirmed, and declared binding on this Commonwealth.

" *Resolved*, That the governor be desired to notify to the minister of his Most Christian Majesty, resident at Philadelphia, the above ratification, under the seal of the Commonwealth."

On the 1st of June, then, 1779, Mr. Jefferson became his Excellency, the second republican governor of Virginia. In his public life hitherto, all had been plain sailing, for wind and tide had

\* Lossing's American Historical Record, Vol. I. p. 33.



been strongly in his favor, and the services which he had been called upon to render were such as his character and habits had fitted him to perform. How different the task which confronted him now! Not more difficult nor nobler, but far more difficult to *him*. And from the time of his election in January, to the day when he was sworn in, the situation had been growing, every week, more complicated and menacing. If, in January, he had been gratified by the honor done him, probably on the 1st of June he shrunk dismayed from the responsibility which that honor brought with it.

The French alliance, he now knew, was working ill in two ways,—in relaxing the vigor of the States, and rendering the foe more unanimous and more savage. The three British commissioners had announced to all the world that the nature of the contest was changed by the alliance with France. Britain was, thenceforth, going to use all the means for subduing rebellious Colonies which “God and Nature had placed in her hands.” Since America *might* ere long become an accession to France, the common law of self-preservation (said the commissioners) “will direct Great Britain to render that accession of as little avail to her as possible.” The Colonies were to be subdued by being destroyed. America was to be laid waste. This declaration, published in October, 1778, was acted upon at once by Henry Hamilton, commandant of Detroit, who marched into the Western wilderness to rouse the Indians to war against Virginia. The State over which Jefferson ruled extended to the Mississippi, and embraced all the territory which we now call Virginia, West Virginia, and Kentucky, besides a great part of what is now Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. I need not remind the reader that that rich and well-watered region swarmed with Indians, among the best and bravest of their race. Taking post at Vincennes on the Wabash, a hundred miles from its junction with the Ohio, Colonel Hamil-

ton spent the winter in “talking” with chiefs, gathering supplies, and preparing for a desolating swoop over Kentucky into the settlements of Virginia. An Indian war, therefore, was among the difficulties preparing for the governor elect while he was receiving the congratulations of his friends. He knew it not, however. It was a good “express” who could keep either his despatches or his scalp while making his way from the Wabash to the James in 1779.

British commanders at the South executed the threats of the commissioners not less. They, too, were to ravage and devastate a country which they had tried in vain to conquer. The war was now to be transferred to the South, too thinly settled to resist, it was thought, yet offering an inviting field for spoliation. Americans as they wander about the dusty interior of St. Paul’s cathedral in London remark with surprise that the most showy monument there commemorates a soldier associated in their minds with defeat,—the great defeated Cornwallis. He certainly behaved at the South more in the style of a bandit than a soldier; not disdaining petty larceny, it appears, when he saw a precious object that could be conveniently pocketed and carried off. His system being to wreak the king’s vengeance, rather than promote his country’s interest, his orders were to imprison and despoil every man who would not take arms in his service, and to hang every man who, after being thus impressed, made his escape and joined his brethren in arms on the other side.

Governor Jefferson, therefore, from the watch-tower of his high office, had sometimes to look half a dozen ways at once. The flower of the men of Virginia were, of course, in the army under Washington. *They* must be looked to and their numbers kept up. But that new enemy in the Carolinas, able, enterprising, relentless, must be opposed with all the force which Virginia could spare; since to defeat Cornwallis in North Carolina was the



only way to keep him out of Virginia : it was self-defence. The Indians were a third object of attention. The thousand British and German prisoners in Albemarle occasioned constant solicitude ; and the more, as the war drew nearer the borders of the State, and as the men of the State were drawn away to serve in distant camps. On the side of the ocean there was always a wide and an open door to danger. Nothing but a fleet will ever be able to shut out a fleet from Chesapeake Bay ; and what was Virginia's navy then ? Four little cruisers, carrying in all sixty-two guns. And as to Hampton Roads and the mouth of the James River, military men think that even now, in this year 1872, after fifty-seven years' work upon Fortress Monroe and the Ripraps, there is nothing there which could stop a good iron-clad. Certainly, there was nothing in 1779 that could stop a wooden frigate. Three weeks before Jefferson's inauguration, a fleet of a dozen vessels, with two thousand troops on board, had run in without firing or receiving a shot, and landed troops without the least molestation. These troops carried out their part of the new programme. They spent several days in ravaging, burning, plundering, murdering, while the militia fled helpless ; for in Virginia, in 1779, there was only one musket left to every four or five men, and the unarmed militia of the region could not even limit the area of spoliation. When at last Governor Henry had got together an armed force of some magnitude, the bold marauders ceased destroying turpentine, tobacco, and pork, ceased despoiling farm-houses and burning villages, and went at their leisure on board their ships, and sailed away. The smoke of their burnings had not ceased to ascend to heaven when Jefferson took the oath. What had been done once, he well knew, could be done again.

That was the situation : front door open to hostile fleets ; back door, to hostile Indians, General Washington wanting all that Virginia had of men,

money, arms, and food ; a powerful foe at the South, anxious to get over the border ; one gun to four or five men, and a most plentiful lack of all other warlike material, which can only be got with money. This was the task which had fallen to the lot of a lawyer of thirty-six, with a talent for music, a taste for art, a love of science, literature, and gardening. But mind is mind, intelligence is intelligence. I would not choose Mr. Emerson or Mr. Darwin to command an expedition or govern a country ; but if, in the course of events, it fairly fell to their part to undertake either of those tasks, I should confidently look to their acquitting themselves respectably. Moreover, the individual at the head of a free republic does really have at command, and may utilize, its whole intelligence, as we saw Mr. Lincoln do during the late war. Jefferson had to aid him a Council and Assembly which contained the best sense which Virginia could spare from the field.

The gloom which hung over the State in consequence of the late unchecked and unpunished ravages of the enemy near the sea was dispelled, before the new governor had been many days in office, by most cheering news from the opposite quarter.

Virginia had in the field, at that time, two eminent heroes : one so known to all mankind, that he need not be named ; the other, now almost fallen out of memory : one, at the head of the armies of America ; the other in the far West, twelve hundred miles from the capital of Virginia, with a band of a hundred and fifty kindred spirits, holding back, by the force of his single will, the Indians from the frontiers of his native State. George Rogers Clarke was the name of this other hero. He was a native of Jefferson's own county of Albemarle ; "our Colonel Clarke," he calls him ; a neighbor of the governor ; not twenty-six years old when Governor Henry sent him into the wilderness, in the spring of 1778, to protect the border. This hero is not as famous as Leonides or Hannibal



only because he has not had such historians as they. But he defended the western homes of Virginia precisely as Hannibal would have done. By way of giving the Indians something to do in their own country, he floated and marched to the post of Kaskaskias on the Mississippi, took it, held it as a base ; struck for other posts near by ; terrified some tribes ; seduced others ; broke the spell of British influence ; became lord paramount in the land of the Illinois ; showing himself a most swift, alert, tough, untiring, closely calculating commander. No order from home helped or hindered him. "Not a scrape of your pen," he wrote to the governor in April, 1779, "have I received from you for near twelve months."

In the midst of his success, when he had held the Indians quiet for nine months, Colonel Hamilton interposed, marching from Detroit, and taking post at Vincennes on the Wabash, right between Clarke and Virginia. Instantly, the whole aspect of things was changed ; for Hamilton was a man of energy and skill, long familiar with Indians, unscrupulous, willing to let his Indians wage war in the Indian manner. Whole tribes fell off from Clarke, and joined Hamilton, who had guineas, wampum, weapons, red cloth, and all that an Indian prizes. War parties streaked the prairies and glided through the woods. The Indians of the whole Western wilderness, from the Alleghanies to the Great River, were agitated or astir. Clarke prepared to sell his post as dearly as he could ; for, as he said, he had not men enough to stand a siege, and was too remote to send for aid. But while he was in the rush of preparation, calling in his outposts, burning superfluous or obstructive houses, making all tight and snug for a desperate fight, came news that Hamilton had sent out so many parties from Vincennes, that he had but eighty men left to defend the post. His resolution was taken ; for, really, he had but one chance. Let him wait at Kaskaskias till the spring opened, and he would

have Hamilton, British troops, and thousands of Indians upon him, against whom his little band could fight only to be at last tortured and burnt alive.

The distance from Kaskaskias to Vincennes was a hundred and fifty miles ; Clarke's force, about one hundred and fifty men. Sending a barge round by river with the artillery and stores, he struck across the country with a hundred and thirty soldiers, joined on the way by a few young men of the country. It was in the midst of the great February thaw, the rivers all overflowing, the swamps under water, the prairies soft, the woods soaked and dripping. On the eleventh day they were within nine miles of Vincennes ; but those nine miles were covered with the waters of the overflowing Wabash. It took the band five days to accomplish the distance, "having to wade often," says the heroic leader ; and, the last six miles, "up to our breasts in water." They must have perished, he added, if the weather had not been warm. Reaching dry land an hour after dark, they saw the place before them ; when, all chilled and wet as they were, they began the attack ; and, after an eighteen hours' fight, took the post and all its garrison without the loss of a man. It was Clarke's audacity, fortitude, and skill that won this victory, which in its consequences was one of the most important of the war ; for, besides relieving the whole frontier of apprehension from the Indians, it confirmed Virginia's claim to the possession of the country, and had its due weight in the final negotiations.

The victors were bountifully rewarded. A few days after, they made an easy capture of forty men and ten thousand pounds' worth of goods, floating down the river to reinforce Colonel Hamilton. In short, George Rogers Clarke was lord of the West, *vice* Henry Hamilton, deposed, and sent as a prisoner of war, with his chief officers, to the governor of Virginia. "But what crowned the general joy," wrote Clarke to the governor, "was the arrival of William Morris, my express to you,



with your letters, which gave general satisfaction. The soldiery, being made sensible of the gratitude of their country for their services, were so much elated that they would have attempted the reduction of Detroit, had I ordered them." William Morris was despatched with tidings of this new triumph; but, as he was killed on the way, it was not until the beginning of June, a hundred days after the event, that Jefferson received the intelligence.

The success of Colonel Clarke, though it relieved the governor's mind from an ever-present dread, devolved upon him a painful duty. Hamilton and two of his officers reached Williamsburg, prisoners, charged with having incited the Indians to scalp, massacre, torture, and burn; Hamilton himself having confined in a dungeon without fire, and loaded with chains, and cruelly tormented, an American citizen. For four years Congress and the people had seen, with a sorrowing and indignant amazement, the cruelty with which English commanders had uniformly treated American prisoners of war, and they had sought to avenge the wrong by heaping coals of fire upon their heads, — treating English and Hessian prisoners with an extravagance of generosity. In their unique manifesto of October 30, 1778, the Congress of the United States had declared to the world that, "considering themselves bound to love their enemies," they had "*studied* to spare those who were in arms against them, and to lighten the chains of captivity." This was the simple truth. The British prisoners had been courted and petted, rather than abused. Jefferson and his neighbors had personally striven to render the stay of the Burgoyne prisoners in Albemarle, not endurable merely, but delightful.

I can perfectly understand the feelings of the Virginians on this occasion; because, during the late war, while Union prisoners were dying in anguish at Andersonville, unsheltered, and not permitted to shelter *themselves* from the blasting Georgia sun and rain, I saw, near Fortress Monroe, Confeder-

ate prisoners in an exquisite seaside hospital, nourished, while their wounds were healing, upon a diet of alternate broiled chicken and lamb-chop, with a glass of delicate hock (whenever ordered by the physicians) at eleven and four; and as well treated, in all essential particulars, as Queen Victoria could be if she lay sick in Windsor Castle. Having seen this sight in September, 1864, I can understand how it was that the governor of Virginia and his Council, in June, 1799, came to the conclusion to discontinue the refined coals-of-fire system, and try the vulgar method of retaliation. The Council, in fact, "resolved to advise the governor" that the three prisoners from Vincennes "be put in irons, confined in the dungeons of the public jail, debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper, and excluded all converse, except with their keeper."

Each variety of human being has its own besetting foible. As a man of great executive force is apt to be cruelly reckless of others' woe, so a person of scholarly habits and philanthropic character is generally too reluctant to be the instrument of inflicting pain, even when justice, necessity, and mercy all unite to demand it at his hands. I observe, therefore, with pleasure, in the voluminous correspondence relating to this affair, that Governor Jefferson rose superior to the natural and usual infirmity of men of his temperament, and went heart and hand with his legal advisers. He put those men in irons, and immured them in a dungeon. In those days, too (Howard was only just beginning his jail tours then), a dungeon *was* a dungeon. It was rotten straw, foul air, darkness, underground chill, and everything that was most dismal and repulsive. A hundred years ago, the Christian religion was just struggling into existence. It had not yet acquired force enough to purify the public jails of remote Virginia. But Jefferson, philanthropist as he was, and, indeed, because he was a philanthropist, adhered firmly to the system of retaliation; perceiving, as he told General Washington, that retaliation in this in-



stance was only a more far-reaching kind of mercy.

General Phillips, that "proudest man of the proudest nation on earth," prisoner of war in a pleasant mansion near Monticello, sent a vigorous, though moderate and respectful remonstrance to Governor Jefferson. His chief point was, that Hamilton having capitulated, it was a breach of faith on the part of Virginia to treat him otherwise than as a prisoner of war. The governor ransacked authorities, but found nothing to justify this view. It occurred to him, however, that military usage, not yet embodied in law, might have established the principle; and he therefore, with the consent of his Council, referred the matter to the decision of General Washington. "I have the highest idea," he wrote to the General, "of those contracts which take place between nation and nation at war, and would be the last on earth to do anything in violation of them"; and "my own anxiety under a charge of violation of national faith by the executive of this Commonwealth will, I hope, apologize for my adding this to the many troubles with which I know you to be burdened." The Commander-in-Chief, after much reflection and consultation with military men, thought it best, upon the whole, that Hamilton and his companions should have the benefit of the doubt. Their shackles were, therefore, taken off, and they were finally admitted to parole.

Not the less were the governor and Council resolved to adhere to the system of retaliation. A prison-ship, on the fell pattern of those used by the English in New York, was actually got ready, and the exchange of prisoners was stopped between Virginia and New York. "Humane conduct on our part," wrote the governor, "was found to produce no effect; the contrary was therefore to be tried. If it produces a proper lenity to our citizens in captivity, it will have the effect we meant; if it does not, we shall return a severity as terrible as universal. . . . Iron," he added, "will be retaliated by iron, but a great

multiplication on distinguished objects; prison-ships by prison-ships, and like for like in general." But, happily, Governor Jefferson, in November, 1779, received notification from head-quarters that the British generals, under the new commander, Sir Henry Clinton, had changed their system, and were treating prisoners of war with an approach to humanity. Virginians might be pardoned for thinking that the just, spirited, and firm conduct of their governor and Council had had something to do with this change.

Meanwhile, the governor had trouble enough with the thousands of Burgoyne prisoners near his own home. Their thriving gardens, attractive as they might be to a visitor, could not retain them when there was a chance to escape; and whenever there was a British force operating in or near Virginia, no one could say, of a squad of soldiers on the tramp, whether they were deserters from that force, or prisoners escaped from Albemarle. "Four hundred desertions in the last fortnight," wrote Colonel Bland in July, 1779; and he had reason to believe, "with the connivance of some of the officers." This news was not calculated to soothe the mind of the new governor.

But the grand object of Mr. Jefferson's solicitude, during the first summer of his administration, was to enable the gallant Colonel Clarke to make the most of his commanding position in the far West. The burning desire of that hero's heart was to capture Detroit, the seat of the enemy's power in the Indian country, and, as Governor Jefferson described it, "an uneasy thorn in our side." A great host of friendly Indians were assembled at Vincennes, and all was ready for the expedition, except the more costly supplies, and the regiment or two of white troops needful for the onset. It lay heavy on the governor's mind, during the whole period of his service, that he could never quite spare them. Several times he thought he had both men and money enough. But, just as the troops were ready to march, an exigency would



occur so dire, so pressing, that he was compelled to order them elsewhere; thus Detroit remained in the hands of the enemy; remained a very uneasy thorn in the side of Washington, the United States, the Federal party, until John Jay extracted it by treaty in 1794. Governor Jefferson, unable to get Detroit, resolved to secure what Colonel Clarke had already conquered. A wild delusion prevailed just then that peace was at hand through the mediation of Spain; and, supposing that each belligerent would retain what he actually held at the moment of treating, the governor ordered Colonel Clarke to build certain forts in the Western country, particularly one on the Mississippi, at the southern boundary of Virginia, which would make good Virginia's ancient claim to extend westward as far as the Great River. Colonel Clarke, who was a surveyor by profession, — resembling in this as in other respects Jefferson's own father, — built the fort, and named it Fort Jefferson.

This year, 1779, the last of Williamsburg's serving as the capital of Virginia, was the last of Jefferson's residence near William and Mary College, in which he had been educated. Being now elected a college visitor, he endeavored, amid the bustle and anxieties of the war, to lop off some of the dead branches that hindered, as he thought, its useful operation. He caused the Grammar School to be abolished, and the two professorships of divinity and Hebrew to be suppressed. In place of these he made provision for the instruction of the students in chemistry, natural history, anatomy, medicine, law, modern languages, the fine arts, natural justice, and the laws of nations. In the spring of 1780, Richmond, a village then of nine hundred white inhabitants, peculiarly defenceless and unprovided, became the capital of Virginia; the government finding shelter — and little more than shelter — in extemporized wooden structures.

The dream of peace was rudely dispelled. About the time of this removal to Richmond, April 1, 1780, the stern

and bitter trial of Virginia and her governor began. By the time he had arranged his new pigeon-holes at Richmond, came a private letter from Madison, then in Congress, which must have appalled timid minds. The army under Washington, Mr. Madison said, was on the verge of dissolution, being short of bread and nearly out of meat; the treasury empty and the public credit gone; the currency nearly worthless, and no visible means of restoring it; the States pulling one way and Congress another; and everything in extremity. This was, indeed, the period of profoundest gloom, — the black hour before the dawn. It was the time when Thomas Paine, whose pen during the Revolution was equal to a thousand men in the field, drew the year's salary due him as clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly and began with it a private subscription in aid of the gasping cause, which had an effect rivalling in importance a new number of "The Crisis." The sum was but five hundred paper dollars, it is true; but it was all he had, and it kindled the patriotism of men who had more.

By the time Governor Jefferson had docketed Mr. Madison's letter, in the first week of April, 1780, arrived news that a British fleet and army were investing Charleston; news followed, six weeks after, by intelligence that the city was taken, South Carolina helpless, and a British army free to move northward, over North Carolina, into Virginia, unless a half-armed militia could stop it.

To the governor of Virginia, this whole year, 1780, and half the next, was a period of the most rending anxiety, and of exertion the most intense and constant. With four thousand five hundred Virginians already in the army, we see him stimulating the recruiting system in each county, writing letters, public and private, to county members and magnates, urging them to utilize the dying currency, and get out the last man with the last dollar, while it still had a semblance of value. He arranged, early in the campaign,



three lines of express-riders, — one to General Washington, one to Hampton Roads, one to the head-quarters of the Army of the South, — so that, at a crisis, he hoped to be able to get and send news at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles in a day and night. Still further to guard against surprise, he despatched General Nelson on a tour of the eastern counties, requesting him to get the county lieutenants together and concert a plan of action in case of another descent of the enemy from the ocean. At first, it was an agonizing question, to which quarter Virginia should send her levies. Three letters from the Committee of Congress at head-quarters lay upon his desk at once, all asking for men and means; but early in July, General Gates arrived at Richmond, on his way to take the command in the South; and, for the next six weeks, every man, horse, wagon, gun, bayonet, axe, cartridge-box, shoe, belt, saddle, blanket, tent, and coin, which Governor Jefferson could beg, buy, borrow, or get made was hurried away to General Gates's head-quarters in North Carolina. Some Virginians saw with dismay the governor pouring into General Gates's camp the whole of Virginia's means of defence. His answer then and ever after was, that Virginia's single chance of escaping devastation by Cornwallis's army lay in strengthening Gates. If Gates and his army did not stop and hurl back upon Charleston the British forces, nothing could keep them out of Virginia.

For the first time in her history, Virginia became a manufacturing State. "Our smiths," wrote the governor, August 4th, "are making five hundred axes and some tomahawks for General Gates," — turning out twenty a day, — "and we are endeavoring to get bayonet-belts made"; though leather was so scarce that people stole the flaps of cartouch-boxes from the wagons to mend their shoes with. The governor sent messengers all over the State to pick up little lots of material, such as duck and leather. And, when he

had accumulated supplies, he was at his wit's end for wagons in which to transport them. Nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed since Braddock had found wagons so scarce in Virginia and Maryland; and Governor Jefferson, since he had no money in his treasury to hire or buy them, found them scarcer still. In this extremity he was obliged to impress wagons, not sparing his own. His principle was, to leave on every farm the horses and vehicles absolutely necessary to secure the ripening crops, and take all the rest for the public service. This he did upon his own farms in Albemarle. It is interesting to note that, in the crisis of the campaign, the governor was sending about to try and find, for the use of General Gates, a copy of the old map of Virginia, made when he was a child, by Professor Fry and his own father. The ladies, this summer, were contributing the costly trifles of their jewel drawers to the cause, besides huge packets of the paper money of the period. Doubtless, a hard-pressed treasurer valued Mrs. Sarah Cary's gold watch-chain, which "cost £7 sterling," or Mrs. Ambler's "five gold rings," or Mrs. Griffin's "ten half-joes," or Mrs. Ramsay's collection of "one half-joe, three guineas, three pistareens, one bit," more highly than the same lady's sounding collection of four bundles of paper money, containing in all seventy-five thousand five hundred and eighteen dollars and one third. This delusive sum was not altogether to be despised. It would buy one or two blankets, or half a dozen pairs of tolerable marching shoes.

These efforts were in vain. In the midst of the governor's endeavors, while he was in the very act of hurrying away reinforcements and stores toward the scene of action, occurred (August 16, 1780) the disastrous defeat of Gates at Camden, one hundred and ten miles from the capital of Virginia. It was a woful stroke. In an hour — such a destroyer is war — all that Virginia and the whole Confederacy



could accumulate of men, horses, and material, in two months of intensest exertion, was scattered and gone. Those wagons so painfully got together, to the number of one hundred and thirty, were all lost; one of Jefferson's among the rest. In this sad extremity, the governor's first thought was to gather precise and full information of the cause and extent of the disaster, and transmit the same to General Washington; his second, to raise and equip new levies, (though "without any money in the treasury, or hope of any till October,") and do whatever else was possible to enable General Gates to make a new stand. For the lost wagons he tried to substitute barges in which to float provisions down the streams toward General Gates's camp; but he was obliged to become personally responsible for the cost of their construction. It marks the confusion of the time, that, when a month had elapsed after the Camden defeat, he was still ignorant of the fate of his own wagoner and horses. A wagon-master from the fatal field told him that a brigade quartermaster, at the moment of panic, cut one of his best horses from the harness and rode away on him; and that his negro wagoner, Phill, lame in one arm and leg, was seen loosening another horse for the same laudable purpose of saving himself for further service. As the public money was carried in the governor's wagon, it is to be presumed he never saw it again.

Camden, in North Carolina, is about fifteen miles from the Virginia line; and yet several months passed before a soldier of the victorious army trod Virginia soil. The enterprising and resolute yeomanry of North Carolina held them in check, and even compelled a retreat into South Carolina. It was from another quarter that Virginia was menaced next.

It was the 22d of October, 1780. Amid the universal horror and consternation caused by Arnold's defection, the governor of Virginia was still sending forward from every coun-

ty all the men it could spare to General Gates, except a force which he still hoped to reserve for Colonel Clarke's project against Detroit. Drove of cattle were on the southern road; the smiths were still working on the axes, producing twenty a day; agents were out buying the newly harvested corn on the credit of the State; men were ranging the western counties for a hundred more wagons,—all for the new army forming under Gates in North Carolina,—when news came that a British fleet of sixty vessels had entered Hampton Roads and were landing troops near Portsmouth! Jefferson's three lines of express riders stood him in good stead now; for against such a force—a dozen armed vessels and three thousand regular troops of all arms—there was nothing in Virginia that could stand an hour; and he could do little more than send the information to Washington and Gates. Such militia as were left and had arms were instantly diverted to this new danger; but they could do nothing but make a show of resistance. To General Gates the governor could now only forward an idea: "Would it not be worth while to send out a swift boat from some of the inlets of North Carolina to notify the French Admiral that his enemies are in a net, if he has leisure to close the mouth of it?"

"*His enemies!*" Mr. Jefferson soon learned whose enemies these newcomers were, and what they had come to Virginia for. When they had been a week at Portsmouth, doing nothing particular, a suspicious character was arrested on the road leading southward. While protesting his willingness to be searched, he was seen to put something into his mouth. Tobacco, perhaps? But the Virginia militia-men, experienced tobacco-chewers, did not recognize the correct swing of the arm in the motion made by this unknown; and, taking the liberty to examine his mouth, they extracted therefrom a remarkable quid, a neat little roll of the size of a goose-quill, covered with goldbeater's-skin and



nicely tied at each end. It proved to be a letter from General Leslie, the commander of the expedition, to Lord Cornwallis: "My Lord, I have been here near a week, establishing a post; I wrote to you to Charleston and by another messenger by land. I cannot hear for a certainty where you are. I wait your orders. The bearer is to be handsomely rewarded, if he brings me any note or mark from your lordship. A. L."

This great armament, then, had come to co-operate with Cornwallis in the subjection of Virginia. The design was frustrated by the activity and valor of the North Carolina militia in annoying and detaining Cornwallis. Leslie waited a month; at the expiration of which he put to sea again with all his ships and all his men. During his stay, the British prisoners in Albemarle escaped in such numbers, that the governor deemed it best to march into Maryland. And none too soon! If they had remained in Albemarle through the winter, every man of them would have gone to swell the British Army when it made its last stand at Yorktown; for Cornwallis, in the spring, could have struck the camp which they had made so inviting with gardens and shrubbery. To the last week of their stay, the agreeable relations between some of the officers and Governor Jefferson continued. To a young German lieutenant of scientific tastes, who had poured forth fervent thanksgivings for Mr. Jefferson's kindness, the governor sent an amiable reply, making light of the services he had been able to render, and suggesting to his young friend to resume philosophy when the war should be over, and, settling in America, acquire a fame "founded on the happiness, and not on the calamities, of human nature." Really, these were fortunate prisoners. The officers had bought for their pleasure such a large number of the superior Virginia horses, that, upon their going away, it became a serious question whether they ought to be allowed to take the animals out of a

State so terribly in want of them; and Governor Jefferson referred this point also to General Washington's decision.

The month of December, 1780, was a breathing time to the Virginians. The governor employed it chiefly in pushing measures in aid of Colonel Clarke's design against Detroit. The British were again powerful in the far West. Certain news came, that, in the spring, two thousand Indians and English would ravage the frontiers, unless employment could be found for them nearer home; and it was only too probable that the scene of the next regular campaign would be Virginia. Clarke was himself in Richmond for the purpose of urging and organizing the expedition, and was waiting, as the year 1780 drew to a close, the final answer of General Washington to the governor's strong recommendation of the scheme. The General's consent and warm approval were given in due time; but before his letter reached Richmond, events again interposed their irresistible fiat.

On Sunday, the last day of the year 1780, at eight in the morning, Jefferson received intelligence that a fleet of twenty-seven sail had entered Chesapeake Bay the day before. The messenger must have ridden hard, the distance in a straight line between Richmond and Old Point Comfort being not less than a hundred and twenty miles; and he had not waited long enough to learn what flag the vessels bore, nor whether they were bound up the bay or into the James. All the rulers of Virginia were in Richmond at the moment, for the Legislature was in session, within two days of its adjournment. General Nelson of the State militia and the heroic Clarke were there; and Baron Steuben, who had recently come to assist in the defence of the State, was not far off. But neither soldier nor civilian could assist an anxious governor in determining the character of the new arrival. Could it be Leslie back again? Might it not be the long-wished-for French fleet? Was it that mysterious



expedition fitting out lately in New York, destined, as it was given out, for some Southern port, of which General Washington, three weeks before, had sent his usual circular of notification to the governors of States? No one could tell. And if the fleet should prove to be hostile, would the commanding general be content with merely ravaging the shores of the lower country, like his two predecessors, or push for regions which no enemy had yet despoiled? Which river would he ascend, the York, the James, the Potomac, the Patapsco? What town would he first plunder, Alexandria, Baltimore, Williamsburg, Petersburg, or Richmond?

Amid all this doubt, the governor could only despatch General Nelson, with full powers, to the mouth of the James, that he might be near the scene of his duties in case it were necessary to call out the militia. Richmond has known some anxious Sundays since, but, perhaps, few more distressing than this; for the whole day passed without bringing further intelligence. Monday came and went; but not a messenger from the lower country arrived. On Tuesday morning, at ten, the suspense was at an end. Word came that the fleet was British, not French, and that it had entered the James, not gone up Chesapeake Bay. Instantly the governor signed orders, calling out half the militia of the region menaced, and a third of the militia of the counties adjacent to it, — four thousand seven hundred men in all, — and entrusted the orders to the county members just departing for their homes. That done, he directed the removal of public property to Westham, a village just above the rapids which close the navigation of the James at Richmond.

The next evening at eight, Wednesday, January 3d, the governor learned that the enemy's fleet of light vessels had come to anchor near Jamestown, the point where the river is only seven miles from Williamsburg. Then all thought the enemy's first object must be the ancient capital. But it was not.

On Thursday morning, two hours before the dawn, came intelligence that the fleet, favored by wind and tide, had swept on up the broad James to a landing below where the Appomattox enters it. There was still, therefore, some doubt whether Richmond or Petersburg was to be visited; but the governor, who had now learned that "the parricide Arnold" was the commander of the expedition, called out all the militia of that part of the State. At five that afternoon all doubt was dispelled by a despatch which informed the governor that the foe had landed troops at Westover, twenty-five miles distant.

In this emergency, Governor Jefferson found himself alone. Not a member of the Council or of the Assembly remained in Richmond to aid him, for all had gone to place their families in safety, or were absent on public duty. He sent his own family — wife and three children, the youngest two months old — to the house of a relative at Tuckahoe, thirteen miles above the town. There were two hundred militia of the neighborhood near at hand; and stronger parties were gathering at various points under Steuben, Clarke, Nelson, and others; but nowhere in Virginia was there yet an armed body capable of holding in check a regiment of regular troops led by an Arnold.

The governor mounted his horse, and took command of the situation. His first orders were to stop transporting stores to Westham, and simply get everything across the river, or *into* the river, anywhere so that Arnold could not easily reach it. Some hours he spent in superintending and urging on this work, first at Richmond, later at Westham, reaching Tuckahoe, where his family were, at one in the morning. There he remained long enough to assist them across the river, and see them safely on their way to a securer refuge, eight miles above; and then he galloped back along the James to a point opposite Westham, where at daylight he resumed his superintend-



ence of the transfer of the public property. At full speed, on the same tired, unfed horse, he continued his ride toward Manchester, then a small village, opposite Richmond. Before he reached it, his horse sank under him exhausted, and he was obliged to leave the animal dying in the road. With saddle and bridle on his own back, he hurried on to the next farm-house for another horse. He could only borrow there a colt not yet broken, upon which he continued his journey; until, coming in sight of Richmond, he discovered the foe already in possession. After doing the little that was possible for the security of the public stores at Manchester, he rode away to the headquarters of Baron Steuben, a few miles off, for consultation with the only educated soldier within his reach.

In war, everything, even the elements, seem sometimes to favor audacity. Arnold only remained in Richmond twenty-three hours; but, so promptly had the governor acted, and so well was he seconded by the county militia and their officers, that Arnold only escaped with his nine hundred men through a timely change in the wind which bore him down the river with the extraordinary swiftness of his ascent. In five days from the first summons, twenty-five hundred militia were on the traitor's path, and hundreds more coming in every hour; but the breeze wafted him away from them down the James, with the loss of thirty of his men, laid low by a whiff of musketry from a party of militia under Colonel Clarke. During the brief stay of the enemy near Richmond, they burned a cannon foundry, several of the public shanties, a few private houses, and a prodigious quantity of tobacco, besides throwing into the canal five tons of powder and spoiling three hundred muskets.

After three days' absence from the capital, the governor returned, and affairs began to resume their usual train. For eighty-four hours his home had been the saddle. Arnold went plundering on to the mouth of the

James, where he entrenched himself in the camp abandoned a few weeks before by Leslie.

A passionate desire pervaded the continent to have this traitor brought to justice; or, as Jefferson expressed it, "to drag him from those under whose wing he is now sheltered." When the governor learned the details of Arnold's retreat, he felt that a small band of cool, resolute men could have seized and carried him off, and he now proposed the scheme to an officer of militia. The men to aid him were drawn from the regiments of Western Virginia, in whom the governor had "peculiar confidence." The band, he recommended, should be few in number, the smaller the better, and he left it to the discretion of the chief whether they should enter Arnold's camp as friends, or lie in wait for him without. "I will undertake," he wrote, "if they are successful in bringing him off alive, that they shall receive five thousand guineas' reward among them; and to men formed for such an enterprise, it must be a great incitement to know that their names will be recorded with glory in history with those of Van Wart, Paulding, and Williams." Arnold grew wary, however, and could not be caught.

From this time civil government in Virginia was, in effect, almost suspended. The war was to be fought out upon Virginia soil and in Virginia waters; and it is an old saying, that in the presence of contending armies, laws are silent. Arnold, Phillips, Cornwallis, Tarlton, Rochambeau, Greene, Steuben, Lafayette, Nelson, Washington, are the names that figure in the history of Virginia during the next nine months. Arnold, reinforced and superseded by Phillips, ravaged one portion of the State, except when checked by Steuben and Lafayette. Cornwallis and Tarlton, long retarded and eluded by Greene, swept over the border at last. Indians threatened the western counties; and fleets arrived, departed, contended, on the eastern shores. All that Virginia had of manhood, resources, credit, ability, was enlisted in



the cause; and so many men were in service during the planting season, that the governor feared there would not be food enough raised for the year's necessities.

Jefferson, in the midst of this agonizing chaos, did whatever was possible to supply and reinforce Greene, Steuben, Lafayette; the burden of his cry to Washington, to Congress, being always "the fatal want of arms." The need of arms became at length so pressing, that, after "knocking at the door of Congress" by letter for many months, he requested Harrison, Speaker of the Assembly, to go to Philadelphia, and beg Congress, in person, if they could not assign to Virginia a proper supply of arms, to at least repay Virginia the arms she had lent for the protection of the Carolinas. Power little short of absolute was conferred upon the governor by the Legislature at one of its hurried spring sessions. He was authorized to call out the whole of the militia; to impress all wagons, horses, food, clothing, accoutrements, negroes; to arrest the disaffected and banish the disloyal. He was empowered, also, to emit the magnificent sum of fifteen millions of dollars, in addition to the hundred and twenty millions previously issued in the same month, — the whole amount being worth then about twenty-seven thousand golden guineas. But all this availed little. Virginia wanted muskets, — wanted them, not merely for the great operations of the war, but for daily and nightly and hourly defence against predatory bands. Governor Jefferson could not furnish them.

Four times in the spring of 1781 the Legislature of Virginia were obliged to adjourn in haste, and fly before the coming or the menace of an enemy. First, in January, when Arnold plundered the capital. Next, in March, when every act was hurried through from fear of another interruption. Then, in May, when an attack seemed so imminent that the few members who had come together gave up trying to legislate at Richmond, and separated to meet at Charlottesville, under the shadow of

Monticello, little thinking that the storm of war was about to sweep over Albemarle also.

The day appointed for the assembling of the Legislature at Charlottesville was May 24th. The governor's second term of service would expire on the 1st of June; but, amid the hurry and alarm of the time, the Assembly had as yet found no opportunity to attend to an election. There was no quorum till the 28th, when a Speaker was chosen; but even then, such was the emergency, the House could not enter into the election of a governor. Cornwallis, with all his army, was five days' march distant, and the State seemed to lie at his mercy. Not a boat could cross the bay or descend the James without risk of capture by the enemy's smaller craft. The civil government seemed a nullity at such a moment, and the governor, as the last hours of his term were gliding away, could only serve his State by explaining its situation to Congress and the Commander-in-Chief. He felt that what Virginia needed then was a general, able, strong in the confidence of the people, acquainted with the State, one who could place himself in the centre of the crisis, rally around him every element of force Virginia possessed, and direct it upon the foe. He thought, moreover, that the seven thousand men of Cornwallis must be the enemy's principal force; and, under this impression, he wrote to General Washington on the 28th of May, while a small quorum of the Legislature were choosing their Speaker within sight of his house: "Were it possible for this circumstance to justify in your Excellency a determination to lend us your personal aid, it is evident from the universal voice that the presence of their beloved countryman, whose talents have so long been successfully employed in establishing the freedom of kindred States, to whose person they have still flattered themselves they retained some right, and have ever looked upon as their *dernier resort* in distress, that your appearance among them, I say, would restore full



confidence of salvation, and would render them equal to whatever is not impossible."

The time had not yet come for Washington's appearance on this scene, though that time was not distant. The month of May expired. Jefferson was out of office, and Virginia had no governor. The Speaker of the House, the President of the Council, and several members of both bodies, were his guests at Monticello, riding over from Charlottesville every afternoon after the business of the day was at an end.

Just before sunrise, June 4, 1781, while as yet the inhabitants of Monticello slept, except, perhaps, the early-waking master of the mansion, a horseman rode at full speed up the mountain, and sprang from his foaming steed at the door of the house. He was a gentleman of the neighborhood, named Jouitte, well known to Jefferson. He had been spending the evening before at a tavern in Louisa, twenty miles away, the county town of the next county eastward from Albemarle. An hour before midnight a body of British cavalry, two hundred and fifty in number, had galloped into the town, had come to a halt, dismounted, and proceeded to refresh man and beast with food and rest. Jouitte guessed that the object of such a band, so far from the actual seat of war, commanded, too, by the famous Tarlton, could be no other than the surprise of the governor and Legislature of Virginia. He had had his horse saddled; and, while Tarlton and his men were enjoying their three hours' halt at Louisa, he had struck into an old disused road, a short cut, and ridden with all speed toward Charlottesville to give the alarm; making a slight detour on his way to warn Mr. Jefferson and his friends at Monticello. He delivered his message there, and rode on to notify the rest of the members in the village.

The family, we are told, breakfasted as usual; after which the guests rode away to Charlottesville, and the inmates of the house prepared for a jour-

ney. A carriage was made ready and brought round to the door, in which Jefferson placed his most valued papers. He sent his best horse to be shod at a shop on the river's bank, a mile off. The two most trusted of the household servants gathered the plate and other things of value, and hid them under the floor of the front portico. All these things were done with a certain deliberation, because the family naturally concluded that Tarlton would first strike Charlottesville, which lay in plain sight from Monticello, and thus give them ample notice of his approach. But Tarlton, as he went thundering on towards the village, detached a troop to seize the governor and hold Monticello as a lookout during his stay in the vicinity; and, hence, when Jefferson had been employed something less than two hours in sorting and packing his papers, an officer of militia came in breathless, to say that British cavalry were coming up the mountain.

Jefferson had two law pupils at the time, James Monroe, and another whose name is not recorded. Monroe was in the field, of course, during these weeks of stress and ravage. To the other Jefferson confided his family, directing him to take them to a friend's house some miles distant. He sent to the blacksmith's for his horse, ordering the servant to bring the animal to a spot between his own mountain and the next, which he could quickly reach by a by-road through the woods. Still he lingered a few minutes among his papers, wishing to give his servant time to get the horse to the designated place. He left his house at length, — telescope in hand, light sword of the period at his side, — and walked down through the forest to the valley between the two mountains, where he found his horse. Before mounting, he paused to listen. No sound was audible, except the musical din of a peaceful June morning in the primeval woods. No clang of accoutrements, nor tramp of armed men, nor distant thunder of a troop of horse. He went a little way up the next mountain to a rock whence,



with the aid of his telescope, he could clearly see Charlottesville; but there was no unusual stir in the streets. A false alarm, perhaps; and, so surmising, he resolved to go back to his house and finish the sorting of his papers, the accumulated treasure of the years that had passed since the burning of the house in which he was born. He had gone some distance toward his home, when he discovered that his sword had slipped from its scabbard, as he guessed, when he had stooped to get a rest for his spyglass. He went back for it. Before leaving the rock, he took another peep through his glass at the village; when, behold, it was all alive and swarming with troopers!

Then, for the first time, he mounted his horse, and took the road to follow his family, whom he rejoined before night. The dropping of his sword was a lucky event. If he had gone back to the house, he might have fallen into the hands of the enemy; for they entered just five minutes after he left it. The two friendly slaves who were hiding the family treasures—one in the cavity receiving, and the other on the portico handing down—were almost caught in the act of stowing away the last article. They heard the sound of hoofs, just in time for the one above to slam down the plank, shutting up the other in a dark, hot, and narrow hole, during the whole eighteen hours' stay of the troop. It proved to be a superfluous exertion of fortitude. Tarlton had given orders that nothing in the house should be injured or removed, and these orders were obeyed; except that some of the thirsty soldiers, after their thirty hours' gallop, helped themselves on the sly to some wine in the cellar.

The fidelity of these two slaves, Martin and Cæsar, during this time of trial, was always remembered by the family with gratitude and pride. Martin, after shutting down the faithful Cæsar with the treasures, remained standing upon the plank of the portico, where he received the captain of the troopers with dignified politeness. He conducted

the officer over the house. When they reached the library, where Jefferson had, five minutes before, been at work among his papers, this captain—McCleod by name, gentleman by nature—locked the door, and then, handing the key to Martin, said, in substance, "If any of the soldiers ask you for the key of this room, tell them I have it." One of the soldiers, to test Martin's mettle, put a pistol to his breast and threatened to fire unless he told which way his master had gone. "Fire away, then," replied the slave. Cæsar, on his part, cramped and tortured as he was in his black hole, made no movement, uttered no sound, during the whole eighteen hours,—all the rest of that day and all the night following.

Down the James, a hundred miles or more, Jefferson possessed a plantation named Elk Hill, with mansion house, negro quarter, extensive stables, herds of cattle, and growing crops. For ten days Cornwallis lived in this house, which had an elevated site, commanding a view of the whole estate. Jefferson himself has put upon record what his lordship did or permitted during his brief residence there. He destroyed all the growing crops of corn and tobacco; he burned all the barns, filled with last year's product; he took all the cattle, hogs, and sheep for his army; he appropriated all the serviceable horses; he cut the throats of the colts; he burned all the fences; he carried off twenty-seven slaves. With his usual exactness, Jefferson enumerates the items of his loss: nine horses, fifty-nine cattle, thirty sheep, sixty hogs, seven hundred and eighty barrels of corn, nineteen hogsheads of tobacco, and two hundred and seventy-five acres of growing wheat and barley. Respecting the lost slaves he remarks: "Had this been to give them freedom, he would have done right; but it was to consign them to inevitable death from the small-pox and putrid fever, then raging in his camp." A few of these slaves crawled home to recover or to die, and to give the fever to five who had not left the plantation. Cornwal-



lis, he adds, "treated the rest of the neighborhood in much the same style, but not with that spirit of total extermination with which he seemed to rage over my possessions."

For twelve days Virginia had no governor. If Tarlton had ridden on that morning, without stopping for breakfast, he might have caught a quorum of the Legislature in or near Charlottesville, and kept the State without a government for the rest of the campaign. It would have been no great harm; for during the next five months, while the allied fleets and armies, and all the militia of Virginia that Jefferson had been able to arm, were cornering the marauder of the Southern States, there was little for civilians to do. Tarlton halted at the house of one of Jefferson's friends, who ordered breakfast for the colonel and his officers. But the privates were as hungry as their leaders, and devoured the food in the kitchen as fast as the cook could get it ready. Tarlton got no breakfast until he had placed a guard to protect the cook; and this delay gave members time to come together at Charlottesville, and adjourn to meet, three days after, at Staunton, forty miles to the westward, on the safe side of the Blue Ridge.

They met, accordingly, on the 7th of June. Discouraged at the aspect of affairs, soured and irritated by this fourth flight from the tramp of armed men, several of them were disposed to cast the blame of these invasions upon Governor Jefferson. One young member even said as much in the House, intimating that the governor should have foreseen Arnold's coming and called out the militia in time. We all know from recent experience that, in war time, when affairs go ill in the field, the civil administration sinks in the esteem of the public; and, indeed, we cannot wonder that, amid the musket famine of this terrible year, Virginians should bitterly regret the arms and accoutrements which the governor had sent down all the highways to Carolina, only to have them thrown

away or captured at Camden and Guilford. Jefferson's friends courted, demanded inquiry into his conduct, and insisted on having it set down as part of the business of the next session.

Still the House refrained from the election of a governor. Some of the weaker members revived the stale device of naming Patrick Henry dictator, but again laid the project aside from fear of the dangers of imaginary patriot-assassins. "The very thought," as Jefferson wrote, "was treason against the people, was treason against mankind in general, as riveting forever the chains which bow down their necks, by giving to their oppressors a proof, which they would have trumpeted through the universe, of the imbecility of republican government, in times of pressing danger, to shield them from harm." Jefferson had a far better device, one which gave the State a legitimate, a constitutional dictator. Several months before, he had resolved to decline serving a third term. In the belief that, at such a crisis, the civil and military power should be wielded by the same hands, he induced his friends, who were a majority of the House, to give their votes to Thomas Nelson, commander-in-chief of the militia of the State, who was accordingly elected.

General Nelson had been a main stay of his own administration, giving to it the support of his honored name, his military talents, and the credit of his vast estates. On his own personal security he had raised the greater part of a most timely loan of two millions of dollars, and advanced money to pay two Virginia regiments who would not march for the southern army before their arrears were discharged. Governor Nelson took the field. He used without reserve the despotic powers with which he was entrusted; forcing men into the field, and impressing wagons, horses, negroes, supplies. He was in at the death of that foul, mean, and monstrous war. At Yorktown, his own mansion being within the enemy's lines and



occupied by British officers, he had the pleasure of sending cannon-balls crashing through his own dining-room, and breaking up festive parties making merry over his own wine. It was a happy stroke of good sense and good management in Jefferson to leave his office to such a successor ; because he appeased the dictator party by giving them a dictator, while assigning the sole duty of the time to one fitted to perform it.

But General Nelson did not succeed in satisfying his countrymen, for whom he had sacrificed health and fortune. He was an unpopular governor ; for the Virginians did not enjoy a dictator when they had got one ; and he could not long endure the opprobrium which the exercise of dictatorial power evoked. He threw up his office after holding it about six months ; and he, too, sought opportunity to defend his administration before the Legislature.

*James Parton.*

## M A R G U E R I T E.

### I.

I WAS but the village weaver's girl,  
He only the hireling of a churl ;  
Yet into our lives there dropped a pearl.

### II.

He drove the kine by meadow and dale,  
And searched the hollows in every vale,  
For a flower of love, to tell the tale.

### III.

A spring-time daisy, waxen white,  
Lay on my breast when fell the night,  
And the stars shone down with a tender light.

### IV.

He to the plough, and I to the loom, —  
Tilling and toiling ; — yet love may bloom,  
And fill our hearts with its sweet perfume.

### V.

Heart of mine, I have waited long ;  
Life and love are a poet's song ;  
Life is fleeting, but love is strong.

### VI.

'T was lonely waiting, but God knew best ;  
Lay me now by my love to rest,  
A spring-time daisy upon my breast.

*Mary E. C. Wyeth.*



## A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

## XVIII.

## A TERRIBLE PROPOSAL.

OF course such a plan as the one which Grimes had been thus evolving from his profound meditations could not be kept secret from one who was to play so important a part in it as Carrol; and to tell him the plan meant a general narration of all the events of the day, including his meeting with Mrs. Lovell, and her appeal to him for help. There was a strong repugnance in the breast of Grimes against any such disclosure, and his native delicacy revolted against breathing into another ear the story of his reviving tenderness; but it had to be done. After a faint attempt to discuss the subject in a commonplace manner, he gave it up and launched forth into an enthusiastic description of Mrs. Lovell's candor, her gentleness, her beauty, and her trustful disposition, from which Carrol was able to gather a very correct idea of the state of mind into which his friend had passed. But all this was of far inferior interest to Carrol compared with the one striking fact that Grimes had accompanied Mrs. Lovell to her lodgings, that he knew her address, and that the clew to Maud which he had thought lost was once more recovered. He asked eagerly after their address, and Grimes told him; after which he relapsed into his former silence.

Grimes looked at him attentively for a few moments, and then exclaimed in a cordial tone of approbation, "Wal now, I must say I like that. That has the right ring. You talk like a man. I was afraid that the very mention of the ladies would act on you like a red rag on a bull. But you take the mention calmly, and even show a gentlemanly interest in them. Carrol, my boy, by those words, you've taken a tremendous load off my mind, and

saved me about ten hours of solid talk. So you're all right, are you? If so, I say, three cheers."

"O well," said Carrol, "the fact is, I begin to think I was unjust to — to her — and that there was — a — a mistake —"

He would have said more, for he now felt keenly how ungenerous and how base his suspicions had been, and he also felt most profoundly the perfect truth and constancy of Maud. Yet he could not tell any more than this, certainly not to Grimes; so he held his tongue.

"All right, my boy," said Grimes, cheerily. "You've come round at last; I don't care how, so long as you've come. And now I want to tell you about a plan I've been concocting for the escape of the ladies from this prison. They're frightened, no doubt. They want to get away, ere it be eternally too late; and as they've appealed to me, why it stands to reason that I must be up and doin', and help them somehow, and for that matter so must you. You acknowledged that yourself, don't you?"

"Yes," said Carrol.

"Wal," said Grimes, "ordinary means of escape are of no use at all. Paris is a bottle corked up tight. You can't get out nohow, that is by any common way; you've got to try something extraordinary. You're aware, perhaps, that no human being can pass from this village to the world outside, or come from that world to us. For between us and them there is a great gulf fixed. Are you aware of that?"

"Of course! Everybody knows that Paris is blockaded perfectly, and has been for no end of a time."

"Wal, there again you excite my gratitude, for you save me from a two or three hours' talk in the way of explanation. And now let me ask you



this. You know there is one way of escape, don't you?"

"One way?" asked Carrol, doubtfully.

"Yes, by doin' the American eagle, and soarin' aloft to the everlastin' stars; in plain language, by takin' to a balloon *à la* Gambetta."

"A balloon!" exclaimed Carrol, in amazement, — "a balloon!"

"Yes," said Grimes. "And now I want to ask you one question. Are you man enough to try it?"

"Good heavens, man alive!" cried Carrol; "what are you talking about? Do you mean to say that the ladies will be willing to go in a balloon?"

"Wal, I don't know yet, for I hain't mentioned the subject to them; but Mrs. Lovell's remarks indicated a state of desperation that was equal to a desperate undertakin', and so I should n't wonder a bit if I might succeed in persuadin' her to trust herself to the unfathomable tracts of ether. O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee! as the poet says. But never mind what the poet says; what I want to know is, will you go? Will you take Miss Heathcote in one balloon, together with an aerial navigator, while I take Mrs. Lovell in my own personal, particular, and individual car?"

"I? why, of course," said Carrol; "but then, how under heaven do you expect ever to get the ladies to consent to such a journey?"

Upon this Grimes began to explain to Carrol the grounds of his hope, and the plan that he had made, and the way in which he expected to carry it out, and many other things which are unnecessary to report just here.

This conversation with Grimes lasted far into the night, and gave to Carrol the material for agitated thought during the wakeful hours that intervened till morning. The knowledge of Maud's whereabouts opened up to him once more the chance of communicating with her; and now that he was aware of the truth of the case, now that he had seen her tearful eyes, her pleading face, and her tremulous lips, since he

had heard her low, sweet voice, as she told her simple and touching story, there had arisen in his heart a strong yearning after her which was intolerable and irresistible. Should he yield to his feelings? Should he seek her out?

"But, alas!" he thought, "why should I go? and for what end, and with what hope? She can never be mine. She does not know it, but there lies between us an unfathomable gulf, over which we cannot pass to join each other. I am a murderer! She will know all some day, soon enough too. Can I go to tell her that? Impossible. Can I go carrying with me this secret? I cannot. I can neither keep my secret in the presence of her pleading eyes, nor have I the heart to tell her that which would mar her hopes and throw a blight over her young life. She will learn it all herself, and then she will understand me and do me justice. As to this flight, if she is willing to go, I shall rejoice to go with her, and trust myself to circumstances. But till then I must struggle against my desires and keep away from her."

Grimes was naturally prompt, and so on the following day he set forth to call on Mrs. Lovell. He had been somewhat troubled in his mind as to the propriety of mentioning Carrol's name. With him it was a difficult question. For Grimes, it must be remembered, had only heard Carrol's first account of his rejection by Maud. Carrol's long tirades against her had deepened the impression which that story had produced, and he very naturally concluded that the rejection of Carrol's proposal had been done by Maud quite deliberately and seriously. He was aware of Carrol's love for her, he remembered the bitterness of his grief over his rejection, and he knew how unfortunate the consequences had been for his friend in many ways. He never had been able to sympathize with Carrol's harsher views of her motives and her character; but some impression had been made upon him by denunciations so persistent; and he had come to feel as much dislike for Maud as it was



possible for a chivalrous man to entertain towards a beautiful girl. His idea was that Maud had flirted with Carrol, and had encouraged him without any intentions of accepting him; and as her own affections had not been enlisted, she had not made sufficient allowance for him. He thought her nature was somewhat cold and callous, and that her rejection of Carrol was owing rather to indifference or to vanity than to anything like downright cruelty.

With such views of Maud's character, he naturally concluded that Carrol would not be a very agreeable companion to her; and, except in a very great emergency, he supposed that she would refuse to go with him altogether. Now a refusal on her part would spoil his little plan, and he was anxious that nothing should be added to the ordinary unpleasantness of a balloon voyage to make it more disagreeable than it was in itself. And so Mr. Grimes very sagely concluded that it would be best not to mention Carrol's name at all, but to allude to him merely as "a friend." He thought that if Carrol could only be with Maud under unusual and somewhat serious circumstances, her hard and callous heart might possibly be softened and she might relent.

On seeing him, Mrs. Lovell's face lighted up with a glow of genuine pleasure, and she greeted him with a cordiality that was very flattering indeed.

"Wal," said Grimes, "and how are you? Pooty well?"

"O thanks; but how very, very good this is of you," said Mrs. Lovell; "and so thoughtful, too, you know. I was afraid you'd forget all about me."

And with these words she seated herself, while Grimes did the same, looking at her admiringly all the time.

"Fine weather we're havin' to-day," said he, "especially after the rain yesterday."

"It really is quite delightful," said Mrs. Lovell, "though I have not been out yet."

"But it did rain tremendous yester-

day, did n't it now!" persisted Grimes, who had a distressing way of prosing about the weather, when Mrs. Lovell was crazy to have him talk of other things.

"O yes, I dare say," said she; "but have you heard yet of any way of getting away from this dreadful place? I'm really very, very anxious, do you know. It's very silly, but really one can't help being a coward, and I'm sure there's every reason to be alarmed. Why, I heard guns yesterday, — positively guns. But that's not the worst."

"Wal," said Grimes, "that's the very thing I've come for; that is, next to havin' the pleasure of seein' you, and — and —"

He stopped and his face grew very red.

"O, how good of you!" said Mrs. Lovell. "And have you heard of anything?"

"Yes, 'm," said Grimes. "I have."

"O, what is it?" cried Mrs. Lovell, eagerly.

"Wal," said Grimes, "I've got a plan that I think's goin' to work, if you'll only fall in with it."

"A plan?" said Mrs. Lovell, eagerly; "O, what is it? But how really nice, and clever, and kind, and all that! But what is the plan, Mr. Grimes?"

"Wal," said Grimes, "I don't know exactly how it'll strike you, and I'm a little mite afraid that you mayn't altogether like the looks of it."

"O, I'm sure I'll be perfectly charmed! I'm sure you would n't think of any plan which would not be perfectly agreeable, Mr. Grimes."

"Wal, I hope you'll like it," said Grimes, slowly and thoughtfully, "but I don't know about it just yet; you see the bother of it is, in the first place we've got to divide ourselves."

"Divide ourselves?"

"Yes, that is to say, you've got to separate yourself from your sister, and I don't know how you'll like that."

"Separate? what, from Maudie?" exclaimed Mrs. Lovell; "what, leave Maudie?"



"O, she'll be all right. There's a friend of mine that's goin' too, and he'll put her through."

"Maudie! but I can't separate from Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell, sadly. "I really can't. Poor, dear Maudie! What would become of her if she went away by herself?"

"O, wal now," said Grimes, "there ain't the least mite of danger. My friend would die rather than have her run any risk. He's a man of honor, an American, and a gentleman. He's goin' off himself, and I spoke to him about this matter. It was the only thing I could think of. I'd trust him as I would myself. Miss Heathcote could go with him, and I thought that I might take charge of you. We've got to divide in some fashion, and that seemed to me to be the best way. But, if you feel anxious about Miss Heathcote, why I'd agree to take charge of her, and you could go with my friend."

This last offer was an act of immense self-sacrifice on the part of Grimes, and it was made in a very doleful tone of voice.

"O, I don't know," said Mrs. Lovell, slowly, "that it is altogether necessary to do that; in fact, the trouble is about Maudie being separated from me. Could n't we manage in any way to go together, Mr. Grimes? It would be so very, very sad to be separated. Could n't that be avoided in any way, Mr. Grimes?"

And Mrs. Lovell turned to Grimes with an appealing look that was really most pathetic.

Grimes hesitated, and all his plan was once more revolved in his mind.

"No, 'm," said he at length, with much decision, — "no, 'm. I don't exactly see how I could manage to fix it that way."

Mrs. Lovell sighed.

"I'm sure," said she, "I don't believe that poor Maudie would ever consent, but then she is sometimes very, very set, and I really don't know but that she might be brave enough. But how I could ever bear

to have her leave me I really do not know."

"Wal," said Grimes, who felt it to be his duty to disarm her fears as far as possible and to soothe her natural anxiety, — "wal, after all, you know, it won't be for long. It'll only be for a few days at the most. You'll then be joined again and meet to part no more."

Mrs. Lovell shook her head sadly and solemnly.

"Wal, the fact of the matter is, 'm," said Grimes, "it can't be managed, as I can see; for, you see, it won't hold more'n two."

"It?" repeated Mrs. Lovell. "What do you mean by it? Is it a carriage? Why, I'm sure I can sit anywhere, so long as I have Maudie, and know that she is safe. Or is it a horse? Are we to go on horseback? And why can't we go together? I'm sure I don't see why we can't go together, Mr. Grimes. Why, I'd be willing to ride behind Maudie, or even to walk so long as I had her with me."

"Wal, 'm, the fact of the business is, it ain't a carriage, nor a horse, nor is it any kind of land conveyance, or water conveyance either. You see, our position is a little peculiar, and to escape from Paris requires very peculiar contrivances. Now, 'm, my plan had reference to a — a balloon."

At this Mrs. Lovell started and regarded Grimes in unspeakable amazement.

"A what!" she said; "a balloon?"

"Yes, 'm," said Grimes firmly, for he felt that the time had come to grapple with this subject, and that the question must be decided at once.

"A balloon?" repeated Mrs. Lovell.

"You can't really mean what you say. A balloon? O Mr. Grimes! and I thought all the time that you were my friend."

"A balloon?" said Grimes, who felt wounded by this implied reproach. "A balloon? Why not? Why, 'm, a balloon is the safest and the easiest mode of travel that has ever been invented. I'm aware," he continued



with engaging candor, "that there does exist a kind of prejudice against balloons, but I assure you that it's quite unfounded. You only get into your balloon, let the wind be fair, and the weather any ways moderate, and let a cool head have the navigation of her, and I'll bet any money that you go by that balloon easier, pleasanter, quicker, safer, and altogether happier than by any mode of conveyance known to mortal man. Now, I *know* this to be the case as sure's my name's Grimes. Fact, 'm."

"A balloon!" exclaimed Mrs. Lovell, upon whom Grimes's remarks had made not the least impression, but who still clung to her prejudices against that mode of travel with unfaltering pertinacity,—"a balloon? Why, Mr. Grimes, you cannot possibly be in earnest. Why, it's downright insanity. A balloon? Why, can you possibly suppose that I could have the rashness to venture into a balloon? Why, I'm sure I'd just as soon think of allowing myself to be fired from a cannon. And is that all that you can do for me? O dear! Then I'm afraid that our case is indeed hopeless, and that nothing remains but to face the worst."

Mrs. Lovell spoke in a despairing tone which deeply affected her hearer. Grimes sat looking quite crushed, with an expression on his face which was made up of deep disappointment and equally deep remorse. But he struggled gallantly against both of these feelings, and at length found voice to speak.

"Wal, now, really, 'm, it strikes me that you're puttin' it a little too strong altogether. When you speak of despair, and facin' the worst, you see there is a remedy. After all, balloonin' ain't so bad as despair. Lots of people are leavin' Paris all the time by this mode of conveyance. There ain't a single fault you can find with it, except that you can't guide them very straight. That might be an objection if you wanted to go to some place in particular. But you see you don't want that. You simply want to get out of Paris,

no matter where you go. Now a balloon will do just exactly that for you. It'll take you far enough away from here to put you out of reach of battle and murder and sudden death; and plague, pestilence, and famine; and sieges, blockades, and bombardments. Now, if a balloon'll do just what you want to be done, and no more, I don't see why you should find fault with it because it don't do what you don't want it to do, and what it don't pretend to do."

To this Mrs. Lovell opposed the danger of such a mode of travel. Whereupon Grimes hastened to explain that there was no danger at all. Upon this a long conversation followed, in which Grimes endeavored to prove that a balloon was not only free from danger, but actually safer than *terra firma*. These arguments, however, made but little impression upon Mrs. Lovell, who found herself quite unable to overcome her fears.

The end of it was that Grimes, as he rose to go, informed her that he would call again in two days, and exhorted her to think over his plan. If she could bring herself to accept it, he would be ready to leave at once; if not, then it would be necessary for her to remain in Paris during the siege.

And so he departed, leaving Mrs. Lovell in a state of mind bordering on despair.

## XIX.

### THREATS CUT SHORT.

THE desire which Mrs. Lovell had expressed, for escape was certainly no weaker than it had been, nor had her sense of present danger in any way lessened. This sense of danger arose from various causes which must have fully revealed themselves. One class of dangers were those which were connected with the siege, involving plague, pestilence, famine, battle, murder, sudden death, explosions, bombardments, and red-hot shot, with other things of a similar character; all of which usually go to make up a first-class siege. The other class of dangers were those which



arose from the vindictive menace of Du Potiron, and his possible powers for carrying his threats into execution. What these might be she could not exactly know, and these dangers, therefore, became all the more terrible from being mysterious; but among the most prominent of those evils which might be impending from this quarter, her fancy suggested arrests, imprisonment, separation from Maud, trial, condemnation, and, to crown all, the guillotine.

Such fancies as these, whatever might be their cause, were certainly not adapted to promote peace of mind or serenity of soul. Yet such was the structure of Mrs. Lovell's character, that she did not allow any unusual depression of spirit to appear. Her chief desire was to keep these troubles secret from Maud, for it will be seen by this time that one of Mrs. Lovell's strongest characteristics was a most devoted and self-sacrificing affection for her younger sister. For this reason she had not told her anything about the particulars of Du Potiron's later visits, so that Maud was in complete ignorance of that person's plans and threats.

The next day came, and brought a new trouble to the afflicted lady. This new trouble came in the visible form of Madame Guimarin, who waited on Mrs. Lovell and requested a private interview. With some surprise Mrs. Lovell granted the request, and Madame Guimarin, prepared to make known the object of her call.

With many apologies and much circumlocution she mentioned the fact that she would be compelled to give up her house and seek a new home for herself. She assigned as the cause of this decision, first, the absence of lodgers; secondly, her own ill-health and nervousness; and, thirdly, a dismal apprehension which she had of some mysterious danger which was impending. On being questioned still more closely as to the nature of this danger, it came out that Du Potiron had been tampering with her, and had managed to work upon her fears to such an extent that her only idea now

was of instant flight. She had no confidence in anything. Paris was without law, order, or anything else. The whole city might rise any day from its present deceitful quiet, and the whole population might prepare at a moment's warning to cut one another's throats. Madame Guimarin had gone through 1848, and the *coup d'état*; and the Red Spectre was to her a very real and a very terrific apparition indeed. The good lady also warned Mrs. Lovell to seek the protection of some friends if she had any, and not live in this way apart and by herself; for she had good reason to believe that Du Potiron was preparing some very unpleasant combination against her; and she had equally good reason to fear that Du Potiron's influence in certain quarters was strong enough to enable him to carry it into execution.

All of this sank deep into Mrs. Lovell's soul and intensified her despondency. She now knew of nothing else that could be done except to seek once more the aid of Grimes. She could not remain in her present lodgings much longer. Madame Guimarin had named a week as the longest possible time that her exhausted nature could bear the terrible strain of her present position; and Mrs. Lovell saw that she would have to seek a new home somewhere within that time. Madame Guimarin mentioned one or two eligible places that were still accessible, but Mrs. Lovell concluded to wait and ask the advice of Grimes.

On the following day Grimes was to come again, and in her distress she looked forward to his appearance with an impatience that was quite unusual with her. At length a visitor was announced and she hurried to meet him.

To her intense annoyance she found the visitor to be, not Grimes, but the irrepressible Du Potiron. The annoyance which she felt was plainly visible in her face and manner as her eyes rested on him, and she did not make any effort whatever to conceal it. But Du Potiron took no notice of it whatever, and whether he saw it or not



could not be detected from his manner. His manner, indeed, was in every respect the exact counterpart of what it had been on his former visit: that is to say, first, as she entered he advanced to meet her with outstretched hands, eager eye, and enthusiastic smile; then on reaching her he stopped, laid one hand impressively on his heart, and made a most elaborate bow.

"Madame," said he, "I again haf ze honneur of to presenter mes respects, and to lay mes compliments at your feet."

"Really, sir," said Mrs. Lovell, "I think I have a right to call this a most unwarrantable intrusion, after what has already passed between us. I thought, after what I said the other day, that you would not call here again."

"Mille pardons, madame," said Du Potiron, in a very obsequious tone. "I haf not ze presumption to hope zat I sall be more agreable to you zan before, an' I must explain zat I haf arrive zis time to see ze charmant Mo, to whom I wish you to be kind enough to convey ze assurance of my consideration distingué, and inform her zat I wait to see her."

"If you have come again to see Miss Heathcote," said Mrs. Lovell, "I can only say that it is quite useless, for she positively will not see you."

Du Potiron smiled, and waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Mais, madame, will you not haf consideration? Conceive what ees my chagrin. Moreovaire I haf rights, zey must not be despise and disregard."

"You have no rights whatever, sir, as I have already explained. What you base your very impertinent claim on is a letter which was never intended for you."

"Pardon, madame, it was addresse to me, in response to a letter sent by me to Mo. What more would you haf? Mo haf nevaire taken back her acceptance. Mo still claims me and holds me. She nevaire make any explanation of what you haf call ze meestake. So where was ze meestake?"

"You are mistaken. Miss Heath-

cote wrote you in Montreal, explaining it all; and it's very strange that you never got it."

Du Potiron at this shrugged his shoulders in incredulity.

"Très bien, madame," said he, dropping the tone of obsequious politeness which he had chosen to make use of thus far, and adopting one of insolent rudeness; "aha, you haf said sufficient, and now eet ees my turn. I haf sometin' to say to you. Listen. I say I *sall* see Mo and you *must* send for her."

"That is absurd," said Mrs. Lovell, quietly.

"Absurd! très bien! You sall see, madame. I haf sometin for you zat sall make you comprehend me better, and become more complaisant zan you haf been. I haf come zis day as a friend for ze last time; and if you are unreasonable, I sall come again with means zat sall make you surrendre."

"I have already mentioned," said Mrs. Lovell, with unalterable coolness, "the fact that I neither believe in your power to injure me, nor fear it."

"You do not? Aha! très bien! then you sall see it. Aha, yes, you sall see it. You sall be brought before ze sovereign people. You sall be arrest. You sall be prisoner. You sall be punish."

"Who is to do all this, pray?"

"Who — moi — I — myself; in ze name of l'humanité."

"That is quite absurd," said Mrs. Lovell. "I live quietly here; I never harmed the sovereign people, and they don't even know of my existence. So how they can arrest me, and punish me for doing nothing, is a statement which I confess I am quite unable to make out."

"You not comprehend?" said Du Potiron. "Aha — très bien, zen I sall make zat you sall comprehend ze réalité. Look at me," he continued, slapping his chest vigorously and elevating his eyebrows, "do you see me? Who am I? Moi! I am a power. I haf command, influence, autorité. The tyrant ees overtrown," —



and he made a flourish with his right hand, — “ze people haf triumph!” — a flourish with both hands, — “they rise!” — a stamp of his foot, — “I rise!” — violent slapping of the chest, — “I haf command!” — another violent slapping, — “I am obey!” — a dark frown and both hands clutching each other convulsively, — “I harangue ze people!” — another flourish with the right, — “I indicate zeir enemies!” — a flourish with the left, — “I anform zem of ze spies, ze myriad spies zat fill Paris!” — hoarse intonations with clasped hands, — “ze spies zat Bismarck employ to effecter ze destruction of la France!” — eyes rolled up and hands crossed over breast, — “zat is my work!” — a wild outcry, and hands flung forward, — “to labor for ma patrie!” — two or three steps backward, — “and save it from ze insidious spy!” — a groan. “Trés bien,” — a smack of the lips, accompanied with a wild glare at Mrs. Lovell and followed by the stamp of both feet, — “and now do you comprehend? Hah?” — a wild gesture with clenched fists, — “do you comprehend ze danjaire zat impends? Hah?” — another fist flung out, — “who is ze next spy to denounce? Hah?” — a step forward with both fists flung forth, — “who is ze spy secret and mystérieuse zat conceal herself here in zis rue, in zis house? Hah?” — A gasp. — “Eef I denounce you, how sall you save yourself? Hah?” — Another gasp. — “Eef I denounce you as a spy, what sall you become in deux or tree day? Hah?” — A yell of maniacal derision, accompanied by snorts, stampings of both feet, and clappings of his hands. — “And zis is what you sall haf! I sall show no mercy!” — A gasp. — “I sall be inexorable!” — A howl. — “You sall be prisoner!” — slappings of the breast, gorilla fashion, — “and Mo — Mo le charmante — le tendre — Mo!” Here his eyes were raised in ecstasy to the ceiling, and the sentence died away in an inarticulate murmur.

So Du Potiron raved to this extent and still further. He had full swing. He let himself loose. He got the one

idea in his head, and let his fancy play freely round it. He was excited as a Frenchman only can be, and acted as an excited Frenchman only can.

As for Mrs. Lovell she had never been called on before to behold an excited Frenchman, and the sight of Du Potiron naturally created some surprise. She was not what is called a brave woman, nor did she ever dream of laying any claim to such a character; but on the present occasion she did not show the slightest fear. It may have been because in the appearance of Du Potiron there was less of the terrible than there was of that other quality which lies closely associated with it, — the grotesque, — bearing to it the same relation which the ridiculous bears to the sublime. Mrs. Lovell might therefore have been amused at the pranks which Du Potiron was thus playing before high heaven, had there not been various serious thoughts in her mind which checked all tendencies to mirthfulness.

Mrs. Lovell therefore stood looking at Du Potiron, neither smiling with mirth nor trembling with terror, but regarding him with cold curiosity and mild wonder. She appeared perfectly cool and self-possessed; and it seemed as though the spectacle of this coolness only served to increase the excitement of the visitor. In this position then these two were, Mrs. Lovell cool, calm, collected; Du Potiron lashing himself into greater fury, gesticulating, howling, menacing, taunting, interrogating, denouncing, advancing, retreating, shaking his fists, and going through all those performances which have already been so minutely reported. Now at this very moment and in the very crisis of this scene another person quietly made his appearance, entering the room behind Du Potiron, in such a way that he was not seen by that excitable and too impetuous person. The new-comer was the visitor whom Mrs. Lovell had been expecting impatiently for two long days, for whose appearance she had looked so eagerly, and who, had he tried, could not possi-



bly have chosen a better period for acting the *deus ex machina*, and thus winning the everlasting gratitude of Mrs. Lovell, than this very moment which chance had thus opened to him.

The new-comer was Mr. Grimes.

At the sight of him Mrs. Lovell's heart gave a wild bound, and she felt as if she could have flung herself at his feet in joy and gratitude. Du Potiron's back was turned toward him, so that he did not see Grimes, nor did he see the change in Mrs. Lovell's face; for just at that moment he had thrown his eyes, his fists, and his soul toward the ceiling, and was in the midst of an eloquent invocation of the goddess of Liberty and the genius of France. After which he once more resumed his strain of menace.

Grimes stood and looked around with an air of surprise; he returned Mrs. Lovell's glance with a benevolent smile that would have done honor to that lady's guardian angel, and then stood listening. He did not see Du Potiron's face and so did not know at first who this eccentric being might be, but finally, after a few moments' listening, he grasped the situation, and made up his mind as to his own course. Du Potiron was just showing Mrs. Lovell how inevitable her doom was, and how dark it would be, when at that moment Grimes walked toward him and laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Yes," said he, somewhat dryly, "all that's very well; but, my friend, you've got me to reckon with, and it strikes me that you've left that fact out of the account."

At this Du Potiron started as if he had been shot, and whirling round found himself face to face with Grimes.

For reasons that have already been explained, it is sufficiently evident that the man who now confronted Du Potiron was one of the very last whom he would have wished to see, and he stood staring at the new-comer in dumb bewilderment.

As for Grimes, he too was utterly amazed at seeing Du Potiron, but not

at all disconcerted. After the first surprise his glance of astonished recognition was succeeded by an expression of grim satisfaction, of a nature that was not by any means calculated to reassure Du Potiron.

"So it's you, is it?" said Grimes, slowly and with a sardonic smile. "I don't think we've had the pleasure of meetin' with one another since we parted in Montreal. I've got somethin' to say to you, and if you'll be kind enough to step this way, I'll take it as a favor. Allow me."

And with these words Grimes grasped Du Potiron by the collar, inserting his hand in no gentle manner down his neck, and forcing Du Potiron's head back in a particularly unpleasant way.

"I won't detain you long," said Grimes; "and this lady will excuse us for a moment."

Du Potiron struggled and gasped, but to no purpose. Grimes walked solemnly to the door with a slow, steady step, like Fate dragging his helpless prey after him. Arriving outside, he dragged him along the hall till he reached the top of the stairway. Then he stopped; and, still holding him by the collar, he stood in front of him and glared upon him like some avenging power.

"So, this is the way you pass your time, is it?" he cried, shaking Du Potiron with one hand till he trembled all over, and holding his clenched fist close to his face. "So, you can't find any better employment for your time, can't you, than to come here and bully an unprotected female. You miserably, skinny, lean, lantern-jawed, frog-eatin' Frenchman you! What do you think of yourself now? Hey? You did n't reckon on my bein' round, did you? Rather think not. Don't you feel that you're a poor, lost, guilty sinner by nature and by practice? Look me in the face, you miserable Parley Voo, and tell me what you mean by this."

All this time Du Potiron had been kicking, struggling, and cursing; but kicks, struggles, and sibilant French



curses, with the accompaniment of rolling guttural *r*'s, availed nothing to save him from the grasp of Grimes. At this last appeal he gasped forth something about "Vengeance — you sally *soffaire* — République — citizens of Paris," and other incoherences.

"So that's all you've got to say, is it? Well now, listen to me," said Grimes, fiercely. "If you ever dare to show so much as the tip of your infernal nose in this place again, I'll kill you! Do you hear that? I'll kill you! And now go."

Saying this, Grimes pushed Du Potiron forward toward the stairs and gave him a kick. Du Potiron went sprawling down and fell heavily in a confused heap at the bottom.

Grimes then turned back and walked toward Mrs. Lovell's apartments.

## XX.

### DRIVEN TO EXTREMITIES.

WHEN Grimes came back, he found Mrs. Lovell still there. She was very much excited and began to pour forth a torrent of grateful words. She told him how much she had suffered from the impertinent intrusions of Du Potiron, and how he had threatened her. In her explanation she did not allude to Maud, nor make any reference to Du Potiron's claim on her, for she thought it unnecessary. Grimes, however, had heard Carrol's story, and knew that Du Potiron claimed to be her accepted lover. The presence of the Frenchman in Paris was rather a puzzle to him at first; but as he now recalled the fright of Carrol on board the steamer, he perceived that his own surmises at that time were correct, and that Du Potiron had actually crossed the ocean with them; though how he had managed to conceal himself was a mystery. To Grimes it now seemed as if Mrs. Lovell was fighting off the Frenchman from Maud; for of Maud's own state of mind about the matter he, of course, knew nothing.

Mrs. Lovell all the while evinced

much agitation, and this grew stronger and stronger as she went on. It was the result of her intense excitement. After all, that interview with Du Potiron had been a sore trial, and the very calmness which she had maintained cost her no small struggle. Now that it was over, a reaction took place, and her nervous excitement grew worse and worse, until at length, in spite of her efforts, she burst into tears.

At this Grimes was overwhelmed. The sight of Du Potiron had created an excitement in his soul, but the sensation was of an entirely pleasing description. This spectacle of Mrs. Lovell in distress, shedding tears before him, — actually weeping, — created intense excitement, but of a kind that was altogether painful. He looked at her for a few moments in dumb despair, and a flush passed over his face. Then he started up from the chair on which he had been sitting and wandered in an aimless way about the room. Then he came back to her and implored her not to cry. Then he resumed his wandering career. At length, in the darkest hour of his despair, a bright thought came to him, illuminating all his soul. He at once acted upon it. The thought was in the highest degree natural. The thought had reference to that panacea for all woes which he himself always carried about his person; that generous spirit which he kept imprisoned in his flask, and which was even now in his pocket all ready to exert its benign influence over any sorrowing soul that might stand in need of it; in short, whiskey: so Grimes tore his whiskey-flask from his pocket and unscrewed the stopper, and took the cup from the bottom of the flask and poured out the whiskey till that cup was full and running over. The fumes of the strong liquid arose and filled the room and penetrated to the very soul of Mrs. Lovell, as it wandered far away in the regions of sorrow and tears. It startled her. She opened her eyes amid her tears and stared at Grimes.

He was before her on one knee, with his eyes fixed compassionately upon



her, a flask in one hand, a cup full of whiskey in the other. This he was offering her with a mixture of helplessness and anxiety that was most affecting. Now Mrs. Lovell was deeply agitated, painfully so in fact, nerves upset, and all that sort of thing, as was natural, being a lady of delicate frame and slender build; Mrs. Lovell, I repeat, was excessively agitated, and no end of direful forebodings at that time filled her heart, increasing that agitation; but at the same time the spectacle which Grimes thus presented as he held forth the proffered whiskey, together with the fact itself of whiskey of all liquors being offered to her, was so novel and so droll, that it produced a complete *bouleversement* of feeling. Terror vanished. Panic fled. Fear was forgotten. A long peal of merry laughter, on the healthy side of the hysterical, burst from her, and the refreshing effect of that laughter was such that it restored her to herself.

She declined the whiskey, and declared herself quite well again. It was the excitement, she said, of the late scene with that insane Frenchman, coming as it did upon other exciting scenes.

"And O," she went on, "this awful, awful place! I showed no fear, Mr. Grimes, no, not the slightest; but now, when I think of those dreadful Reds, and this man with his threats, I declare I dare not stay in Paris a moment longer. But how can I escape? O, what a fearful position! In prison here and exposed to danger. What can I do? He may have influence, as he says. Paris is always moved by the basest of the population. Robespierre was a miserable charlatan, yet he ruled Paris, and France too. People that in other places would only be despised become great men in this miserable city. Charlatans and knaves do what they please here. And how do I know but that by to-morrow Du Potiron himself may be governor of Paris?"

"That's very true," said Grimes, as he solemnly returned his whiskey-flask

to his pocket. "It's gospel truth, every word of it. The monkey and the tiger go together to make up the Parisian. I am Du Potiron's master to-day, but he may be mine to-morrow. There's no safety, as you say, ma'am, in this here infernal hole; and what you've got to do is this, you've got to fly."

"To fly? O, how glad I would be if I only could!" said Mrs. Lovell, in despairing tones.

"Wal, 'm," said Grimes, "that is the very thing I came to see you about to-day. I want to persuade you to fly, — to fly really, and literally, — to fly in the air, in a balloon. 'Fly with me,' is a poetic invitation which you find in some song or other, but I now say it to you in sober prose."

"But O, Mr. Grimes, the frightful danger!"

"Danger? why there ain't any danger at all. The balloon affords the easiest mode of travel known to man."

"Easy!"

"Yes, easy. Why, only think, you step into your car. The balloon rises, you don't feel any motion at all. The earth seems to sink away from beneath. Then it glides past you. You seem to be perfectly still. If you look down, you see the country sliding away, while you are motionless. If you are afraid to look down, you simply shut your eyes, and may imagine yourself to be in your easy-chair. You feel no motion, you don't even feel any wind. In this easy and agreeable manner you are carried away from this miserable place; and when you have gone far enough, you descend as gently as a flake of snow, and find yourself in Bordeaux, or Havre, or perhaps London. Easy? Why, it's luxurious. There ain't any such travellin' as this in all the world. Why, you'd never dream of objectin', if you knew all about it as I do."

"But what makes people so afraid about balloons if they're so easy?" asked Mrs. Lovell.

"Ignorance, ma'am," replied Grimes coolly, "mere ignorance. You see, the balloon can't be utilized for ordi-



nary purposes of travel, because it's generally at the mercy of the wind. But for purposes of escape it's invaluable. You get into your balloon on a calm day, and sit quiet, and in the course of a few hours you find yourself far away from all danger, safe and sound, free as a bird possessed of all the inalienable rights of man, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Mrs. Lovell listened eagerly to this, and in spite of herself was favorably affected by the confident tone of Grimes, and the pleasing picture which he drew of balloon travelling.

"But poor Maudie! How can I be separated from her?"

"Why, ma'am, I assure you she'll be as safe as you. My friend that I told you of'll take care of her; and I assure you he'll answer with his life for her safety, just as I will for yours."

"But who is he?" said Mrs. Lovell. "I cannot bear to separate from Maud; but to hand her over to the care of a stranger is really too dreadful."

"Wal, as to that, my friend ain't exactly a stranger —"

"Isn't he? Well, that is more encouraging. Who is he? Do we know him? Does Maudie know him? Is he a friend of yours? Who can he be? It can't be Mr. Carrol."

Mrs. Lovell made this suggestion in the most natural way in the world, for the simple reason that Carrol was the only one that she could think of who was at once an acquaintance of herself and of Grimes. She knew also that Carrol had crossed the ocean and supposed that he might have accompanied Grimes ever since.

As for Grimes, he had not intended to mention Carrol for reasons already stated; but since Mrs. Lovell had asked him directly, he saw no particular reason for concealment, and so he at once informed her that Carrol was the man.

This information excited in Mrs. Lovell's mind thoughts of an important character. The fact that Carrol

was here ready to take charge of Maud was in a certain sense very reassuring. If she could bring herself to attempt such a flight, she certainly could not hope to find a better companion for Maud than he would be. She understood the difficulty that had arisen perfectly; and though she had not heard of their recent meeting, she felt sure that the difficulty was a trifling one which could easily be explained. She sympathized deeply with Maud in the sorrow that she had suffered on account of the misunderstanding with Carrol, and longed to have it all cleared up. This seemed to her to be a way to such an explanation. If a balloon voyage could indeed be ventured on, then Maud might have a chance to explain or to come to an explanation, and the result could not be other than satisfactory to all concerned. One objection still remained, and that was that it was by no means in accordance with *les convenances* of society for a young girl like Maud to be committed to the care of a young man, but the natural answer to this was that in desperate emergencies *les convenances* must give way; and if one is flying for one's life from pressing danger, one must not be too particular about the road.

The result was that Mrs. Lovell began to look more favorably upon the plan of Grimes.

"I do assure you, ma'am," said Grimes with unchanged solemnity, — "I do assure you, and declare to you, that you are not safe here. A balloon? why, you'd be safer almost in a sky-rocket than you are here. Paris is more like a lunatic asylum than anything else that I know of. Everybody is ravin' mad, and you never can tell on one day what they're goin' to do on the next. Paris altogether beats me, and the more I see of the place and the people the more I feel dumbfounded. Now, if I'd only myself to consider, I'd hang on here, and see them put this siege through, for I've never been at a siege before; but as it is, I give up this fancy as an idle piece of curios-



ity, and I feel that the highest and proudest dooty of my life is to devote myself to the rescue of you ladies; which same, I'm free to say, my friend Carrol feels similar to me, and is likewise ready to be up and doin'. All that I want is your frank, and cordial consent. I don't want you to be timid about it; I want you to feel that the thing is safe and easy."

To this Mrs. Lovell had many things to say, all of which tended toward assuring herself further as to the safety of balloon travelling. Here Grimes came out strong. He explained the whole principle of the balloon. He gave a full, lucid, and luminous description of its construction. He described most minutely the improvements that had been made with the rationale of each. He gave much information about the past history of balloon voyages, and indulged in some speculations as to the future prospects of aerostation. To all of which Mrs. Lovell listened patiently and attentively, willing to believe the best, and to be convinced.

"Your decision," concluded Grimes, "must be made at once. The danger is pressin' and the balloons are ready. A favorable spell of weather has arrived. Now is the accepted time. We can start off at once, and remember that in a brief period of time you will soar aloft beyond these transitory troubles, and find yourself in the midst of a celestial calm. No matter where the wind may blow us, there we may go, and we will find safety and peace. But to do this we must leave at once. In fact, I may as well say that I've actually engaged the balloons. They're mine. We've got to go, and that's the long and the short of it. They're fine machines, not too large. Comfortable even to luxury, and fitted in every way to carry Grimes and his fortunes."

Some further conversation followed; but the end of it was, that Mrs. Lovell found her last objection answered and her last scruple removed by the eloquent, the cogent, and the resistless

pleadings of Grimes; and, with this understanding, he took his departure.

Hitherto Mrs. Lovell had kept all her troubles and her plans a profound secret from Maud; but now, of course, it was necessary to make her acquainted with her latest decision. The best way to act seemed to her to give a full, complete, and candid narrative of all the events of the past few weeks, so that Maud might understand the state of affairs, and comprehend in the fullest manner the position in which they were. After all, it was Maud who was chiefly concerned; it was for her that Mrs. Lovell incurred the danger that she dreaded, and consequently she had the best possible means of influencing her by a simple representation of the facts of the case.

She therefore told Maud about the various visits of Du Potiron, his impertinent assertions of a right to call on her, his insolent demands, and his violent threats. She informed her of her own encounter with Grimes on the Champs Elysées, and her appeal to him for help. She enlarged upon her own anxieties and terrors, and explained why she had not mentioned this before. She told her of Madame Guimarin's decision, and portrayed in glowing colors the utter misery and hopelessness of their situation. She then related the scene that had just occurred, where the violence of Du Potiron had been arrested by the appearance of Grimes. After these preliminaries she described the full danger of their life in Paris as it was now revealed to her own mind, and the possible fulfilment of the threats of Du Potiron. All these things served as an excellent introduction to the plan of Grimes, and the novel way of escape which he had proposed; when she reached this subject she endeavored to disarm the possible prejudices of Maud by resorting to the rose-colored descriptions which Grimes had given of aerial navigation. Plagiarizing from him, and quoting him, she presented the subject of balloon travelling in the most attractive manner possible, and thus by



easy gradation she reached the particular part of her subject about which she felt the most anxiety. This was their separation, and the association of Carrol with Maud.

Mrs. Lovell did not feel sure how Maud would take this, for she did not know exactly the present state of her mind with regard to Carrol. She at first alluded to him in general terms, and at length ventured to mention his name. Having done so, she quoted Grimes as to Carrol's eagerness to assist, and readiness to answer for her safety with his life; and concluded with an earnest admonition to Maud not to allow herself to be swayed by prejudices of any kind, but to snatch this opportunity of escape from danger.

To all this Maud listened without one single word. The whole thing came to her like a thunder-clap, but she was in such a depressed state of mind that her dull feelings were not much aroused. She was, in fact, in a mood to acquiesce with perfect indifference in any proposal which might be made, and consequently listened without emotion. But at length, when Carrol's name was mentioned, she experienced an instantaneous change. At once all her indifference vanished. A flush passed over her pale face, her dull eyes brightened, she listened with intense absorption to everything that Mrs. Lovell had to say, and the eagerness which she evinced showed that she was not at all inclined to offer any objections.

In fact, to all those things which had

terrified Mrs. Lovell, Maud was utterly indifferent. The threats of Du Potiron, the dangers of Paris life, the perils of balloon voyaging, all these were things of small moment to her. But the mention of Carrol was another matter. The fact that he had shown an interest in her, that he was capable of something like devotion to her, that he had volunteered an act of devotion, — all these things roused her. She did not stop to try to reconcile this professed devotion with the apparent indifference which he had manifested in their last interview; she was not sufficiently exigent to raise objections on the ground of his not calling; the fact of his offer was enough; and the idea of his association with her in an attempt to rescue her, made even a balloon seem attractive. To be taken by Carrol on that adventurous flight seemed to her the most sweet and blessed of conceivable things; and while Mrs. Lovell was wondering how Maud would receive such a startling proposal, that proposal was already accepted in the mind of Maud, and regarded with joy, as something which might alleviate her sorrows, by putting her once more in communication with Carrol.

And so it was that Maud's answer came clear and unmistakable and most satisfactory.

"O Georgie, what an awful time you must have had! I had no idea of it at all. What made you so close? Of course I'll do anything that you want me to; and as to balloons, do you know I think it would be rather nice? I do, really."

*James DeMille.*

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## JERRY AN' ME.

NO matter how the chances are,  
Nor when the winds may blow,  
My Jerry there has left the sea  
With all its luck an' woe:  
For who would try the sea at all,  
Must try it luck or no.



They told him — Lor', men take no care  
How words they speak may fall —  
They told him blunt, he was too old,  
Too slow with oar an' trawl,  
An' this is how he left the sea  
An' luck an' woe an' all.

Take any man on sea or land  
Out of his beaten way,  
If he is young 't will do, but then,  
If he is old an' gray,  
A month will be a year to him,  
Be all to him you may.

He sits by me, but most he walks  
The door-yard for a deck,  
An' scans the boat a-goin' out  
Till she becomes a speck,  
Then turns away, his face as wet  
As if she were a wreck.

The men who haul the net an' line  
Are never rich ; an' you,  
My Johnny here, — a grown-up man, —  
Is man an' baby too,  
An' we have naught for rainy days,  
An' rainy days are due.

My Jerry, diffident, abroad  
Is restless as a brook,  
An' when he left the boat an' all,  
Home had an empty look ;  
But I will win him by an' by  
To like the window-nook.

I cannot bring him back again,  
The days when we were wed.  
But he shall never know — my man —  
The lack o' love or bread,  
While I can cast a stitch or fill  
A needliful o' thread.

God pity me, I'd most forgot  
How many yet there be,  
Whose goodmen full as old as mine  
Are somewhere on the sea,  
Who hear the breakin' bar an' think  
O' Jerry home an' — me.

*Hiram Rich.*



## MISTRESS CASSANDRA LIPPINCOTT'S COURTSHIP.

THE first time that I met Captain Hopkinson was at Governor Hamilton's ball, given in February of the year 1750, now nearly forty years ago; and I never could quite make out why he should have taken such a vast fancy to me, when there were so many other damsels of higher quality present, all eager for the notice of the gallant king's officer, as he was then. Certain it is, he quite lost his heart on the spot to an insignificant little rustic, and, as he hath since told me, never rested content till he had made her his honored wife. I have always held the notion that the new sky-colored tabby, flowered with silver thread, that mother had out from London in the course of the winter as a present to me against my birthday, which fell on the very day of the ball, had no small share in the matter; for 't was universally pronounced the very pink of elegance, and was undoubtedly of the newest mode in design and shaping. With a modest patch on the left of the cherished dimple in my chin, and my hair in powder, I must confess that I was at my very best. I never could boast of particular good looks, but dress and neatness are great beautifiers, and I never spared soap or water, holding that a clean smooth skin is vastly better than an ill-kept complexion, repaired with paints, washes, etc. My low stature, too, was thought a sad disadvantage in my youth; but by the help of unconscionable heels to my shoes, a high-piled head, and a certain upright carriage of the shoulders, which my mother insisted upon under all circumstances, the difficulty was in some degree overcome.

My brother Richard, who escorted my mother and me to the ball, burst into a fit of merriment when I came slowly and carefully into the drawing-room, where he had waited impatiently, whilst black Dinah, my own woman, had admitted the house-servants, one

by one, to view my grandeur in the rooms above. Dick, I say, fell to ridiculing my stately appearance, and swore that if it were not for my towering head, my high heels, and trailing gown, I should be a minikin with whom no one would dance at the ball. Struck by the unwelcome truth of his remark, a shower of tears would speedily have put my new dignity to flight, had not Dick (affectionate soul!) immediately kissed my hand with great gallantry, and soothingly vowed that I would carry it with the best of them for grace and elegance, and that tall females were not to every man's taste, thank God! The coach being come to the door, he handed us in, and away we rolled to my first ball. So many years have elapsed since this (to me) important occasion, that my memory serves me but ill in the matter of recalling the events of the evening. I can now think of nothing but the minuet I walked with Captain Hopkinson, the glasses of negus I took from his hand, the elegant bows he executed, the air with which he wielded my large fan when I ventured to mention the heat, and, crowning all, his grand appearance as he stood at the door of our coach into which he had handed us; my last impression being of a fine martial figure with laced hat sweeping the ground, and diamond shoe-buckles brought closely together in a final salute.

It was a sore business to condescend to the paltry duties that came with the morrow. I turned upon my pillow to dream of the ball again, provoked that day had dawned to put all my fine visions to flight.

From the night of this ball date all my joys and sorrows; as for mother, she scarce knew a happy day afterward. Our poor Dick was the kindest, the most loving soul alive, but his very good-nature was his bane, and he filled a drunkard's grave at last, the



beginning of his ruin being as follows : Going down to Philadelphia on the day after the ball to dispose of a large quantity of grain that lay in our barns unsold, he fell in with a set of roysterers, old school friends, the which importuning him to join them in their thoughtless orgies, poor Dick, too good-natured to refuse, passed a week in their evil companionship, drinking and gaming away the whole of the proceeds resulting from the sale of our commodities. He wrote a truly penitent letter to our mother when the money was all spent, confessing all, and vowing that he would then and there enlist in the king's service, if she would but say the word, for that he felt himself to be an unthankful villain, unfit to come home and consort with a decent family. This news shook my mother sadly (she was a widow and he her *only* son), and being but in a poor state of health, I feared lest she should sink under the shock. She did not care a fico for the money, for, thank Heaven ! we had plenty and to spare ; but she mourned over the poor youth's grievous fall. She wrote him to return to his home at once, and that he should be received with the welcome accorded to the Prodigal Son. Dick lost no time, and 't was a happy evening when we were again united, *our* prodigal sitting betwixt us, holding a hand of each, recounting his iniquities, and promising with tears and blushes of shame to amend his conduct. Alas ! 't was only a fortnight after this that he went for a stroll through our village, and, being lured into the brandy-shop, the pest of the whole place, returned at night with a host of vagabonds at his heels, singing and brawling till our entire household was awoken from innocent slumber and his shameful condition a secret to no one. Mother sat up in bed, pale as death. (I had run into her chamber at the first intimation of what was going forward below.) "Cassandra," said she, "is it the Indians?" for the poor soul was always thinking of them ; but, before I could answer, Dick commenced to beat on the wall

with his cane, roaring meanwhile in a loud, thick voice, "Cass, Cass, I say, come down and open the door!" And then mother knew.

I was really at my wit's end, and was considering what steps to take in the matter, when I saw the flash of a candle under the door, and heard old Pomp, our black man, go down the stairway with his slow shuffling step, grumbling to himself as he went. I ran to peep over the baluster, and waited with beating heart while the old man unbarred the door and called out, "Is dat you, Mass' Richie?"

"Yes, you black 'Gola," was the answer ; "how durst you keep a person of my quality waiting at his own door? Make way there ; I have fetched this company of gentlemen to sup with me." All this was delivered in a thick, stut-tering voice that I scarcely knew for Dick's own sweet tones.

"Ay, why do you keep a gentleman out of his own house?" bawled one of the drunken retinue. "Play your cane about his shins, noble Dick, and choke the caitiff with his own candle ; or no, set fire to his wool!" And then followed a shout of foolish laughter.

"If e'er a one of you offer to tech me, except Mass' Richie," said old Pompey stoutly, "I blow off his head wid dis yere blunderbush." And he pointed a rusty old horse-pistol of my father's at the crowd, which to be sure fell back in great confusion, although the weapon had not been loaded for ten years, if they had but known it. The old creature then caught Dick about the body and hauled him into the house without further ceremony, barring the door again in spite of the blows rained upon it from the outside. He never said a word, but led my unhappy brother, struggling violently, up to his chamber, and, after a scuffling and bumping that went on overhead for the best part of an hour, no more was heard of Dick till next morning, when he came down to breakfast at nine, looking like a man about to be hanged. "Good morning, my child," said mother cheerfully (he little knew she



had spent the night in prayer and weeping); "wilt thou have a mug of ale or a cup of our good strong tea? Either will benefit thee greatly."

"Good God, ma'am," cried Dick, dropping his head and bursting into tears, "such kindness is too much for such a beast as I am become, and I'd rather be rated than bear it, so I would."

"We must all have our troubles, child," said mother sweetly, whilst I set a cup of our choice tea close to his hand, "and thine are but beginning; 't is all in thine own hands, Richard; thou dost not want for parts, and Heaven hath given thee a fine person and excellent prospects. Remember, thou art but just come to man's estate, and the enemy is but newly upon thee. Plenty of time is granted thee to amend. As for me, my days are not now very long, but I would fain see thee well settled and in a discreet, virtuous way of doing before I go. Thou art soon to be trusted with the care of little Cassy here; dost think thou art now in the way to become a suitable guardian of thy sister?"

Promises of amendment followed, and I sugared not less than five cups of tea which Dick drained to the very lees, while planning out volubly a course of future conduct to set him again in the straight path. But 't was all of no avail; bad habits so easily taken up are hard to set down again, and poor Dick was too weak to prolong the struggle beyond a fortnight or so. Some weeks after this sad piece of business he came in from a stroll, and kissing me as I sat at my seam (he was always a tender, affectionate lad), says, "Cass, who, dost think, is lodging at the Haycock?"

Of course I could not guess.

"No other, then, than the Captain who led you out so handsomely at the governor's ball, and made such a fine leg in the minuet. He says he is here on business, but I've a notion that he is come for a look at you; for he was uncommonly civil to me for no reason at all, and swore that he desired nothing better than my friendship and good

opinion. We had a bottle of Burgundy together, and I bespoke his company to dinner to-morrow."

I grew hot and cold by turns as Dick spoke, for, to be honest, I had thought more times than a few of the gallant officer who had honored me with such particular notice at the ball, and I was secretly well pleased with this opportunity for further acquaintance. I was sorry that the occasion scarce warranted the bringing forth of the sky-colored tabby, but I laid out my neat green and white striped linen gown and high-heeled shoes that night, and did not think of going into bed till I had made me a rose-colored true-lovers' knot for my hair, which I resolved upon dressing in a new and intricate design I then had in my mind.

I had a charming dream in the morning before I awoke; methought I was taking the air in a most beautiful garden, arrayed in my tabby, and hand in hand with the Captain, who presently plucked a posy of spearmint, May roses, and other sweet-scented flowers, which he presented to me kneeling, vowing that he would not rise till I had sworn to be his forever! Before I could bring my courage to speak the consent I fully meant to grant, I awoke and found the sun shining brightly, and the sweet smell of our climbing rose coming in at the windows. Although 't was Sabbath day, and mother scarce approved, I went into the pantry and whipped creams and custards for dinner, making, too, a tipsy-cake, the which I have generally found to be to the liking of most gentlemen, and which I stayed from meeting to watch in the baking, not venturing to trust to the discretion of our black cook, Jinny, who had a notable aversion to the entertaining of company on Sunday, and rarely failed to take measures for discouraging the practice. Everything turning out to my satisfaction, I arrayed myself in the striped gown and its belongings, and walked about the garden for a half-hour to compose my spirits and to cool my cheeks, that were become of the true Blowsabella tint,



through my exertions in the kitchen and pantry.

At twelve o'clock our family coach, with mother and Dick, rolled through the great gate into the avenue of horse-chestnuts, and I needed not to be told who rode beside it, with white breeches and scarlet coat shining so splendidly in the sunlight. I was silly enough to contemplate running away and hiding in my bedchamber till mother should send for me; but the Captain spied me while still afar off, and swept off his cocked hat in a salute that brought his head to the saddle-bow. Mother's pale face, all the whiter for the black velvet hood she wore, looked smiling from the coach-window; and Dick winked at me with so much meaning over her shoulder, that the courtesy I had meant should be so stately turned out to be a mere ugly *cheese*, from the ill-management of my stiff gown in the flurry of my spirits. But O, such a fine bow as the Captain executed when he had alighted, flinging the reins of his tall gray charger to the servant who had followed at some distance! and the air with which he led my mother into the house! We see nothing of the sort nowadays in these parts, where the young men are grown such coxcombs that I verily believe they think it a vast condescension to notice females at all, young or old. At dinner, the Captain did not address his attentions particularly to me, but engaged my mother in sensible and agreeable discourse, mentioning at length his widowed mother, who, he said, had heard much of *my* mother through Governor Hamilton's family, and would have the honor of waiting upon her at a suitable opportunity.

I had caught a glimpse of Madam Hopkinson at the ball, and a grand dame she was, exceeding tall and stately, wearing a costly Brussels lace head upon the top of her wig, and a gown of tea-colored brocade fit for a queen; and I secretly trembled at the notion of a visitation from such a mighty personage. My mother, who had lived out of the world of fashion since my father's decease, returning to it but for

my sake on the occasion of the ball, was mightily amused with the Captain's lively discourse, and I had not seen her so well entertained for years. He requested permission to wait upon us whensoever he should be in the neighborhood, where, as he said, he should have frequent calls of business; and mother readily consented, as she was well advised of his belongings, and knew of nothing in his disfavor. He did not sit at wine with Dick, much to the latter's contempt, but followed us almost immediately to the drawing-room, where, opening my spinet, he requested a song; I sang the whole three I had been taught at the academy, and he was pleased to bestow many flattering encomiums upon my voice and manner, both of which were very well suited to the taste of the time, but would make small sensation now, since screeching and gesticulation are become the mode, and nature left far behind.

When night fell, the Captain called up his man, who had been properly entertained in the kitchen below, and, mounting his gray horse, rode away to Philadelphia. For a week I trod on air, finding it a hard matter to settle down to my seam, music, or books.

On the Sabbath following I was on the lookout, half hoping to be disappointed; for matters were not well with us at home. But the gray horse clattered up the avenue just before tea was served, and my heart gave a leap of joy, notwithstanding that I had good cause for sorrow; for Dick had been again to the brandy-shop and was lying senseless up stairs, where we heard his heavy snoring through the open windows. My mother was greatly out of spirits, and the Captain (who understood everything at a glance) did not prolong his stay beyond an hour, kissing my mother's hand on taking his leave with a respectful sympathy that brought the tears to my eyes.

A fortnight passed and we heard no more of the Captain; Dick meanwhile really going from bad to worse, being fetched home night after night in a



state I cannot dwell on. Mother grew more feeble every day, and finally took to her bed. We had two medical men from Philadelphia, but they said that nothing could be done; an inward complaint of a most serious sort was hurrying her to the grave. This was a terrible hearing, although *she* had long realized her perilous state, and even our poor Dick was frightened into decent behavior for a while; but, on mother mending somewhat, the infatuated youth returned to his former ways, and drank and brawled till our hearts were wellnigh broken.

Our parson had several times been at the pains to remonstrate in a friendly manner with the thoughtless lad on his evil courses, and at length threatened to take some public action in the matter, if Dick did not hasten to amend his conduct, which, as Parson Trotter truly declared, was a crying scandal, perverting the youth of the village from virtuous, sober ways, beside sending our mother away out of the world before her time was come.

Dick took all in good part, shedding tears of repentance and agreeing to amend, but really, as it seemed to me, going all the more swiftly down the broad road to ruin. At length he was found one night, fallen from his horse on the high road, in a senseless condition from drink; and Parson Trotter, getting wind of it, went next morning to Squire Ellwood, our county magistrate, and made open complaint against the poor lad, whereby he was summoned to appear the following week to answer the charge of drunkenness on the public highway.

When Pompey put the notice into Dick's hand that afternoon, the poor lad turned a deathly white; he was weak already from the previous night's debauch, and his head sank upon the table before him. I took the paper and was struck with a chill of horror at the disgrace that had come upon us.

"O, I am undone!" cried the poor youth; "my sins have found me out, and I am fitly punished. O my mother, my mother!"

I comforted him as best I might, saying that the matter should be kept strictly from our mother, and offering to bear him company to the Squire's office, which latter, however, he would not hear to, saying, that as he had sinned alone, he meant to take his punishment alone, as best became a man.

This was on Wednesday, and Dick was completely sobered for the rest of the week; his disgrace had put by the taste for strong drink, although he continued to consume such vast quantities of ale, that it was really a standing wonder how that he could hold such an amount. The matter was carefully kept from mother, who still lay very ill; but the servants were well advised of the whole transaction. Indeed, the village was agape at the news, Parson Trotter having lost no time in proclaiming his share in it to all and sundry.

As for me, I found my anger justly aroused at this unchristian proceeding, for such it surely was in the state of things,—my mother lying at death's door, and no father to stand by our poor Dick; and I should have ventured upon speaking my mind to Parson Trotter, only that he took excellent care to keep away from our observation.

Dick was not destined to undergo the dreadful ordeal, however, for our blessed parent breathed her last on the very morning before that of the pending disgrace; and Parson Trotter, being summoned in great haste, was prevailed upon, at my entreaty, to speak a good word for the orphans, and actually did arrange the matter satisfactorily with our benevolent Squire, who said, that as Heaven had seen fit, through the death of his mother, to interpose between the sinner and his just punishment, the matter should rest then and there for the present; so that it really seemed as if our mother had died to save her son from disgrace.

About an hour or so before the great change (for which she was fully prepared), she discoursed calmly with me on our affairs, giving me many charges as to the proper fulfilment of her intentions respecting Dick and me; and I



gave to her my solemn promise that I would never turn against my poor brother, but uphold and comfort him as well as I might, in the hope that time would bring about some amendment in his conduct. But alas! this was not to be; for, notwithstanding that Dick was as one in the lowermost depths of despondency at our bereaved condition, refusing indeed to be comforted at first, in less than a week he resorted to the bottle, assuring me that his remorse of conscience was of such a sort as could only be drowned in strong drink. He was wise enough, however, to fetch his means of comfort (!) home and apply it at leisure, not choosing to risk another exposure.

Mother left to me our farm, with strict injunctions not to put it up at sale so long as I remained unmarried, for that she meant it should be always a safe home to me, whatsoever should befall. To Dick was left the remainder of the property, — some few cottages and pieces of valuable ground, the which he lost little time in converting into ready money, destined, alas! to be wasted upon worthless companions in wicked and senseless riot.

Captain Hopkinson, who had all this time been detained in New York on military business, arrived at home on the day of my mother's burial and rode up to the funeral. He was greatly grieved and shocked at the news, which seemed to him so sudden, as he had last seen my mother in moderate health, and looked for nothing less than her death.

At this time, my mother's cousin, Mistress Dorothy Lucas, a poor gentlewoman somewhat in years, came from Boston, according to previous agreement with my deceased parent, and took up her residence with us at the farm, where we all dwelt very satisfactorily together; she never interfering with Dick in any way, and proving to be a most valuable acquisition to our household, that had thriven but indifferently under my unaccustomed authority. She brought with her a letter from my father's sister in Boston, who

kindly advised me to rent out the farm and come to live with her in that city, where she kept great state and entertained the best of company, and where I should receive from her the welcome of a daughter; meanwhile Dick was to be left to shift for himself and squander his property at leisure.

When my poor brother came to hear of this plan, wherein everything was contrived for my comfort, and nothing whatever for his, he was quite cast down, and besought me with tears in his eyes, not to cut him loose on the waters of life, where his poor leaking bark was sure to go down at once! When he found that I did not entertain the notion for an instant, he embraced me with joy, and vowed I was his hope and treasure, whom he meant always to protect with his life if need be.

When our natural grief was somewhat abated, Captain Hopkinson renewed his agreeable visits, the which, from being at first fortnightly, and then weekly, soon became much more frequent, to my exceeding great content. He would sometimes fetch with him books of poetry, which he read aloud to Mistress Dorothy and me with appropriate gestures, as we sat at our knotting in the arbor on warm afternoons, and our relative (to whom he paid respectful court) was quite won by his polite attentions, vowing that he minded her greatly of a swain of her own, with whom she had coquetted so disastrously in her young days that he was obligated to leave her for a more compliant damsel, since which she had never seen his like till now.

I discovered that the Captain had a pretty taste in versification of his own, before the summer was out. There came a strolling portrait-painter to the neighborhood during the month of August, and Dick was bent upon having my miniature done upon ivory; so a sitting was arranged, and the man fetched his paraphernalia in a leathern case one afternoon, to make a beginning. I have the picture yet, though in a somewhat faded state; but I cannot flatter myself that it was ever very



like, as the man gave me a complexion of lilies and roses such as I am sure I never had, and was obliged to paint in my hair and eyebrows of a jet black from lack of the required brown pigment, of which, he said, he was most unfortunately out, and could come at no more nearer than New York. As the sitting had been arranged in the arbor, it being a very warm day, I threw over my head an elegant yellow gauze scarf of my deceased mother's, to protect me from the glaring sun; and, on making my appearance before the painter, was greeted with such exclamations of admiration as induced me to be taken off in this novel headgear. Captain Hopkinson, who was present, declared it resembled a halo, or *glory*, about my head, and whispered in my ear that he should henceforth call me *Gloria*, after the fashion of the day, when gallants racked their brains to invent fictitious names for romantic damsels.

This incident was the occasion of my discovery of the Captain's talent in the making of verses; for next morning, as that blundering Dick was idling about the drawing-room, he took from my work-bag, which I had not yet opened, a paper inscribed with the following elegant stanzas, and, seating himself upon the table, read them aloud in a lackadaisical tone before I knew what he was at, he never noting the while that I was roasting with vexation and shame.

#### TO GLORIA.

Were I a bee I'd haste to sip  
The sweets that hang on Gloria's lip;  
Or were I summer's scented air,  
I'd frolic 'mid her nutbrown hair.

What sparkling jewels e'er can vie  
With those that flash in Gloria's eye?  
What flowers compare to those that blow  
On Gloria's cheeks, on beds of snow?

My lady's gown is striped full gay,  
Like crocus-blooms in bowers of May;  
The gauze that shades her neck and arms  
But borrows whiteness from their charms.

O would I were the velvet band  
That parts that arm from snowy hand!  
Or, better still, the scarf of lace  
That holds her in a light embrace!

My lady's bodice doth enclose  
A feeling heart for others' woes;  
Then why, my sweet, must I complain  
When thou canst ease my tender pain?

The strokes of fate would daunt me not,  
Were Gloria near to soothe my lot;  
For all of good would still be mine  
If Gloria whisper, "I am thine."

"Vastly fine," quoth Dick, "and in the Captain's hand too, no less. But, pray, who may this Gloria be? A fanciful personage doubtless, and made up out of the Captain's brain. Well, he hath a very pretty fancy; but after all's said and done, 't is no such great matter to string a few fine sentiments together and make the tag ends of the lines to rhyme; I'll bet a pound that I could cap him if I'd nothing more important (!) to do." So saying, he cast the paper upon the table, and, to my great joy, stalked out of the room without bestowing another thought upon the matter. To run and secure the verses in the pocket of my *striped gown* was the work of a moment; and when Mistress Dorothy came into the room, I was sitting demurely at my seam, my heart filled with wrath at poor, innocent Dick, but very light, nevertheless, with the sweet revealings of the Captain's pen.

"Why, child," says Cousin, "thy cheeks are red as pippins, and there is even a little cherry on thy chin. This room is too stuffed: go, take the air for a while in the garden, or I shall have a fever-patient on my hands."

The business was not destined to progress much further just then, for at this time, our outlying settlements on the Delaware being much harassed by a bloodthirsty band of Indians, and matters being come to such a crisis as demanded some speedy measures to be taken for the safety of the settlers, on the day following the affair above mentioned two companies of soldiers were ordered to march to their relief, with directions to exterminate the tribe if necessary, and the Captain's was one of the two chosen.

Never shall I forget the evening on which he came up to the farm to make his farewells. Dick had been very un-



easy since the first intimation of the expedition, and with great sighs and groans lamented his hard fate that had not cast his lot in the army. Not a few of his wild comrades in the village volunteered in hot blood for the frolic (?), and the foolish lad was sorely minded to follow their example; but, as he said, "By gad, Cass, I am a gentleman, and it goes against my stomach to consort with the rabble; but O, I do wish I had the king's commission, sign, seal, and all in my pocket, and I should soon be off, and not be compelled to gnaw my fingers at home, curse the luck!" All his talk was now of military matters, and I was sadly fearful lest he should be tempted to enlist, notwithstanding that Cousin and I set before him our natural objections to being left alone, with ne'er a man, save old Pompey, to protect us in the event of thieves, murderers, and such like coming upon us in the night. On the morning before the appointed day he disappeared very early, purposing to see the drill in the public square of the town, and we saw nothing of him till evening.

About five o'clock the Captain's horse galloped up the avenue, and O, how my heart sank at the jingling sound of his sword, as he leaped to the ground and tied his charger to the big buttonwood that shaded the porch! He made no allusion to his approaching departure until Cousin Dorothy had left the room on household matters, and I, who, sooth to say, had been wishing her away before, was now frightened and would gladly have followed her. At the first mention of the dreaded business, I trembled and felt the blood desert my cheeks; for the dire thought darted through me that I might never again behold this being, who had somehow become most closely twined about my heart. Seeing my discomposure (for I really think I was about to faint), the Captain rose precipitately, and, seating himself at my side, took my hand respectfully and said, "Can I dare flatter myself, Mistress Cassandra, that these tokens of

sympathy are manifested for so unworthy an object as myself? or is it only the thought of violence and bloodshed, so repugnant to the feelings of a delicate female, that produces these interesting but alarming symptoms?"

I was murmuring I know not what in reply, when the door flew open with a bang, and that most provoking Dick burst into the room with a wild hurrah, his face aflame with drink, and communicated the startling news that he had enlisted in the Captain's company and was going off with the others on the morrow!

This completed my disorder, and I was obliged to retire to my chamber for a time, filled with feelings of a mixed nature, in which hope and apprehension struggled together for mastery. Seated at my open window, the better to calm my excited state, I presently heard Dick and the Captain at high words below, and made out that the latter was taking his new recruit severely to task for his rash step. This put Dick on his mettle, and he recommended the Captain to keep his nose out of other people's business; and, to some quiet remark of the latter, answered, "Stay behind then, and coddle the women yourself!" And he went whistling out of the house, mounted his horse, and scoured away to the town to make a night of it.

When I ventured below stairs again, the Captain was striding up and down the floor, buckling on his sword which he had laid aside for convenience during his visit, talking meanwhile with Mistress Dorothy, who sat at the window with a pile of Dick's shirts, sewing on missing buttons and darning frayed ruffles; her poor old eyes red with weeping and her hands trembling over the work. I went to her after dropping my courtesy to the Captain. "O child," says she, "this is sore news for us! What would thy deceased mother say if she knew it? The poor thoughtless lad will be killed and scalped, I've not a doubt of it."

"Nay, madam," said the Captain



gently, "do not increase the distress of your young relative by such dismal forebodings; for my own part, I am not without the hope that this business may work a change for the better in Richard's character; and rest assured that I will not fail to keep an eye to him in the hour of danger, and protect him as far as mortal man may do. And now I must be gone, for I have much to do before I sleep to-night."

So saying, he took up his hat and shook hands with Cousin Dorothy, who rained down good wishes upon his head and wept copiously. He then turned to me, and, as my hand lay trembling and cold in his, said, in a low voice, "I thank God, dear madam, that I am enabled to lay aside all selfish thoughts and wishes in these last moments, and I can only pray that his choicest favors may rest upon you in the time of anxiety that is approaching."

In a moment he was gone, and I caught up one of Dick's shirts and sat down with my back to Cousin Dorothy, resolved that I would not betray to her my disordered condition. I was presently roused by her telling me that the Captain had given the most particular directions to old Pompey for the proper protection of the household during Dick's absence, but that, for her part, she looked for nothing better than our all being murdered in our beds some night; her voice sounded dully in my ears, for I heard the ringing of a horse's hoofs outside and fled away to my room, to pray that the man of my heart might be restored to me again in safety. The parting with Dick next day had like to have riven my heart in twain, and I really felt for a time that my doubled anguish was more than nature could brook. Every one knows the result of these expeditions against the Indians (now, thank Heaven, so much less frequent than in those days),—the shocking bloodshed, and, in many instances, the utter extermination of the offending tribe. It was doubtless, in this case, a necessary measure; but the soul revolts at the idea of the massacre of so many unenlightened crea-

tures, whom Heavens must surely have created for some other purpose than the falling a prey to the king's soldiers, who shot them down like ravening beasts. In a fortnight all was done, and the companies returned with but little loss. Our poor Dick got an Indian arrow in his side, which was drawn so unskilfully by the surgeon that the wound inflamed, and he was not his own man for a fortnight. Captain Hopkinson escaped without a scratch, and tended Dick carefully on the homeward journey, devising everything for the poor youth's comfort that human ingenuity could accomplish, and conducting himself in everything as became a brave and humane man.

And now I was so well assured of the state of the Captain's affections, that I must needs borrow a leaf from Cousin Dorothy's book of experience and fall to playing the coquette; I did not come to any great honor in this new character, however, as will appear.

The first visit he made to the farm after his return, we walked about the garden as the twilight fell, and I could see that he was striving by various arts and contrivances to bring the discourse to a tender point; somewhat fluttered at what was pending, I must needs declare that Dick required my attendance at his bedside, where I had left Cousin Dorothy to entertain him while I waited on the Captain.

"O no," said the latter, "I cannot consent to allow you to peril your health in such close confinement, and I am sure that Richard is very well with Mistress Lucas. Come, sit with me in the arbor and honor me with your attention for a few moments, for I have that to say to you that will not brook longer delay; but, first, pluck a flower for me with your own fair hand, that I may have a token of encouragement."

The Evil One entered into me, and, whipping off a sprig of scarlet cock's-comb near at hand, I presented it with a deep courtesy. In a moment I had repented, but 't was too late; with a face as red as a flame, and a look of reproach



that cut me to the soul, he said, as he took the offending flower, "A most fitting rebuke indeed, madam; for I had the vanity of a coxcomb truly when I fancied I had your favor."

I stammered and turned cold: "O, I did not mean offence, 't was not intended." And hastily breaking off the nearest blossom, I thrust it into his hand without perceiving that it was a bachelor's button! With a merry burst of laughter, the Captain seized my hand and the opportunity at one and the same time, crying, "It rests alone with thee, charming creature, whether this be appropriate or the contrary; for I hereby swear, if thou dost not approve my suit, that I will wear this odious emblem forever!"

Where was the use of holding out further, when I had fully settled in my mind to have no other man in the world?

Before we thought of going into the house (shame to say, I had completely forgotten poor Dick), we arranged to be wed that day month if matters should progress according to our wishes; the Captain promising to fetch his lady-mother to wait upon me immediately, according to propriety.

She came in a day or two, in her coach and pair; and really our drawing-room appeared too small when she was come into it with her frills and furbelows, huge fan, wig and broad hat, her waiting-woman following her with a cross-grained spaniel in a cushioned basket, the Captain bringing up the rear with a comical smile upon his face. I, who had put on all my best in readiness for the visitation, stood courtesying respectfully near the chimney-piece, not venturing to come forward; when she spied me, she pointed me out with an arm that was like to that of a man for all its lace frills and delicate silk mitten, saying, "Pray, who is this little person?" I was like to drop for very shame; but the Captain ran forward, and, taking my hand, drew himself up proudly, saying, "This, madam, is the lady who has so graciously consented to share my humble lot, when you

shall be pleased to bestow upon us your blessing."

Without moving, she said, with a little frown, "Why, how is this, Harry? I thought that thou hadst been an admirer of fine, tall females."

"So am I, madam," he made answer, "an admirer of tall women in their prime." And he secretly nipped my little finger as he spake.

"Hum, well," said she, somewhat appeased; "but, sir, let me tell you that little women do not grow taller as they approach maturity; and they grow old, too, and are still pygmies." And she eyed me with a look of triumphant disfavor.

"Nay, mother," said he, leaving me, and raising her hand respectfully to his lips, "no woman *ever* grows old to the man who loves her." And she being beaten with the weapon she did not fear, *flattery*, was pleased to open her arms and fold me in a huge embrace that went nigh to smother me, and then sat down afterwards to discuss the marriage from all points. She never cast my stature in my face again, and even went so far as to say that my air was very well indeed, for a country-bred chit. She assumed all the management of the wedding outfit, sending me the gown itself as a present, a white lutestring that was of such a sort for thickness as to break a whole row of the best needles in the difficult process of sewing it together. We had a fine wedding to please Madam Hopkinson, although I should have been better suited with less parade, considering the comparatively recent decease of my dear mother, whose countenance and advice on this important occasion I greatly missed. Dick journeyed all the way to New York to buy for me a string of pearls as a wedding-gift; and he was in his element when the day arrived, going nigh to spoiling everything with taking too much wine and making foolish speeches in the gladness of his heart. Poor lad, we had not been wed quite a month, and were looking about us for a suitable residence in town, when he was struck



down with a kind of raving fever, and never rose from his bed again; the doctor said 't was all the effect of strong drink, and gave us little comfort from the first; the kind of life the misguided youth had led for the past year had so shaken his constitution that 't was scarce possible he could rally.

O the long, sad nights that we sat out at his bedside, the Captain, Cousin Dorothy, and I! 'T was a sad ending to our honeymoon, but I gained skill and experience then that served me well in after years. He raved like a bedlamite, now thinking himself in the town with the evil companions who had led him astray; now madly plucking at fancied serpents that were writhing and twining about his body; anon calling piteously upon the bystanders to drive away the devils and imps that were climbing upon his pillow to grin and mock at him.

On the first night that he was come to his proper mind again, he looked about him as one waking from a dream and called for brandy in a strong voice. The doctor had left no directions as to the administering of the baneful stuff, and the Captain was loath to take the matter into his own hands.

"I am mending fast," said Dick, striving to sit up in his bed, when he could scarce lift a limb; "give me the drink if there be any feeling in ye, I am sinking for want of it."

"Nay, Richard," said the Captain, gently, "think no more of the accursed stuff that hath brought you so low; I could not answer to my conscience did I give it you now; it hath wrought so much of evil, that I marvel you can think on it without a shudder."

"You've no call to be so virtuous," said Dick, sulkily; "I've seen you toss off your bumper as well as another."

"Ay, lad, so you have," said the Captain kindly, as he stroked the poor youth's hair from his hot forehead, "but I always know when I have had enough."

"So do I," said Dick, "but I never find it out till I am under the table." And he turned upon his pillow with a

sigh that seemed to come from the very bottom of his heart.

When the doctor came again, he ordered that a teaspoonful of brandy be occasionally administered, for that it could no longer work harm; my brother was fast wearing away, and human aid could avail naught to save him. I knew that it was best so, but my heart was sore within me at the thought of our approaching separation. He sank apace, notwithstanding the stimulative action of the brandy. The night before his death he called me to his bedside (he would have none but me to wait upon him now), and, taking my hand feebly, said, "Cass, thou art the sweetest soul, after mother, that ever lived upon earth, and art too good for any living man, ay, even the Captain yonder, who has been a brother to me when I least deserved it. Cass, I have been a great sinner, and my transgressions rise up before me now in all their hideousness. I despised seasonable warning, and am done to death in the very flower of my youth through my perversity." And the poor lad fell to weeping, in very pity of his sad case. I strove to cheer him, turning his thoughts to the future rather than the past, which could give him but little comfort now, and, when he was become somewhat easier in his mind, he said humbly, "I have reason to be thankful that I die now; for should I live a twelvemonth longer, I could scarce fail to drink and game away my last hundred pounds, leaving you and the Captain to be at the charges of my burying; as it is, there will be enough to put me away decently, and something left for you, mayhap."

Our dear lad made a pious end, repenting his sins and forgiving his enemies as became a Christian; and although I heard that Parson Trotter had the ill-manners to say that he was a good riddance to the parish, I know that thrice as many people came to dear Dick's funeral as were at the pains to attend that of the parson himself, who died a year or so after; from which I make bold to draw my own conclusions.

K. T. T.



## A TRIUMPH OF ORDER.

A SQUAD of regular infantry,  
In the Commune's closing days,  
Had captured a crowd of rebels  
By the wall of Père-la-Chaise.

There were desperate men, wild women,  
And dark-eyed Amazon girls,  
And one little boy, with a peach-down cheek  
And yellow clustering curls.

The captain seized the little waif,  
And said "What dost thou here?"  
"*Sapristi*, Citizen captain!  
I'm a Communist, my dear!"

"Very well! Then you die with the others!  
"Very well! That's my affair!  
But first let me take to my mother,  
Who lives by the wine-shop there,

"My father's watch. You see it,  
A gay old thing, is it not?  
It would please the old lady to have it,  
Then I'll come back here, and be shot."

"That is the last we shall see of him,"  
The grizzled captain grinned,  
As the little man skimmed down the hill,  
Like a swallow down the wind.

For the joy of killing had lost its zest  
In the glut of those awful days,  
And Death writhed gorged like a greedy snake  
From the Arch to Père-la-Chaise.

But before the last platoon had fired,  
The child's shrill voice was heard!  
"*Houp-là!* the old girl made such a row  
I feared I should break my word."

Against the bullet-pitted wall  
He took his place with the rest,  
A button was lost from his ragged blouse,  
Which showed his soft, white breast.

"Now blaze away, my children!  
With your little one—two—three!"  
The Chassepots tore the stout young heart,  
And saved Society!

John Hay.



## A QUAKER WOMAN.

"I DON'T care who thee marries," Aunt Rebecca used to say, "grave or gay, rich or poor, but he must at least have had a Quaker grandmother!"

Aunt Rebecca's logic was perhaps better than her grammar, at all events her heart was large enough to cover both; but — will you believe it? — I never once thought of her injunction the first time I met John! And as the first time was really the last and final time so far as I was concerned, and resulted in the purchase of a lovely sole-leather trunk with my initials on it, and a trip of thousands of miles across the Plains with him, I may truly be said to have forgotten it altogether. So that on arriving in this far-away San Francisco, at his father's house, with every mark of the world's people upon its windows and its walls, judge of my surprise to find hanging in the library, as family portraits in substantial gilt frames, a Quaker grandmother, and grandfather too, as natural as life!

Then I saw why, in spite of myself, I had married John! That it was the Quaker in *me* that had found response in him. All the underlying delicacy, the inner refinement of soul which makes John, with his broad shoulders and his gay laugh, the most adorable of human beings, had its explanation in those portraits on the wall. I blessed every fold of the soft muslin kerchief that framed the full throat of Grandmother More, for I knew that the heart that once it covered was gentle and kindly to the end. And my heart went out in reverence to the clear prim border of her wondrously starched cap, for I saw in it the spotless purity of her walk in life and the mild asceticism of her ways.

The other portrait was not so distinctive; Quaker men are not and cannot be so different from the rest of the world in garb as the sisters of their

sect. Their breadth of brim is rivalled by many an English gentleman of middle age and stout proportions; and as for the straight lappel of the coat, in these Ritualistic days one is apt to set down any peculiarity of cut to the sartorial requirements of creed, and pass it as a "vestment" of some sort, sanctioned by the Church.

But I kiss my hand to both the dear benign faces, and thank them for my husband. Is it that the abnegation of all ceremony, the stripping from life of all those lying little conventions and easy-going forms which pass current in the world for genuine, — the moral heroism which Quaker conversation requires, — has given him in this generation his inheritance of true courtesy? When life is reduced to the abrupt yea and nay, of necessity the graces of kindness and delicate thoughtfulness, golden consideration for the feelings of others must be cherished, or man becomes a savage again. Thus Quakerism, taking refuge in straitness from the etiquette that with all its uses is oftentimes so hollow-hearted, keeps alive and bright in its rigid setting the glow of charity and love.

Out of Philadelphia and its corresponding "Quarterly Meetings" the Quaker is an exceptional figure. In other places he seems like a colonist. The Quakers of New York, influential and wealthy as many of them are, — and a *poor* Quaker, anywhere, is a *rara avis*, — are still a part of the roar and the rush, and drive quite naturally from the week-day meeting to the "Board" at noon. A gay color slips in now and then in dress or upholstery. The Quaker bonnet is not worn so demurely, but covers unlimited business aptitude, a talent for subscription getting and for a wider field of worldly intercourse than the traditions of the sect justify. But the charities are comprehensive and wisely administered, which



justifies the subscriptions, and the essential qualities of the peculiar people are only merged, not lost, but hidden in the dust of Broadway.

Quakerism, though it lives on the southeast coast, never has taken kindly to New England soil, and the New England Quaker of to-day has a strong flavor of Puritanism, a dash of the salt, sharp spray about him, that would go far to reconcile the ancient grudge. There has been an interchange; Yankee philosophy has become tinged with Quaker inspiration, and the "Friend" in his lymphatic way has absorbed the keen, driving qualities of the people he lives among. Despite some few dramatic figures, Quakerism in New England does not seem intact as a unit; and it is a question if Lucretia Mott, Nantucket born though she be, apart from the fostering influence of Philadelphia, would have reached the serene prophetic height of her gracious womanhood.

In the West the Quakers are of the Philadelphia type, primitive and simple, save that the exigencies of the new, rapid life compel sometimes a trivial departure from the ordered ways: where drab alpaca is not to be had, a blue or green cotton print must take its place; and if there is nobody to take care of the babies at home, they must be brought to "meeting," albeit an occasional cry disturb the sweet serenity. The vexed question of maternity *versus* a public career was calmly settled in one of these "meetings" not so very long ago. The clerk of the meeting—it was a week-day gathering for business purposes—sat calmly at her table taking "minutes" and putting questions. The meeting-house was a barn-like structure with an adjoining chamber devoted apparently to rafters and darkness. From this crypt, at one interval of the proceedings, a crying child was handed in to the clerk, who hushed it in motherly fashion and handed it back to its obscurity again. Nobody was disturbed, no one was impatient at the episode; it made not a ripple on the calm tide of the morning's business,

and nobody laughed save a few visiting Philadelphians, who had not anticipated, in attending country "meeting," the easy solution of a problem which bids fair to rend the world. But this was on the "women's side" of the house; for in the wise ordering of the Quaker church, each sex has its own peculiar province, its own business and discipline, and its own "concerns" as to what is going on in the society.

The Quakers of Baltimore are also slightly modified, though to the unpractised eye they would be pronounced as like as two peas to the original type. Potent as are the influences of the Philadelphia markets, the tables of Baltimore overflow with richness, and there is more expansiveness, seemingly, in the more southern city. Here and there along the border, however, are stern old figures, whose name was a synonyme of rest and refuge for the fugitive in the bygone days, and whose lives were crusades, to the bitter end, against the nation's wrong.

But how portray the Philadelphian! How estimate the leaven of domestic virtue, of kindling benevolence, of patient acquiescence in the things that be, that makes any change in the established order of things, even the undoing of an iniquity, to be dreaded as an earthquake in the Quaker City. The brooding peace so secure in its "goodwill to all," that it sleeps while storms are lowering, is not to be disturbed lightly or with careless hand. The magnificent aplomb, the calm diplomacy which urges the "weighing" of a question, the taking time to consider it, and finally, when factions grow too strong for a settlement to come without a division or a split in the meeting, the injunctions "that Friends let the matter rest till a more fitting season," "till Friends' minds have longer dwelt upon it," are unequalled in the history of any sect. Had more impassioned judgment, more rapid decisions, more vehement action, been allowed by the traditions, the Quakers as a distinctive body would have been dispersed long ago, their scattered fragments forming



the nucleus of many a wise and good organization, but as a "peculiar people" their value and testimony would have been lost. Their leaven in other religious bodies might in measure have atoned for their loss, but there would be no more stately figures in the "gallery," no more sanctified stillness in the body of the meeting, and no more of those "troops of shining ones," that Charles Lamb loved so well.

No one ever saw a Quaker beggar, and no one had ever opportunity to relieve a Quaker from pecuniary distress. The inquisitorial income tax is anticipated by the freemasonry of the "Friends," and domiciliary visits are frequent among them. Each member is taxed, heavily or lightly, as his circumstances permit, for the general fund; and from this fund, in the most delicate way, the wants of the needy in the society are supplied. All is done so quietly, that few except the dispensers and the recipients of the charity know anything about it. The apostolic injunction to bear one another's burdens is faithfully and ungrudgingly carried out; and, indeed, some of the shining lights of the society have been in their threadbare circumstances thus generously cloaked by this proud *esprit de corps*.

The wayfaring man may well put off his shoes from his feet when he crosses a Quaker threshold. Peace and holiness dwell therein, and the home is an embodiment of spotless housekeeping and refined and gentle taste. The parlor with its carpet of greens and browns, the plain sofas and chairs framed for convenience and comfort, the square table with its sober cloth, bear witness to the solidity and gravity of the household life. Some small attempt at decoration there may be if there are young persons in the household, which shows itself in a bright bouquet of autumn leaves and nodding grasses, or perhaps a simple Parian vase with one waxen flower or trailing vine. But these are all toned in the sombre setting, and one turns to the books for distraction. Solid and well selected all, dignified

histories and scientific treatises, the graver poets, always a Milton, the latest and freshest works on mosses, ferns, or sea-shells. A scientific romance with Creation for its theme, a glimpse at stellar worlds may be permitted; but Professor Huxley, I think, would be disallowed on these grim and frowning shelves.

A plain, comfortable carriage, with sleek, shining horses, brings the honored visitors home from the Yearly Meeting, and, despite the severe simplicity of the drawing-room, the table in the dining-room is a groaning miracle. Rich old china, glass elaborately carved and cut, heirlooms in silver and the wares of Japan, set forth the good fare for which Quaker households are famous; and, despite the ice-water creed of Americans and the temperate testimony of the "Friends" themselves, the wine which there is offered you may be depended on as both generous and stricken in years.

Yet through the refined economies of the stately matron who dispenses these good things with such simple grace, no greater amount of money has been expended by the year's end than in less plentifully supplied households. If the market basket be heavy, there is balance in other things; there are no elaborate lace curtains to be refreshed and renewed, and the solid simplicity of the upholstery is less subject to wear and tear than the airy gimcracks of worldly establishments. Above all, the close attention to detail, the careful "looking after" servants, motherly supervision of their morals and their manners, no less than their daily work; the judicious thrift which makes every purchase tell, and the gentle treatment which renders the humblest member of the household a willing and responsible co-operator, go far to make a Quaker kitchen indeed the earthly paradise.

And with all this housekeeping and entertaining of guests, the meeting and committee work, visiting the poor and "dealing" with the erring, which makes a Quaker woman's work, no children



on earth are more tenderly reared, more carefully nurtured, than the babies whose socks are not of the color of this world. They learn from their mothers the matchless refinement of conscience which makes a Quaker education the backbone of so much that is lofty in character. While they are young they do not feel the restraints and guards which press so heavily, so intolerably on the young men and maidens. There is time for everything in a Quaker family, even time for demure plays in the plain language and thoughtful dressing of dolls. The little boy who reproved his brother for saying in a rage, "Thee nasty little *you*, thee!" by the threat of, "O James! I'll tell mother thee *swore*!" has probably long since grown up and learned there are other tithes than those of mint and cummin.

Quakerism seems to blossom and attain its bright consummate flower in the mature woman. Her large liberty of thought and action, the protection of her distinctive garb which enables her to penetrate by night or day dens and hovels where another woman would meet only danger and insult, have broadened her walk in life and given full play to her sympathies and every impulse of benevolence. A Quaker bonnet is indeed an ægis under which the most defiant Woman's Rights have walked demurely, unsuspected in all these years; and its wearer is at once the exponent and the forerunner of the sixteenth amendment. Her conversation, debarred of dress and dancing gossip, seeks naturally a graver level, and with husband and sons she takes counsel of the interests and needs of her time. The Woman's Medical College takes refuge under the broad brims of Quaker managers, and every Quakeress is a preacher by natural right anointed from on high.

But the traditions and discipline, all genial as they are for womanly growth and grace, are not so favorable, I think, to the development of a man's character. It is impossible to divest the young man Friend (the vocabulary is

not rich in distinctive epithets), especially if he has made broad his phylacteries and stiffened the collar of his coat, of the mask he seems to wear. It is so hard to crucify the healthy pagan instincts of the flesh, to eliminate boating and boxing and the vigorous manly sports that have come to us across the water, that, when all this has been done, the character seems to have lost much of its fibre.

The young Quaker, with so much of the richness of life shut out, plunges into the excitement of manufacturing and selling goods, in the safe speculations of well-grounded mines and steady-going railways, and gives to the accumulation of money, the driving of a bargain, all the young energies of his manhood. He is liberal enough with the money thus made, gives it ungrudgingly to the freedmen, the Indians, and during the war — poor fellow! the only way he dared — to the hospital service of Sanitary and Christian Commissions.

The young Quakers who broke through the restraints of the sect, when war summoned all young life to the front, were very summarily "dealt with" by the conservative, the Orthodox body of Friends, and disowned without fear or favor. But the more progressive and elastic organization of the Hicksite Friends, in numerous instances philosophically concluded to overlook the backsliding and condone the offence in consideration of its being a "peculiar trial." Of course there were dealings and conferences on the subject; but as the young Friends retorted on the old that the main questions of the fight were but the result of Quaker teachings after all, and Quaker fellowship with the downtrodden and oppressed, the matter came to a deadlock and was dismissed. It was settled all the sooner, I imagine, because the "inner light," the inspiration, could be quoted as forcibly by the young defenders of the faith as by the old conservers of the doctrine.

Perhaps in slighter degree and less heavily the restrictions of the sect bear



upon the Quaker maiden, but none the less is the graceful growth of her nature confined in narrower limits than Heaven ordained for it. To dance and sing, to wear bright ribbons and dainty robes, seem as natural to girlhood as for a bird to plume its feathers and a flower to shine out in the sun. The Quaker girl "wears her rue with a difference" perhaps, but the fashion of her garments, her colors, and her walk and conversation are her mother's with but slight remove. Her youthful energies are devoted to the acquirement of dainty housekeeping or fine seamstress-ship, and to stocking her mind with solid knowledge. She is in all respects "the old-fashioned girl." It is the logical preparation, doubtless, for the freedom and fulness which mature womanhood will bring. The vine, whose fruit is for kings' tables, must be shorn of all gay luxuriance, and its bare brown branches nailed to narrow trellis, unsightly and ungraceful. Very fine is the vintage; but, alas for the vine! Youth comes only once, and as the years fleet past, one cannot but wish that she could snatch at least the rainbows on the foam as the river goes speeding on. It is so easy to laugh and be gay now, and afterwards it is so hard. But if the Quaker girl feels these things in her soul and inwardly beats against the bars, there is no trace of discontent or disquiet in her pure, still brow. And her simple dress is such grateful contrast at times to the fantastic toilets of to-day, that the eye rests upon her, well pleased. For her own sake only, one might wish the rose in the hair, the knot of ribbon at the throat, and that the little boots that pat so soberly on the pavement might lend a livelier measure.

Once in a decade or twice (there are statistics for these things) there is a grand burst, and ranks are broken; I speak now of the "Orthodox" body, whose rebellious spirits take refuge in the bosom of the Episcopal Church. They are apt to seek the extreme, and become, if not Ritualistic, at least fervent adherents to form and fasts and

holydays. But their works do follow them even there, and they are generally foremost and active in the church charities and in the teaching of Sunday-schools.

But those who are left behind pursue their quiet way. They "pass meeting," that is, ask the approbation of the society upon their approaching marriage. The antecedents of both are inquired into, and as in most instances there is no fear of daylight in these clear consciences, the marriage is allowed. There is seldom question of separation in these unions, and never of divorce. If there be difference of character or taste, the weight of public opinion, the habit of gentle speech and kindly demeanor under circumstances the most exasperating, go far to reduce the discordant notes into harmony.

"Putting on the plain bonnet," which is the Quaker taking of the veil, means for married or single a more rigid consecration to the aims of the sect. Temple and pulse may throb wildly at times beneath its cool shade, and the most arrant selfishness and cunning may lurk under the broadest brim, but it compels an outward decorum and purity. We are such creatures of our surroundings, that after a while the pulses tone into quiet harmony with the garb, and the cunning must mask itself into deepest hypocrisy to escape the searching "queries."

These are questions asked in the open Yearly Meeting, which, if truthfully and honestly answered, make of the society one grand confessional. No mere inquisitive prying, but a calm scrutiny of walk and conversation that they fall not behind the lofty ideal and brave exemplars of old. The Litany of the Episcopal Church is an aspiration, a prayer that may be recited with mechanical lips; but these queries, covering as they do the manifold duties of man to his Maker, his neighbor, and himself, are asked with grave authority, and *must* be answered. Each little tributary meeting makes up its answers and sends them up to the great body that sits once a year, and who shall



say that this annual introspection, in the ears not of one man but of all, kinsfolk and stranger, near and far, is without its influence and its use? Thoroughly carried out, it comes nearer the Day of Judgment than anything else.

Some of these "queries," those which refer to "amusements" and to worldly pleasures, seem to us now to be crystalized absurdities. If the fathers had but confined their "testimony" to the abuse and not the use of these things, there would hardly be anachronism in the worn old discipline to the most liberal and broadest of their descendants. It would be good to live by, now as then!

But the great defect in Quakerism, an error which even the monastic ascetic escaped of old, is that it takes no account of the impulse and craving for beauty, the art instinct in human nature. All such things are "the lust of the eye," and to be shut out with discreet and shading hand. In the cultivation of flowers and the enjoyment of natural scenery, the Quaker craving for beauty alone finds expression. But human nature is hardly dealt with when the rich legacies of art are denied it, and revolt seems the natural result. Hence photographs, as perhaps the plain reproduction that cannot lie, are stealing into many a sober dwelling.

And a Quaker's trip to Europe brings home many ideas and memories to store away with the photographs.

Music is still the great Apollyon, the open sesame, to all that is bad and immoral. In the Quaker "First Day school" the children are taught to *say* their hymns, not to sing them; and the golden chain of the sweet, soaring young voices lies all unused. The Do-Re-Mi-Sol is a shibboleth as yet to Quaker tongue, and the "singing woman, Jane Lind," was openly preached against of yore.

The drama of course cannot be named to "Friendly" ears, though many a ripe elder finds worldly wisdom no less than spiritual satisfaction in the page of William Shakespeare. This one lapse into toleration may account for the fact that occasionally a young party, apparently not at all sure of themselves and manifestly snatching at forbidden fruit, may be seen, as one hath expressed it, "to sit an hour with Joseph Jefferson." And who could blame them? Hardly the Shakespeare reader in his heart, if he could only enter with them, unawares.

But, when all is said, I go back to Aunt Rebecca's philosophy, and for the last word in life as well as ethics, I thank Heaven that my husband, and I too, had a Quaker grandmother!

*Mrs. J. L. Hollowell.*

## THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

### VIII.

THE Master and I had been thinking for some time of trying to get the Young Astronomer round to our side of the table. There are many subjects on which both of us like to talk with him, and it would be convenient to have him nearer to us. How to manage it was not quite so clear as it might have been. The Scarabee wanted to sit with his back to the light, as it was in his present position.

He used his eyes so much in studying minute objects, that he wished to spare them all fatigue, and did not like facing a window. Neither of us cared to ask the Man of Letters, so called, to change his place, and of course we could not think of making such a request of the Young Girl or the Lady. So we were at a stand with reference to this project of ours.

But while we were proposing, Fate



or Providence disposed everything for us. The Man of Letters, so called, was missing one morning, having folded his tent—that is, packed his carpet-bag—with the silence of the Arabs, and encamped—that is, taken lodgings—in some locality which he had forgotten to indicate.

The Landlady bore this sudden bereavement remarkably well. Her remarks and reflections, though borrowing the aid of homely imagery and doing occasional violence to the nicer usages of speech, were not without philosophical discrimination.

—I like a gentleman that *is* a gentleman. But there's a difference in what folks call gentlemen as there is in what you put on table. There is cabbages and there is cauliflowers. There is clams and there is oysters. There is mackerel and there is salmon. And there is some that knows the difference and some that does n't. I had a little account with that boarder that he forgot to settle before he went off, so all of a sudden. I sha'n't say anything about it. I've seen the time when I should have felt bad about losing what he owed me, but it was no great matter; and if he'll only stay away now he's gone, I can stand losing it, and not cry my eyes out nor lay awake all night neither. I never had ought to have took him. Where he come from and where he's gone to is unbeknown to me. If he'd only smoked *good* tobacco, I would n't have said a word; but it was such dreadful stuff, it'll take a week to get his chamber sweet enough to show them that asks for rooms. It does smell like all possest.

—Left any goods?—asked the Salesman.

—Or dockermunts?—added the Member of the Haouse.

The Landlady answered with a faded smile, which implied that there was no hope in that direction. Dr. Benjamin, with a sudden recurrence of youthful feeling, made a fan with the fingers of his right hand, the second phalanx of the thumb resting on the tip of the nose, and the remaining digits diverg-

ing from each other, in the plane of the median line of the face,—I suppose this is the way he would have described the gesture, which is almost a specialty of the Parisian *gamin*. That Boy immediately copied it, and added greatly to its effect by extending the fingers of the other hand in a line with those of the first, and vigorously agitating those of the two hands,—a gesture which acts like a puncture on the distended self-esteem of one to whom it is addressed, and cheapens the memory of the absent to a very low figure.

I wish the reader to observe that I treasure up with interest all the words uttered by the Salesman. It must have been noticed that he very rarely speaks. Perhaps he has an inner life, with its own deep emotional, and lofty contemplative elements, but as we see him, he is the boarder reduced to the simplest expression of that term. Yet, like most human creatures, he has generic and specific characters not unworthy of being studied. I notice particularly a certain electrical briskness of movement, such as one may see in a squirrel, which clearly belongs to his calling. The dry-goodsman's life behind his counter is a succession of sudden, snappy perceptions and brief series of co-ordinated spasms, as thus:—

“Purple calico, three quarters wide, six yards.”

Up goes the arm; bang! tumbles out the flat roll and turns half a dozen somersets, as if for the fun of the thing; the six yards of calico hurry over the measuring-nails, hunching their backs up, like six cankerworms; out jump the scissors; snip, clip, rip; the stuff is wisped up, brown-papered, tied, labelled, delivered, and the man is himself again, like a child just come out of a convulsion-fit. Think of a man's having some hundreds of these semi-epileptic seizures every day, and you need not wonder that he does not say much; these fits take the talk all out of him.

But because he, or any other man, does not say much, it does not follow



that he may not have, as I have said, an exalted and intense inner life. I have known a number of cases where a man who seemed thoroughly commonplace and unemotional has all at once surprised everybody by telling the story of his hidden life far more pointedly and dramatically than any playwright or novelist or poet could have told it for him. I will not insult your intelligence, Beloved, by saying *how* he has told it.

— We had been talking over the subjects touched upon in the Lady's letter.

— I suppose one man in a dozen — said the Master — ought to be born a sceptic. That was the proportion among the Apostles, at any rate.

— So there was one Judas among them, — I remarked.

— Well, — said the Master, — they've been whitewashing Judas of late. But never mind him. I did not say there was not one rogue on the average among a dozen men. I don't see how that would interfere with my proposition. If I say that among a dozen men you ought to find one that weighs over a hundred and fifty pounds, and you tell me that there were twelve men in your club, and one of 'em had red hair, I don't see that you have materially damaged my statement.

— I thought it best to let the Old Master have his easy victory, which was more apparent than real, very evidently, and he went on.

When the Lord sends out a batch of human beings, say a hundred — Did you ever read my book, the new edition of it I mean?

It is rather awkward to answer such a question in the negative, but I said, with the best grace I could, "No, not the last edition."

— Well, I must give you a copy of it. My book and I are pretty much the same thing. Sometimes I steal from my book in my talk without mentioning it, and then I say to myself, "O, that won't do; everybody has read my book and knows it by heart." And then the other *I* says, — you know

there are two of us, right and left, like a pair of shoes, — the other *I* says, "You're a — something or other — fool. They have n't read your confounded old book; besides, if they have, they have forgotten all about it." Another time I say, thinking I will be very honest, "I have said something about that in my book"; and then the other *I* says, "What a Balaam's quadruped you are to tell 'em it's in your book; they don't care whether it is or not, if it's anything worth saying; and if it is n't worth saying, what are you braying for?" That is a rather sensible fellow, that other chap we talk with, but an impudent whelp. I never got such abuse from any blackguard in my life as I have from that No. 2 of me, the one that answers the other's questions and makes the comments, and does what in demotic phrase is called the "sarsing."

— I laughed at that. I have just such a fellow always with me, as wise as Solomon, if I would only heed him; but as insolent as Shimei, cursing, and throwing stones and dirt, and behaving as if he had the traditions of the "ape-like human being" born with him rather than civilized instincts. One does not have to be a king to know what it is to keep a king's jester.

— I mentioned my book, — the Master said, — because I have something in it on the subject we were talking about. I should like to read you a passage here and there out of it, where I have expressed myself a little more freely on some of those matters we handle in conversation. If you don't quarrel with it, I must give you a copy of the book. It's a rather serious thing to get a copy of a book from the writer of it. It has made my adjectives sweat pretty hard, I know, to put together an answer returning thanks and not lying beyond the twilight of veracity, if one may use a figure. Let me try a little of my book on you, in divided doses, as my friends the doctors say.

— *Fiat experimentum in corpore vult,*

— I said, laughing at my own expense. I don't doubt the medicament is quite



as good as the patient deserves, and probably a great deal better, — I added, reinforcing my feeble compliment.

(When you pay a compliment to an author, don't qualify it in the next sentence so as to take all the goodness out of it. Now I am thinking of it, I will give you one or two pieces of advice. Be careful to assure yourself that the person you are talking with wrote the article or book you praise. It is not very pleasant to be told, "Well, there, now! I always liked your writings, but you never did anything half so good as this last piece," and then to have to tell the blunderer that this last piece is n't yours, but t'other man's. Take care that the phrase or sentence you commend is not one that is in quotation-marks. "The best thing in your piece, I think, is a line I do not remember meeting before; it struck me as very true and well expressed: —

'An honest man 's the noblest work of God.'"

"But, my dear lady, that line is one which is to be found in a writer of the last century, and not original with me." One ought not to have undeceived her, perhaps, but one is naturally honest, and cannot bear to be credited with what is not his own. The lady blushes, of course, and says she has not read much ancient literature, or some such thing. The pearl upon the Ethiop's arm is very pretty in verse, but one does not care to furnish the dark background for other persons' jewelry.)

I adjourned from the table in company with the Old Master to his apartments. He was evidently in easy circumstances, for he had the best accommodations the house afforded. We passed through a reception-room to his library, where everything showed that he had ample means for indulging the modest tastes of a scholar.

— The first thing, naturally, when one enters a scholar's study or library, is to look at his books. One gets a notion very speedily of his tastes and the range of his pursuits by a glance round his book-shelves.

Of course, you know there are many fine houses where the library is a part of the upholstery, so to speak. Books in handsome binding kept locked under plate-glass in showy dwarf book-cases are as important to stylish establishments as servants in livery, who sit with folded arms, are to stylish equipages. I suppose those wonderful statues with the folded arms do sometimes change their attitude, and I suppose those books with the gilded backs do sometimes get opened, but it is nobody's business whether they do or not, and it is not best to ask too many questions.

This sort of thing is common enough, but there is another case that may prove deceptive if you undertake to judge from appearances. Once in a while you will come on a house where you will find a family of readers and almost no library. Some of the most indefatigable devourers of literature have very few books. They belong to book clubs, they haunt the public libraries, they borrow of friends, and somehow or other get hold of everything they want, scoop out all it holds for them, and have done with it. When *I* want a book, it is as a tiger wants a sheep. I must have it with one spring, and, if I miss it, go away defeated and hungry. And my experience with public libraries is that the first volume of the book I inquire for is out, unless I happen to want the second, when *that* is out.

I was pretty well prepared to understand the Master's library and his account of it. We seated ourselves in two very comfortable chairs, and I began the conversation.

— I see you have a large and rather miscellaneous collection of books. Did you get them together by accident or according to some preconceived plan?

— Both, sir, both, — the Master answered. — When Providence throws a good book in my way, I bow to its decree and purchase it as an act of piety, if it is reasonably or unreasonably cheap. I *adopt* a certain number of books every year, out of a love for the foundlings and stray children of other



people's brains that nobody seems to care for. Look here.

He took down a Greek Lexicon finely bound in calf, and spread it open.

Do you see that Hedericus? I had Greek dictionaries enough and to spare, but I saw that noble quarto lying in the midst of an ignoble crowd of cheap books, and marked with a price which I felt to be an insult to scholarship, to the memory of Homer, sir, and the awful shade of Æschylus. I paid the mean price asked for it, and I wanted to double it, but I suppose it would have been a foolish sacrifice of coin to sentiment. I love that book for its looks and behavior. None of your "half-calf" economies in that volume, sir! And see how it lies open anywhere! There is n't a book in my library that has such a generous way of laying its treasures before you. From Alpha to Omega, calm, assured rest at any page that your choice or accident may light on. No lifting of a rebellious leaf like an upstart servant that does not know his place and can never be taught manners, but tranquil, well-bred repose. A book may be a perfect gentleman in its aspect and demeanor, and this book would be good company for personages like Roger Ascham and his pupils the Lady Elizabeth and the Lady Jane Grey.

The Master was evidently riding a hobby, and what I wanted to know was the plan on which he had formed his library. So I brought him back to the point by asking him the question in so many words.

Yes, — he said, — I have a kind of notion of the way in which a library ought to be put together — no, I don't mean that, I mean ought to grow. I don't pretend to say that mine is a model, but it serves my turn well enough, and it represents me pretty accurately. A scholar must shape his own shell, *secrete* it, one might almost say, for secretion is only separation, you know, of certain elements derived from the materials of the world about us. And a scholar's study, with the books lining its walls, is his shell. It

is n't a mollusk's shell, either; it's a caddice-worm's shell. You know about the caddice-worm?

— More or less; less rather than more, — was my humble reply.

Well, sir, the caddice-worm is the larva of a fly, and he makes a case for himself out of all sorts of bits of everything that happen to suit his particular fancy, dead or alive, sticks and stones and small shells with their owners in 'em, living as comfortable as ever. Every one of these caddice-worms has his special fancy as to what he will pick up and glue together, with a kind of natural cement he provides himself, to make his case out of. In it he lives, sticking his head and shoulders out once in a while, that is all. Don't you see that a student in his library is a caddice-worm in his case? I've told you that I take an interest in pretty much everything, and don't mean to fence out any human interests from the private grounds of my intelligence. Then, again, there is a subject, perhaps I may say there is more than one, that I want to exhaust, to know to the very bottom. And besides, of course I must have my literary *harem*, my *parc aux cerfs*, where my favorites await my moments of leisure and pleasure, — my scarce and precious editions, my luxurious typographical masterpieces; my Delilahs, that take my head in their lap: the pleasant story-tellers and the like; the books I love because they are fair to look upon, prized by collectors, endeared by old associations, secret treasures that nobody else knows anything about; books, in short, that I like for insufficient reasons it may be, but peremptorily, and mean to like and to love and to cherish till death us do part.

Don't you see I have given you a key to the way my library is made up, so that you can *apriorize* the plan according to which I have filled my book-cases? I will tell you how it is carried out.

In the first place, you see, I have four extensive cyclopædias. Out of these I can get information enough to serve



my immediate purpose on almost any subject. These, of course, are supplemented by geographical, biographical, bibliographical, and other dictionaries, including of course lexicons to all the languages I ever meddle with. Next to these come the works relating to my one or two specialties, and these collections I make as perfect as I can. Every library should try to be complete on something, if it were only on the history of pin-heads. I don't mean that I buy all the trashy compilations on my special subjects, but I try to have all the works of any real importance relating to them, old as well as new. In the following compartment you will find the great authors in all the languages I have mastered, from Homer and Hesiod downward to the last great English name. This division, you see, you can make almost as extensive or as limited as you choose. You can crowd the great representative writers into a small compass; or you can make a library consisting only of the different editions of Horace, if you have space and money enough. Then comes the *Harem*, the shelf or the bookcase of Delilahs, that you have paid wicked prices for, that you love without pretending to be reasonable about it, and would bag in case of fire before all the rest, just as Mr. Townley took the Clytie to his carriage when the anti-Catholic mob threatened his house in 1780. As for the foundlings like my Hedericus, they go among their peers; it is a pleasure to take them from the dusty stall where they were elbowed by plebeian school-books and battered odd volumes, and give them Alduses and Elzevirs for companions.

Nothing remains but the Infirmary. The most painful subjects are the unfortunates that have lost a cover. Bound a hundred years ago, perhaps, and one of the rich old browned covers gone — what a pity! Do you know what to do about it? I'll tell you, — no, I'll show you. Look at this volume. *M. T. Ciceronis Opera*, — a dozen of 'em, — one of 'em minus half his cover, a

poor one-legged cripple, six months ago, — now see him.

— He looked very respectably indeed, both covers dark, ancient, very decently matched; one would hardly notice the fact that they were not twins.

— I'll tell you what I did. You poor devil, said I, you are a disgrace to your family. We must send you to a surgeon and have some kind of a Taliacotian operation performed on you. (You remember the operation as described in Hudibras, of course.) The first thing was to find a subject of similar age and aspect ready to part with one of his members. So I went to Quidlibet's, — you know Quidlibet and that hieroglyphic sign of his with the omniscient-looking eye as its most prominent feature, — and laid my case before him. I want you, said I, to look up an old book of mighty little value, — one of your ten-cent vagabonds would be the sort of thing, — but an *old* beggar, with a cover like this, and lay it by for me.

And Quidlibet, who is a pleasant body to deal with, — only he has insulted one or two gentlemanly books by selling them to me at very low-bred and shamefully insufficient prices, — Quidlibet, I say, laid by three old books for me to help myself from, and did n't take the trouble even to make me pay the thirty cents for 'em. Well, said I to myself, let us look at our three books that have undergone the last insult short of the trunk-maker's or the paper-mills, and see what they are. There may be something worth looking at in one or the other of 'em.

Now do you know it was with a kind of a tremor that I untied the package and looked at these three unfortunates, too humble for the companionable dime to recognize as its equal in value. The same sort of feeling you know if you ever tried the Bible-and-key, or the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. I think you will like to know what the three books were which had been bestowed upon me *gratis*, that I might tear away one of the covers of the one that best



matched my Cicero, and give it to the binder to cobble my crippled volume with.

The Master took the three books from a cupboard and continued.

No. I. An odd volume of The Adventurer. It has many interesting things enough, but is made precious by containing Simon Browne's famous Dedication to the Queen of his Answer to Tindal's "Christianity as old as the Creation." Simon Browne was the *Man without a Soul*. An excellent person, a most worthy dissenting minister, but lying under a strange delusion.

Here is a paragraph from his Dedication:—

"He was once a man; and of some little name; but of no worth, as his present unparalleled case makes but too manifest; for by the immediate hand of an avenging GOD, his very thinking substance has, for more than seven years, been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing. None, no, not the least remembrance of its very ruins, remains, not the shadow of an idea is left, nor any sense that, so much as one single one, perfect or imperfect, whole or diminished, ever did appear to a mind within him, or was perceived by it."

Think of this as the Dedication of a book "universally allowed to be the best which that controversy produced," and what a flood of light it pours on the insanities of those self-analyzing diarists whose morbid reveries have been so often mistaken for piety! No. I. had something for me, then, besides the cover, which was all it claimed to have worth offering.

No. II. was "A View of Society and Manners in Italy." Vol. III. By John Moore, M. D. (*Zeluco* Moore.) You know his pleasant book. In this particular volume what interested me most, perhaps, was the very spirited and intelligent account of the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius, but it gave me an hour's mighty agreeable reading. So much for Number Two.

No. III. was "An ESSAY on the Great EFFECTS of Even *Languid* and *Unheeded* LOCAL MOTION." By the Hon. Robert Boyle. Published in 1685, and, as appears from other sources, "received with great and general applause." I confess I was a little startled to find how near this earlier philosopher had come to the modern doctrines, such as are illustrated in Tyndall's "Heat considered as a Mode of Motion." He speaks of "Us, who endeavor to resolve the *Phenomena* of Nature into Matter and Local motion." That sounds like the nineteenth century, but what shall we say to this? "As when a bar of iron or silver, having been well hammered, is newly taken off of the anvil; though the eye can discern no motion in it, yet the touch will readily perceive it to be very hot, and if you spit upon it, the brisk agitation of the insensible parts will become visible in that which they will produce in the liquor." He takes a bar of tin, and tries whether by bending it to and fro two or three times he cannot "procure a considerable internal commotion among the parts"; and having by this means broken or cracked it in the middle, finds, as he expected, that the middle parts had considerably heated each other. There are many other curious and interesting observations in the volume which I should like to tell you of, but these will serve my purpose.

—Which book furnished you the old cover you wanted?—said I.

—*Did he kill the owl?*—said the Master, laughing. (I suppose you, the reader, know the owl story.)—It was Number Two that lent me one of his covers. Poor wretch! He was one of three, and had lost his two brothers. From him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath. The Scripture had to be fulfilled in his case. But I could n't help saying to myself, What do you keep writing books for, when the stalls are covered all over with 'em, good books, too, that nobody will give ten cents apiece for, lying there like so many dead beasts of bur-



den, of no account except to strip off their hides? What is the use, I say? I have made a book or two in my time, and I am making another that perhaps will see the light one of these days. But if I had my life to live over again, I think I should go in for silence, and get as near to *Nirvana* as I could. This language is such a paltry tool! The handle of it cuts and the blade does n't. You muddle yourself by not knowing what you mean by a word, and send out your unanswered riddles and rebuses to clear up other people's difficulties. It always seems to me that talk is a ripple and thought is a ground swell. A string of words, that mean pretty much anything, helps you in a certain sense to get hold of a thought, just as a string of syllables that mean nothing helps you to a word; but it's a poor business, it's a poor business, and the more you study *definition* the more you find out how poor it is. Do you know I sometimes think our little entomological neighbor is doing a sounder business than we people that make books about ourselves and our slippery abstractions? A man can see the spots on a bug and count 'em, and tell what their color is, and put another bug alongside of him and see whether the two are alike or different. And when *he* uses a word he knows just what he means. There is no mistake as to the meaning and identity of *pulex irritans*, confound him!

—What if we should look in, some day, on the Scarabeeist, as he calls himself,—said I.—The fact is the Master had got a going at such a rate that I was willing to give a little turn to the conversation.

—O very well,—said the Master,—I had some more things to say, but I don't doubt they'll keep. And besides, I take an interest in entomology, and have my own opinion on the *meloë* question.

—You don't mean to say you have studied insects as well as solar systems and the order of things generally?

—He looked pleased. All philosophers look pleased when people say to

them virtually, "Ye are gods." The Master says he is vain constitutionally, and thanks God that he is. I don't think he has enough vanity to make a fool of himself with it, but the simple truth is he cannot help knowing that he has a wide and lively intelligence, and it pleases him to know it, and to be reminded of it, especially in an oblique and tangential sort of way, so as not to look like downright flattery.

Yes, yes, I have amused a summer or two with insects, among other things. I described a new *tabanus*,—horsefly, you know,—which, I think, had escaped notice. I felt as grand when I showed up my new discovery as if I had created the beast. I don't doubt Herschel felt as if he had made a planet when he first showed the astronomers *Georgium Sidus*, as he called it. And that reminds me of something. I was riding on the outside of a stage-coach from London to Windsor in the year—never mind the year, but it must have been in June, I suppose, for I bought some strawberries. England owes me a sixpence with interest from date, for I gave the woman a shilling, and the coach contrived to start or the woman timed it so that I just missed getting my change. What an odd thing memory is, to be sure, to have kept such a triviality, and have lost so much that was invaluable! She is a crazy wench, that Mnemosyne; she throws her jewels out of the window and locks up straws and old rags in her strong box.

(*De profundis!* said I to myself, the bottom of the bushel has dropped out! *Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!*)

—But as I was saying, I was riding on the outside of a stage-coach from London to Windsor, when all at once a picture familiar to me from my New England village childhood came upon me like a reminiscence rather than a revelation. It was a mighty bewilderment of slanted masts and spars and ladders and ropes, from the midst of which a vast tube, looking as if it might be a piece of ordnance such as the revolted angels battered the walls of Heaven with, according to Milton,



lifted its muzzle defiantly towards the sky. Why, you blessed old rattletrap, said I to myself, I know you as well as I know my father's spectacles and snuff-box ! And that same crazy witch of a Memory, so divinely wise and foolish, travels thirty-five hundred miles or so in a single pulse-beat, makes straight for an old house and an old library and an old corner of it, and whisks out a volume of an old cyclopædia, and there is the picture of which this is the original. Sir William Herschel's great telescope ! It was just about as big, as it stood there by the roadside, as it was in the picture, not much different any way. Why should it be ? The pupil of your eye is only a gimlet-hole, not so very much bigger than the eye of a sail-needle, and a camel has to go through it before you can see him. You look into a stereoscope and think you see a miniature of a building or a mountain ; you don't, you're made a fool of by your lying *intelligence*, as you call it ; you see the building and the mountain just as large as with your naked eye looking straight at the real objects. Doubt it, do you ? Perhaps you'd like to doubt it to the music of a couple of gold five-dollar pieces. If you would, say the word, and man and money, as Messrs. Heenan and Morrissey have it, shall be forthcoming ; for I will make you look at a real landscape with your right eye, and a stereoscopic view of it with your left eye, both at once, and you can slide one over the other by a little management and see how exactly the picture overlies the true landscape. We won't try it now, because I want to read you something out of my book.

— I have noticed that the Master very rarely fails to come back to his original proposition, though he, like myself, is fond of zigzagging in order to reach it. Men's minds are like the pieces on a chess-board in their way of moving. One mind creeps from the square it is on to the next, straight forward, like the pawns. Another sticks close to its own line of thought and follows it as

far as it goes, with no heed for others' opinions, as the bishop sweeps the board in the line of his own color. And another class of minds break through everything that lies before them, ride over argument and opposition, and go to the end of the board like the castle. But there is still another sort of intellect which is very apt to jump over the thought that stands next and come down in the unexpected way of the knight. But that same knight, as the chess manuals will show you, will contrive to get on to every square of the board in a pretty series of moves that looks like a pattern of embroidery, and so these zigzagging minds like the Master's, and I suppose my own is something like it, will sooner or later get back to the square next the one they started from.

The Master took down a volume from one of the shelves. I could not help noticing that it was a shelf near his hand as he sat, and that the volume looked as if he had made frequent use of it. I saw, too, that he handled it in a loving sort of way ; the tenderness he would have bestowed on a wife and children had to find a channel somewhere, and what more natural than that he should look fondly on the volume which held the thoughts that had rolled themselves smooth and round in his mind like pebbles on a beach, the dreams which, under cover of the simple artifices such as all writers use, told the little world of readers his secret hopes and aspirations, the fancies which had pleased him and which he could not bear to let die without trying to please others with them ? I have a great sympathy with authors, most of all with unsuccessful ones. If one had a dozen lives or so, it would all be very well, but to have only a single ticket in the great lottery, and have that drawn a blank, is a rather sad sort of thing. So I was pleased to see the affectionate kind of pride with which the Master handled his book ; it was a success, in its way, and he looked on it with a cheerful sense that he had a right to be proud of it. The Master opened



the volume, and, putting on his large round glasses, began reading, as authors love to read that love their books.

— The only good reason for believing in the stability of the moral order of things is to be found in the tolerable steadiness of human averages. Out of a hundred human beings fifty-one will be found in the long run on the side of the right, so far as they know it, and against the wrong. They will be organizers rather than disorganizers, helpers and not hinderers in the upward movement of the race. This is the main fact we have to depend on. The right hand of the great organism is a little stronger than the left, that is all.

Now and then we come across a left-handed man. So now and then we find a tribe or a generation, the subject of what we may call moral left-handedness, but that need not trouble us about our formula. All we have to do is to spread the average over a wider territory or a longer period of time. Any race or period that insists on being left-handed must go under if it comes in contact with a right-handed one. If there were, as a general rule, fifty-one rogues in the hundred instead of forty-nine, all other qualities of mind and body being equally distributed between the two sections, the order of things would sooner or later end in universal disorder. It is the question between the leak and the pumps.

It does not seem very likely that the Creator of all things is taken by surprise at witnessing anything any of his creatures do or think. Men have sought out many inventions, but they can have contrived nothing which did not exist as an idea in the omniscient consciousness to which past, present, and future are alike Now.

We read what travellers tell us about the King of Dahomey, or the Fejee Island people, or the short and simple annals of the celebrities recorded in the Newgate Calendar, and do not know just what to make of these brothers and sisters of the race; but I do not suppose an intelligence even as high

as the angelic beings, to stop short there, would see anything very peculiar or wonderful about them, except as everything is wonderful and unlike everything else.

It is very curious to see how science, that is, looking at and arranging the facts of a case with our own eyes and our own intelligence, without minding what somebody else has said, or how some old majority vote went in a pack of intriguing ecclesiastics,— I say it is very curious to see how science is catching up with one superstition after another.

There is a recognized branch of science familiar to all those who know anything of the studies relating to life, under the name of Teratology. It deals with all sorts of monstrosities which are to be met with in living beings, and more especially in animals. It is found that what used to be called *lusus naturæ*, or freaks of nature, are just as much subject to laws as the naturally developed forms of living creatures.

The rustic looks at the Siamese twins, and thinks he is contemplating an unheard-of anomaly; but there are plenty of cases like theirs in the books of scholars, and though they are not quite so common as double cherries, the mechanism of their formation is not a whit more mysterious than that of the twinned fruits. Such cases do not disturb the average arrangement; we have Changs and Engs at one pole, and Cains and Abels at the other. One child is born with six fingers on each hand, and another falls short by one or more fingers of his due allowance; but the glover puts his faith in the great law of averages, and makes his gloves with five fingers apiece, trusting nature for their counterparts.

Thinking people are not going to be scared out of explaining or at least trying to explain things by the shrieks of persons whose beliefs are disturbed thereby. Comets were portents to Increase Mather, President of Harvard College; "preachers of Divine wrath, heralds and messengers of evil tidings



to the world." It is not so very long since Professor Winthrop was teaching at the same institution. I can remember two of his boys very well, old boys, it is true, they were, and one of them wore a three-cornered cocked hat; but the father of these boys, whom, as I say, I can remember, had to defend himself against the minister of the Old South Church for the impiety of trying to account for earthquakes on natural principles. And his ancestor, Governor Winthrop, would probably have shaken his head over his descendant's dangerous audacity, if one may judge by the solemn way in which he mentions poor Mrs. Hutchinson's unpleasant experience, which so grievously disappointed her maternal expectations. But people used always to be terribly frightened by those irregular vital products which we now call "interesting specimens" and carefully preserve in jars of alcohol. It took next to nothing to make a panic; a child was born a few centuries ago with six teeth in its head, and about that time the Turks began gaining great advantages over the Christians. Of course there was an intimate connection between the prodigy and the calamity. So said the wise men of that day.

All these out-of-the-way cases are studied connectedly now, and are found to obey very exact rules. With a little management one can even manufacture living monstrosities. Malformed salmon and other fish can be supplied in quantity, if anybody happens to want them.

Now, what all I have said is tending to is exactly this, namely, that just as the celestial movements are regulated by fixed laws, just as bodily monstrosities are produced according to rule, and with as good reason as normal shapes, so obliquities of character are to be accounted for on perfectly natural principles; they are just as capable of classification as the bodily ones, and they all diverge from a certain average or middle term which is the type of its kind.

If life had been a little longer I would

have written a number of essays for which, as it is, I cannot expect to have time. I have set down the titles of a hundred or more, and I have often been tempted to publish those, for according to my idea, the title of a book very often renders the rest of it unnecessary. "Moral Teratology," for instance, which is marked No. 67 on my list of "Essays Potential, not Actual," suggests sufficiently well what I should be like to say in the pages it would preface. People hold up their hands at a moral monster as if there was no reason for his existence but his own choice. That was a fine specimen we read of in the papers a few years ago, — the Frenchman, it may be remembered, who used to waylay and murder young women, and after appropriating their effects, bury their bodies in a private cemetery he kept for that purpose. It is very natural, and I do not say it is not very proper, to hang such eccentric persons as this; but it is not clear whether his vagaries produce any more sensation at Head-quarters than the meek enterprises of the mildest of city missionaries. For the study of Moral Teratology will teach you that you do not get such a malformed character as that without a long chain of causes to account for it; and if you only knew those causes, you would know perfectly well what to expect. You may feel pretty sure that our friend of the private cemetery was not the child of pious and intelligent parents; that he was not nurtured by the best of mothers, and educated by the most judicious teachers; and that he did not come of a lineage long known and honored for its intellectual and moral qualities. Suppose that one should go to the worst quarter of the city and pick out the worst-looking child of the worst couple he could find, and then train him up successively at the School for Infant Rogues, the Academy for Young Scamps, and the College for Complete Criminal Education, would it be reasonable to expect a François Xavier or a Henry Martyn to be the result of such a training? The traditionists, in whose pre-



sumptuous hands the science of anthropology has been trusted from time immemorial, have insisted on eliminating cause and effect from the domain of morals. When they have come across a moral monster they have seemed to think that he put himself together, having a free choice of all the constituents which make up manhood, and that consequently no punishment could be too bad for him.

I say, Hang him and welcome, if that is the best thing for society; hate him, in a certain sense, as you hate a rattlesnake, but, if you pretend to be a philosopher, recognize the fact that what you hate in him is chiefly misfortune, and that if you had been born with his villanous low forehead and poisoned instincts, and bred among creatures of the *Races Maudites* whose natural history has to be studied like that of beasts of prey and vermin, you would not have been sitting there in your gold-bowed spectacles and passing judgment on the peccadilloes of your fellow-creatures.

I have seen men and women so disinterested and noble, and devoted to the best works, that it appeared to me if any good and faithful servant was entitled to enter into the joys of his Lord, such as these might be. But I do not know that I ever met with a human being who seemed to me to have a stronger claim on the pitying consideration and kindness of his Maker than a wretched, puny, crippled, stunted child that I saw in Newgate, who was pointed out as one of the most notorious and inveterate little thieves in London. I have no doubt that some of those who were looking at this pitiable morbid secretion of the diseased social organism thought they were very virtuous for hating him so heartily.

It is natural, and in one sense is all right enough. I want to catch a thief and put the extinguisher on an incendiary as much as my neighbors do; but I have two sides to my consciousness as I have two sides to my heart, one carrying dark, impure blood, and the other the bright stream which has been puri-

fied and vivified by the great source of life and death,—the oxygen of the air which gives all things their vital heat, and burns all things at last to ashes.

One side of me loves and hates; the other side of me judges, say rather pleads and suspends judgment. I think, if I were left to myself, I should hang a rogue and then write his apology and subscribe to a neat monument, commemorating, not his virtues, but his misfortunes. I should, perhaps, adorn the marble with emblems, as is the custom with regard to the more regular and normally constituted members of society. It would not be proper to put the image of a lamb upon the stone which marked the resting-place of him of the private cemetery. But I would not hesitate to place the effigy of a wolf or a hyena upon the monument. I do not judge these animals, I only kill them or shut them up. I presume they stand just as well with their Maker as lambs and kids, and the existence of such beings is a perpetual plea for God Almighty's poor, yelling, scalping Indians, his weasand-stopping Thugs, his despised felons, his murdering miscreants, and all the unfortunates whom we, picked individuals of a picked class of a picked race, scrubbed, combed, and catechized from our cradles upward, undertake to find accommodations for in another state of being where it is to be hoped they will have a better chance than they had in this.

The Master paused, and took off his great round spectacles. I could not help thinking that he looked benevolent enough to pardon Judas Iscariot just at that moment, though his features can knot themselves up pretty formidably on occasion.

—You are somewhat of a phrenologist, I judge, by the way you talk of instinctive and inherited tendencies, — I said.

—They tell me I ought to be, — he answered, parrying my question, as I thought. — I have had a famous chart made out of my cerebral organs, according to which I ought to have been —



something more than a poor *Magister Artium*.

— I thought a shade of regret deepened the lines on his broad, antique-looking forehead, and I began talking about all the sights I had seen in the way of monstrosities, of which I had a considerable list, as you will see when I tell you my weakness in that direction. This, you understand, Beloved, is private and confidential.

I pay my quarter of a dollar and go into all the side-shows that follow the caravans and circuses round the country. I have made friends of all the giants and all the dwarfs. I became acquainted with Monsieur Bihin, *le plus bel homme du monde*, and one of the biggest, a great many years ago, and have kept up my agreeable relations with him ever since. He is a most interesting giant, with a softness of voice and tenderness of feeling which I find very engaging. I was on friendly terms with Mr. Charles Freeman, a very superior giant of American birth, seven feet four, I think, in height, "double jointed," of mylodon muscularity, the same who in a British prize-ring tossed the Tipton Slasher from one side of the rope to the other, and now lies stretched, poor fellow! in a mighty grave in the same soil which holds the sacred ashes of Cribb, and the honored dust of Burke,—not the one "commonly called the sublime," but that other Burke to whom Nature had denied the sense of hearing lest he should be spoiled by listening to the praises of the admiring circles which looked on his dear-bought triumphs. Nor have I despised those little ones whom that devout worshipper of Nature in her exceptional forms, the distinguished Barnum, has introduced to the notice of mankind. The General touches his chapeau to me, and the Commodore gives me a sailor's greeting. I have had confidential interviews with the double-headed daughter of Africa,—so far, at least, as her two-fold personality admitted of private confidences. I have listened to the touching experiences of the Bearded

Lady, whose rough cheeks belie her susceptible heart. Miss Jane Campbell has allowed me to question her on the delicate subject of avoirdupois equivalents; and the armless fair one, whose embrace no monarch could hope to win, has wrought me a watch-paper with those despised digits which have been degraded from gloves to boots in our evolution from the condition of quadrumana.

I hope you have read my experiences as good-naturedly as the Old Master listened to them. He seemed to be pleased with my whim, and promised to go with me to see all the side-shows of the next caravan. Before I left him he wrote my name in a copy of the new edition of his book, telling me that it would not all be new to me by a great deal, for he often talked what he had printed to make up for having printed a good deal of what he had talked.

Here is the passage of his Poem the Young Astronomer read to us.

#### WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

##### IV.

From my lone turret as I look around  
O'er the green meadows to the ring of blue,  
From slope, from summit, and from half-hid  
vale

The sky is stabbed with dagger-pointed  
spires,

Their gilded symbols whirling in the wind,  
Their brazen tongues proclaiming to the  
world,

"Here truth is sold, the only genuine  
ware ;

See that it has our trade-mark ! You will  
buy

Poison instead of food across the way,  
The lies of" — this or that, each several  
name

The standard's blazon and the battle-cry  
Of some true-gospel faction, and again  
The token of the Beast to all beside.  
And grouped round each I see a huddling  
crowd

Alike in all things save the words they use ;  
In love, in longing, hate and fear the same.

Whom do we trust and serve ? We speak  
of one



And bow to many; Athens still would find  
 The shrines of all she worshipped safe within  
 Our tall barbarian temples, and the thrones  
 That crowned Olympus mighty as of old.  
 The god of music rules the Sabbath choir;  
 The lyric muse must leave the sacred nine  
 To help us please the *dilettante's* ear;  
 Plutus limps homeward with us, as we leave  
 The portals of the temple where we knelt  
 And listened while the god of eloquence  
 (Hermes of ancient days, but now disguised  
 In sable vestments) with that other god  
 Somnus, the son of Erebus and Nox,  
 Fights in unequal contest for our souls;  
 The dreadful sovereign of the under world  
 Still shakes his sceptre at us, and we hear  
 The baying of the triple-throated hound;  
 Eros is young as ever, and as fair  
 The lovely Goddess born of ocean's foam.

These be thy gods, O Israel! Who is he,  
 The one ye name and tell us that ye serve,  
 Whom ye would call me from my lonely tower  
 To worship with the many-headed throng?  
 Is it the God that walked in Eden's grove  
 In the cool hour to seek our guilty sire?  
 The God who dealt with Abraham as the sons  
 Of that old patriarch deal with other men?  
 The jealous God of Moses, one who feels  
 An image as an insult, and is wroth  
 With him who made it and his child unborn?  
 The God who plagued his people for the sin  
 Of their adulterous king, beloved of him,—  
 The same who offers to a chosen few  
 The right to praise him in eternal song  
 While a vast shrieking world of endless woe  
 Blends its dread chorus with their rapturous hymn?  
 Is this the God ye mean, or is it he  
 Who heeds the sparrow's fall, whose loving heart  
 Is as the pitying father's to his child,  
 Whose lesson to his children is, "Forgive,"  
 Whose plea for all, "They know not what they do"?

I claim the right of knowing whom I serve,  
 Else is my service idle; He that asks  
 My homage asks it from a reasoning soul.  
 To crawl is not to worship; we have learned

A drill of eyelids, bended neck and knee,  
 Hanging our prayers on hinges, till we ape  
 The flexures of the many-jointed worm.  
 Asia has taught her Allahs and salaams  
 To the world's children,—we have grown  
 to men!

We who have rolled the sphere beneath  
 our feet

To find a virgin forest, as we lay  
 The beams of our rude temple, first of all  
 Must frame its doorway high enough for  
 man

To pass unstooping; knowing as we do  
 That He who shaped us last of living forms  
 Has long enough been served by creeping  
 things,

Reptiles that left their foot-prints in the  
 sand

Of old sea-margins that have turned to  
 stone,

And men who learned their ritual; we demand

To know him first, then trust him and then  
 love

When we have found him worthy of our  
 love,

Tried by our own poor hearts and not before;

He must be truer than the truest friend,  
 He must be tenderer than a woman's love,  
 A father better than the best of sires;  
 Kinder than she who bore us, though we  
 sin

Ofteuer than did the brother we are told,  
 We — poor ill-tempered mortals — must  
 forgive

Though seven times sinning threescore  
 times and ten.

This is the new world's gospel: Be ye  
 men!

Try well the legends of the children's time;  
 Ye are the chosen people, God has led  
 Your steps across the desert of the deep  
 As now across the desert of the shore;  
 Mountains are cleft before you as the sea  
 Before the wandering tribe of Israel's sons;  
 Still onward rolls the thunderous caravan,  
 Its coming printed on the western sky,  
 A cloud by day, by night a pillared flame;  
 Your prophets are a hundred unto one  
 Of them of old who cried, "Thus saith the  
 Lord";

They told of cities that should fall in heaps,  
 But yours of mightier cities that shall rise  
 Where yet the lonely fishers spread their  
 nets,

Where hides the fox and hoots the mid-  
 night owl;



The tree of knowledge in your garden grows  
Not single, but at every humble door ;  
Its branches lend you their immortal food,  
That fills you with the sense of what ye  
are,

No servants of an altar hewed and carved  
From senseless stone by craft of human  
hands,

Rabbi, or dervish, brahmin, bishop, bonze,  
But masters of the charm with which they  
work

To keep your hands from that forbidden  
tree !

Ye that have tasted that divinest fruit,  
Look on this world of yours with opened  
eyes !

Ye are as gods ! Nay, makers of your  
gods, —

Each day ye break an image in your shrine  
And plant a fairer image where it stood :  
Where is the Moloch of your fathers' creed,  
Whose fires of torment burned for span-  
long babes ?

Fit object for a tender mother's love !  
Why not ? It was a bargain duly made  
For these same infants through the surety's  
act

Intrusted with their all for earth and heav-  
en,

By Him who chose their guardian, knowing  
well

His fitness for the task, — this, even this,  
Was the true doctrine only yesterday  
As thoughts are reckoned, — and to-day  
you hear

In words that sound as if from human  
tongues

Those monstrous, uncouth horrors of the  
past

That blot the blue of heaven and shame  
the earth

As would the saurians of the age of slime,  
Awaking from their stony sepulchres  
And wallowing hateful in the eye of day !

Four of us listened to these lines as  
the young man read them, — the Mas-

ter and myself and our two ladies.  
This was the little party we got up to  
hear him read. I do not think much  
of it was very new to the Master or  
myself. At any rate, he said to me  
when we were alone, —

That is the kind of talk the "natural  
man," as the theologians call him, is  
apt to fall into.

— I thought it was the Apostle Paul,  
and not the theologians, that used the  
term "natural man," — I ventured to  
suggest.

— I should like to know where the  
Apostle Paul learned English ? — said  
the Master, with the look of one who  
does not mean to be tripped up if he  
can help himself. — But at any rate, —  
he continued, — the "natural man," so  
called, is worth listening to now and  
then, for he did n't make his nature,  
and the Devil did n't make it ; and if  
the Almighty made it, I never saw or  
heard of anything he made that was n't  
worth attending to.

The young man begged the Lady to  
pardon anything that might sound  
harshly in these crude thoughts of his.  
He had been taught strange things, he  
said, from old theologies, when he was  
a child, and had thought his way out  
of many of his early superstitions. As  
for the Young Girl, our Scheherazade,  
he said to her that she must have got  
dreadfully tired (at which she colored  
up and said it was no such thing), and  
he promised that, to pay for her good-  
ness in listening, he would give her a  
lesson in astronomy the next fair even-  
ing, if she would be his scholar, at  
which she blushed deeper than before,  
and said something which certainly was  
not No.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



## RECENT LITERATURE.\*

THE comparison of M. Taine's book on England with Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," and Emerson's "English Traits," will suggest itself at once to most readers, and is one that it is not perfectly able to bear. It is more like the latter than the former; in fact M. Taine's literary attitude is so much like that of Emerson, and characteristics of his style so often recall him, that it seems well for Mr. Emerson that he wrote some twenty years before M. Taine. To be sure there is every intellectual disparity, and the grounds of judgment are separated by the immeasurable remove of Paris from Concord. Both have a certain extravagance of expression; but Emerson's mood is always philosophical, while that of Taine is artistic; the excess of the former leads to some deep poetic thought or sense, the excess of the latter is merely exaggeration and ceases with itself. All the time, too, you feel that the Frenchman is looking at England through a colored glass, which imparts a fantastic and erroneous hue to all he sees in spite of him, and sheds upon his heaps of facts and his neatly arranged inferences the weird lustre of an eclipse. This appears most forcibly when, towards the end, he comes to talk of English art and poetry. Then he forever destroys your fond belief that he is a better critic than Ruskin; and only imagine his taking up poor, forgotten "Aurora Leigh," and telling his French friends that is a type of modern English poetry!

But in observation of the physical aspects of English life, no one, we suspect, has yet surpassed M. Taine, if any one has yet equalled him. This is what makes his book so fascinating that, in spite of its distorted philosophy, it is a positive deprivation to have it end. Some of the chapters are galleries of masterpieces, or, rather, of masterly sketches, fresh, vivid, and most impressive. Such are the chapters on "Sunday in London, the Streets and Parks," "Visit to Epsom and Cremorne Gardens," "Mansions, Parks, and Gardens," "Typical English Men and Wo-

men," "Manchester and Liverpool," in which there are so many brilliant studies that one is hardly able to choose from them. Here is one excellent picture, for a beginning, of rain in London:—

"The rain is small, compact, pitiless; looking at it one can see no reason why it should not continue to the end of all things; one's feet churn water, there is water everywhere, filthy water impregnated with an odor of soot. A yellow, dense fog fills the air, sweeps down to the ground; at thirty paces a house, a steamboat appear as spots upon blotting-paper."

Then for a proof of his apt sense of the beauty of the English climate, here is another exquisite bit:—

"The things which please me most are the trees. Every day, after leaving the Athenæum, I go and sit for an hour in St. James's Park; the lake shines softly beneath its misty covering, while the dense foliage bends over the still waters. The rounded trees, the great green domes make a kind of architecture far more delicate than the other. The eye reposes itself upon these softened forms, upon these subdued tones. . . . There are tones like these in the landscapes of Rembrandt, in the twilights of Van der Neer: the bathed light, the air charged with vapor, the insensible and continuous changes of the vast exhalation which softens, imparts a bluish tint to, and dims the contours, the whole producing the impression of a great life, vague, diffused, and melancholy,—the life of a humid country. At Richmond, I felt this still better. From the terrace can be discerned several leagues of country; the Thames which is not larger than the Seine, winds through meadows, between clumps of large trees. All is green, of a soft green, almost effaced by the distance; one feels the freshness and the peace of the infinite vegetation; the gray sky extends over it a low and heavy dome; at the horizon are whitish mists in floating layers, here and there a darkened cloud, or the violet patch of a shower. From all the ground rises a

*Bits of Travel.* By H. H. BOSTON: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

*Smoke.* A Russian Novel. By I. S. TURGENEFF. Translated from the author's French version. By WILLIAM F. WEST, A. M. New York: Holt & Williams. 1872.

\* *Notes on England.* By H. TAINÉ. Translated, with an Introductory chapter, by W. F. RAE. With a portrait of the author. New York: Holt & Williams. 1872.

*Saunterings.* By CHARLES D. WARNER. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.



sluggish mist ; one watches it as if it were a piece of muslin drawn between the interstices of the trees, and gradually the floating gauze of the earth reunites with the uniform veil of the sky. How still is the park ! Troops of deer feed in the moist brake ; the hinds approach the fence, and gaze on the passer-by without fear. The oaks, the lime-trees, the spreading and huge chestnut-trees, are noble creatures which seem to speak in low tones with majesty and security ; at their feet is thick and tall grass ; the blades of grass, whereon the rain has left its tears, smile with a tender and sad grace. A sort of fond quietude emanates from the air, the sky, and all things ; Nature welcomes the soul, weary and worn with striving. How one feels that their landscape suits them, and why they love it !”

His portraits of English people of different grades and conditions are insurpassable, we think : —

“Excepting only the highest class, they [the women] apparel themselves as fancy dictates. One imagines healthy bodies, well built, beautiful at times ; but they must be imagined. The physiognomy is often pure, but also often sheepish. Many are simple babies, new waxen dolls, with glass eyes, which appear entirely empty of ideas. Other faces have become ruddy, and turned to raw beefsteak. There is a fund of folly or of brutality in this inert flesh, too white, or too red. Some are ugly or grotesque in the extreme ; with heron’s feet, stork’s necks, always having the large front of white teeth, the projecting jaws of carnivora. As compensation, others are beautiful in the extreme. They have angelic faces ; their eyes, of pale periwinkle, are softly deep ; their complexion is that of a flower, or an infant ; their smile is divine. One of these days, about ten o’clock in the morning, near Hyde Park Corner, I was rooted to the spot motionless with admiration at the sight of two young ladies ; the one was sixteen, the other eighteen years old. They were in rustling dresses of white tulle amid a cloud of muslin ; tall, slender, agile, their shape as perfect as their face, of incomparable freshness, resembling those marvellous flowers seen in select exhibitions, the whiteness of the lily or orchis ; in addition to all that, gayety, innocence, a superabundance of unalloyed sap and infantine expression, of laughter, and the mien of birds ; the earth did not support them. . . . Sometimes the excess of feed-

ing adds a variety ; this was true of a certain gentleman in my railway-carriage on the Derby day ; large ruddy features, with flabby and pendent cheeks, large red whiskers, blue eyes without expression, an enormous trunk in a short light jacket, noisy respiration ; his blood gave a tinge of pink to his hands, his neck, his temple, and even underneath his hair ; when he compressed his eyelids, his physiognomy was as disquieting and heavy as that seen in the portraits of Henry VIII. ; when in repose, in presence of this mass of flesh, one thought of a beast for the butcher, and quietly computed twenty stones of meat. Towards fifty, owing to the effect of the same diet seasoned with port wine, the figure and the face are spoiled, the teeth protrude, the physiognomy is distorted, and turn to horrible and tragical caricature, as, for example, a fat and fiery general at the Volunteer Review in Hyde Park, who had the air of a bulldog and had a brick-dust face, spotted with violet excrescences. . . . I have in my mind two or three matrons, broad, stiff, and destitute of ideas ; red face, eyes the color of blue china, huge white teeth, — forming the tricolor flag. In other cases the type becomes exaggerated ; one sees extraordinary asparagus-sticks planted in spreading dresses. Moreover, two out of every three have their feet shod with stout masculine boots ; and as to the long projecting teeth, it is impossible to train one’s self to endure them. Is this a cause, or an effect, of the carnivorous *régime* ? The too ornate and badly adjusted dress completes these disparities. It consists of violet or dark crimson silks, of grass-green flowered gowns, blue sashes, jewelry, — the whole employed sometimes to caparison gigantic jades who recall discharged heavy cavalry horses, sometimes vast well-hooped butts, which burst in spite of their hoops. Of this cast was a lady in Hyde Park, one of these days, on horseback, followed by her groom. She was fifty-five, had several chins, the rest in proportion, an imperious and haughty mien ; the whole shook at the slightest trot, and it was hard not to laugh.”

We have selected very much at random from M. Taine’s innumerable pieces, and feel that each of the multitude we have left is better than any we have chosen. But we trust that we have given an idea of his peculiar felicity, and we can assure the reader of his vast scope and variety. There is scarcely a page from which some extraordi-



nary stroke of picturesqueness does not flash out, and dispute your conviction of M. Taine's inability to judge profoundly of the matter he points so forcibly. Nothing, we suppose, is more unerring than his statistics; some features of English polity and society seem wonderfully well seen and reasoned upon; hardly any aspect of English existence is left untouched by the light of his facts, by his guesses, by his lucky thrusts in the dark. We read him with the greatest delight, and we leave him with penitential distrust.

The author of "*Saunterings*," we greatly fear, lacks that earnestness which we all profess to admire, and should all be so sorry to have in large quantity. In fact, simplicity and humor do not agree together; it is for the heroic moods; the man who laughs and makes laugh is a hopelessly double-minded deluder; and in Mr. Warner there is a suddenness of jest which may well dismay the serious reader; and who at other times has a fineness that leaves you in doubt whether you have really been trifled with or not. What, for example, are we to think of a passage like this in an apparently serious description of a mediæval city gate at Munich? "On one side of the gate is a portrait of the Virgin, on gold ground, and on the other a very passable one of the late Dr. Hawes of Hartford, with a Pope's hat on." In a similar spirit we are told that the older parts of the city abound "in archways and rambling alleys, that suddenly become broad streets and then again contract to the width of an alderman"; so, also, having described a hard-fought bargain with an orange-dealer at Sorrento, he tells us: "A little while after, as I sat upon the outer wall of the terrace of the Camaldoli, with my feet hanging over, these same oranges were taken from my pockets by Americans; so that I am prevented from making any reflections on the honesty of the Italians." The chapter on "*The Price of Oranges*" is, by the way, the best of the Italian chapters, which are the best of all. The delicate little pictures of nature and human nature, which succeed each other in this chapter, are as prettily done as anything of the kind that we know, as some of them shall here witness;—

"All the highways and the byways, the streets and lanes, wherever I go, from the sea to the tops of the hills, are strewn with orange peel; so that one, looking above and below, comes back from a walk

with a golden dazzle in his eyes,—a sense that yellow is the prevailing color. Perhaps the kerchiefs of the dark-skinned girls and women, which take that tone, help the impression. The inhabitants are all orange-eaters. The high walls show that the gardens are protected with great care; yet the fruit seems to be as free as apples are in a remote New England town about cider-time. . . . The only trouble is to find a sweet tree; for the Sorrento oranges are usually sour in February; and one needs to be a good judge of the fruit, and know the male orange from the female—though which it is that is the sweeter I can never remember (and should not dare to say, if I did, in the present state of feeling on the woman question)—or he might as well eat a lemon. The mercenary aspect of my query does not enter in here. I climb into a tree, and reach out to the end of the branch for an orange that has got reddish in the sun, that comes off easily and is heavy; or I tickle a large one on the top bough with a cane pole; and if it drops readily, and has a fine grain, I call it a cheap one. The oranges that you knock off with your stick, as you walk along the lanes, don't cost anything; but they are always sour, as I think the girls know who lean over the wall, and look on with a smile: and, in that, they are more sensible than the lively dogs which bark at you from the top, and wake all the neighborhood with their clamor. I have no doubt the oranges have a market price; but I have been seeking the value the gardeners set on them themselves. As I walked towards the heights, the other morning, and passed an orchard, the gardener, who saw my ineffectual efforts, with a very long cane, to reach the boughs of a tree, came down to me with a basketful he had been picking. As an experiment on the price, I offered him a two-centime piece,—which is a sort of satire on the very name of money,—when he desired me to help myself to as many oranges as I liked. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a spick-span new red Phrygian cap; and I had n't the heart to take advantage of his generosity, especially as his oranges were not of the sweetest. One ought never to abuse generosity. . . . I like better to go to a little garden in the village of Meta, under a sunny precipice of rocks, overhung by the ruined convent of Camaldoli. I turn up a narrow lane, and push open the wooden door in the garden of a little villa. It is a pretty garden; and, besides the orange and lemon



trees on the terrace, it has other fruit trees, and a scent of many flowers. My friend, the gardener, is sorting oranges from one basket to another, on a green bank, and evidently selling the fruit to some women, who are putting it into bags to carry away. When he sees me approach, there is always the same pantomime. I propose to take some of the fruit he is sorting. With a knowing air, and an appearance of great mystery, he raises his left hand, the palm toward me, as one says hush. Having despatched his business, he takes an empty basket, and with another mysterious flourish, desiring me to remain quiet, he goes to a storehouse in one corner of the garden, and returns with a load of immense oranges, all soaked with the sun, ripe and fragrant, and more tempting than lumps of gold. I take one, and ask him if it is sweet. He shrugs his shoulders, raises his hands, and, with a sidewise shake of the head, and a look which says, How can you be so faithless? makes me ashamed of my doubts. . . . When I am alone, I stroll about under the heavily laden trees, and pick up the largest, where they lie thickly on the ground, liking to hold them in my hand and feel the agreeable weight, even when I can carry away no more. The gardener neither follows nor watches me; and I think perhaps knows, and is not stingy about it, that more valuable to me than the oranges I eat or take away are those on the trees among the shining leaves.

The whole of Mr. Warner's book is very pleasant, even if not all as good as this, and it does not so much matter that its localities are the well-worn routes and the over-frequented sojourns of what is now becoming an intolerably Old World: he is as entertaining in England, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, as in the famous garden at Hartford. Much of the material was first printed, we believe, in newspaper letters, and it sometimes refuses to take the polish which authors would fain bestow upon their books; but if your taste is for light touches, for delicate feeling, for sensible reflection, here are these also; and here is the assurance to the critical reader that, good as Mr. Warner's work has been, he has not yet done his best, and that the present enjoyment is a foretaste of richer and fuller pleasures from him.

H. H. in her "Bits of Travel" deals with very much the same scenes and places as Mr. Warner, and with a grace and wit worthy to be mentioned in his company.

Our readers remember well enough, no doubt, her charming papers on Gastein and the Italian Tyrol and her German Landlady, — who was so delightful in spite of her incredible broken English, — and we hope they have forgotten the "Encyclical Letters" In these familiar epistles she does not well observe the bounds that divide gayety from triviality, and vivacity from flippancy; but these are the besetting faults of all lively lady-writers and even of some men who write. The rest of the book is bright and enjoyable, and if the reader has not always been able to see Europe as H. H. does, he must still allow her a very distinct gift of observation. In fine, "Bits of Travel" is a pretty volume that the reader may set on his shelf by the side of half a dozen other thoroughly American books of travel, — so thoroughly American that they may be said to give us a Europe of our own.

Whether M. Turgeneff's story is to be recommended or not as a warm-weather novel, we are not quite certain. The reader, to be sure, will have to make only the initial effort, for the plot and characters are such that once suggested he will not be able to leave them until he knows all about them; but then, it may be too fatiguing to be so vigorously seized and interested, during the summer heats. "Smoke" is a book worthy of one's best frame of mind, for morally and æsthetically it is a fiction of the highest class. The people are new, though the materials for the construction of the story are old enough. Gregory Mikailovitch Litvinof, a Russian of middle class, loves in his youth Irene Pavlovna, the capricious daughter of a poverty-stricken old Muscovite prince, when the Czar visits Moscow, and Irene, at the urgency of her parents and lover, goes to the court ball. There her beauty wins so much applause that her uncle, a rich courtier, who has hitherto neglected his poor kinsfolk, invites her to live with his family in St. Petersburg, and her marriage with Litvinof is cruelly broken off. She marries a young general, and two years after, at Baden, she again meets Litvinof, sober now, and instructed by suffering and travel, and tranquilly happy in his betrothal to his cousin Tatiana. The rest is the story of the reviving passion of Litvinof, which Irene, unprincipled, selfish, pitiless, fans into full flame, and then confesses that she also loves him, is wholly his, will fly with him, or whatever he bids her. But at every



step she counts the cost, and ends by declaring that she cannot fly with him, cannot give up either him or the world, and that he must come to live near her in St. Petersburg, where she will find him an office. The insulted Litvinof, who has broken his engagement with Tatiana and has felt every pang of guilt and remorse, has strength left to escape from Baden.

The character of Irene is vividly painted throughout, her passionate fickleness, her selfish calculation, her unscrupulous use of others' love for herself, her jealousy of the purity of Tatiana, her quickness, her art in overpowering Litvinof's good purposes, and in luring him back to her again and again. Her beauty is also painted so that she becomes almost a visible presence; but the intrigue is shown in all the real haggardness of such a passion, full of shame, trouble, fear, unrest. It is with these masterly touches that the author portrays the effect on Litvinof of Irene's acknowledged love:—

"A great change had taken place in Litvinof since the day before; in every attitude and motion, in the very expression of his face, he felt himself another man. All calmness, dignity, and self-respect had vanished; only the ruins of his moral nature remained; the indelible impressions of the last few days had entirely blotted out the good resolutions of the past. He experienced a new, strange, and powerful sensation, which was exceedingly painful to him. An evil spirit had penetrated the sanctuary of his soul, and had silently taken possession there; it had become his master, and he felt its power. Litvinof was ashamed no longer; he felt the rashness of despair mingled with fear. Those captured in battle are familiar with this conflict of feeling; the thief experiences it after his first attempt in crime. Litvinof had been taken captive, his honor had been unexpectedly attacked and had not proved equal to the trial. The train was a few minutes behind time."

He was waiting then for the arrival of Tatiana with his aunt. The scenes that follow are extremely touching and fine; but the little book is full of scenes almost equally good. A marvellous number of figures and characters are sketched, mostly Russian, and related to the most modern aspects of political and social life in Russia. A strain of pitiless sarcasm mocks the national conceit and barbarism; and one sadly recognizes in the Russians' grotesque-

ness, their tall talk, their fondness for all sorts of psychological, social, and political quackery, their likeness to Americans, whom they resemble in their recentness and the geographical vastness of their country. We wish that the likeness held good also in our possession of such a national novelist as Turgeneff.

#### FRENCH AND GERMAN.\*

If the jests were only a trifle more delicate, or a trifle funnier, we could recommend for those readers who loll in hammocks a little volume of so-called comic sketches entitled *Die fromme Helene*, which attempt to portray the mischievous tricks of a young girl who ill-treats her uncle and aunt, and who comes to a disproportionately bad end. As it is, however, the book must rest upon its own merits. It bears a certain resemblance to the very amusing little caricatures that used to appear in the German illustrated papers and in the Munich *Bilderbogen*, most of which contradicted the commonly received opinion about the power of a German to make a joke. Although the name of the illustrator of this book, Busch, is the same as that of one of the most famous caricaturists in Germany, we have no hesitation in saying that the two must be different men.

For more solid reading we have Karl Grün's *Kulturgeschichte des Sechzehnten Jahrhunderts*, which seems to be an excellent book. It is a reprint of a course of lectures, and although it is not written in the severest style of the historian, it nevertheless is by no means superficial; indeed, it may be stated that the true German is never superficial, the only approach to it being that he is sometimes inaccurate. In this volume we have occasional bursts of eloquence that may make the cool-headed

\* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

*Die fromme Helene.* Von W. BUSCH. Heidelberg. 1872.

*Kulturgeschichte des Sechzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von KARL GRÜN. Leipzig und Heidelberg. 1872. *Zweihundert Bildnisse und Lebensabrisse berühmter deutscher Männer.* 3te Auflage. Leipzig. 1870.

Goethe's *Briefe an Eichstädt.* Berlin. 1871.

*L'Invasion.* Par LUDOVIC HALÉVY. Paris. 1872.

*La Guerre en Province pendant le siège de Paris.* Par C. DE FREYCINET. Paris. 1872.

*La Littérature Française des Origines au XVIIe siècle.* Par PAUL ALBERT. Paris. 1872.

*Les Bourgeois-Gentilshommes de 1871.* Paris. 1872.



reader smile, but, notwithstanding, the book has a value.

Although it is not one of the latest appearing volumes, a book called *Zweihundert Bildnisse und Lebensabrisse* may yet be unknown to some of our readers. It contains the portraits, as its name indicates, of the most famous Germans, and they are all carefully engraved from the best originals. To each, whether his fame is world or province wide, a scanty inch of biography in fine type is given. As a specimen, this notice of Goethe is amusing. We give it in the original. German scholars will see the difficulty of translating it. "Ein grosser und glücklicher Dichter. Von der Vorsehung mit allen Gaben zur Erreichung des schönsten Erdenlooses ausgestattet, bei vollem, bewussten Gebrauche desselben dem Leben sich ganz hingebend, Natur-Kunst-und Menschenkenner, Staatsman, nach klarer Anschauung besonnen prüfend, der Leidenschaft zugänglich, aber bis zur Gemüthsruhe sich meisternd, fröhlich im Genusse, stark in der Entsagung, unermüdet thätig und bei jeder Thätigkeit durch reichste innerliche und äusserliche Mittel unterstützt, zog Goethe unendlich viel in den Bereich seines Lebens und producirte das Erlebte in vollendeter Form." It strikes us that our miniature Boswell has done very well.

Goethe's *Briefe an Eichstädt* consists of a number of letters from Goethe to the editor of the *Jenaische Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*. They are all brief and business-like, and perhaps of more interest to a biographer of Goethe than to most readers. The book is well edited.

Of French books the most interesting that we have is Ludovic Halévy's *L'Invasion*. The author, or, rather, the editor, has collected in one volume different recitals of various experiences in the recent war. There is not one which is not interesting, and interesting from its very simplicity and modesty. As long as an eye-witness does not try to rival the historian in the extent of his field of view, he is sure to be interesting. Here, as elsewhere, honesty is of value. One is averse to be too lavish of his praise of books about the war, but, with all modesty, we have no hesitation in recommending this one. Moreover, one is only too ready to forget the miseries of war; we continually see the glittering uniforms and hear the martial music, so a campaign

seems like an adorned picnic; it is well to bear in mind the horrors that always accompany it. Perhaps it is not Quixotic to hope that at some time in the future it may seem as absurd as the duel does now. While we are on this subject, we may mention Charles de Freycinet's new book, *La Guerre en Province pendant le siège de Paris*. This book is more the regular history of martial deeds than the preceding volume; but although it is filled with a natural praise of French deeds, of which posterity may or may not judge differently, it is an important book. It contains many documents, reports, orders, etc., on which it would be by no means easy always to lay the hand.

To return to more peaceful themes, M. Paul Albert has published a book called *La Littérature Française*, which, it seems to us, would be an excellent textbook for schools. Generally, the amount of information that even good students possess about the richness of French literature is extremely limited; but this book, although the extracts are few and brief, might well be read in connection with one which contains fuller specimens of the authors mentioned, such a book as Demogeot's or Henig's, for example. The criticisms in this volume are always intelligent and often excellent, and the descriptive, historical part is very good. French literature, if studied at all, should be studied as a whole, and not piecemeal. Of it, as of the history of France, one gets but very unsatisfactory knowledge who starts with the reign of Louis XIV. We recommend this book to all persons who are instructing themselves or others. It should be said that the volume only comes down as far as the beginning of the seventeenth century, but it is of the part before this date that the least is generally known.

Under the title of *Les Bourgeois Gentilshommes de 1871*, or *L'armée d'Henri V.*, an anonymous author has published some heavy and often grossly unpleasant satires of French provincial society of the present time. No one has done this work better than Gustave Droz, and we cannot help regretting the frivolity, let us call it, that but ill adapt his amusing books for general reading. A satirist who exaggerates is like a surgeon who cuts off our arms to cure troubles at our finger-ends. Droz has a light touch, but his lightness becomes levity of a sort that is but too well known as French.



## ART.

MR. THOMAS MORAN, an artist, hitherto better known to the public interested in art by his lithographic drawings, and his drawings-on-the-block for wood-engravers than for his painted pictures, has just finished a work in oils, which, whatever may finally come to be thought of it in its relation to the landscape art of our own time or of other times, cannot but be admitted, by whoever will study it, a work of real artistic and scientific importance. The subject is the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone River with the Lower Falls, and it is a lively presentment of one of the most wonderful wonders in a land made by Nature, when, to use the language of her child, the artless Pike, "she had her high-heeled shoes on." So faithful to the facts of the place is the picture, that those who have seen both assure us we might as well be on the spot as looking at this canvas. And this is no doubt a recommendation of the picture to those who, for any one of a half-dozen reasons, would rather not go to the Rocky Mountains just now. This accuracy, however, would hardly be sufficient of itself to give the picture a title to be spoken of under the head of fine arts, and therefore we hasten to say that if it be not, above all and before all, a work in which the imagination has its part, and in which the artist has revealed his love of beauty and his desire to communicate to others what he knows or feels of beauty, it is not because he has not earnestly labored to that end. It is plain that the man who made this picture loves Nature, not

"like a horned cow,  
Bird, or deer, or caribou."

but with the deep delight of the poet, and he knows how to interpret her with well-trained skill.

We believe we are right in saying that this picture introduces Mr. Thomas Moran to the public: it is his first important work. He has been for some time known to a small circle; his brother, Mr. Edward Moran, much wider known; and he has from time to time exhibited, but nothing he has done has drawn much notice; only his skill in black-and-white has made him in great demand as an illustrator of books; among these he has for some time been

considered our ablest man. Now, however, he has chosen a larger stage, and entered boldly into the lists. He must be compared with men more known, — with Church and Bierstadt; there are no others with whom it would be worth while to compare him. Setting aside, however, Mr. Church's "Niagara," the noblest landscape yet painted in this country, we judge Mr. Moran's picture worthy the second place; we think the public will finally come to give it that honor as its due.

We are not at all sure, however, if Mr. Moran has done wisely in choosing so pronounced a subject for his picture. Of course, he must be limited by the facts of the place, for, if he be not true to them on the whole, or even in details, he might as well call his picture by any other name. And he has been so conscientiously true to the facts that the temptation is strong in the mind of the ordinary spectator to see nothing on his canvas but a geological and geographical statement, another of those painted photographs of which we already have too many, and which have done so much to give our landscape art a name for childishness and journey-work. Then, again, we doubt the wisdom of taking so large a canvas, not merely for what we are used to hearing called "practical" reasons, — that our houses are too small to show these big pieces well, and that not many purchasers are to be found for them, etc, etc., — but for a reason that may not seem to everybody so important, this, namely, that the taking so large a canvas seems to imply the necessity for so much space to do justice to the landscape in.

The truth is, as very little study of the matter will convince, that a painter with a true eye for proportions can get as much grandeur into a small space as into a large one. Here, on this intaglio, — no bigger than the agate-stone on the forefinger of an alderman, — the Greek has cut a Venus as grand and beautiful to the right-seeing eye as if she were the size of her of Milo. Take up Rogers's "Italy" and open to the very first of Turner's designs. It is plain that if he had had two square yards to work in, he could not have given us more space, and air, and height, and distance, than he has given us in barely two square



inches. It seems to us that Mr. Moran has this power to perceive proportions, and the skill to convey to others his sense of them. We have no doubt that if he were to copy this large picture on a smaller canvas, it would make on the mind the same impression of grandeur that is made by the larger one. For the artist has not o'erstepped the modesty of nature: he has neither overdone his work nor come tardy off. And this healthful, direct, unaffected method of dealing with his subject goes far to justify his working on so large a scale. For, filled as he was with admiration of the scene, and with a mind stored with facts and impressions, the fruit of his long study, he went joyfully to his work and knew that he had enough to say to fill the time. No doubt, it makes a great difference whether a man has material enough to make every part of a large canvas interesting, or must merely hope to carry the day by a single impression. If he cannot do this last on the small canvas, he cannot do it on the large. Also, it has happened not seldom that men have made a happy hit within a circumference of a few inches, and have thought that to repeat this on a big canvas was to make a great picture. But the more canvas, the more fact, — facts of imagination, thoughts, suggestions. Mr. Moran is well furnished with facts; they make his picture a most interesting study. The variety of the rocks, the limestones, the basalts, the porphyries, with the varied action of the water on each, resulting in curious and picturesque differences of form; the color, either natural to the rock, or stained upon it by the metallic oxides, or overlaid upon it by the sulphur of the innumerable springs; the glancing river, with its delicious azure bright between the whirling foam; the pine-trees drawn with splendid vigor, and seen near, with detailed truth, their strong lines cutting clear against the delicate sky streaked with *cirrus*, and veiled with the veil of the leaping cataract upborne by her arrowy flight; then, on the far horizon, a cloud among clouds, the snow-covered range of the Rocky Mountains, and on the plain between them and the great lake that feeds this river the spouting geysers looking like the sails of ships, as everybody is quick to remark; — these are a few of the incidents that make the picture pleasant to look long upon. One does not need to be instructed in art to enjoy it; its appeal is to the general love of nature, to the love of color, and of grandeur in forms and lines.

Perhaps, also, it appeals a little to the pleasure we all may have, and not be ashamed of it, in the fact that this wonderful place is not merely a bit of the continent, but is, indeed, the private property of every man, woman, and child of us, being in the very middle of that generous tract of 3,578 square miles which by the energy and persistence of Professor F. V. Hayden, backed by good men and true in both Houses, Hon. S. C. Pomeroy in the Senate, and Hon. W. S. Claggett in the House, has been set apart forever as a public park for the people of the whole United States to walk abroad and recreate themselves.

This year, the presence of the Peace Jubilee seems to have effected an artificial prolongation of the picture seasons; and Mr. Selous's "Jerusalem in her Grandeur," and "Jerusalem in her Fall," remained still on exhibition, last month, at the auction-rooms of Messrs. Leonard, Bird, & Co.

Mr. Selous, the descriptive pamphlet informs us, is an English artist of French extraction; but in his case, as last month in that of another London painter, we have again to regret that pictures which do not fairly represent the English school should be associated with it in appearance. These paintings in particular do not belong to any phase of British art. But their peculiar merits are, as we shall have occasion to show, quite distinct from those which distinguish any school of art whatever, and consist in the historical and topographical memoranda which they offer. The suggestive antithesis of the titles finds but little response in the pictures themselves. The first represents Christ's entry into Jerusalem; and in the foreground, accordingly, are seen his figure, with those of the adoring multitude, about to pass over the brow of the Mount of Olives, from which point the view is taken, on their way to the city below and beyond. But the real interest lies in the imaginary representation of the Holy City, as it existed at the time of this event. Here the artist takes in hand what in itself is a subject full of pictorial possibilities. But he seems to have preferred resting upon the extraneous interests of locality and historic association, rather than upon those with which he should, as a painter, have chiefly concerned himself. We have here no poetic, colourous dream of the past in the strains of Turner's "Ancient Rome," which, however it be wanting in coherent or accurate detail, must always remain true in spirit and effect, but simply



an elaborated bird's-eye view of a great expanse of walls and towers and gardens. Nor do we find much assistance in bringing the two hundred and fifty distinct points of interest into a satisfactory unity of effect, beyond what is afforded by the fact of their being included within the limits of one city, and in the presence of a sparse blue mist, which, rising dimly from the valley of Kedron, suffuses a large part of the canvas. But even could we believe that the latter adjunct supplies the something which is needed to make this large expanse of oil-paint a thoroughly harmonious whole, it would still be too transparent a medium to veil successfully the unhappy coloring of the various portions. Mr. Selous's imagination, in short, has not served him in restoring the aspect of the day on which the sacred occurrence with which he deals took place, so well as the mere relative position and general appearance of the different city quarters. It is only when we take the descriptive pamphlet in hand that we find any satisfaction in looking at the piece. And then it is a satisfaction not at all depending on its pictorial qualities, but, as we have hinted, on the identification of building sites. Taken for this, however, which is its only real benefit to us, it is a very useful production, being, so far as we are able to judge, painstaking and accurate, and consequently valuable for reference. Abstractly, the acme of excellence in treating subjects of this scope could be attained only by the picture which should combine accuracy of detail with unity of effect and a vital color-harmony. Of art developed from this principle, Holman Hunt's picture of Christ in the Temple is a striking instance. But in general it is esteemed safer

for the artist — Washington Allston making it a rule in all paintings — not to have an eye too alert for detail, in other words, to be able to forget something. The two parties adherent to these differing principles divide the truth between them, and disagree more or less as to the proportions of the division. But Mr. Selous, it is perhaps needless to say, falls wholly below the plane on which these opposing parties meet, his talent being more that of the panoramic illustrator than that of the artist. We have been at pains, however, clearly to define his position, because it is precisely from works of this nature — so attractive and popular in certain regards, yet so entirely deficient in the essentials of high art — that public taste with us has at present the most to dread. Paintings which draw the beholder by some interest more tangible to the common sense than those which are purely pictorial, must necessarily be the most in favor before the higher natural taste induced by culture comes to predominate. In the mean time they are not to be discouraged, but also they should not be allowed to mislead.

"Jerusalem in her Fall" is more successful in point of color than the companion-piece. But taken on general grounds, apart from the truthfulness with which it may have reproduced the original scene, it is not at all an inspiring landscape. We are haunted by the sense of paint in its earth, and in its sky find no refreshment. Both works are characterized, or, rather, made wellnigh characterless, by the thinness of the painting, and gain in the engravings which were exhibited simultaneously with them.

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## THE STAGE.

IN these warm summer days, when musical matters usually present but few points of interest, the critic who has closely followed the course of musical events during the preceding winter and spring may be allowed to feel that his vacation-time has come. This year, to be sure, the all-devouring Jubilee has come upon us, and loudly claims our attention by roar of artillery, clash of anvils, and the sound of

many trumpets. But at the time of writing this, the many-headed monster has not yet run its allotted course, and we shall calmly await its dying gasp, or perhaps we should rather say its victorious apotheosis, before we venture to express an opinion as to its virtues and vices. In the mean time we shall take occasion to say a few words on another subject which custom has brought within the musical critic's province, and



which is always more or less intimately connected with musical affairs, namely, the theatre.

Now that the old Puritanical notions about the immorality and wickedness of all sorts of theatrical representations have but few advocates, and that the theatre is regarded generally as after all an innocent and often instructive amusement, we shall indulge in a little, perhaps incoherent, chit-chat about some of the imperfections and abuses in our theatres, glad to be able to say at the outset that the shortcomings of our stage are by far oftener sins against art than against morality.

One of the most striking faults in our dramatic entertainments is bad elocution. From those actors who do the leading business in our best stock companies down to the blood-and-thunder villains and persecuted saints at our lowest variety theatres, our actors one and all seem possessed with an invincible determination to throw heavy stress upon the wrong part of almost every sentence. We remember to have heard last winter one of our very best stock actors, a gentleman of great talent, refined perceptions, and a conscientious, painstaking artist, say, "If I had but SERVED my God with HALF the zeal I SERVED my king, he" (very small "he") "*would not*," etc. Of course such actors as Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, William Warren, Joseph Jefferson, and a few others, do not come within this category, but we think that among the stock companies in Boston and New York, the actors with whom this is not a besetting fault can be counted on the fingers of one hand. There is also a surprising unanimity in the *manner* in which they will ignore all the important words and accentuate the unimportant ones. Nine actors out of ten will, in a given passage, make precisely the *same* mistakes. This points to the existence of some more definite cause than the mere want of any high degree of artistic culture among them, and we are inclined to rank this distressing eccentricity of emphasis with many of the old stage traditions which are gradually losing their hold upon the general style of acting, such as the old stage walk, the conventional manner of leaving the stage, and some other theatrical peculiarities, to which the tragic stage especially still pertinaciously clings. Our actors of genteel comedy are happily almost entirely free from many of these traditional absurdities, and when they are called upon to act in tragedy, as they

usually are some few times in the winter, on benefit nights or during the engagement of some famous tragic star, it is refreshing to notice how much more naturally and humanly they deport themselves than those actors who have been brought up to tragic or sensational business. We remember noticing last winter, when an eminent tragedian was playing an engagement at one of our leading comedy theatres, how creditably most of the stock actors got through their parts, but there was one heroic individual who had but recently become a member of the company, having just left a theatre where the tragic muse was more exclusively cultivated. He had only an unimportant part, but it was edifying to see how he strutted about in his buskins, with what a tyrannical scowl and what gnashing and grinding of teeth he would bid a friend welcome, and with what pent-up emotions of bitter hatred and thwarted vengeance he glared at the phlegmatic attendant of whom he ordered a goblet of wine. "Any one could see that *he* was an actor," as our friend Partridge said. But this gasping and grinding of teeth, these acrobatic contortions in walking, are now happily rare, though the putting an emphasis on the right word in a sentence seems to be a thing which actors as yet cannot and will not do. This false accentuation is no doubt a remnant of the old traditional singsong which at one time was considered to be the indispensable accompaniment to blank verse in the heroic drama, and which once excited such violent partisanship on the stage of the Comédie Française in Paris. This metrical declamation, which is not without its merits in the mouth of an accomplished artist, becomes uncomfortably ludicrous when not well done; and when it is transplanted into the prose drama, we get something that is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

Another point that we often notice with dismay in our theatres is the utter disregard to the characteristic dressing of women on the stage. We have by dint of long experience got accustomed to seeing Rosina, a young lady, it is to be supposed, rather delicately brought up by a jealous guardian, prepared to run away with Almaviva in a thunder-storm with a small black lace shawl for her only outer garment, and shod in the prettiest possible little paper-soled slippers without any overshoes. We are no longer shocked at seeing Amina enter the count's chamber in a becomingly cut white



tarlatan dress, which seems to have been ingeniously fashioned so as to be both a comfort and an ornament to the fair wearer under almost any other circumstances than in going to bed. Rosina was probably in a great hurry to run away, and young ladies under the influence of that violent passion known as first love are, especially in fiction, proverbially indifferent to such trifles as wet feet or colds in the head; Amina has had several songs and a fatiguing duet in the first act, and being besides in a troubled state of mind, may be excused for going to bed and practising somnambulism in a costume at once resembling a *peignoir* and a ball-dress. Besides, he who objects to nonsense in any form in an Italian opera will get himself into a pretty peck of troubles if he rides his hobby too hard. But when we see gallant knights of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, glittering in armor, gold braid, and spangles, on the most intimately respectful terms with fair damsels and stately matrons habited according to fashions ranging chronologically from about the year 1865 to the last Paris mode-plates, we confess to a certain sense of incongruity that makes us eye the manager's announcements of "gorgeous *mise-en-scène*, new and appropriate costumes!" with feelings closely akin to distrust. When the action of the drama is carried back into classical or mythological times, this defect is to a certain extent remedied, and the tunico-pallium makes a becoming and graceful costume even to our modern eyes, although at times it may dangerously suggest the "statty of a lady hin bathin'," so much admired in the Vatican by an illustrious cockney. But neither the stola nor the tunico-pallium (there exists some confusion in our theatre wardrobes between the Roman and the Grecian garment) could counteract the modernizing effect of the portentous waterfall that we have seen appended to Vergilia's head. We have said that in the classical dramas the dresses of our women were generally better chosen and often fully as becoming as in those plays where the scene is laid in mediæval times. Strangely enough, the reverse is the case with the men. Most of the noble Romans on our stage, when enveloped in the toga, bear a painful resemblance to those shivering, white-sheeted figures that one may see crawling up the beach toward the bathing-houses any day during the season at Boulogne-sur-mer. When our classical actor lays aside the toga in the supposed privacy of his own apart-

ment, and displays his stalwart form in all the glory of a tunic and pink fleshings with a general appearance of having forgotten to put on his collar, then, perhaps from the force of association, perhaps from some inherent quality in the modern physique and bearing that does not lend dignity to the antique costume, we must confess to finding him incomplete without some such accompaniment as a flying trapeze, a balancing-pole or other instrument of acrobatic torture. In fact his resemblance to a circus-rider is too intense to be overlooked. We have never yet seen a Roman soldier on the stage with his sword at his right side, though all the authorities unite in telling us that it was so worn in ancient times.

The *mise-en-scène* at our theatres is in general very poor, though there are a few worthy exceptions. We have often pitied poor Don Giovanni at his solitary banquet in the last act, and admired the stoical indifference or the polite assumption of relish with which he would wipe his mustache after each tiny mouthful of cold tongue and each sip of aerated toast-water or cider. It has sometimes seemed almost unnaturally cruel in Donna Elvira not to have accepted his jovial invitation (poor Don! jovial even over cold tongue and toast-water) *se ti piace, mangia con me*, if only for the sake of companionship. But we have seen cases where most ludicrous situations have been brought about simply by the most impudently culpable neglect of stage directions. We have seen the sextett, *Sola, Sola*, in *Don Giovanni*, sung in what was to all appearance a baronial hall of rather cheerful aspect, instead of the *bujo loco* mentioned in the text. The audience must have been at a loss to understand how the various couples happened to meet so inopportunistly in a room that evidently belonged to none of them, unless, indeed, it were the public parlor of a hotel. The apotheosis of persecuted heroines in the fifth act is a scenic effect that seems to be still the despair of stage mechanists as well as the terror of any but the most confidently imaginative audience. But as playwrights often insist upon the souls of their virtuous heroines going visibly to heaven, and as human mechanism is necessarily imperfect, we suppose that the beatified spirits must continue, as of yore, to wing their jerky flight toward the realms of bliss in what might be called a sort of aerial stage-walk. But we do not see why the asperities of even paste-board clouds should



necessitate the wearing of high-heeled boots by the attendant angels.

One of the most lamentable shortcomings of our stage is the poorness of our ballet. Most of our solo dancers deserve rather the name of contortionists than of dancers; and we are sorry to see that our public seems to appreciate what is difficult rather than what is graceful. Good dancing rises to the dignity of a fine art, and in the hands (or feet) of real artists like Mademoiselle Morlacchi or Mademoiselle Betty Rigl, it becomes an æsthetic entertainment of a very high order; but nowa-

days, the acrobatic school of dancing has wellnigh put all grace to flight, and we see little else than strained, unnatural postures and what appears to be a desire to show how far the tibial and peroneal muscles may be stretched without snapping. Very few of our dancers have even a respectable amount of *ballon*, that india-rubber-like quality that gives the dancer the appearance of dancing two or three feet above the level of the stage, and which is one of the most difficult parts of the art to acquire. As for our *corps de ballet*, they are one and all beneath criticism.

## SCIENCE.

IN our scientific gossip for June, we gave a brief account of some of the interesting conclusions which have been reached concerning the connection between solar spots, the aurora borealis, and the positions of several of the planets. It was observed that sun-spots regularly increase and diminish in frequency through periods of about eleven years; that the amount of magnetic disturbance upon the earth's surface depends intimately upon the frequency of sun-spots; and that there is a curious relation between the appearance of the spots and the positions of those planets which, by reason either of size or of proximity, are able to exert considerable gravitative force upon the solar atmosphere. Respecting the parallelism between the three orders of phenomena, as established by elaborate observations, there can be no doubt whatever. But for a thorough scientific explanation of the parallelism we have perhaps still long to wait. We can only conjecture, with much plausibility, that the gravitative force of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn produces marked tidal phenomena in the sun's atmosphere, thus causing variations in those cyclonic solar storms which we call sun-spots; and that, in some way, variations in solar magnetism thus produced bring about variations in the magnetic currents of the earth and other planets.

To the number of apparently disparate phenomena thus grouped together, it is now sought to add another still less obviously connected class of facts. Mr. B. G. Jenkins, of London, has observed that

cholera epidemics have a period of recurrence equal to a period and a half of sun-spots. Reckoning, for example, from the year 1800, which was a minimum year of sun-spots, we get, says the author, "as a period and a half the date 1816.66, which was shortly before the great Indian outbreak; another period and a half gives 1833.33, a year in which there was a maximum of cholera; another, 1849.99, that is, 1850, a year having a maximum of cholera; another, 1866.66, a year having a maximum of cholera; another, 1883.33, as the year in which there will be a cholera maximum. It follows from what has been already said that 1783.33 would be a year in which cholera was at a maximum. Now it is a fact; that in April 1783, there was a great outbreak of the disease at Hurdwar." To all this add the interesting fact that "the number of deaths from cholera in any year, for example, the deaths in Calcutta during the six years 1865-1870, increased as the earth passed from perihelion, especially after March 21, came to a minimum when it was in aphelion [July 1], and increased again when it passed to perihelion, and notably after equinoctial day."

In view of the possibility thus suggested, that the progress of cholera may be influenced by effects wrought upon the earth's atmosphere by the sun's changes, it is interesting to observe the results which have been obtained from a comparison of the various routes upon which the disease is wont to travel. Mr. Jenkins holds that there are seven centres, or originating points of the disease. Of these the most



conspicuous is the region about the mouth of the Ganges. The others are on the west coast of Africa, in Arabia north of Mecca, in the east of China, in the Sandwich Islands, in a portion of the Pacific near Lower California, and in the Atlantic north of the West Indies. From these centres or foci, at the cholera periods, there proceed cholera currents about fourteen hundred miles in breadth; and at some of the epochs of cholera maximum, all these streams are simultaneously in motion. This was the case in 1833, in 1850, and in 1866.

The direction of the cholera currents is northwest and southwest: in 1818, for example, the disease, starting at Calcutta, advanced in these two directions in such a way that all places attacked by it on the one line were situated at right angles to the places visited on the other line. In this way the stream coming from India attacks Russia and Scandinavia, but leaves the remainder of Europe unharmed; while the stream coming from Arabia visits Southern and Western Europe, but does not affect Russia. The conduct of the five other streams is quite similar. Accordingly, if a terrestrial globe be covered with a system of bands running in a northwest and in a southwest direction from the seven cholera centres, and representing the cholera streams, the portions covered by these bands will represent the portions of the earth's surface which have been visited by the disease during the past century; while the areas intercepted between the bands represent geographical areas which have uniformly escaped from the cholera. So strictly does it seem to have been confined within the limits here laid down, that ships far out at sea have been suddenly smitten with cholera on entering the path of its progress, and upon emerging from the fatal track have as suddenly found relief.

Any theory affording a physical explanation of these interesting facts would at present be premature. It must be left for critics especially acquainted with the history of cholera to verify Mr. Jenkins's facts. If his statements are accurate, we have, in the definite paths travelled over by the disease at definite periods, a very significant circumstance. Such a fact points to the conclusion that the periodical outbreak and spread of cholera are determined, not by local miasma so much as by causes affecting the whole earth considered as a planet. Whether these causes are in any way asso-

ciated with the periodic variations in terrestrial magnetism due to solar agency, must for the present remain doubtful. Certainly we have not now at command any data for a deductive explanation of such an association, and it may very likely turn out that the agreement of two cholera periods with three periods of sun-spots is after all an accidental or empirical coincidence. Even accepting the coincidence as one which may by and by be found to possess a physical significance, we are confronted by the apparent anomaly, not yet by any means explicable, that the epochs of maximum disease correspond alternately with epochs of minimum and of maximum disturbance of the earth currents. Here is a point which demands explanation. Nevertheless, even as it stands, the correspondence is well worth noting as furnishing suggestive hints for future observers. When we have learned that the compass-needle, poised in its box upon our table, is at this moment swayed on its pivot by a tornado raging ninety-two million miles away in the fiery atmosphere of the sun, there is little room left us for astonishment or incredulity if we are next informed that the same gigantic tornado may be indirectly interfering with the functions of our livers. Only the information must be duly certified by patient inquiry, and neither accepted because it is wonderful nor rejected because it is strange. If verified, it will add but one more to the host of facts which are daily teaching us to look upon the universe as a sort of boundless jelly, which if it be anywhere shaken, will quiver to its farthest end. The dreams of the old astrology, too, will be curiously realized if it turn out that a terrestrial epidemic is in such wise dependent on the commotion excited in the sun by planetary gravitation that, for instance, the baleful conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn might visit the nations with a plague.

Since the time when Liebig classified alcohol along with starch, sugar, and fat as one of the heat-producing foods, the questions have been seriously discussed, whether alcohol is really heat-producing, and whether it is a food. Strictly defined, a food is any substance which supports life by undergoing chemical transformation within the body and by becoming incorporated with the tissues. It is with reference to this definition that the controversy concerning alcohol has been carried on. Yet that this definition, however good in its way, is liable to be practically misleading,



is obvious from the fact that water, which, as being absolutely essential to the support of life, is entitled to be called a food, nevertheless percolates untransformed through the tissues, and quits the body in the same chemical condition in which it enters it. Whether alcohol is to be practically regarded as a food or not, depends not so much upon whether it is oxidized within the body as upon whether it actually contributes toward the support of life in the total absence of other foods. Upon this latter point there is now no question : it is certain that wine or spirits will prolong life for a considerable time without the aid of other means of sustenance. The former point, however, — a point of great scientific interest, — still remains undecided. It has been ably argued by Lallemand, Duroy, and Perrin, that all alcohol taken into the system is eliminated without change ; while, on the other hand, Baudot, Dupré, Wallowicz, and Anstie have vigorously opposed this statement. Lately Dr. Subbotin has conducted some elaborate experiments upon rabbits, with a view to the further elucidation of this difficulty. Alcohol of the strength of 29 per cent (about the strength of strong port or sherry) was injected into

the rabbit's stomach, and all the excretions were afterwards carefully examined. As a result, it was found that during the twenty-four hours following the injection, at least 16 per cent of the alcohol was eliminated either as unchanged alcohol or as aldehyde. Though Dr. Subbotin is inclined to agree with Lallemand and his coadjutors, it would seem that this experimental result is by no means sufficient to determine the case. By far the larger portion of the injected alcohol failed to reappear in the excretions ; and the appearance of aldehyde is a positive fact in favor of the view that the alcohol is at least partially transformed. That some alcohol is always or usually eliminated unchanged is denied by no one who knows that wine can be detected in the breath. When we remember how rapidly alcohol is absorbed into the blood, it would be indeed strange if some of it were not soon given off through the lungs and skin. The question, however, is whether the whole of the quantity taken in is ejected without being temporarily assimilated ; and this point Dr. Subbotin has by no means made out. His paper may be found in the *Zeitschrift für Biologie*, Band VII. Heft 4.

## POLITICS.

THE chief political event of the month of June was not the Philadelphia Convention, where General Grant was re-nominated with such suspicious unanimity ; nor any of the other conventions that filled the newspapers with their transient rumors and their perishable eloquence. These mark but tides and currents with their floating drift-wood ; while the speech of Mr. Sumner against the President is a heavy anchor thrown to the bottom to keep the ship from drifting. If it finds "holding ground" in the mood of the people, it will offer the greatest resistance yet made to the re-election of Grant ; if the people give little heed, Mr. Sumner himself is to suffer by it. How then has the country received it ? Evidently not as Mr. Sumner hoped, for he permitted himself to imagine it might defeat the renomination at Philadelphia ; but quite as evidently not as the President's partisans expected either. It was widely

published, though few of the administration journals gave it in full ; and it has been generally read, as all Mr. Sumner's great speeches are, — read with a shock and thrill of pain too, for men said, "Can it be that we obey such a blockhead Cæsar as these words describe ?" And the first answer was commonly, "No, General Grant has some traits of the picture, but it is not a portrait." Even if it were true, said some, why paint it ? Why insist upon the deformities of the woman whom your friend is about to marry ? If he has made up his mind to take her for better or worse, he will think as well of her as possible, and as ill of you for decrying her. This was the obvious mistake of Mr. Sumner in waiting till the minister and the wedding guests had arrived before he forbade the banns. Had he made the same speech the week before the Cincinnati Convention, Mr. Greeley would not have been nominated there, and perhaps



not General Grant at Philadelphia. But when he did make it, the Republicans had agreed to take Grant for better or worse, and the sharp criticism only enraged them, or grieved them; it has not yet convinced them, and there is no immediate prospect that it will.

This does not hinder it from being a great speech, nor from having ultimately a great effect on the Presidential canvass. It may not be unanswerable, but it certainly has not been answered. It is no answer to say, as the newspapers do, that Mr. Stanton *did* mention General Grant's name in his campaign addresses of 1868; the fact remains that in 1869 Mr. Stanton did not think him fit to be President. Indeed, some of the administration journals admit that he "cannot govern this country," and say that he never should try; that he lets the people govern it, as they ought. But if this were so, and the President only a figurehead to our ship, we should have a right, surely, to demand a more ornamental one. Nor is it any answer to praise General Grant's military success, as Mr. Logan does, for that Mr. Sumner admits; nor to tell the Massachusetts Senator, as Mr. Carpenter did, that *he* is as bad as Burke, or is guilty of blasphemy for inventing an addition to the decalogue, or to say that gift-taking and nepotism are right. Quite as effective would it be to reply to Mr. Sumner, quoting from Scripture, that "a gift doth blind the eyes of the wise," "General Grant is not wise, and therefore the text has no application to him." Nor is it any answer, hardly even a fair comment on the speech, to charge that angry personal feeling inspired it. For anger could not invent the facts narrated, and it is these, rather than the inferences from them, that condemn the President. He has taken gifts, he has appointed his relatives to office, he has quarrelled with many persons, he has neglected and violated laws, he has shown an ignorance of the first principles of statesmanship, and surrounded himself with unworthy persons. Whatever Mr. Sumner's private griefs may be, these things are publicly true and have lost none of their truth by Mr. Sumner's manner of statement. This also, it must be said, is singularly compact and simple for the Senator. He is always ornate and clumsy in quotation, always embroiders his matter too much with certain stiff rhetorical patterns, always says grotesque things. But the effect of none of his speeches is grotesque, least of all this

one. The peculiar rhetoric is there, but also a nervous strength, a paring away of his periods, which few of his speeches can equally show. Whatever its faults of rhetoric, it has been read and will be read and pondered more than any speech yet made in this political campaign.

THE late Republican Convention at Philadelphia was in some respects the most remarkable of all the national conventions; no less so in its way, perhaps, than the Charleston and Baltimore Conventions of the Democratic party in 1860, through the action of which the Republican party was introduced to power in the national government. Then, as now, the dominant party in the country was seriously divided, and had for its opponents the rising hopes and liberal ideas of a new party, as well as the traditions and prejudices of an old and dying organization. But no contrast could be sharper than that afforded by the Democratic Convention of 1860 and the Republican Convention of 1872; the one full of faction and contest from the first, and foreordained to be broken in two as it finally was at Baltimore; the other manifesting a strict unanimity too complete to be real, and therefore, as was remarked above, open to suspicion. Again, at Charleston the negro was trampled under foot and spurned equally by both factions of the Democracy, while at Philadelphia he was held in exceptional honor, took a leading part in the speech-making, and wielded the balance of power in the only disputed nomination. Yet several of the delegates at Charleston and at Philadelphia were the same men, — Orr of South Carolina, Butler and Loring of Massachusetts, for example; and Dr. Loring, who was prominent in the most ultra proslavery faction of the Democracy in 1860, was one of the architects of the Philadelphia platform and the leading member of the Massachusetts delegation; while the honors of the New York delegation, and indeed of the whole convention, fell upon Mr. Gerrit Smith, the old friend and coadjutor of John Brown. The nomination of General Grant by this convention, was expected by everybody, but it was believed there would be a show of opposition, as in the French *plébiscites*; yet there was none at all, while his picture, as the "man on horseback" seen by Caleb Cushing in apocalyptic vision, was unveiled by a true Parisian *coup de théâtre*, amid the plaudits of seven hundred and sixty-two unanimous



delegates. To join with his name that of Henry Wilson for the second place on the ticket was also natural in such a convention, though few except Mr. Wilson himself expected it beforehand; and this name, on the whole, has strengthened the ticket where it most needed strength,—at the South and in doubtful States like Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and New Hampshire. The platform is an ingenious composition, best described perhaps in the apologetic speech of Mr. Scofield, who submitted it, wherein he expressed the hope that “if gentlemen did not find in the platform everything they desired, they would rest assured that nothing was excluded from any indisposition to take up and act upon everything.” Indeed, its comprehensiveness is only equalled by its vagueness. If it were as pronounced as it is long, it would be the most aggressive political platform ever offered to an indifferent people; but its native hue of resolution nowhere departs from the paleness and sympathetic invisibility for which platforms are noted. Hold the tariff resolution to the fire of the Pennsylvania smelting-furnace, and it reads “Protection”; warm it in the blaze of a prairie-fire, and it can be translated “Revenue Reform.” The resolution about women is equally equivocal; it satisfies the ardent Dr. Blackwell, and is supposed not to offend the conservative Dr. Todd. Some of the other resolutions are open to another sort of comment; they are not so vague as they are canting. We are told in the first one that the Republican party has held “supremacy” for eleven years, has suppressed rebellion, emancipated four million slaves, created and reduced the debt, etc., etc., and then we are solemnly assured in the fifth, sixth, and tenth resolutions that this same party believes that the civil service ought to be reformed, land grants to corporations no longer made, and the franking privilege abolished. Is it possible, the credulous reader may ask, that this great party, that could confer suffrage upon the blacks, has not yet been able to abolish the franking privilege? Are the Republicans that claim the credit of measures for which we are paying by taxation at the rate of \$150,000,000 a year, still giving away millions of acres to railroad stock-jobbers? Have they exterminated slavery, and yet not stopped the political assessments in the custom-houses and post-offices? Where there’s a will there’s a way; and this platform shows exactly how much sincerity

there is in the party professions on these matters of present importance. The sixteenth resolution will be hailed at the South either as a bitter joke or as the harbinger of a change of policy. If honest, it is both a confession and a promise of amendment; for it pledges the party to “respect the powers reserved by the people to themselves as carefully as the powers delegated by them to the States and to the Federal government”; and it disapproves of “an interference with rights not surrendered by the people.” But the cynical Southern men will say that the party has respected these powers equally by treating all with like disrespect, and that its whole course since 1868 has been an interference with rights that were either not surrendered or were given back after the Rebellion. The candidates presented are more important than the platform, however, and of these we must speak in another connection. They represent the party in its present attitude as well as any two men could; while the only candidates yet offered on the other side ludicrously fail to represent the principles for which they are supposed to stand. In this respect Philadelphia was far more logical than Cincinnati; yet Cincinnati had the more honest platform and represented a spontaneous utterance of popular sentiment much better than Philadelphia.

BEFORE this page comes to our readers, the Baltimore Convention will have come and gone. Though it is still a future event as we write, there is now as little doubt that it will ratify the Cincinnati ticket, as there was beforehand that General Grant would be nominated at Philadelphia. State convention after convention has yielded to Mr. Greeley, until the continuance or repeal of that ancient Democratic device, the “two-thirds rule,” is no longer of any importance, for it is plain that more than two thirds of the convention will favor him. Meantime, the New York conference, at which it was hoped to set aside Greeley and present a new name for the opponents of Grant to unite upon, has only strengthened the Greeley movement, giving to it the now undoubted support of Senators Schurz and Trumbull, of Messrs. Cox and Brinkerhoff of Ohio, Mr. David A. Wells, Colonel Grosvenor, and other hesitating leaders of the Liberal Republicans. The nomination of Mr. William Groesbeck and Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted for President and Vice-President, by a small segment of the Free-



Trade party, respectable as the ticket and its supporters are, hardly offers the Democrats and the Liberal Republicans an alternative, from the choice they are now required to make between Grant and Wilson on one side, and Greeley and Brown on the other. Either the Philadelphia or the Cincinnati ticket now seems certain to be elected; let us see what are the attractions and the probable destinies of each. Between the two Presidential candidates, pitiful as it is to be compelled to choose one of two evidently unfit persons for the highest office in the nation, our preference and that of the American people, we trust, would be for General Grant. He represents a great success, partly military and partly political, in conquering the Rebellion and closing the era of civil war; though of proved incapacity in civil government, he is still believed to be honest, cautious, and steady, with a reserve of intellectual power and moral purpose which, in any coming crisis of our affairs, might be an invaluable aid to the country. Mr. Greeley, on the other hand, though gifted with more political wisdom, a warmer heart, and a clearer perception of ideas and principles, is believed to be capricious, conceited, peculiarly open to flattery and prejudice, bold in opinion, but timid in action, and with that indefinable something in his character which makes it impossible not to laugh at him, however much we may esteem him. If Grant is stolid, barren of ideas, and below the intellectual level of Jackson, Taylor, and Harrison, as we doubt not he is, Greeley, with his immense experience and acuteness and philanthropic philosophy of life, is still un-

steady, grotesque, obstinate, and ridiculous, — epithets never yet justly applicable, all at once, to a President of the United States. Strange crisis in our politics that makes a choice imperative between these two men, neither of whom can be called a statesman, or even be said to embody the popular conception of Presidential qualities! An American President, to be widely popular, must have real greatness like Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, or certain martial qualities like Jackson; he may have plain manners like Jefferson, or distant manners like Washington, or a native blending of coarseness and dignity like Jackson and Lincoln, but he must have at heart a sincere desire for his people's good, obvious to them as they meet him. In this General Grant conspicuously fails; his presence inspires no enthusiasm, his pulse does not beat with the popular heart; he has the coldness of Washington without his lofty self-devotion. Mr. Greeley goes to the other extreme; he is of the people too much to hold their respect, even when he arouses their enthusiasm; there is nothing august about him, he does not rise with the occasion as Lincoln did, and the moods of his mind, like the tones of his voice, are more apt to provoke a smile than to compel attention and deference. In these regards he is not the equal of Senator Wilson, whom in many points he closely resembles, though a man of far wider reach and power of mind. Again, there are points of resemblance between General Grant and the second candidate on the opposing ticket; although Mr. Brown is a man fertile in ideas and with no lack of political experience.



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A DAY IN A JAPANESE THEATRE

HE who would gain a just idea of the various qualities of a Japanese theatre — its conspicuous merits and its flagrant faults, its contrasts of rude simplicity and lavish splendor, its swift successions of dexterous illusion and awkward disenchantment, and its alternating incongruities of genuine dramatic taste and skill, and reckless defiance of æsthetic and human proprieties — must give at least one uninterrupted day to its study; going early, and leaving only when all is finished. Repeated visits of shorter duration will hardly serve, for one will be almost sure to miss some element, not only of entertainment, but also of importance in estimating the general value of theatrical art among the Japanese. In the performances of one day one will probably find fair examples of nearly all that they attempt to accomplish. Unlike the Chinese, who are content to follow the course of a tortuous tragedy or complicated comedy through days and weeks of mazy evolution, the Japanese must have variety, as well as abundance, in their mimic sports. Their more active nature requires the stimulant of continual novelty, and, for the

price of a single they expect, and complete Polonius tions, with, addition kind referred to by appropriate to the One visit, then, will the foreign spectator as to the standard of the Nipp and to determine its rank a exhibitions in other lands. In commend itself to his gen there is nothing to prevent repeating the experiment as he may choose; if it weary him, is nothing to prevent him from st ing away as freely as in any country where the form of government is supposed to be more liberal than in these islands of the Origin of the Sun.

Put yourself, I pray, under my guidance for a day, and come with me to Asakusa, at once the busiest and the merriest quarter of Yedo. Here, amid the incessant bustle of trade, are congregated the best of the public amusements which the great city possesses; most of them under the shadow of the majestic temple of Kuan-non, which,

\* "He 's for a jig," etc.



temples, is kept  
operation, per-  
the poisonous  
ated commerce.  
quaint devices  
ams, and moun-  
rious. Here are  
nimble-fingered  
the fidgety arrow

Here are men-  
g more ferocious  
aguid snakes and  
e are wax-works  
fidelity, compared  
dame Tussaud's are  
atures. Here, also,  
three of them, keep-  
se company, as that  
Boulevard du Tem-  
these we can take  
are all alike, exter-  
ufficiently attractive  
ay flags protruding  
ns depending from  
their walls covered;  
ay-houses at home,  
es representing the  
enes in the favorite  
y. It matters little  
enter. We pass the first,  
that it is already compactly  
the second, because, although  
little past eight o'clock, the  
nce has already begun. At  
of the third, the proprietor or  
ssistant waits, bowing and smil-  
y, to receive us; and, ascertaining  
which part of the house we wish to be  
placed in, precedes us to our destina-  
tion, clearing the way, and making all  
comfortable before us, as an amiable  
usher would naturally do in any well-  
conducted American establishment.  
But as regards payment, no word is  
spoken at this early period. That un-  
gracious formality is left for a later  
stage. At present the attendant's  
thoughts are occupied solely by his de-  
sire to bestow us comfortably in our  
box, with sundry cushions to mitigate  
the asperities of rough and angular  
boards, and with pots of fragrant tea to  
soothe the impatience of the interval  
before the opening of the day's dra-

matic budget. We might have chairs,  
European chairs, if we desired, but of  
course we reject them, as, on such an  
occasion, we would reject anything un-  
necessarily foreign, and, folding our-  
selves together upon the matted floor,  
we commence our personal proceed-  
ings by an inspection of the house and  
the assemblage.

It is certainly a plain and primitive  
edifice; thoroughly substantial, and  
neat enough, but totally destitute of  
anything approaching to luxury; cov-  
ering a space about equal to that occu-  
pied by Niblo's Garden, in New York,  
though not equal to Niblo's in height;  
four solid walls bound together at the  
top by massive beams and sheltered  
by a roof, the numerous apertures in  
which are so arranged, with broad  
shutters, as to produce specific scenic  
effects of light and shade. There is  
no ceiling, and, of course, no plaster-  
ing or paint upon the woodwork in any  
part. The auditorial arrangements are  
not unlike those of the smaller French  
theatres. The centre of the floor is  
filled with stalls or boxes,—the former  
name seems more appropriate here than  
it is with us,—square spaces separated  
from one another by partitions about  
ten inches high, each calculated com-  
fortably to accommodate four, or pos-  
sibly six, persons. The aspect of the  
whole is suggestive of a magnified  
waffle-iron. Two aisles lead from the  
back of the house to the stage, which  
latter is not divided by any practical  
boundary from the body of the parquet,  
both being upon the same level. In-  
deed, these aisles appear to be intended  
rather for occasional exits and entranc-  
es of the actors than for the accom-  
modation of visitors, the partitions  
between the boxes being sufficiently  
bulky to afford an easy passage to the  
sure-footed Japanese. Along the outer  
side of each of the aisles a row of boxes,  
like the French "loges," extends, con-  
structed to hold four occupants apiece.  
The gallery—there is only one—chief-  
ly consists of similar "loges," the  
space in the extreme rear correspond-  
ing to the least select part of our play-



houses. Altogether there is ample room for some twelve hundred persons, and with a little of the pressure which American ushers are accustomed to exert, two thousand might be introduced without serious difficulty. Mats and cushions are liberally supplied, but no other conveniences are provided, or, indeed, looked for. The only decorations are a few colored hanging curtains, stretching from side to side like our stage "borders"; rows of paper lanterns hung about the edges of the gallery in the same manner as our gaseliers, and, like them, intended rather for ornament than use, and long strips of cloth thrown over the fronts of the conspicuous boxes above and below, emblazoned with the names of popular actors, the crests of tutelary deities, and the titles of certain plays that have proved especially attractive. The curtain occupies the same position as with us, but there is no proscenium, and nothing to prevent the curious spectator from penetrating behind the scenes at pleasure, excepting his own sense of propriety. It is difficult to discover exactly what restrictions do exist in this respect, for even now, while the mysterious noise of preparation resounds, occupants of the front parquet stalls occasionally lift the curtain before them, dart beneath it, and appear at the sides, having evidently chosen this speedier method of getting out to a promenade along the somewhat narrow partition-tops; and little children, eager to explore the yet undivulged mysteries, leave their places, and, running down the aisles, peer curiously into the dim arena, unmolested and without rebuke.

Half past eight o'clock, an unusually late hour, and the house is two thirds full, but the performance does not begin. We have yet time to take observations of the audience, which, gayly gossiping, seems to care very little for the delay. Most of those present have come prepared to make a day of it, and a half-hour, more or less, is of little moment to them. The *élite*

appear to be in the upper boxes, nearest the stage, although many fine dresses and aristocratic *tournures* are visible both in the lower boxes and the central stalls. On one side, far in front, there happen to be grouped this morning nearly a hundred children, mostly girls, inexpressibly bewitching in their pretty, gentle, innocent glee. I am never tired of paying tribute to the loveliness of the better class of Japanese children. As they sit there just beneath us in their bright holiday attire, they form a picture which many a painter that I know of would give all his old pallets to get sight of, yet will not take a paltry month's voyage to find. For a contrast, we may turn to the rear upper boxes, which are in possession of a body of pleasure-seeking soldiers whose appearance is not at all picturesque. The Japanese *sawarai*, in his transition state from nobleman's retainer-at-large to national guardsman, is as far as possible from an object of beauty. On entering his new military career he is expected to throw off his former graceful, but cumbersome robes, and adopt the garb of European armies; and he does this not unwillingly, but awkwardly and by slow gradations. Instead of dashing boldly across the Rubicon of dress-reform, he trifles on the brink, or plashes timidly and shallowly about, as if afraid of venturing too suddenly beyond his depth. The result is a series of the most extraordinary combinations that can be imagined; fantastic hair-dressings, which refuse to accommodate themselves to the regulation cap; striped trousers rolled up to the thighs, to relieve the legs from an unaccustomed and oppressive warmth; misalliances of the long-sleeved, flowing Japanese sack with tight-fitting breeches, — sometimes with nothing more than woollen drawers, — and, *vice versa*, of the broad-legged *hakami* with close jackets; and, in numerous cases, when all other obstacles have been overcome, a resolute adherence to the Japanese sandals and high pattens, which alone are sufficiently destructive to



every pretension of military bearing, as we understand it. Valor, however, is not dependent upon accidents of apparel, and if there is one quality which the sawarai is known to possess in a higher degree than any other, it is that of indomitable physical courage. Behind the cluster of soldiers is a small gathering of neat-looking servants, apparently in waiting upon certain lofty yaconins, who occupy some of the best places in the house, and who are, in turn, attendants of a very distinguished officer who sits with a small party in a half-hidden recess, closely resembling one of those which, in old-fashioned French theatres, are situated upon the stage, behind the curtain. It is satisfactory to know that a recognized representative of Japanese dignity and mystery is near us; but the real interest of the scene, at present, lies in the body of the house, among the stalls, which are more heterogeneously filled, and spiced with more variety. How polite, good-humored and sociable they all are! There are obvious distinctions of rank in dress, but there are none after the opening salutations of a conversation in intercourse. Though probably all strangers, they smile and jest, and puff one another's health in pinches of tobacco, and interchange candies and fruits like lifelong acquaintances. Candies and fruits! There is abundance of these, for no London pit ever resounded more freely with cries of venders of every known species of superfluous refreshment, and the trade they carry on is incessant, especially among the young folks, some of whom seem disposed to preclude all possibility of nourishing food, for that day at least, by surfeiting themselves with sweets at the outset. While we are amusing ourselves with the elaborate gravity with which these juvenile bargains are conducted, our friendly co-proprietor, or manager's assistant, or whatever he may be, comes to us with information that the real business is on the point of commencing, and hands us a package of programmes to prepare our minds properly for the delights

in store; to break, one might say, the artistic shock to us. Ah, these are indeed programmes! For amplitude of description and copiousness of illustration, the new worlds of Europe and America know nothing to compare with them. They are not slips or sheets of paper, but little books, neatly bound, and worth preserving as ornaments after their immediate purpose has been served. They present a list of the day's proposed entertainments, with names of the actors and portraits of some of the most distinguished among them, followed by very full analyses of the various plots, with colored illustrations of the principal scenes. Apart from their usefulness in the theatre, they are said to be amusing little volumes for all occasions. It is true that a price is put upon them, but it is very small, not more than a cent for each. As we pay for them, we learn also the price of our admission. This varies according to the hour when the visitor arrives, and, as we are among the earliest, no charge can be higher than ours. It is a little less than two "bu," about half a dollar, apiece; and if anybody can tell me where else upon earth you can go through so much by paying so little, I should like to have him deliver his information forthwith.

The attention of the audience is presently arrested by a series of sharp sounds behind the curtain, caused by rapping two hard and solid blocks of wood together, a very common form of notification everywhere in Japan, and one which, again, suggests the French theatrical method of warning. After a dozen or more of these raps, three blows upon a drum are heard, and the curtain is rapidly drawn aside from the left of the stage to the right, revealing in the centre a neat and tasteful garden scene, than which nothing need be more complete or more correctly designed. Less effective views and less accurate "sets" are often seen in more than one New York and London, not to say Paris theatre of pretension. The space occupied is small, only about two thirds the width of that dis-



closed by the withdrawal of the curtain, and extending to what might correspond to the third entrance in one of our average-sized houses, but it is well filled. Whatever other contradictions to literal fidelity we may observe, there is certainly none of that barbarous indifference which in Chinese theatres allows the orchestra to be seen in full and noisy operation *behind* the actors, and demands no further concession to stage illusions than a portable bush to represent a forest, or a paper gate to stand for a walled city. The scenic appointments of the Japanese are quite well enough in their way; imperfect of course, considered from our point, but excellent as far as they go. The disposition of their musicians, however, is open to severer criticism, of which, by the by, they are unsparing themselves, but seem reluctant to overthrow the old traditions, even while acknowledging their absurdity. From what would be their proscenium, if they had a proscenium, to what would be the edges of their first wings if they had those, stretch two little galleries, or platforms about five feet above the stage, in which the orchestras and choruses are stationed. There are generally three *samisen* or guitar players, and three singers, on each side, and it should be mentioned that one of the justifications of their presence in so conspicuous a position is that the assistance of the choruses is supposed to be frequently required to explain the progress of the drama. Their tuneful commentaries do indeed elucidate a great deal that might otherwise be obscure, and obviate the necessity of much dialogue and many soliloquies which, without some such substitute, would be indispensable. It is easy to say that the whole system is ridiculous, yet who shall determine where the line of musical illustration is to be drawn. In many of our own melodramas at least one half of the action is sustained by orchestral accompaniments, and nobody disputes the value of such effects; and, if we attempt to apply logical tests, which is

more unreasonable, — for a chorus to tell us what is secretly passing in the mind of a particular character, or for that character to proclaim it himself in an outspoken soliloquy? And what mighty difference is there between being informed by three or four respectable middle-aged gentlemen, in melodious unison, that “an interval of two months is supposed, etc., etc.,” and reading the same upon a play-bill? The truth is, that there is no defence for either chorus or soliloquy, and not much for the impertinent and superfluous suggestions of play-bills, so we can afford to pass these questions unanswered. They need not, indeed, present themselves at all, in this opening scene of the Yedo theatre, for we presently discover that, before beginning the dramatic feast, a species of pantomimic prelude is offered, intended, perhaps, to simulate a propitiatory appeal to supernatural powers, or perhaps only to introduce the more diversified proceedings of the day by an act of formal greeting to the assemblage. The regular musicians, all dressed in rich but plain-colored robes of state, having taken their accustomed places, the doors of a pavilion in the mimic garden are opened, and a dozen more imposing figures enter therefrom, bearing instruments which are not employed in the orchestras, though familiar enough to the Japanese, namely, flutes, *kotos*,\* and little drums of curious construction and various in tone, some broad and shallow like tambourines, some long and slender, and some contracted like hour-glasses. These gravely seat themselves in a row, as a line of chairless negro-minstrels might do, and without much delay, open a lively tournament of cacophonous rivalry with their neighbors overhead. The entries in the lists, however, are very gradual, and some five minutes pass before the whole

\* The koto is an instrument resembling a magnified Æolian harp, the strings of which are sometimes stretched upon a hollow box, but generally upon a large block of solid wood. Its tone is soft and melodious, much more so than that of the *samisen*, which differs little from our banjo.



force of twenty-four is in united operation. An hour-glass drum, perched lengthwise upon the player's right shoulder, and smartly tapped with the fingers of the left hand, is first sounded, the performer's voice following it in a monotonous recitative. Samisens in the galleries next emerge from silence, at first softly and timidly, as if afraid of intruding, but presently, gathering boldness, with a rising energy that threatens to extinguish the solitary drum and calls for reinforcement below, which is hastily thrown in by the wry-necked life. A sonorous platform chorister soon mingles in the emulous fray, provoking a vigorous rejoinder from the entire body of vocalists upon the floor. The twelve above reply with a flowing phrase. The twelve below retort with a shrill stanza. Then all the drums are heard in a fine frenzy rolling, the samisens twitter, the kotos twang, and twenty-two pairs of lungs pour forth their utmost volume. Two flute-players alone, having their mouths as well as their hands full, and being unacquainted with the American art of singing through the nose, are forced to abstain from swelling the choral strain. But the tumult is sufficient with only their partial co-operation, and so, lustily and vigorously, for some sixty seconds, without interruption, the acoustic anguish is prolonged.

Suddenly, without premonition, and with no apparent cause to inexperienced eyes, the commotion is multiplied by loud cries from the audience. Nothing has happened upon the stage to occasion such an outburst, but, following the gaze of the multitude, we perceive that two figures have entered from the rear of the parquet, and are now proceeding slowly down the aisles. The uproar of the populace is simply a demonstration of welcome. The actors are evidently familiar favorites, for, in addition to the usual welcome of cheers and clapping of hands, their names are shouted again and again by the more eager of their admirers, a proof of extreme popularity. Unmoved by the applause, they glide ma-

jestically to the middle of the aisles, where they pause, salute each other and the audience, and then, in a series of easy undulations, their feet seeming never to leave the floor, move onward again toward the stage, having at last reached the centre of which, they stand motionless for a few seconds in attitudes of singular freedom and grace. By this time the general agitation is subdued, and tranquillity reigns again. During the next ten minutes no sound is heard excepting the most gentle touches of the samisens and kotos, and an occasional cry of "Kimi-tayu" or "Ina-hachi," the names of the performers, from some irrepressible enthusiast in the body of the house. Now is our opportunity for minute inspection. The characters represented are feminine, but the impersonators are men, as is always the case in Japan. As far as appearance goes, the disguise presents few difficulties, for it is the custom of all women of position to powder their faces and necks in such profusion as to make the imitation of the artificial complexion an extremely easy matter. Certain prescribed touches of pink paint still further facilitate the masking of the countenance, and the hair, of course, is counterfeited without trouble. It is in the movement of the body and the management of the dress that the cleverness of the actor is shown; and in these details, the couple before us are undoubtedly accomplished experts. Excepting their tallness, — and even this is not excessive, — there is nothing about them to betray their real sex to the most penetrating observation. Every trace of masculine angularity and stiffness has been banished from their frames. But these characteristics, which are afterward more curiously studied, do not at first strike us with so much surprise as the splendor of their apparel. Dresses more costly may sometimes be seen in Western theatres, but none at once so rich in material, so vivid in color, and so perfectly tasteful and harmonious in their extraordinary brilliancy. The chief materials are silk



and velvet of the finest Japanese quality, which means the finest quality in the world, overwrought with fanciful embroidery and glittering with crystals and polished metals. The two costumes are at first precisely alike in form, but so contrived in color that one seems a blaze of gold, the other a glare of silver. The head of each actor is covered with a tall shining hat, from which a fringe of bullion falls, entirely concealing the hair. The throat and shoulders are swathed with glittering scarfs. A long robe, with sleeves of inordinate length, is lightly bound around the figure, closing in at the ankles, and suddenly expanding about the feet, like an inverted lotos-leaf. The waist is encircled by the broad Japanese cestus, or *obi*, heavily knotted at the back, in which are sheathed innocuous weapons and ornaments of various design. The combinations of color, and the effects produced by them, it is useless to attempt to describe; there is no proximate standard of previous recollection to measure them by. It is sufficient to say that past visions of "Black Crook" costumes,—I believe some of the characters wore clothes in that famous spectacle,—and those of similar displays, become dull and rusty in comparison. Moreover, one dress alone is not held sufficient for the occasion. A few stately gestures, and the hats and outer garments are thrown aside, disclosing a second and totally different attire, in no respect less striking than the first. And, presently, after a haughty sweep around the stage, a third is unveiled, the most superb of all. The bodies of the two comedians are now cleared for action, and a dignified dance begins. I say a dance, although it exhibits little of the activity which the word implies with us. In the feminine choregraphy of Japan there is no saltatory motion. The men are marvels of vivacity, but the women are always comparatively calm and subdued. Their feet do not appear to be lifted from the ground. They glide from spot to spot, with bodies

rhythmically vibrating and arms seductively swaying, pausing now and again in postures of approved Oriental coquetry, to beckon with a fan-flirt or lure with a smile. But of animated action there is very little, and here, this morning, less than usual, since the purpose of the performance is grave and austere, rather than jubilant and mirth-inspiring. Nevertheless, it is full of grace, and is impressive from the elaborate precision with which the movements of the two dancers are blended; and we willingly join in the acclamations which ring through the house as, after a final swoop and flourish of prodigious expanse, they dart beneath the hanging curtains of the pavilion, and vanish from public sight.

Now, amid the bustle which ensues, hum of conversation, cries of refreshment-sellers and rattle of machinery upon the stage, we look to our programmes for what is to follow. "Bumbuku Chagama" is announced. "Bumbuku Chagama" is a typical dramatic subject in Japan, and shall therefore be explained. The literature of the country is full of fanciful legends and fables, some apparently derived from foreign sources, and arbitrarily adapted to Japanese traditions, some exclusively national and illustrative of such crude mythology as here exists. In the latter the grotesque ideals of the fox, the badger, or some other mysteriously endowed animal frequently figure. They are very old, generally very brief, and always extremely popular. Every child is familiar with hundreds of them, since they are circulated profusely in neat little pamphlets, drolly illustrated, at the cheap rate of about a dozen for a cent. Theatrical versions of these tales form about half the stock in trade of the Yedo play-houses. As we shall by and by discover, the dramatizations do not strictly follow the course of the original fables, but divergences of this sort have always been the inalienable privilege of playwrights, from Shakespeare down to the lowest. Among them all, "Bumbuku Chagama" is one of the best known



and most frequently represented. Why this is so nobody can satisfactorily explain, for it is only of average merit, and as a mere narrative has very little romantic, or even human, interest about it. But, since it possesses a certain prominence, both as a favorite nursery fiction and an accepted theatrical theme, a double purpose may be served by offering first a literal translation, and afterward showing in what manner it has been thought judicious to rearrange it for dramatic treatment.

### BUMBUKU CHAGAMA ;

OR,

### THE BUBBLING TEAPOT.\*

Once upon a time, it is said, there lived a very old badger in the temple known as Morin-ji, where there was also an iron teapot, called Bumbuku Chagama, which was a precious thing in that sacred place. One day, when the chief priest, who was fond of tea, and who kept the pot always hanging in his own sitting-room, was about taking it as usual to make tea for drinking, a tail came out of it. He was startled, and called together all the little *bonzes*, his pupils, that they might behold the apparition. Supposing it to be the mischievous work of a fox or badger, and being resolved to ascertain its real character, they made due preparations ; some of them tied handkerchiefs about their heads, and some stripped their coats off the shoulders, †

\* It is extremely diverting to find the literati of Japan at loggerheads about the etymology of this title, and to learn that the result of their inquiries is very much like that which followed the investigations of the discoverer of "Bill Stumps his Mark." The scholars have held that Bumbuku is a compound, the first syllable of which, Bun (here softened into Bum), signifies learning, and the second, Fuku (or Buku), wealth. There is no question about Chagama, which means teapot. Antiquaries desire that the name should thus be equivalent to "The Accomplished and Prosperity-bestowing Teapot," and the Chinese characters which they apply to it have this interpretation. But it appears that in the province of Sendai, where Morin-ji and the wonderful pot still exist, the word "Bumbuku" is currently used in simple imitation of a bubbling or gurgling sound, and may be indifferently applied to boiling water, running streams, or the mental processes of over-fanciful philologists. Thus rudely are the glims of science doused.

† Customary preparations of laboring-men for any arduous toil.

and armed themselves with sticks and bits of fire-wood. But when they were about to beat the vessel down, wings came out of it, and as it flew about from one side to another, like a dragon-fly, while they pursued it, they could neither strike nor secure it. Finally, however, having closed all the windows and sliding-doors, after hunting it vigorously from one corner to another, they succeeded in confining it within a small space, and presently in capturing it.

While they were variously consulting what they should do with it, a low merchant, whose business it was to collect and sell waste-paper, entered opportunely, and they showed him the teapot, with the view of disposing of it to him, if possible. He, observing their eagerness, offered for it a much lower price than it was worth ; but, as it was now considered a monstrous thing in the temple, they allowed him to have it, even at the unfair valuation. Greatly rejoiced, he took it and hastily carried it away, and reached his home well satisfied with his bargain, looking forward to a handsome profit the next day, when he hoped to sell it to some lover of tea-drinking.

Night came on, and he laid himself down upon his cushions to rest, and, covering himself with blankets, slept soundly.

But at a later hour, toward the middle of the night, the teapot once more changed itself into the form of a badger, and came out from the waste-paper basket in which it had been placed. The merchant was aroused by the noise, and caught the teapot while it was in flight ; and, by treating it kindly, gained its confidence and affection. In the course of time, moreover, it became so docile that he was able to teach it rope-dancing and various other accomplishments.

The report soon spread that Bumbuku Chagama had learned to dance, and the merchant was invited to various great and small provinces, where, also, he was summoned to exhibit the marvel before the daimios, who bestowed



upon him large gifts of gold and silver. In course of time he reflected that it was only through the teapot, which he had bought so cheap, that he had become prosperous, and felt it to be his duty to return it again, with some compensation, to the temple. He therefore carried it thither, and, telling the chief priest the story of all his good fortune, offered to restore it, together with one half of the money he had gained.

The priest, well pleased with his gratitude and generosity, consented to receive the gifts. The badger was made the tutelary spirit of the temple, and the name of Bumbuku Chagama has remained famous in Morin-ji to the present day, and will be held in remembrance until the latest ages as a legend of ancient times.

That is the whole story as it stands in popular literature. How it has been amplified and adorned for the stage, we shall now see.

As the curtain is drawn aside, we faintly discern the interior of a priest's apartment in the temple. The existence of an outer wall, toward the spectators, is of course left to the imagination, but a door is outlined, by which the room communicates with a garden, the shrubbery in which is thickly laden with snow. It is a stormy night, and the effect of gloom is augmented by the closing of most of the large windows in the roof of the theatre. The wind moans, and the branches of the withered trees rustle uneasily. Upon the mats within, the chief priest sits or kneels beside his *hibachi* (fire-bowl), reading by the dim light of a large paper lantern. The iron teapot hangs upon the inner wall. The warmth and repose of this interior contrasts keenly with the restless discomfort of the scene outside.

Entering by one of the aisles, a huntsman advances, clothed in furs, carrying his match-lock on his shoulder and his game-bag on his thigh. In pantomime he bewails the hard fortune of the day. The falling snow has ex-

tinguished his fuse when he most needed it. His fingers, cramped by frost, have failed him at the moment of firing. He has lost his usual steadiness upon the slippery ground, and missed his aim repeatedly. He is weary, cold, and hungry. All this is admirably told in silent action. Suddenly he discovers the light in the temple. He runs and asks admission. The old priest receives him hospitably, listens with interest to the tale of his misadventures, brings him cushions from behind a screen, and goes out in search of food, leaving directions for the huntsman to prepare hot water in the teapot.

The gratified guest takes the huge vessel from its hook, and hangs it over the *hibachi*. A terrible shock awaits him. No sooner is the influence of the fire felt upon it than it opens in front, and a grinning badger's head protrudes. He recoils, awe-stricken and speechless, and, while he glares upon the apparition, it changes to a human countenance, — that of a young and comely woman. He springs toward it, but at that instant the priest returns, and the teapot resumes its ordinary shape.

Trembling with excitement, the huntsman hurriedly tells the marvelous story of what has happened. The priest attempts to pacify him, intimating that his brain is disturbed by hunger and exhaustion. The huntsman protests, but the priest is unconvinced. His scepticism, however, is speedily overthrown. He approaches the teapot to throw in the fragrant herb, when lo! it vanishes, and in its place stands a blooming *mus'me*, all agitation and timidity, shrinking with sensitiveness and cowering with confusion. The priest and huntsman, though greatly perplexed, are dazzled by her charms, and endeavor to reassure her; and she, coy and reluctant for a while, consents at last to be comforted. We observe that she resolutely keeps her face toward her entertainers; but when she turns her back in our direction, we, the audience, discover that the beautiful young lady has a bushy tail. This piece of caudal confidence is intended



to let us into the secret that, in spite of seductive appearances, the fair visitor is in reality an imp of mischief and still a badger at bottom. But the two victims are completely deluded.\* The priest again retires, to fetch other refreshment especially suited to the delicate taste of his new guest. The huntsman and the beauty being left alone, flirtation ensues. From flirtation, the transition is rapid to ulterior consequences, and a succession of scenes is enacted, almost as indescribable as some of those in Offenbach's "Gerolstein" or "Genevieve." The priest, returning, flutters, rages, writhes with jealousy. He is guilty of a meanness alike unbecoming to his character as a host and as a disciple of Buddh. He peeps through a crevice in the screen. What he discovers, or thinks he discovers, may be imagined from the fact that, on the reappearance of the mysterious stranger, he essays the military manoeuvre of flanking her and cutting off her rear. She is adroit and agile, but the priest, though aged, is animated by a triple energy. He is consumed by curiosity, his moral senses are shocked, and the fiend of jealousy urges him on. Moreover, the lady is so eagerly faced by the huntsman that she has little opportunity for afterthought. The priest at length finds his opportunity, and seizes it. He seizes also, the betraying member, — the tell-tail. Then his eyes are fully opened. The disguise falls, and we behold no longer a woman, but a badger unadorned, an unpaliated groundhog, an *ursus meles*, unmitigated and undissembled. With the huntsman, however, the illusion is prolonged. He has still faith in the feminine fraud; and while the priest is now chasing a four-footed fact with a bushy tail, he is pursuing a frolicsome phantom of his own species, with bright eyes, soft lips, and a dainty artificial complexion. The ardor of the priest at length prevails. The badger, incapable of longer main-

taining its double identity, leaps once more into the teapot, which is grasped by the priest and hurled from the window. The huntsman, with a wail of despair, flings himself after it, and the benevolent Buddhist, resolved to prosecute his good work to the end, also clambers laboriously forth, uttering cries of remonstrance and warning.

The scene slowly changes to a cemetery. Dusky gravestones are rimed with frost, and *ignes fatui* are flitting from mound to mound. The teapot lies upon the ground, as empty and desolate as the rest of the picture. It is evident that the badger has escaped. The huntsman runs in, looking from side to side, peering behind monuments and listening acutely for his lost treasure. He espies it. It is there, half hidden behind a bush. As it moves swiftly away, he follows it. The priest appears, catches sight of the retreating forms, and starts again in pursuit. We may judge that he intercepts the fugitives, for he soon returns, driving the badger before him, and belaboring it with his lantern-stick. The chase is long-continued, the sprite always showing itself in human form when the huntsman is near, and resuming its natural shape when approached by the priest. Before long other badgers join the fray, and for a while we have a wild hunt of the "Freischütz" order, — a sort of Oriental Walpurgis witch-dance. But nothing can elude the persistence of the priest. Harassed and worn-out, the original badger once more seeks refuge in the teapot. The priest, with the fragment of a tombstone, shatters the receptacle to atoms. As it breaks, some mysterious spell seems to be broken with it. The obnoxious animals retire, howling. The gravestones fall, and reveal flowers and pleasant architectural images. The churchyard is transformed into a smiling garden, and in the midst stands lovely woman, this time without a tail, as we are permitted to perceive, released from her enchantment, and ready to reward her adorer. He capers with glee, the priest beams benignantly upon them, and all

\* This trick of badgers and foxes turning themselves into women to mislead weak mortals is frequent in Japanese fable.



ends as it should end, — abruptly, but happily.

This may serve as a fair description of the average Japanese drama. Of course the supernatural element does not prevail in all, but it is very frequently employed and is always heartily welcomed. We find as the morning goes on, that lively comedies and plays of the class which we call "domestic" are common; and historic episodes of political intrigue and warlike achievement are particularly favored, — almost as much so as the fables. One of the most agreeable to us — perhaps from the fact that we recognize in it an old acquaintance — is a pure fairy romance called "Momotaro," the story of which is a simple modification of our "Fair One with the Golden Locks"; the three friendly animals being in this case a pheasant, a monkey, and a dog. In all of them there is much to enjoy, something to admire, and a little to laugh at. The acting has more merit and fewer faults than we could have expected. In the portrayal of violent emotions, of pride, terror, or rage, these players could not be anywhere surpassed. Their truthfulness never wavers, and as a trifling commentary, it may be mentioned that, during a certain ghost-scene, a party of children in the audience are so infected with the assumed fright of one of the actors that they jump from their seats and scamper out of the house in dismay. What is more, the actor in this scene, having fallen to the ground in an agony of alarm, and being obliged to make his exit at the moment, literally writhes himself along the aisle and out of sight in a series of convulsive throes, without once disturbing the illusion. He is upon the dangerous line of the ridiculous all the way, but he never oversteps it. In the gentler passions, however, they are less successful; and we, of course, are not to be deceived by any serious love-making, when we know that both the parties to it are of the stouter sex. We scoff at sentiment when we spy a beard under the muffler. But in lighter comedy, or

farce, this is a matter of less importance. And, truly, the fellows are astonishingly clever in their feminine airs and graces. As we saw before, the mimicry of personal appearance is perfect enough; but an insurmountable difficulty lies in the voice. The Japanese actors do not attempt, like the Chinese, to speak in a strained falsetto, but maintain their natural tones; and in this they are judicious, for, although they may not reproduce the real softness of womanly utterance, they at least avoid downright absurdity, which the Chinese never do. I am prepared to say that, taken as a whole, the Japanese comedians, as illustrators of the manners and feelings of their countrymen are on a level with those of any Western nation. There is proof of close study and of genuine culture in all their performances, and their most obvious error is not strictly a defect of art, but a defiance of nature. They complain, themselves, of the absence of women-players, and aver that they have often tried them, but have never found them sufficiently apt scholars. Perhaps they have not tried them with a due determination to make them succeed. Otherwise, they satisfy every reasonable requirement, and this, I am sure, would be the judgment of all who, while examining their acting as critically as need be, would dissociate it from its embarrassing accessories. What makes it often appear irregular or grotesque are its illogical surroundings, and these are all really so extraneous and unnecessary that they might be swept away at once, without disturbing in any degree the integrity of the representations. Put a company of first-class Japanese comedians upon one of our stages, and they might compete with the world, up to their limit of dramatic interpretation. Here, although they do not know it, they are needlessly hampered in a variety of ways. It is no excuse for anomalies like the perpetual jingle of orchestra and clamor of chorus to say that others, just as bad, exist in other theatrical systems; and so long as the Japanese actor has



to contend against samisens and song-singers, he will always be at a disadvantage. The stage arrangements, too, are ludicrously disregarding of the *ars celare*. The prompter usually stands in full view, and for the removal or introduction of furniture or other properties there is a battalion of lads-in-waiting, gnome-like creatures in black, with crape veils over their faces, who run about the stage picking up a discarded dress or supplying a sword whenever occasion demands. If a warrior falls dead upon the stage, after a combat quite as irrational as the "three-up and three-down" broadsword fights of our minor theatres, two of these attendants come forward and stretch a shawl before him, under cover of which he rises and walks off the stage. Just picture the incongruities. After a passionate quarrel, in which the rising wrath of each participant is depicted with masterly expression, a mock passage-at-arms ensues, which would not impose upon an infant. Receiving a death-wound, one of the duellists dies slowly, and with a literalness of increasing torture which shows that he is following no imaginary model, but has made himself perfect in the process by watchful observation, and immediately afterward jumps up and takes himself off behind a scarf which hides nothing. As to the scenic appliances, they are in most respects good, — more than merely good. There is no chance for broad effects, but the views are always prettily and elegantly painted. The method of scene-shifting is cumbersome and wasteful of space, yet is not without a certain ingenuity of its own. The practicable stage is one large circle which is bisected by the "flat," and which, being turned half around by hidden machinery, carries with it all that was in sight, and discloses an entirely fresh "set." The back of the old scene becomes the face of the new one. Sometimes groups of characters are thus made to disappear while their dialogue continues, and another body comes into view, laughing and chatting, more di-

rectly *in medias res* than is possible with us. Seen for the first time, this kind of change has a peculiar force. For other mechanical effects the stage has plenty of traps, which are used for the ascent of spectres and spirits, for hiding-places in plays of intrigue, for secret passages in hostile surprises, and similar purposes.

The curtain having closed upon a particularly thrilling climax of bloodless carnage and animated death, our good-natured assistant-manager, or something, who has hovered protectingly about us all day, comes again to the door of our box, and tells us, in a whisper, that the interval before the next performance will be long, and that, if we like, we may accompany him upon a short visit behind the scenes. This is indeed a privilege. We follow with alacrity, and soon find ourselves in the midst of that familiar confusion and disorder which, I suppose, must always be the same wherever the theatre flourishes. One touch of the *coulisses* makes the whole world kin. Carpenters are rushing about, balancing heavy "flats" against the air, property men are gathering together and redistributing their stores, and the stage-director is dancing diabolically around, execrating everything and generally deporting himself with the fury and ferocity which, as is well known, are necessary to keep the drama from going to the dogs. Are we really in Japan? Why, this might be an *entr'acte* in any metropolitan theatre where pure English is supposed to be spoken. There is a degree of politeness here, amid all the hurry, which might elsewhere be thought to conflict with high art; but in all other respects, we, who have penetrated these mysteries in many climes, are entirely at home. Our conductor insists upon leading us up stairs, down stairs, and in the actors' chambers, assuring us that we shall not intrude, but, as strangers, will be perfectly welcome. We are shown the windlass by which the stage is turned, the contrivances for wind whistling and rain pattering, the



paint and property rooms, and are finally introduced to the presence of the principal players, all of whom, assisted by their dressers, are arraying themselves for the coming representations. They receive us very pleasantly, but are too busy to talk, as we well understand, and so, after a formal salutation, we speedily leave them. One gentleman, however, gorgeously clad in nothing but paint, whose preparations are quite completed, constitutes himself our companion from this point, and directs our attention to a number of interesting details. We remark that we have not yet witnessed any of his acting, but that, in compensation, we shall see a great deal of him when he does appear, referring, mildly, to his nakedness. He is pleased to catch the subtle humor of our jest, and he explains that he is to personate a *beto*, or groom, one of a class which is distinguished all over Japan by profuse and elaborate tattooing; and that he has been all day in the hands of a painter who, as we see, has cleverly imitated the permanent decorations of the ostler tribe. In order properly to qualify himself as a *beto*, he has relinquished some of his best parts to other players. Is not this real devotion? Could the enthusiasm of that tragedian, who, in *Othello*, blacked himself all over, be carried to a higher pitch?

The sounds of the samisen warn us away, and we return to our box to find the stage cleared for a species of ballet. Numerous dances follow one another, some very merry, some more subdued, but none so rigidly grave as that which opened the events of the day. Pantomime enters freely into this performance. There is a fan-dance, in which the omnipresent toy is put to more coquettish uses than ever a *Rosina* dreamed of. There is a shuttlecock dance, the implements of which, like *Macbeth's* dagger, are but of the mind, but are capitally suggested by appropriate gesticulation. A favorite game with an elastic ball is worked into a dance, and it is delightful to see with

what mock energy the supposed ladies compete for the possession of the plaything, — which does not exist, — and, having obtained the airy nothing, how such one in a stooping posture chases it about, withholding it to the last possible moment from other claimants. There are plenty of dances by men as well, and they amply supply all that the women lack in activity. They have their own shuttlecock game; and the violent struggles they depict, the collisions and overthrows, the mortification at missing a stroke and the elation when especially successful are irresistibly ludicrous, particularly as there are no shuttlecock and battle-dore all the while. In the same way, they go through the movements of the butterfly trick, of a certain dexterous feat with a looped handkerchief, and of vaulting exercises; the material fabrics being equally baseless in every case. Toward the end of this diversification an “umbrella dance” is introduced, full of ingenious developments and strange surprises. The umbrella dances which we have seen at home are stupid bores. Here the instrument is so contrived, that, although when shut, it is quite ordinary and insignificant in appearance, “with no points that any other umbrella might not have,” when opened, it assumes, at the will of the holder, a dozen different shapes, colors, and dimensions. The various combinations are thus made to resemble a brilliant pyrotechnic display. And the variety of uses to which they are put! Half closed, they are worn as high-peaked hats. With the handles bent, they are disposed upon the stage to imitate beds of flowers, among which the dancers promenade. Rolled edgewise over the ground, they become the wheels of a *Harlequin* coach, in which the queen of the ballet seems to ride. We really have seen nothing like it on any of the continents. The closing dance is not so entirely foreign in character. The women still retain their gentle stateliness, but on the part of the men it is a kind of raging cancan, worthy of the *habi-*



*tués* of the Mabile, or even their coarser caricaturists, those blonde Bedouins of the stage, who, unsexed from the crown to the toe, figure in New York burlesques.

It is now long past noon, and the exertion of long-continued applause, together with much laughter, has given us an appetite. We are informed that there are excellent tea-houses over the way, and, repairing to one of these, we find all that is needed for a satisfactory luncheon. This accomplished, we return to the theatre, taking with us sundry packages of choice Yedo confectionery, which we do not want, but which were urged upon us so cannily by a pretty waitress, that we found our command of the Japanese language insufficient to refuse them. There is yet a considerable time to wait before the renewal of the revels. A great deal of lively conversation is going on down stairs. The two-sworded *jeunesse dorée* are wandering about from box to box, shedding compliments and collecting smiles. A little piece of business just beneath us seems to mean mischief. A young liberty-taker has made a loop in a long paper string, and thrown it, lasso-like, over one of the projecting hair-pins of a tidy-looking damsel in front of him, obviously intending thus to establish a cord of sympathy between himself and her. Nevertheless, though he pulls as firmly as he dares, she is not perceptibly drawn toward him. The surrounding spectators are greatly amused. We plainly see that the restraints of Western theatres are not recognized here, and since larks are permitted, and even encouraged, why should we not have one of our own? By all means, an original, ingenious, spirited, and luminous lark; dazzlingly brilliant, but strictly innocent. We will lure from their nests below all the children that our own box and the two adjoining, which are empty, can contain. Unwinding the strings from our bundles of candy, we bait them with sugar-plums and cautiously drop them over the sides, not within the reach of those below, — we

are too clever for that, — but just outside of it. The children laugh and clutch hysterically. Their guardians are convulsed, and, in fact, the entire audience thinks it about the best thing it has ever seen in its life. It is a magnificent popular success. We are only afraid that our friends behind the curtain may become envious. We beckon, but the children shake their heads doubtfully. They are not a bit afraid, but some of them think they are, and others like to pretend to be. They consult first together, then with their parents. The candy tempts them strongly, and so does the prospect of adventure. At last one little girl, a Winkelried in her way, runs up the aisle, climbs the staircase, and springs boldly in between us. *Rien ne coûte après le premier pas*. We are surrounded, stormed, and despoiled before we can count ten in correct Japanese. It is more than a success; it is a triumph. We feel that a more flattering *début* can seldom have been made in this establishment. We are approved by the multitude, esteemed by a select circle of mothers, and adored by the infants, most of whom remain with us during the rest of the day, highly confidential and contented, and behaving as, I think, only Japanese children know how to behave.

The afternoon programme presents very little that is new. We have another historical sketch; a ghost-story, in which a dreadful cat first as a magician destroys, and afterwards as an animal devours, an entire family; a comedy, not long, but extremely broad; and a second ballet. As twilight approaches, and we are preparing to leave, we are exhorted to wait yet a little, and witness what the French call a *solennité*, a first representation and by candle-light, which latter condition is most unusual. Of course we consent to remain. Just before the termination of the ballet, a device well known in our theatres is practised. An actor, dressed simply as a citizen, rises from among the audience, and, attracting attention by cries and eccen-



tric gestures, makes his way to the stage, having reached which, he changes his tone, and announces that his purpose was only to gain the public ear, and give information of the novelty in store, which is not set down in the bills. Everybody had risen to depart, but now everybody sits down again, and immediately after we see, through the increasing darkness, an immense number of people pouring in from the street, who rapidly fill every corner of the house. It appears that on the occasion of a first performance, which always takes place at the close of a day, the theatre is thrown open, and any person may enter gratuitously. This is undoubtedly intended to accomplish what at home is done by the newspapers. If a piece is well received the favorable report of a thousand individuals is a good advertisement, and, indeed, is almost the only kind of public announcement possible in this place. As we have sometimes remarked in other communities, these free-comers are the most exigent of all auditors. While others are patient and calm, they immediately begin a series of clappings, poundings, and cat-calls that carry us back in imagination to Drury Lane on Boxing Night, or the Bowery in a bad temper. Before the stage arrangements are ready, twilight has deepened into dusk; and to dispel all doubt about the growing darkness, a number of attendants proceed to render it visible by planting six dim candles along the line which with us is occupied by footlights. It is a fine specimen of what the emendator of "*Paradise Lost*" calls "transpicuous gloom." When the curtain is drawn, it is wholly impossible to distinguish any object, and it becomes a question whether we

shall not have to content ourselves with colloquy, and imagine the action. But we have not yet fathomed the resources of the establishment. As the two actors who first take part in the new piece approach by the aisle, we see hovering before them a couple of will-o'-the-wisp-like lights, fastened to the ends of long rods, and carried by a pair of the dark attendants before mentioned. Whenever a new performer appears upon the scene, he is preceded and made partially distinguishable by one of these, and when half a dozen are grouped together, the picture becomes weird and grotesque beyond description. This is so far outside the limits of possible illusion that we cease to regard the representation as anything but a curious experiment, and, even thus considered, it soon fails to be amusing. The mass of the spectators, however, enjoy it amazingly, and are quite indifferent to the abnormal and incomplete method of illumination. They follow the play—a short farce—with keen intentness, shake the edifice with laughter over its comic incidents, and break out in a frenzy of applause at the close, which gives the actors ample assurance of a new success. The long theatrical day is at an end. Lights are extinguished, and, with two thousand others, we blindly grope our way through intricate corridors and down precipitous staircases, and emerge with a sense of sudden relief into the lively and well-lighted street. The last half-hour, certainly, has been a little oppressive; for the rest,—I have my own conviction, as you may suppose, but one opinion, however sincere, does not make a verdict. May I have yours? And, knowing mine, do you think you can agree with me?

*E. H. House.*



## HALF AN HOUR BEFORE SUPPER.

"SO she's here, your unknown Dulcinea, — the lady you met on the train, — And you really believe she would know you if you were to meet her again?"

"Of course," he replied, "she would know me; there never was womankind yet

Forgot the effect she inspired. She excuses, but does not forget."

"Then you told her your love?" asked the elder; the younger looked up with a smile,

"I sat by her side half an hour, — what else was I doing the while!

"What, sit by the side of a woman as fair as the sun in the sky, And look somewhere else lest the dazzle flash back from your own to her eye?"

"No, I hold that the speech of the tongue be as frank and as bold as the look,

And I held up herself to herself, — that was more than she got from her book."

"Young blood!" laughed the elder; "no doubt you are voicing the mode of To-Day;

But then we old fogies, at least, gave the lady some chance for delay.

"There's my wife — (you must know) — we first met on the journey from Florence to Rome:

It took me three weeks to discover who was she and where was her home;

"Three more to be duly presented; three more ere I saw her again; And a year ere my romance *began* where yours ended that day on the train."

"O, that was the style of the stage-coach; we travel to-day by express; Forty miles to the hour," he answered, "won't admit of a passion that's less."

"But what if you make a mistake?" quoth the elder. The younger half sighed.

"What happens when signals are wrong or switches misplaced?" he replied.

"Very well, I must bow to your wisdom," the elder returned, "but admit That your chances of winning this woman your boldness has bettered no whit.

"Why, you do not, at best, know her name. And what if I try your ideal With something, if not quite so fair, at least more *en règle* and real?"

"Let me find you a partner. Nay, come, I insist — you shall follow — this way. My dear, will you not add your grace to entreat Mr. Rapid to stay?"

"My wife, Mr. Rapid — Eh, what! Why, he's gone, — yet he said he would come;

How rude! I don't wonder, my dear, you are properly crimson and dumb!"

Bret Harte.



## THOMAS JEFFERSON AS A SORE-HEAD.

PUBLIC men were apparently more sensitive to criticism in the last century than in this. Junius has had many imitators; he founded a school; he invented an industry; and the efforts of so many keen, reckless, ill-informed makers of antithesis and epigram have, perhaps, toughened the skins of public men, so that they now scarcely feel what would have made the statesmen of other days writhe in torment. It is an easy mode of producing an effect, this business of assailing the anxious and heavy-laden servants of the State. It was not difficult for a perfumed dandy in the amphitheatre, yawning at his ease, to find fault with the scarred and sweating gladiator fighting for life in the arena. It is not difficult to prepare in the secrecy of a garret a barbed and stinging bolt, and hurl it from the safe ambush of a pseudonyme at a distinguished combatant while he is absorbed in a contest with open foes. Poor Chatterton did it almost as well as Junius. At sixteen, an attorney's apprentice in far-off Bristol, singularly ignorant of the world, knowing nothing of politics, he wrote fulminations against ministers, which Wilkes thought good enough to print in the "North Briton." So easy a trade is it to one who is ignorant enough and reckless enough. It were easy now to prove that Junius himself, who showed such skill in the art of hiding, knew little more of the real character, aims, and difficulties of the men whom he assailed, than the boy Chatterton. Happily, the industry of so many anonymous and irresponsible cowards has lessened the power of the most envenomed criticism to injure or torture a good minister. Unhappily, it has rendered the most just exposure of a bad one all but ineffectual. Truth and calumny we are apt alike to reject when they concern a public man.

Jefferson was destined to suffer a

very large share of ignorant and reckless criticism, which he learned to endure with the imperturbability of trained good sense. However, in 1781 he was not only a young man, but the world was younger than it is now, not having outgrown the veneration once supposed to be due to all governors as such. It was a fearful thing still to censure the head of a State. One young man in the Legislature of Virginia had publicly cast the blame of Virginia's desolation, during the first months of 1781, upon Governor Jefferson; and in this censure some other members were known to acquiesce. It fills the reader of to-day with astonishment to observe, in Jefferson's correspondence, how deeply he took this to heart, and how long he brooded over it. Every man in a situation to judge his conduct had commended it. Washington, Gates, Greene, Lafayette, Steuben, with whom he had co-operated in the defence of the State, had applauded his wisdom and promptitude; and many of his fellow-citizens complained only that he had done too much. But the single word of censure outweighed all applause. For many months he could not get over it. And, indeed, we must own that the censure was ill-timed, when his estate was overrun, his old servants destroyed, his family driven from their home, and himself pursued; all *because* he had been his country's conspicuously faithful servant in a perilous time.

Such was his indignation, that he forswore public service forever. He would go back once to the Legislature to meet his accusers face to face; but, after that was done, nothing, no, *nothing*, should ever draw him from his books, his studies, his family, his gardens, his farms again. He had had enough of public life. No slave, he wrote, was so wretched as "the minister of a commonwealth." He declared



that the only reward he had ever desired for his thirteen years of public service was the good-will of his fellow-citizens, and he had not even obtained that; nay, he had lost the little share of their esteem he had once enjoyed. Thus he exaggerated the injustice done him, and nursed, Achilles-like, his mortification.

In August, Lafayette forwarded to him through the lines a letter from the President of Congress, telling him that, six weeks before, Congress had again elected him to a foreign mission. But he would not be consoled. For once, the health of his wife and the condition of his family (their infant child had died a few weeks before) were such as to permit their attempting the voyage together. He might have gone to Europe in 1781; he would have gone, but for this slight show of legislative censure. "I lose an opportunity," he wrote to Lafayette, "the only one I ever had, and perhaps ever shall have, of combining public service with private gratification; of seeing countries whose improvements in science, in arts, in civilization it has been my fortune to admire at a distance, but never to see, and at the same time of lending some aid to a cause which has been handed on from its first organization to its present stage by every effort of which my poor faculties were capable. These, however, have not been such as to give satisfaction to some of my countrymen, and it has become necessary for me to remain in the State till a later period in the present year than is consistent with an acceptance of what has been offered me."

Before the Legislature met again, the winter of Virginia's discontent was made glorious summer by the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. All thought of censure was swallowed up in that stupendous joy. December 19, 1781, exactly a month after the surrender, Jefferson, occupying his ancestral seat as member for Albemarle, — to which he had been re-elected without one dissentient vote, — rose in his place, reminded the House of the intimated

censure of the last session, and said he was ready to meet and answer any charges that might be brought against him. No one responded. His accuser was absent. There was silence in the chamber. After a pause, a member rose and offered a resolution thanking him for his "impartial, upright, and attentive administration"; which passed both Council and Assembly unanimously.

Even this did not heal the wound. As he refrained from attending the spring session of the Legislature, James Monroe wrote to him a letter of remonstrance, telling him that the public remarked his absence and were disposed to blame him for withholding his help at so difficult a time. He answered, that, before announcing his determination to retire from public life, he had examined well his heart, to learn whether any lurking particle of political ambition remained in it to make him uneasy in a private station. "I became satisfied," he continued, "that every fibre of that passion was thoroughly eradicated." He thought, too, that thirteen years of public service had given him a right now to withdraw and devote his energies to the care and education of the two families dependent upon him, and the restoration of estates impaired by neglect or laid waste by war. Nor could he forget the wrong done him in the Assembly. "I felt," he wrote, "that these injuries, for such they have since been acknowledged, had inflicted a wound on my spirit *which will only be cured by the all-healing grave.*" For these and other reasons, he held to his purpose to withdraw from all participation in public affairs, and dedicate the whole residue of his life to the education of his children, the culture of his lands, and the sweet toils of the library. He concluded by inviting his young friend to visit him at Monticello. "You will find me busy," he said, "but in lighter occupations."

Yes, he was busy; but few persons who look over the work he was then doing regard it as a very light occupa-



tion. The French government had instructed its minister at Philadelphia to gather and transmit to Paris information respecting the States of the American Confederacy; and the secretary of legation had sent Mr. Jefferson a list of questions to answer concerning Virginia. From childhood, he had observed nature in his native land with the curiosity of an intelligent and sympathetic mind; and, in his maturer age, even in the busiest and most anxious times, he had been ever a student, an inquirer, a collector. All the stores of knowledge accumulated in so many years he now poured upon paper, and interspersed subtle and curious essays upon points of natural history, geography, morals, politics, and literature. M. de Marbois must have been astonished to receive from him, not a series of short, dry answers to official questions, but a volume, teeming with suggestive fact and thought, warm with humane sentiment, and couched in the fluent language natural to a sanguine and glowing mind. It is in this work that the chapter occurs which gave so many powerful texts to our noble Abolitionists, during their eighty years' war with slavery:—

“The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to the worst of passions, and, thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. That man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. . . . I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep for-

ever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situations, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest.”

At the close of the war, then, Jefferson supposed his public life ended. He was sure of it. He had publicly said so. Monroe had remonstrated with him; Madison had remonstrated; his old constituents and Congress both solicited his services; but he could not be lured again from his pleasant mountain home and its delicious duties into the arena of public strife, whence he had but lately issued, wounded and sore. I suppose he was wrong in this; for if he, with his ample fortune, his fine endowments, his health, his knowledge, and his culture, was not bound to render some service to Virginia in 1782, of whom could public service be reasonably demanded?

It was a delightful dream while it lasted, that of spending a long life in the Garden of Virginia, with an adored wife, troops of affectionate children, and an ever-growing library. We have a glimpse of him there in the spring of 1782, when he was visited by one of the officers of the French Army, Major-General the Marquis de Chastellux. During this year, while the negotiations for peace were lingering, the French officers were much in American society, making an impress upon manners and character that is not yet obliterated. Americans were peculiarly susceptible then to the influence of men whose demeanor and tone were in such agreeable contrast to those of the English. The French were exceedingly beloved at the time; not the officers only, but the men as well; for had they not marched through the country without burning a rail, without touching an apple in an orchard, without ogling a girl by the roadside?

The influence of the French officers upon the young gentlemen of the United States was not an unmixed



good. It was from them that the American of eighty years ago caught the ridiculous affectation of fighting duels, which raged like a mania from 1790 to 1804. The French nobleman of the old school had also acquired an art, which men of our race never attain, the art of making sensual vice seem elegant and becoming. Anglo-Saxons are only respectable when they are strictly virtuous. It has not been given to us to lie with grace, and sin with dignity. We are nothing if not moral. And, doubtless, if a man permits himself to conduct his life on an animal basis, it is honest in him, it is better for others, for him to appear the beast he is. The dissoluteness of the English officers at Philadelphia and New York, being open and offensive, was not calculated to make American youth cast aside the lessons of purity which they had learned in their clean and honorable homes. Dashing down Chestnut Street in a curricule with a brazen hussy by your side, is not as pretty a feat as carrying on what was styled "an intrigue," in an elegant house. It was these French officers who infected many American youth besides Hamilton and Burr and their young friends with the most erroneous and pernicious idea that ever deluded youth,—that it is but a trifling, if not a becoming, lapse to be unchaste.

Jefferson, who had the happy art of getting the good, and letting alone the evil, of whatever he encountered on his way through life, was strongly drawn to this Marquis de Chastellux, a man of mature age, of some note in literature, a member of the Academy, and full of the peculiar spirit of his class and time. Jefferson had invited him to visit Monticello. On an afternoon in the first week of May, 1782, behold the Marquis and his three friends—a cavalcade of four gentlemen, six mounted servants, and a led horse—winding up the Little Mount, and coming in sight of the "rather elegant," unfinished Italian villa on its summit. I am afraid Mrs. Jefferson saw this brave company

dismount with some dismay, for she was not in a condition to entertain strangers. They, however, were well pleased to see a bit of Europe in those western wilds. "Mr. Jefferson," wrote the Marquis, "is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather"; which was a sweeping statement, though not far from the truth. Upon entering, he met the master of the house; "a man not yet forty, tall, and with a mild and pleasing countenance"; "an American, who, without ever having quitted his own country, is at once a musician, skilled in drawing, a geometrician, an astronomer, a natural philosopher, legislator, and statesman"; "a philosopher in voluntary retirement from the world and public business," because "the minds of his countrymen are not yet in a condition either to bear the light or to suffer contradiction"; blessed with "a mild and amiable wife, and charming children of whose education he himself takes charge." Mr. Jefferson, he adds, received his invited guest without any show of cordiality, even with something like coldness; but before they had conversed two hours, they were as intimate as if they had passed their whole lives together. During four days the joy of their intercourse never lessened; for their conversation, "always varied and interesting, was supported by that sweet satisfaction experienced by two persons, who, in communicating their sentiments and opinions, are invariably in unison, and who understand one another at the first hint."

It so chanced that the Frenchman was a lover of Ossian. "I recollect with pleasure," he tells us, "that, as we were conversing one evening over a bowl of punch, after Mrs. Jefferson had retired, our conversation turned on the poems of Ossian. It was a spark of electricity which passed rapidly from one to the other. We recollected the passages in those sublime poems which had particularly struck us, and entertained with them my fel-



low-travellers, who fortunately knew English well. In our enthusiasm the book was sent for, and placed near the bowl where, by their mutual aid, the night advanced imperceptibly upon us. Sometimes natural philosophy, at others politics or the arts, were the topics of our conversation; for no object had escaped Mr. Jefferson, and it seemed as if from his youth he had placed his mind, as he had done his house, on an elevated situation, from which he might contemplate the universe."

Sometimes he rambled with his guests about the grounds, showing them his little herd of deer, a score in number. "He amuses himself by feeding them with Indian corn, of which they are very fond, and which they eat out of his hand. I followed him one evening into a deep valley, where they are accustomed to assemble towards the close of the day, and saw them walk, run, and bound"; but neither guest nor host could decide upon the family to which they belonged. In other branches of natural science the Marquis found Mr. Jefferson more proficient, particularly in meteorology. He had made, in conjunction with Professor Madison, of William and Mary, a series of observations of the ruling winds at Williamsburg and at Monticello, and discovered that, while the northeast wind had blown one hundred and twenty-seven times at Williamsburg, it had blown but thirty-two times at Monticello. The four days passed like four minutes, says the Marquis. The party of Frenchmen continued their journey toward the Natural Bridge, on land belonging to their host, eighty miles distant. Mr. Jefferson would have gone with them: "but his wife being expected every moment to lie in, as he is as good a husband as he is an excellent philosopher and virtuous citizen, he only acted as my guide for about sixteen miles, to the passage of the little river Mechinn, where we parted, and, I presume to flatter myself, with mutual regret."

He *might* flatter himself so far. Mr. Jefferson was extremely pleased with

him; and this was the beginning of that fondness for the French people which he carried with him through the rest of his life.

Before the Marquis de Chastellux had been gone from Monticello many hours, the sixth child of Thomas and Martha Jefferson was born, making the number of their living children three. It was death to the mother. She lingered four months, keeping her husband and all the household in what he termed "dreadful suspense." He took his turn with his sister and with her sister in sitting up at night. With his own hands he administered her medicines and her drinks. For four months he was either at her bedside, or at work in a little room near the head of her bed, never beyond call. His eldest daughter, a little girl of ten, but maturer than her years denoted, never lost the vivid recollection of her father's tender assiduity during those months. When the morning of September 6th dawned, it was evident that she had not many hours to live, and all the family gathered round her bed. Thirty years after, six of the female servants of the house enjoyed a kind of honorable distinction at Monticello, as "the servants who were in the room when Mrs. Jefferson died,"—such an impression did the scene leave upon the minds of the little secluded community. It was a tradition among the slaves, often related by these six eye-witnesses, that the dying lady gave her husband "many directions about many things that she wanted done"; but that when she came to speak of the children, she could not command herself for some time. At last, she said that she could not die content if she thought her children would ever have a step-mother; and her husband, holding her hand, solemnly promised that he would never marry again.\* Toward noon, as she was about to breathe her last, his feelings became uncontrollable. He almost lost his senses. His sister, Mrs. Carr, led him staggering from the room into his library, where

\* Jefferson at Monticello, p. 106.



he fainted, and remained so long insensible that the family began to fear that he, too, had passed away. They brought in a pallet and lifted him upon it. He revived only to a sense of immeasurable woe. His daughter Martha, who was to be the solace of all his future years, ventured into the room at night; and even then, such was the violence of his grief, that she was amazed and confounded. For three weeks he remained in that apartment, attended day and night by this little child. He walked, as she related, almost incessantly, all day and all night, only lying down now and then, when he was utterly exhausted, upon the pallet that had been hurriedly brought while he lay in his fainting fit. When at last he left the house, he would ride on horseback hours and hours, roaming about in the mountain roads, in the dense woods, along the paths least frequented, accompanied only by his daughter, — “a solitary witness,” she says, “to many a violent burst of grief, the remembrance of which has consecrated particular scenes beyond the power of time to obliterate.”

So passed some weeks. He fell into what he called “a stupor of mind,” from which the daily round of domestic duties could not rouse him. Meanwhile the intelligence of his loss reached Congress, then in session at Philadelphia, waiting with extreme solicitude the issue of the negotiations for peace at Paris. Six months had already passed since the negotiations had been begun, during the last three of which Dr. Franklin had been laid aside by an attack of his disease, leaving the chief burden to be borne by Mr. Jay alone. It now occurred to the Virginia members that, as the causes of Mr. Jefferson’s previous declining to cross the sea were removed, he might be willing to join the commission to treat for peace. He was at once elected a plenipotentiary by a unanimous vote, and, as Madison reports, “without a single adverse remark.” The news of his election reached him November 25, 1782, eleven

weeks after the death of his wife, when he had gone with his troop of children, — daughters, nephews, and nieces, nine in all, — to a secluded estate in Chesterfield County to have them inoculated.

It was like a trumpet-call to a war-horse standing listless under a tree in the pasture, after a rest from the exhaustion and wounds of a campaign. He accepted instantly. He flew to his long-neglected desk to write the necessary letters, and to bring up the arrears in his correspondence; for the French Minister had offered him a passage in a man-of-war which was to sail from Baltimore in three weeks, and in that vessel his beloved Marquis de Chastellux was also to cross the ocean! Enchanting prospect! But there is many a slip ’twixt the cup and the lip. When he reached the port after many delays, it was only to discover that the enemy’s fleet blocked the pathway to the sea; and before the admiral saw a chance to elude them, came the ecstatic news that the preliminaries had been signed, and there was no need of his going. So he wrote to Mr. Jay to give up the lodgings in Paris which he had requested him to engage, and in May, 1783, he was at home once more.

But the spell was broken. He had shown himself willing to serve the public. Next month, the Legislature elected him a member of Congress; and in November, 1783, we find him at Annapolis ready to take his seat, after having left his eldest daughter at school in Philadelphia.

In the universal languor which followed the mighty effort of 1781, it was hard to get twenty-five members together. But Jefferson found them brimful of the spirit of disputation; for Arthur Lee was a member, the most disputatious man of whom history condescends to make mention. Caught in a shower in London, he sought the shelter of a shed, where a gentleman ventured the civil remark that it rained very hard. “It rains hard, sir,” said Lee, “but I doubt whether you can say



it rains *very* hard." One such person would suffice to set any twenty men by the ears. Days were wasted in the most trivial and needless debates, during which the good-tempered Jefferson sat silent and tranquil. A member asked him one day, how he could listen to so much false reasoning, which a word would refute, and not utter that word. "To refute," said he, "is easy; to silence, impossible." He added that in measures brought forward by himself he took, as was proper, the laboring oar; but, in general, he was willing to play the part of a listener, content to follow the example of Washington and Franklin, who were seldom on their feet more than ten minutes, and yet rarely spoke but to convince. Despite the copious flow of words, many memorable things were done by this Congress; and though Jefferson sat in it but five months, his name is imperishably linked with some of its most interesting measures. It is evident that he often took "the laboring oar." Twice during the sickness of the president, he was elected chairman of the body, and his name stands at the head of every committee of much importance.

He it was who, as chairman of the committee of arrangements, wrote the much-embracing address with which the President of Congress received General Washington's resignation of his commission. He assisted in arranging the details of that affecting and immortal scene. The spectacle presented in the chamber at Annapolis impressed mankind; and the two addresses winged their way round the world, affording "a lesson useful to those who inflict and to those who feel oppression." As a member of this Congress, Thomas Jefferson, with four other signers of the Declaration of Independence, namely, Roger Sherman, Elbridge Gerry, Robert Morris, and William Ellery, signed the Treaty of Peace which acknowledged the independence of the United States.

A currency for the new nation, to take the place of the chaos of coins

and values which had plagued the Colonies from an early day, was among the subjects considered at this session. Jefferson, chairman of the committee to which the matter was referred, assisted to give us the best currency ever contrived by man, — a currency so convenient that, one after another, every nation on earth will adopt it. Two years before, Gouverneur Morris, a clerk in the office of his uncle, Robert Morris, had conceived the most happy idea of applying the decimal system to the notation of money. But it always requires several men to complete one great thing. The details of the system devised by Gouverneur Morris were so cumbrous and awkward as almost to neutralize the simplicity of the leading idea. Jefferson rescued the fine original conception by proposing our present system of dollars and cents; the dollar to be the unit and the largest silver coin. He recommended also a great gold coin of ten dollars' value, a silver coin of the value of one tenth of a dollar; and a copper coin of the value of one hundredth of a dollar. He suggested three other coins for the convenience of making change, — a silver half-dollar, a silver double tenth, and a copper twentieth. It remained only to invent easy names for these coins, which was done in due time.

This perfect currency was not adopted without much labor and vigorous persistence on the part of Jefferson, both in and out of Congress. His views prevailed over those of Robert Morris, the first name in America at that time in matters of finance. Jefferson desired to apply the decimal system to all measures; and this doubtless will one day be done. "I use," he tells us, "when I travel an odometer, which divides the miles into cents, and I find every one comprehends a distance readily when stated to him in miles and cents; so he would in feet and cents, pounds and cents."

Jefferson struck another blow at slavery this winter, which again his Southern colleagues warded off. The cession by Virginia of her vast domain



in the Northwest, out of which several States have been formed, was accepted by this Congress; and it was Mr. Jefferson who drew the plan for its temporary government. He inserted a clause abolishing slavery "after the year 1800 of the Christian era." In a Congress of twenty-three members, only seven voted no; but as a measure could only be adopted by a majority of States, these sufficed to defeat it. Every member from a Northern State voted for it, and every Southern member except two against it.

In this ordinance Jefferson assigned names to various portions of the territory. If his names had held, we should to day read upon the map of the United States, Sylvania, Michigania, Cherro-nesus, Assenisipia, Metropotamia, Illinoisia, Saratoga, Polypotamia, Pelispia, instead of the present names of the States west and northwest of Virginia. We have improved upon his names. Ohio is better than Pelispia, and the least agreeable of the present names is not so bad as Assenisipia.

Absorbed as he was in these public duties, he could not forget the desolation of his home, and he seems to have thought of returning to Monticello with some degree of dread. But when the strongest tie is severed, others grow stronger. He had another dream of the future now, suggested by his young friend, James Monroe, talking of buying a farm near Monticello with a view to settle there. His three most congenial and beloved friends at this time were James Madison, James Monroe, and William Short. We might almost style them his disciples, for they had been educated under his influence or guidance, and were curiously in accord with him on questions moral and political. Why, he asked, could not they all live near one another in Albemarle, and pass their days in study and contemplation, a band of brothers and philosophers? Madison, just disappointed in love, which kept him a bachelor for many a year, had gone home to his father's house in Orange, where he sought relief in the most

intense and unremitting study. Who was better fitted to console him than Jefferson, who had had a similar experience in his tender youth? Jefferson did his best, and begged him to ride over to Monticello as often as he chose and regard the library there as his own. And more, "Monroe is buying land almost adjoining me. Short will do the same. What would I not give if you could fall into the circle. With such a society, I could once more venture home and lay myself up for the residue of life, quitting all its contentions, which daily grow more and more insupportable."

There was a little farm two miles from Monticello, of a hundred and forty acres of good land, with a small, old, indifferent house upon it, that would just do, Jefferson thought, for a republican and a philosopher; for it was just such an establishment as his beloved friend, Dabney Carr, had been so happy in. It could be bought for two hundred and fifty pounds. "Think of it," he urged. "To render it practicable only requires you to think so." Madison, all unsuspecting of the different career in store for himself and his three friends, replied that he could neither accept nor renounce the captivating scheme. He could not then change his abode, but in a few years he thought he might make one of the circle proposed. The large estates of his father required his attention and presence. Monroe alone settled in the neighborhood; though Madison lived all his life within a day's ride.

With General Washington, too, we find Mr. Jefferson in close relations during the spring of 1784. They agreed in deploring the weakness, the utter insufficiency of the central power, and in thinking that there must be a SOMETHING besides Congress, if only a committee of members to remain at the seat of government during the absence of the main body. The country was feeling its way to a constitution. Independence had been won, but a nation had not yet been created. It was just after receiving General Wash-



ington's concurrence, that Jefferson brought forward his proposition to divide the work of Congress into legislative and executive, and to intrust the executive functions to a permanent committee of one from each State. This was the first attempt toward a government; and its failure, as Mr. Jefferson records, was speedy and complete. A committee of thirteen was only a *more* disputatious and unmanageable Congress. The committee being appointed, Congress adjourned, leaving it the supreme power of the continent; but they "quarrelled very soon," split into two parties, abandoned their post, and left the government without any visible head until the next meeting of Congress. Jefferson remarks that many attributed their disruption to the disputatious propensity of certain men; but the wise, to the nature of man. The failure of the Executive Committee had its effect in preparing the way for the convention of 1787.

On another point Jefferson and Washington were in full accord this winter. For more than ten years, the General had been warmly interested in connecting the great system of Western waters with the Atlantic Ocean by way of the Potomac River. Besides public reasons, General Washington had a private one for favoring this scheme. He owned a superb tract of land on the Ohio, which was dearer to his pride than important to his fortune; for he had won it by his valor and conduct in the defence of his native land in the French War. If the Potomac were but rendered navigable back to the mountains, and then connected with the nearest branch of the Ohio by a canal, this fine western estate would be advantageously accessible. The General was deep in the scheme when he was elected to take command of the army in 1775, and resumed it as soon as he was released in 1783; and he now pursued it with the more zeal for a new reason. He had become acquainted during the war with the pushing energy of the people of New York.

He had prophetic intimations of the Erie Canal. In March, 1784, when De Witt Clinton was a school-boy of fifteen, General Washington, the father of our internal-improvement system, wrote thus to Thomas Jefferson: "With you, I am satisfied that not a moment ought to be lost in recommencing this business, as I know the Yorkers will delay no time to remove every obstacle in the way of the other communication, so soon as the posts of Oswego and Niagara are surrendered; and I shall be mistaken if they do not build vessels for the navigation of the lakes, which will supersede the necessity of coasting." Any one familiar with the magnificent line of cities created by the Erie Canal, and with the harbors of Buffalo, Toledo, Oswego, and Chicago, finds it difficult to realize that this sentence was written less than ninety years ago.

The General had acquired in some way a strong conviction of the resistless enterprise of the New-Yorkers. He returns to the subject in a letter to Benjamin Harrison. "No person," he says, "that knows the temper, genius, and policy of those people as well as I do, can harbor the smallest doubt of their connecting New York and the lakes by a canal." It is curious that these same New-Yorkers in 1872, after having dug, enlarged, and superseded their own canal, should be carrying out Washington's idea in a way he never dreamed of, by completing the railroad from Richmond to the Ohio. Such is the "temper, genius, and policy of those people."

A topic of the deepest interest at this time was the Society of the Cincinnati, the first annual meeting of which was to occur in May. Members of Congress, not of the order, viewed it with extreme disapproval, and were resolved, as Jefferson reports, "to give silent preferences to those who were not of the fraternity," in the bestowal of office. It was not in human nature for such men as Henry, Madison, Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Elbridge Gerry, and John Page to regard with favor an



institution designed to perpetuate the distinctions of the war, even to remote generations; an institution that would give a valuable advantage to the posterity of a raw lieutenant of one campaign over the offspring of the most illustrious sages of the civil service. Besides, the events of the last eighteen years had implanted in the minds of reflecting Americans a dread and horror of the hereditary principle, to which the recent bloody disruption of the British Empire was due. General Washington, who was to preside at the coming assembly, was troubled and anxious at the growing opposition. He asked Jefferson's opinion. Jefferson was utterly opposed to the order, and said so in a long and ingenious letter to the General; and when Washington passed through Annapolis, a few weeks after, on his way to the meeting, he called on Jefferson to talk the matter over with him.

They sat together alone at Jefferson's lodgings from eight o'clock in the evening until midnight. They agreed that the object of the officers in founding the society was to preserve the friendships of the war by renewing their intercourse once a year. Nothing more innocent than the *motive*. But they agreed, also, that there was great danger of the order degenerating into an hereditary aristocracy; and, meanwhile, it was odious to the great body of civilians. In the course of the conversation Jefferson suggested that if the hereditary quality were suppressed, there would be no harm in the officers who had actually served coming together in a social way now and then. "No," said the General, "not a fibre of it ought to be left, to be an eyesore to the public, a ground of dissatisfaction, and a line of separation between them and their country."

The General resumed his journey, fully resolved to use his influence with the members of the order to induce them to disband. He tried his best. Most of the old officers came into his views at length, and he thought he had secured a majority against going on;

but just then arrived from France Major l'Infant, as Jefferson tells us, "with a bundle of eagles for which he had been sent there, with letters from the French officers who had served in America praying for admission into the order, and a solemn act of their king permitting them to wear its ensign." All was changed in a moment. Such was the revulsion of feeling, that the General could only obtain the suppression of the hereditary principle; which, however, sufficed to render the order as unobjectionable as the societies of similar nature which were formed after the late war.

Jefferson had a new pleasure during this session, that of writing to his daughter Martha in Philadelphia. No one who has ever loved a child can read his letters to his children without emotion; least of all, those written while the anguish of their irreparable loss was still recent. It is difficult to quote them, because nearly every sentence is so lovely and wise that we know not what to select. Imagine all that the tenderest and most thoughtful father could wish for the most engaging child. But the burden of his song was, that goodness is the *greatest* treasure of human beings. "If you love me," he says, "strive to be good under every situation, and to *all living creatures*, and to acquire those accomplishments which I have put in your power." A curious trait of the times is this: "It produces great praise to a lady to spell well." Happy would it be for those benefactors of our race, the wise and faithful teachers of the young, if every parent would use such words as these in writing to his children at school: "Consider the good lady who has taken you under her roof, who has undertaken to see that you perform all your exercises, and to admonish you in all those wanderings from what is right, and what is clever, to which your inexperience would expose you; consider her, I say, as your mother, as the only person to whom, since the loss with which Heaven has been pleased to afflict you, you can now look up; and



that her displeasure or disapprobation, on any occasion, would be an immense misfortune, which, should you be so unhappy as to incur by any unguarded act, think no concession too much to regain her good-will."

The session drew to great length. When pressing domestic measures had been disposed of, Congress turned its attention to foreign affairs; and this led to an important change in the career of Jefferson. "I have been thrown back," he wrote to General Washington, April 16, 1784, "on a stage where I had never more thought to appear. It is but for a time, however, and as a day-laborer, free to withdraw, or be withdrawn, at will." Three weeks after these words were written, Congress found a piece of work for this day-laborer to do.

It was the golden age of "protection." All interests were protected then, except the interests of human nature; and every right was enforced, except the rights of man. British commerce and manufactures, since Charles II., had been so rigorously protected, that when a member of Parliament moved that Americans should be compelled to send their horses to England to be shod, there was room for doubt whether he was in jest or earnest. James Otis *believed* he spoke ironically; only believed! But there was no doubt of the seriousness of the parliamentary orator who avowed the opinion that "not a hobnail should be made in America"; nor of the binding force of the law which made it penal for an American to carry a fleece of wool across a creek in a canoe. John Adams, looking back in his old age upon the studies of his early professional life, declared that, as a young lawyer, he never turned over the leaves of the British statutes regulating American trade "without pronouncing a hearty curse upon them." He felt them "as a humiliation, a degradation, a disgrace" to his country, and to himself as a native of it.

One consequence of this fierce protection was that America was not on

trading terms with the nations of the earth; and Congress felt that one of its most important duties, after securing independence, was to propose to each of them a treaty of commerce. With France, Holland, and Sweden such treaties had already been negotiated; but Congress desired commercial intercourse "on the footing of the most favored nation" with Great Britain, Hamburg, Saxony, Prussia, Denmark, Russia, Austria, Venice, Rome, Naples, Tuscany, Sardinia, Genoa, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Algiers, Tripoli, Tunis, and Morocco. Congress wielded sovereign power; a nation was coming into existence; and the conclusion of treaties was at once a dignified way of asserting those not sufficiently obvious truths, and a convenient mode of getting them acknowledged by other nations. Congress, as Jefferson confesses, though it would not condescend to *ask* recognition from any of the powers, yet "we were not unwilling to furnish opportunities for receiving their friendly salutations and welcome."

Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, who still represented Congress in Europe, were not supposed to be equal to so much labor. May 7, 1784, Congress agreed to add a third plenipotentiary to aid them in negotiating commercial treaties, and their choice for this office fell upon Thomas Jefferson. The appointment was for two years, at the reduced salary of nine thousand dollars a year. He accepted the post; and, expecting to be absent only two years, he determined to spare himself a laborious journey home, and the reopening of a healing wound, by going direct from Annapolis northward "in quest of a passage." This he could do the easier, since, as he records, "I asked an advance of six months' salary, that I might be in cash to meet the first expenses; which was ordered." His two younger children were in safe hands at home, and his eldest daughter he would take with him and place at school in Paris. His nephews he left to the guardianship of James Madison,



to whom, on the day after his election, he wrote in an affecting strain:—

"I have a tender legacy to leave you on my departure. I will not say it is the son of my sister, though her worth would justify it on that ground; but it is the son of my friend, the dearest friend I knew, who, had fate reversed our lots, would have been a father to my children. He is a boy of fine dispositions, and of sound, masculine talents. I was his preceptor myself as long as I stayed at home; and when I came away I placed him with Mr. Maury. There is a younger one, just now in his Latin rudiments. If I did not fear to overcharge you, I would request you to recommend a school for him."

Mr. Madison fulfilled this trust with affectionate care, and kept his friend informed of the progress of his nephews during his long absence.

May 11th, four days after his election, the plenipotentiary left Annapolis for Philadelphia, a four days' journey then; and while his daughter was getting ready for her departure, he improved the opportunity to collect precise and full information respecting the commerce of the port; for was he not going to Europe on commercial business? One of the toasts given in 1784, at the May-day festival of the St. Tammany Society of Philadelphia, which he probably read in the newspapers during his stay, gave him a hint of what was desired, "Free-trade in American bottoms." Pleasing dream! Many a year must yet pass before it comes true. It was a buoyant, expectant time, when Mr. Jefferson made this seaboard journey. The refuse of the war was clearing away, and new projects were in the air. It was while Jefferson was in Philadelphia on this occasion, that some ingenious contriver managed to extract from the deep mud of the bottom of the Delaware those *chevaux de frize* which Dr. Franklin had placed there nine years before to keep out the British fleet, to the sore obstruction of the navigation ever since. It was an "Herculean

task," said the newspapers, requiring "vast apparatus"; but up came the biggest *cheval* of them all at the first yank of the mighty engine.

But this was a small matter compared with the project for an "air-balloon" of silk, sixty feet high, also announced while Jefferson was in Philadelphia, to be paid for by private subscriptions. Philadelphia, too, should behold the new wonder of the world, described at great length in a Paris volume lately received from Dr. Franklin. Gentlemen were invited to send their money, and philosophers their *advice*, to the committee having the scheme in charge. The glowing prospectus issued by the committee may have drawn a guinea and a smile from Jefferson. "Is it not probable," asked these sanguine gentlemen, "that those who sometimes travel through the parched and sandy deserts of Arabia, where there is danger of perishing for want of water, or of being buried under mountains of sand, suddenly raised by whirling eddies of wind, as hath too often been the case, would prefer a voyage by means of an air-balloon to any other known method of conveyance? In places where the plague may suddenly appear, it is capable, when improved, of rescuing those from danger who happen to be travelling through that region without any other means of making their escape. It may perform the same service to such as are suddenly surprised by unexpected sieges, and to whom no other means of safety may be left." "Quick advices may be given of intended invasions"; and, in short, war rendered so little destructive, that no one will think it worth while to resort to that "unchristian mode of arbitrating disputes." Then, "by means of these balloons, the utmost despatch may be given to express-boats," which they will both lift and draw. They were expected also to enable philosophers to push their discoveries into the upper regions of the air, to ascertain "the causes of hail and snow," and "make further improvements in thermometers, barometers, hygrometers, in astronomy and electricity." This



programme of blessings did not tempt the guineas fast enough until the committee added personal solicitation ; and when, at last, the balloon ascended, they were obliged to charge two dollars for the best places in the amphitheatre.

It was a simple, credulous world then, full of curiosity respecting the truths which science was beginning to disclose. This balloon prospectus, with its betrayals of ignorance, credulity, and curiosity, was perfectly characteristic of the period. I am not sure that Franklin and Jefferson would have deemed it so *very* absurd, though Franklin might have thought it improbable that a traveller caught by an unexpected siege would have a balloon in his trunk. Franklin had high hopes of the balloon. "Of what use is this discovery which makes so much noise?" some one asked him soon after the first ascension in Paris. "Of what use is a new-born child?" was his reply.

In quest of a passage to France, the plenipotentiary, his daughter, and William Short, whom he was so happy as to have for a secretary, left Philadelphia near the end of May, and went to New York. The monthly Havre packet, *La Sylphe*, had been gone ten days. After a few days' stay in New York, where he continued his commercial studies, the party resumed their "quest," travelling eastward from port to port in the leisurely manner of the time. At New Haven, could he fail to pause a day or two to view a college so distinguished as Yale, and converse with the president and professors, and promise to send them from Europe some account of the new discoveries and the new books? The newspapers, silent as to his stay in Philadelphia and New York, chronicle the arrival of his Excellency at New Haven on the 7th of June, and his departure for Boston on the 9th. At Boston, the travellers met another disappointment, peculiarly aggravating. A good ship was within thirty-six hours of sailing, in which Mrs. Adams was going to join

her husband ; and she would have been as agreeable a companion to the father, as a kind protector to the daughter. But, in those days, passengers had to lay in stores of various kinds, and make extensive preparations for a voyage ; which could not be done in so short a time, even if the plenipotentiary had regarded his commercial information as complete. Mrs. Adams sailed without them ; but while Jefferson was thinking of returning in all haste to New York to catch the next French packet, he heard of a Boston ship loading for London that would, it was thought, put him ashore on the French coast. It proved to be the ship *Ceres*, belonging to Nathaniel Tracy, one of the great merchants of New England, who was going in her himself, and would land the party at Portsmouth, after having passed the whole voyage in communicating commercial knowledge to Mr. Jefferson. Nothing could have been more fortunate.

Boston gave the Virginian a courteous and warm reception on this occasion. A chair in the chamber of the Massachusetts House of Representatives was assigned to "His Excellency, Thomas Jefferson, late governor of Virginia, and now one of the commissioners for negotiating treaties"; and "no small part of my time," as he wrote to Elbridge Gerry, "has been occupied by the hospitality and civilities of this place, which I have experienced in the highest degree." Mr. Gerry, not reaching home in time to see him off, Jefferson left for him a present, not common then, which he was rather fond of giving, a portable writing-desk. To add to his knowledge of business, he made an excursion along the coast to Salem, Newburyport, Portsmouth, towns beginning already to feel the impulse toward the remoter commerce which was to enrich them. Harvard, noted from of old for a certain proclivity toward science, had at this time in Dr. Willard a president who was particularly interested in scientific discovery. Jefferson made his acquaintance now, became his corre-



spondent, and thus kept the college informed of the progress of knowledge.

The Fourth of July was Sunday this year. There was the usual celebration on Monday, but it was on that day that the *Ceres* sailed, bearing away the author of the Declaration of Independence. So far as we know, Jefferson was not yet known to the public as the writer of that document. About the time in the morning of July 5th, when the Declaration was read in Faneuil Hall, the *Ceres* spread her sails, and glided out into the ocean between the emerald isles that form Boston Harbor. They had a splendid passage; nineteen days from shore to shore, three days dead calm and codfishing on the Banks, only six passengers, and everything delightful. Thirty-two days after leaving Boston, the plenipotentiary was at a hotel in Paris, while a house was making ready for him. He was at once a familiar member of the easy, happy circle of able men and amiable women who assembled at Dr. Franklin's pleasant abode in the suburban village of Passy.

The aged philosopher could not but smile at the mountain of new duties which Congress had imposed upon him, *instead* of the permission to return home, for which he had applied. It so chanced that he was writing to Mr. Adams upon the subject on the very day of Jefferson's arrival in Paris, and he discussed it with that sly humor with which he knew how to parry and return every disagreeable stroke: "You will see that a good deal of business is cut out for us, — treaties to be made with, I think, twenty powers in two years, — so that we are not likely to eat the bread of idleness; and that we may not eat too much, our masters have diminished our allowance." (From \$11,111 to \$9,000 per annum.) "I commend their economy, and shall imitate it by diminishing my expense. Our too liberal entertainment of our countrymen here has been reported at home by our guests, to our disadvantage, and has given offence. They

must be contented for the future, as I am, with plain beef and pudding. The readers of Connecticut newspapers ought not to be troubled with any more accounts of our extravagance. For my own part, if I could sit down to dinner on a piece of their excellent salt pork and pumpkin, I would not give a farthing for all the luxuries of Paris."

In three weeks Mr. Adams arrived, and the three plenipotentiaries held their first meeting, at Dr. Franklin's house, agreeing to meet there every day until the business was concluded. Besides announcing their mission to various ambassadors, they did nothing during the first month except prepare the draft of a treaty such as they would be willing to sign. What an amiable, harmless, useless document it seems! But it was the first serious attempt ever made to conduct the intercourse of nations on Christian principles; and it was made by three men to whom ignorance has sometimes denied the name of Christians! Many of its twenty-seven articles were nothing but the formal concession of the natural right of a man to go, come, stay, buy, and sell, according to his own interest and pleasure, subject only to the laws of the country in which he may be. One article provided that shipwrecked mariners should not be plundered; and another, that "when the subjects or citizens of the one party shall die within the jurisdiction of the other, their bodies shall be buried in the usual burying-grounds, or other decent and suitable places, and shall be protected from violence and disturbance." What a tale of savage intolerance is told by the mere proposal of such an article!

It was into the latter half of the treaty that the three representatives of the United States put most of their hearts. Their great object was to confine the evils of war, as much as possible, to belligerents. They desired to have war conducted in the manner of a play-ground fight, where a ring is formed, and no one is hit but the com-



batants, and *they* are prevented from striking a foul blow. No privateering. No confiscation of neutral property. No molestation of fishermen, farmers, or other noncombatants. No ravaging an enemy's coasts. No seizure of vessels or other property for the purposes of war. No crowding of prisoners of war into unwholesome places. Article XVII. was wonderful for its advanced magnanimity: "If the citizens or subjects of either party, in danger from tempests, pirates, or other accidents, shall take refuge with their vessels or effects within the harbors or jurisdiction of the other, they shall be received, protected, and treated with humanity and kindness, and shall be permitted to furnish themselves, at reasonable prices, with all refreshments, provisions, and other things necessary for their subsistence, health, and accommodation, and for the repair of their vessels." Such was the treaty drawn by three early Christians in Dr. Franklin's house at Passy in 1784. It marks "a new era in negotiation," wrote General Washington when he read it; and he regarded it always as the most original and liberal treaty ever negotiated.

When they had finished their draft, and when, as I suppose, the Doctor had caused a few copies to be struck off on the little printing-press which he kept in his house for such odd jobs, they sought a conference with that worthy, but extremely unsentimental minister for foreign affairs, the Count de Vergennes, and asked him how they had better proceed in order to conciliate the twenty powers (including Algiers, Tunis, Morocco, and Tripoli) and dispose them to conclude such a treaty with the honorable Congress. I wish we had some account of the interview. We only know, from Jefferson's too brief report, that the astute old diplomatist did not attach much importance to the labors of the commissioners. He evidently thought that Congress, in sending Jefferson to Europe on this errand, had performed a superfluous work, and that the proposal of such a

treaty to the Dey of Algiers, or to the personage styled in the instructions of the commissioners "the high, glorious, mighty, and most noble Prince, King and Emperor of the Kingdom of Fez, Morocco, Taffilete, Sus, and the whole Algasbe, and the territories thereof," would be a diplomatic absurdity. He thought it better, and the commissioners came into the same opinion, "to leave to legislative regulation, on both sides, such modifications of our commercial intercourse as would voluntarily flow from amicable dispositions."

The commissioners did, nevertheless, fulfil their instructions by "sounding" the several ambassadors resident at Paris, most of whom forwarded copies of the draft to their courts. At that moment there was in Europe but one intelligent man upon a throne; "old Frederick of Prussia," as Jefferson styles him, who "met us cordially and without hesitation"; and with him the treaty, with unimportant changes, was concluded. Denmark and Tuscany also entered into negotiations. The other powers appeared so indifferent that the commissioners could not, consistently with self-respect, press the matter. "They seemed, in fact," says Jefferson, "to know little about us, except as rebels who had been successful in throwing off the yoke of the mother country. They were ignorant of our commerce, which had always been monopolized by England, and of the exchange of articles it might offer advantageously to both parties." In short, the commission to negotiate commercial treaties had but one important result, namely, the composition of the draft of the treaty, and its preservation in the Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States, against the time when the nations shall want it. It seems a mockery of noble endeavor that such a draft should have been placed on record on the eve of wars which desolated Europe for twenty years, during which every principle of humanity and right was ruthlessly trampled under foot. Napoleon Bo-



naparte was a youth of sixteen when the commissioners completed it. The treaty, to this day, remains only an admonition and a prophecy.

Nine months passed. On the 2d of May, 1785, the youngest of the commissioners received from Mr. Jay, secretary for the foreign affairs of Congress, a document of much interest to him, signed by the President of Congress, Richard Henry Lee:—

*"The United States of America in Congress assembled, to our trusty and well-beloved Thomas Jefferson, Esq., send greeting:—*

*"We, reposing special trust and confidence in your integrity, prudence, and ability, have nominated, constituted, and appointed, and by these presents do nominate, constitute, and appoint you, the said Thomas Jefferson, our Minister Plenipotentiary to reside at the court of his most Christian Majesty; and do give you full power and authority there to represent, and do and perform all such matters and things as to the said place or office doth appertain, or as may by our instructions be given unto you in charge. This commission to continue in force for the space of three years from this*

day (March 10, 1785), unless sooner revoked."

This honorable charge Jefferson gratefully and gladly accepted. "You replace Dr. Franklin," said the Count de Vergennes to him when he went to announce his appointment. "I succeed; no one can replace him," was Jefferson's reply. He witnessed the memorable scene of Dr. Franklin's departure from Passy on the 12th of July. All the neighborhood and a great number of friends from Paris gathered to bid the noble old man farewell. The king could not have been treated with an homage more profound or more sincere. Indeed, it was often remarked at the time, that only the young king was ever greeted by the people of Paris so warmly as Franklin. The queen, mindful of his age and infirmities, had sent her own travelling-litter, a kind of Sedan chair carried between two mules, to convey him to Havre. At four o'clock on that summer afternoon, he was assisted into this strange vehicle, and began his long, slow journey, followed by the heartfelt benedictions of friends and neighbors. "It seemed," wrote Jefferson, "as if the village had lost its patriarch."

*James Parton.*

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### THE THREE BELLS.\*

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud  
That raked her splintering mast  
The good ship settled slowly,  
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean  
Her signal guns pealed out.  
Dear God! was that thy answer  
From the horror round about?

\* Many readers will remember Captain Leighton of the English ship *Three Bells*, who some years ago rescued the crew of an American vessel sinking in mid-ocean. Unable to take them off in the storm and darkness, he kept by them until morning, running down often during the night, as near to them as he dared, and shouting to them through his trumpet, "Never fear! Hold on! I'll stand by you!"



A voice came down the wild wind,  
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:  
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow  
Shall stand till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,  
Yet on the heaving swells  
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,  
The lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals,  
Man answered back to man,  
While oft, to cheer and hearten,  
The Three Bells nearer ran;

And the captain from her taffrail  
Sent down his hopeful cry.  
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted,  
"The Three Bells shall stand by!"

All night across the waters  
The tossing lights shone clear;  
All night from reeling taffrail  
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches  
Of storm and darkness passed,  
Just as the wreck lurched under,  
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,  
In grateful memory sail!  
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,  
Above the wave and gale!

As thine, in night and tempest,  
I hear the Master's cry.  
And, tossing through the darkness,  
The lights of God draw nigh!

*John G. Whittier.*



## A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

## XXI.

## LAYING THE GHOST.

CARROL'S knowledge of Maud's address constituted a new temptation, which it was hard to resist. It was very difficult for him to keep away, when he knew that she was so near. In his resistance to the attraction which she exerted over him, he had nothing to strengthen him but his consideration for her, and his conviction that it would be better for her not to see him again. But this very consideration for her arose out of his love for her, which at the same time drew him to her.

For a day or two he succeeded in restraining himself, but at length his desire to see Maud grew uncontrollable, and, after feeble efforts to overcome it, he allowed himself to drift nearer and nearer to the place of which Grimes had told him, until at length he came within sight of the house. It was the day on which Grimes had made his visit; and had he arrived a few moments earlier, he would have seen the manly form of his friend disappearing inside the doorway.

As he came within sight of the house his heart beat fast with feverish excitement, and an intense longing seized him to go in. He hesitated, and a struggle began in his soul, wherein desire on the one hand wrestled with conscientious scruples on the other. Already his scruples were beginning to give way, and his desire was gaining the mastery, when his eyes, which all the time had been fixed upon the door, caught sight of a figure slowly emerging from it.

It was a man of medium size, thin, dressed in a soldier's uniform; but the dress did not excite any attention on the part of Carrol, whose whole gaze was fixed upon the face. The face was deathly pale; the man held a handkerchief to his forehead, which was stained

with his blood, and a stream of blood also trickled down his face. He walked slowly and painfully, and going along the sidewalk he turned around the first corner and disappeared from view.

Carrol had been on the opposite side of the street, but the figure had not turned its eyes toward him at all. It had simply come forth from that door, walked along the opposite sidewalk, and disappeared.

As Carrol looked he felt petrified with utter horror. That face belonged to one and to one alone. It was the face that had never ceased to haunt him ever since that fearful night. Even so had that face appeared to his fancy over and over again as he brought before his mind the events of that night; and even so had the face appeared night after night in abhorrent dreams, ghastly, death-struck, with a blood-stream slowly trickling down from a mortal wound. There was only one thought in Carrol's mind,—his victim! Du Potiron! once more appearing! the dead once more revealed to the living!

For a few moments Carrol stood thus petrified in utter horror, and then in a wild frenzy he hurried away, flying he knew not where, all his brain on fire with the thoughts that came thronging over his mind. All the anguish of that night at Montreal was renewed; and his panic flight was repeated, with all its dread accompaniments. But this time the daylight favored him, and the tumult and roar of the crowded streets assisted him to regain something of his natural composure. But as the immediate terror died out, there remained behind a deep perplexity, a dark misgiving as to the nature and the meaning of this second visitation. To him in his superstition it seemed now as though the dead could really appear to the living; and here was a proof that the murderer must be



haunted by his victim. This opened before him a new horror in life. For if he should be doomed through the remainder of his days to be thus haunted, what was the use of life to him? This time the apparition had come, not in darkness and at midnight, but in the full glare of day and in the midst of a crowded city, walking under the daylight along the paved sidewalk. Where would the next revelation take place? No doubt that warning would be repeated, if he should dare ever again to visit Maud, or to speak to her. Between him and her there now stood this grisly phantom to keep them forever asunder. How could he now hope to assist Maud to escape, or how could he ever venture even to speak to her again?

Starting forth thus from a full belief in the supernatural character of the figure of Du Potiron, and allowing a vivid fancy to play around it in this mad fashion, Carrol soon worked himself into a state of mind that was half despair and half frenzy. The future now afforded no hope whatever. It seemed useless for him to struggle any longer against such a fate as his; and he began to feel that the very best thing for him to do would be to avail himself of the earliest opportunity that offered to escape from Paris, return home, and surrender himself to the authorities. A prolonged consideration of this course of action resulted in a fixed decision in favor of it; and this decision had the effect of restoring to his mind its calmness. That calmness was deep depression and dull despair, but it seemed more tolerable than the madness to which he had just been subject. It was in this frame of mind that he returned to his lodgings. It was now late. Grimes was there, and by his face showed that he had something of importance to communicate.

"Hallo," cried he, "you're back at last. Three cheers! I've arranged it. I've done it. They've consented. I've got the balloons. We're off to-morrow; and what do you think of that, for instance?"

Grimes paused and looked triumphantly at Carrol, expecting some reply commensurate with the grandeur of the news. But Carrol made no reply; and Grimes, looking at him more closely, saw in his face such pain and distress, that his own feelings underwent an instantaneous change.

"Has anything happened?" he asked hurriedly. "What's the matter? You look more like death than life."

"I've been near death to-day," said Carrol in a low voice. "I've seen It."

"Seen it? Seen what? Death?"

"*Him*, you know — the man that — that — you know. Du Potiron."

Grimes gave a long whistle.

"The dead arise!" moaned Carrol, "and they come to haunt the guilty!"

"Haunt your grandmother," cried Grimes. "What do you mean?"

Upon this Carrol told his terrible tale, enlarging particularly upon the fearful aspect of the spectre. Grimes listened patiently, and at its close he struck his fist heavily on the table.

"See here," said he, "I can't stand this any longer. I begin to think I've been doin' wrong all along, but I swear I did it for the best. Look here, now. It's all infernal humbug."

"What do you mean?" asked Carrol, startled by the tone of his friend.

"Why, Du Potiron ain't dead at all. You did n't kill him. He's alive. You saw the man himself."

Carrol shook his head despondently. "I heard him fall —"

"You heard some rubbish fall, I dare say. You were scared, and a lot of old plaster tumbled down. It was n't Du Potiron, and you never shot that man; that's so, as sure as you're born. You only heard plaster and rats."

"You can never make me believe —" began Carrol, solemnly.

"Pooh, nonsense. Look here, now, I tell you that dool was all a sham."

"A sham?"

"Yes, a sham. There was n't any bullets in the pistols. I loaded them myself. You know that."

"A sham? a sham? no bullets?" stammered Carrol, utterly bewildered.



"I tell you it was all a sham. Du Potiron was aboard the steamer with us; and he's now in Paris; and you saw him to-day."

Carrol sat for a time quite bewildered. There was an immense reaction going on in his mind. He could not help believing Grimes; and yet he had so long dwelt upon his own fancy, that it was difficult to give up his belief. In the midst of these thoughts, however, there began to arise in his mind the idea that he had been tricked and duped, and that Grimes had been amusing himself with his sufferings. A dark resentment arose within him at such treatment, and rising from his seat he looked at Grimes with a gloomy frown.

"If you really mean what you say, and if you've been playing on me a joke like this—" he said, bitterly.

"Stop," said Grimes, rising, and facing him. "Not a word more. Don't say it, or you and I'll quarrel. Wait till you hear what I've got to say about it. Sit down and hear me."

Carrol resumed his seat and waited in stern silence, while Grimes went on with his explanation.

"Now see here," said Grimes. "You remember askin' me to be your second. I saw that you could n't fire, and that you'd only get hit; so I arranged that plan of a duel in the dark. Very well. Now do you suppose I was goin' to have your blood or that other fellow's on my conscience? No. I loaded the pistols, but did n't put any bullets in. I thought you'd both fire, and then you'd think of course that both shots had missed; and so it would all turn out right, and no harm done. Was there any practical joke in that? So you see Du Potiron could n't have fallen at your shot; and, in fact, my idea is that he jumped out of the back window while we were fastening the door; for I thought I heard footsteps over the rubbish behind the house. You may be sure that was the way of it. Now, I don't see anythin' in that to apologize for; and I did n't do anythin' that I would n't do again. I thought you'd have your shots, and

that you'd get over your love-affair in time, and that all would turn out right in the end. So I cleared out and did n't think any more about it till you and I met on board the steamer.

"Wal, I confess I was a good deal troubled when I saw how you took things, and was goin' to tell you the whole truth, especially after you saw Du Potiron, but was prevented by one thing."

"What was that?" asked Carrol. "What possible thing could have made you keep up the miserable delusion, and allow me to suffer such horrors? I swear to you no real murderer could have suffered worse than I did."

"Wal," said Grimes, "the whole trouble arose from the fact that the ladies were on board of the steamer. Now I saw that the sight of Miss Heathcote made you raving mad. You did n't hate her, you know; you were madly in love with her; and her bein' on board prevented your gettin' over your feelin's. She had jilted you, and there she was on board the same boat, and you were goin' crazy about her. Now it struck me that the only thing for a jilted lover like you was to have some other thing to take up his thoughts. You had that in your fancy about Du Potiron, and so I thought I'd let it slide. I did n't dream of anything so childish as a practical joke, but simply acted out of a fatherly consideration for your good. My motive was good, whatever my policy may have been. It was to give you a counter-irritation."

"I think you might at least have told me after we arrived in Paris," said Carrol, in a tone which was now quite free from resentment.

"Wal," said Grimes, "my reason was just the same. The ladies were here, and there you were with your abuse of Miss Heathcote, so that if you had n't had this dool to think of, you'd been used up by this time. But you changed your tone a little lately, and I'd made up my mind to tell you the fust chance."

"What was he doing there?" asked



Carrol, "at her house. So if it is really Du Potiron, it seems that, while I have been suffering, she has been enjoying his society, travelling across the ocean with him, receiving his visits here, while I —"

"Come now," roared Grimes, "no more of that infernal jealous nonsense. Here you go again, full tilt, pitchin' into Miss Heathcote in the old style. I don't know anythin' about her real feelin's for the Frenchman, but I don't think they're over tender; for what I saw of him to-day didn't lead me to suppose that he was on very agreeable terms in that house."

"*You* saw him there? *You* did?" cried Carrol eagerly; "was he—was he visiting them? Did she—did she—seem glad? But how did his head get cut—?"

"Wal, I believe I had some share in that catastrophe," said Grimes. "I'll tell you all about it."

Carrol heard the whole story, and now learned for the first time the danger that the ladies were in, and the true position of Du Potiron with reference to them. Grimes informed him about Mrs. Lovell's appeal to him for help, his proposal about balloons, and the circumstances which had led to the acquiescence of the ladies in such a dangerous mode of flight. He also gave a very vivid account of Du Potiron's treatment of Mrs. Lovell, and the immediate result of it to Du Potiron himself.

Grimes informed him also of the measures which he had been taking that day to hasten their flight. He had been to M. Nadar and had engaged two balloons. He himself with Mrs. Lovell would embark in one, while Carrol and Miss Heathcote should take the other with an aeronaut to sail the craft. Very many little details had to be arranged, but everything was to be in readiness on the following night. Night was the time that was always chosen now, for during the day balloons were too much exposed to the bullets of the Prussians. The weather was sufficiently favorable for a start, and if it only continued so

nothing would prevent their departure. The ladies were to be ready by the following evening, and Grimes and Carrol were to go to the house for them. They were perfectly willing to go, for they found the terrors of Paris greater than those of the untried voyage in the air; and the confident assurances of Grimes had produced a great effect upon the trustful nature of Mrs. Lovell.

And now the clouds that had for so long a time hung over the soul of Carrol slowly rolled away, and the revelation of Maud's truth, together with that of his own innocence, combined to fill him with the most exultant hope. The little difference that still remained between him and Maud could be terminated by one word. Her resentment could not be maintained, for she had consented to go with him in his care. To the perils of balloon-voyaging he never gave a single thought, his mind being only taken up with the idea of himself seated once more by the side of Maud, with not a cloud to mar their perfect mutual understanding.

But in the midst of his new-found joy there arose within him an intense longing to see Maud, from whom he was no longer repelled either by conscientious scruples or by grisly phantoms. He now remembered his terrors with indifference, and in his delight at the truth he had no resentment whatever against Grimes or anybody else for that matter. Once more he and Grimes resumed the old unclouded air of free and familiar intercourse, and talked over the coming events. Carrol, however, could not help feeling impatient at the time that yet separated him from Maud, and hinted in a vague way at some effort which he might make to call on the ladies earlier in the day.

"Now don't, my good fellow," said Grimes earnestly, "don't. The ladies won't expect you; besides, they'll be as busy as bees all day arranging for their flight. You see it's such uncommon short notice. Waitin' two or three hours longer won't hurt you, and will



be a good deal more convenient for them than if you were to go botherin' around them all the day."

"But don't you think they may be in some danger from Du Potiron? I should think it would be better for one of us to be there."

"O, I don't know! I don't seem to think that one day'll make any great difference."

"But if the fellow can do anything, he'll do it at once. He must have been venomous enough before; but now, after your treatment of him, he'll move heaven and earth to get them into trouble; and, what's more, he'll do it as quick as he can. It seems to me that if there is any danger at all, there'll be as much danger to-morrow as there would be a week from this."

"Wal, I don't know, now that you speak of it, but what there may be a good deal in what you say; still I don't see what can be done. People have got to run some risk, and to-morrow is the risk that the ladies have got to run. They can't be actually safe till they get outside of Paris, or above it, which is all the same."

"On the whole," said Carrol, "I think I'd better keep a lookout in that direction."

"What for?"

"O, to satisfy my own mind!"

"There won't be much satisfaction in looking; and if anythin' was to happen, you would n't be able to do anythin'. On the whole, I should n't wonder but that you'd be doin' better by makin' yourself scarce till the appointed hour."

"Well, I'll see," said Carrol, who, at the same time, was profoundly convinced that he would spend the whole of the next day in the vicinity of Maud's house, and burst in upon her presence long before what Grimes called the appointed time.

## XXII.

### IN THE TOILS.

THE following day dawned bright and pleasant. The sky was perfectly

cloudless, and the clear atmosphere gave promise of a favorable night.

Grimes had arranged everything on the previous day, and M. Nadar had solemnly engaged to be at the Place St. Pierre with two balloons and an aeronaut. There was therefore nothing in reality for him to do; but Grimes was a man who never felt inclined to trust his business to others, and could not feel satisfied unless he himself were present. It was this feeling rather than any actual necessity that led him forth to pass the time with M. Nadar, so that he might see with his own eyes that everything was preparing. He was also actuated by a very natural desire to learn something more, if anything more could be learned, of the aeronautic art. Before starting he informed Carrol that he would call for the ladies at about dusk; but that if the ladies were frightened about anything and wished to leave before then, they might go to the Place St. Pierre.

Grimes then set out on his way to visit M. Nadar. He strolled along in a leisurely manner, meditating on the prospect before him, and quite oblivious to the scene around him. He traversed street after street, and soon left the busier parts of the city behind him, and still went on, feeding his active fancy with very many pleasing scenes, and images and events, all of which were of a highly cheerful and pleasant character. Had he not been so very much taken up with these pleasing fancies, he would not have failed to notice the fact that he was followed by several men dressed as National Guards, but whose evil faces made them seem like *mouchards* of the fallen Empire, who, finding their occupation gone, had transformed themselves into the defenders of the Republic with no very striking success. These men followed him, at first cautiously, but at length, perceiving that he did not take the slightest notice of them, they went on carelessly, keeping close behind him, and occasionally addressing remarks to one another. At length two of them walked ahead of the others, towards



Grimes. He, on his part, was quite unconscious of this new movement, and stalked on before, losing himself in the pleasing fancies with which his mind was filled. The two men hurried on till they caught up to him, when they divided, one going on each side, and at a signal each placed a hand on Grimes's shoulder.

In a moment Grimes was brought back to real life. He stopped and confronted the men. The others meanwhile walked up and surrounded him. There were over a dozen of them, and all were armed.

"What do you want?" asked Grimes in his usual Yankee French.

"Who are you?" asked one of the men, who had first seized him.

"An American citizen," said Grimes.

"Where are you going?"

"On business," said Grimes.

"What business?"

Grimes was about to give an angry reply, but the affair looked too serious, so he was compelled to mitigate his wrath. He hesitated for a moment, but at length concluded that the truth was the easiest statement to make and so he said, "I am going to see M. Nadar."

"M. Nadar?"

"Yes, about a balloon."

"A balloon?—aha," said the other. "A balloon? You would fly, would you? You would run away? Aha, you cannot escape so easily."

"There is nothing wrong in engaging a balloon," said Grimes. "M. Gambetta and others have gone in them."

"M. Gambetta is an honest and loyal citizen; but you, monsieur, are a traitor and a spy."

"A traitor, a spy? I am not," cried Grimes. "I am a friend of the French Republic."

"You are a Prussian spy," cried the other in excited and vehement tones.

"I am not," roared Grimes. "I am an American. The American Minister is my friend. I am an American and a Republican."

"Bah! we know you. We have watched you. You have been de-

nounced to us. We know you as one of Bismarck's agents, and we arrest you in the name of the Republic."

"Arrest!" cried Grimes, in fierce indignation,—"arrest me, an American citizen!"

"Monsieur, you are no more an American citizen than I am. You are a German. Your accent betrays you. Come, you are our prisoner. You must come with us. Remonstrance is useless."

At this, Grimes stood suffocated with rage. He glared like a wild beast at his enemies. He thrust his hand into his pocket, and grasped his trusty revolver, and for a moment he meditated a wild rush upon his captors and a headlong flight. He looked up and down the street; but that one look was enough to satisfy him that anything like flight was utterly impossible. He let go his grasp of his revolver.

The sight of the National Guards around a foreigner had already attracted the notice of the passers-by. People stopped and stared. The words "Prussian spy" were heard, and circulated from mouth to mouth. The crowd increased, and at length, in a marvelously short space of time, an immense number of people had gathered there. The rumor of a Prussian spy passed along the street, and people came running from every direction to see the sight.

As Grimes looked around, he saw the crowd, and the faces that were turned toward him were faces full of dark menace and intense hate. Passionate words passed from man to man, and reached his ears. He began to think that he was lost. Once more he subdued his wrath, and endeavored to appeal to the crowd.

"Gentlemen!" said he, elevating his voice, "I am an American citizen. I am a friend of the French Republic. I am a Republican myself. The American Minister is my friend. He will certify that I speak the truth."

The crowd stared, and various murmurs arose. But the man who had seized Grimes turned with a shrug and



called out, "Citizens, this man is a Prussian spy. He is very dangerous. We have been searching for him for weeks. He is the worst spy in the place, and the chief agent of Bismarck."

At these words there arose from the crowd a terrific outcry. Yells, shrieks, and execrations, in the midst of which were a hundred cries for immediate vengeance.

Grimes stood overwhelmed. He was a brave man, but the position in which he was made bravery useless. To defy, or to resist, or to offend that maddened mob was to be torn in pieces. He looked out once more upon them, and saw the faces inflamed with frantic rage and eyes glowing in fury. They were more like wild beasts than human beings. To disarm their wrath was impossible; to explain matters, to prove the truth, was not allowed. The mob outside was so insane and so passionate, that the National Guards who had arrested him seemed almost his friends now, since they stood between him and the savages of the street.

The conclusion which Grimes came to was swift and decided. He saw that it would never do to stand there exposed to the wrath of the mob: anything was better than that. With the National Guards there was at least a hope of something like an examination or a trial; but with a street mob there was nothing but a tiger's blind fury. His mind was made up. At all hazards, this scene must be stopped.

"Gentlemen!" said he, courteously, to the National Guards, speaking so that all could hear him, "there is some mistake. I am convinced that you intend nothing but what is fair and right. I trust myself to your hands. Take me to the authorities, and I will submit to any examination."

This was very magnanimous language from a man who was helpless; but the National Guards did not see the incongruity that there was between his language and his situation. They all drew themselves up in a dignified way and endeavored to assume the airs of so many Rhadamantuses.

Those of the crowd who heard him were somewhat favorably affected, and began to think that there might be some mistake; but the most of them did not hear, and so they kept on howling.

"It's all right," said Grimes. "Let us go. Lead on. Don't be troubled about me. I won't run. It's all right, gentlemen," said he to the crowd. "It's only a mistake. I'm an American. *Vive la République Française!*"

These last words he shouted out in tones loud enough to be heard by all. The mob heard it, and those words arrested the current of the general fury. They had the right ring. They hesitated.

"It is a mistake," roared Grimes in stentorian tones, so that he could be heard by all. "I am an American. I am a Republican. Hurrah for the French Republic! Hurrah for liberty! Down with the Prussians! Down with Bismarck! I am an American Republican, and I love the French Republic!"

As a matter of fact Grimes began to be somewhat disgusted with the French Republic, or rather with French Republicans, and consequently his words were not strictly true; but he was in a very tight place, and he felt that it was his first duty to disarm the vengeance of that howling maniac mob. By giving them lavish doses of the popular cries, he hoped to succeed in this. His efforts were not unavailing. A large number of the crowd caught up his words and responded. The mob, as a mob, began to lose its homogeneity; its unity disintegrated at the impact of those cries; some kept up the call for vengeance; but others hurrahed for the French Republic, and others again for America.

Grimes now moved off, surrounded by his captors and the mob.

The National Guards led him, and the crowd followed him, through many streets. The crowd still showed that uncertainty of purpose which had been created by the remarks of the prisoner, and followed in a vague way, being now rather curious than inimical. In this way he at length reached a large



building, in front of which there were a few men in the uniform of the National Guard. Grimes entered this place with his captors and was conducted to a room in the third story. On being shown in here the door was locked and the prisoner was left to his meditations.

Meanwhile Carrol had left the house and had started off to seek out some way of wiling away the tedious hours. He had wandered aimlessly through the streets, trying to get rid of the hours of the morning, and finding himself incessantly gravitating in an irresistible manner toward the lodgings of Maud. He resisted this tendency as long as he could, for he did not wish to intrude upon the ladies at unseasonable hours; but at length he found it quite impossible to resist any longer. It was about midday when he found himself in the street in front of the house. He then made up his mind to remain in that street and keep up a watch over the house, with a vague idea that by so watching he might be the means of guarding the inmates from evil. For two or three hours he walked up and down the street, never going out of sight of the house; and at length he became wearied of this fruitless occupation, and began to think of entering.

Mrs. Lovell and Maud were both in the room. Maud started to her feet and stood looking at him with a pale and agitated face. Mrs. Lovell advanced and greeted him. Carrol was scarce conscious of her existence. He made some incoherent reply to her, and then turned toward Maud. She stood looking at him with that same expression of entreaty and wonder and mournfulness which he had so often seen in her face; and as he walked toward her she made one or two steps forward. But Carrol's face showed something very different from anything she had seen there since their misunderstanding; it was full of joy and enthusiastic hope and tenderest affection. He hurried toward her and grasped her hand in both of his.

"O my darling!" he faltered in a low voice; "forgive me! forgive me!"

Mrs. Lovell started, and with some commonplace remark she left the room, and by that act won for herself the fervent gratitude of Carrol.

He was now alone with Maud. He understood at last the whole truth. There was at last no cloud of misunderstanding between them. Carrol was determined that everything should now be cleared up without delay, and so he poured forth the whole story of his sorrows. All was revealed without exception, and Maud was able to understand the whole reason of Carrol's conduct. Even if his explanation had been less ample, she could have forgiven him; but with this she felt that there was nothing to forgive.

Mrs. Lovell's innate delicacy of soul, together with her sisterly regard for Maud and her consideration of her peculiar circumstances, all combined to make her stand aloof and leave the two lovers to come to a full understanding by themselves. At length, however, the time seemed to be sufficient, and she returned, finding Maud's once melancholy face wreathed with smiles, and the face of Carrol in a similar condition.

By this time it was dusk. They began to talk of their approaching journey, and Carrol began to wonder why Grimes did not appear.

Suddenly, in the midst of this conversation, they all became aware of the tramp of feet on the stairway outside and along the hall toward the room. At that sound a feeling of fearful apprehension in one instant started up within the minds of all. The ladies turned pale, and Carrol started up to his feet in dismay.

The door opened without ceremony, and a number of men entered the room. They were dressed as National Guards. One of these advanced toward the group in the room, while the rest stood by the door. Others remained outside.

The man who advanced looked with



sharp scrutiny at Carrol and at the ladies.

"Madame Lovelle," said he, in French, "which is Madame Lovell?"

"What do you want?" said Mrs. Lovell, in English. "I am Mrs. Lovell."

"Pardon, madame," said the man, who seemed to be an officer, still speaking French; "I am charged with your arrest, in the name of the Republic." And he laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder.

Mrs. Lovell did not understand what he said, but his gesture was sufficiently intelligible. She shrank back in terror. Maud started with a cry, and flung her arms about her. Carrol sprang forward with a menacing gesture.

"Arrest this man," cried the officer, "he is the Prussian spy!"

At this three men came forward and seized Carrol, and at a gesture from the leader dragged him out at once.

"Madame," said the officer, turning to Mrs. Lovell, "you must come. You are my prisoner."

Mrs. Lovell did not understand the words, but she started back with a cry of despair.

"O Georgie! O my darling, darling Georgie!" cried Maud. "O, what can we do? What does it all mean?"

To this Mrs. Lovell made no reply whatever. She simply pressed Maud in her arms, and sobbed aloud in her anguish.

"Pardon, madame," said the officer, "but you must come." And he took her arm and drew her along after him. Maud clung to her, and Mrs. Lovell tried to cling to Maud. Then there followed a pitiable scene,—the sisters clinging to one another, the officer calling to his soldiers and tearing them from one another's arms.

Mrs. Lovell, half fainting, was dragged away by the soldiers; while Maud, quite frantic, tried to cling to her sister, and implored them to take her also. The soldiers kept her back, and, thus repelled, she stood for a few moments staring at them with a white

face of agony, still imploring them to take her too. The men did not understand her words, however, and they coolly went on with their task, which was to arrest in the name of the Republic Madame Lovelle and the Prussian spy. They dragged their prisoners toward the door. Maud stood for a few moments overcome with anguish; she had seen Carrol taken, and she now saw her sister dragged out after him. With a wild cry she rushed after Mrs. Lovell.

But Maud's strength had been severely tried during the last few weeks, and this sudden and overwhelming sorrow was too much for her. Her brain reeled, her limbs failed; and she had scarce taken three steps when she fell senseless on the floor.

### XXIII.

#### FLIGHT.

THE meditations of Grimes during the first few minutes of his imprisonment were by no means pleasant. To have been arrested at any time would have been bad enough, but at such a time as this it was intolerable. What was worse, his captors were citizens of that great and glorious French Republic for which he had been so enthusiastic, and to which he had been seeking to devote his services. This was the unkindest cut of all, and it wounded him to the soul.

Grimes, however, was not the sort of man who could sit still and brood over his sufferings. He had a healthy and hearty animalism, which made him chafe under them, and move restlessly to and fro like a wild beast in his cage. His first impulse was to examine his prison and its surroundings, so as to see what prospects of escape there might be. The room itself was large and lofty, with tiled floor, and two tall windows that opened with hinges. There was no balcony outside, and the street was too far down to be reached by any process of climbing. The house in which he was formed one in a range



that extended all along the street, and, as far as he could judge from a hasty glance, was several additional stories in height.

Although the fact that he was not handcuffed was very gratifying, still he did not see any prospect of immediate escape. If he should be left in that room that night, he might be able to get away; but the night would be or might be too late. Mrs. Lovell would expect him at dusk, and what would she do if he failed her? What his prospects were he could not imagine, for he could not imagine why he had been arrested. Whether he would be summoned at once for examination, or made to wait, was equally uncertain. His experience of French ways made him incline to the belief that he would have to wait for two or three days. The whole thing seemed so abominably stupid to him, and so unmeaning, that it aggravated him all the more; for Grimes had a logical soul, and if there had been any motive whatever in his arrest, he would not have felt so utterly outraged. As it was, even prolonged and heavy swearing gave no relief; and he was compelled at last to take refuge in the silence of disgust.

What the ladies might do in the event of his missing the appointment, he could not conjecture. In the midst of his meditations, which occupied several hours, he was roused by the rattling of keys at the door. Grimes started, and looked up with eager expectation, for now his fate would be decided. His only thought was that he was about to be taken away for examination. Two men came in, one of whom carefully locked the door on the inside, and then turning looked at Grimes with a mocking smile.

It was Du Potiron. In an instant Grimes understood it all. The suggestions of Carrol as to Du Potiron's taking a speedy vengeance were indeed fulfilled; and this was the mode that he had chosen. As Grimes saw his face, there came over him a terrible anxiety about Mrs. Lovell; for now it was shown that Du Potiron's threats

were not idle menaces; and the same force which had been used against him could be used with far greater effect against defenceless women. The only hope he had was that Du Potiron might not yet have denounced them, and that he might yet escape in time to save them.

Du Potiron's face was pale as usual, and below his kepi might be seen a bit of sticking-plaster, which no doubt covered the wound that he had received when Grimes knocked him down stairs. In his face there was a malice and triumphant malignancy that was quite demoniac. Grimes, however, looked at him calmly, and waited to see what he would do.

The other man, whom Du Potiron had no doubt brought with him for purposes of safety, looked very much like Du Potiron, only slightly inferior, suggesting the idea that he might be an admirer or follower of that great man. He had in his hands a pair of handcuffs, which were no doubt brought here to adorn the hands of Grimes. He also had some pieces of rope, which looked as though they were intended to bind him still more securely.

"Eh, bien monsieur," said Du Potiron, at last. "What you zink now? Hah? You laugh at me now, hah? You attack me now, will you? Hah? Ze table is turn. Eet ees your turn now. Tr-r-r-remblez!"

At this, which was spoken very rapidly, very fiercely, and with manifold gesticulation, Grimes made no reply, but sat watching Du Potiron, and occasionally looking at the other man. He was measuring their strength; he was cogitating as to the probability of others being in the hall outside; and listening to hear if there was any shuffling or sound of voices. But there was nothing of the kind, and Grimes began to meditate a desperate deed.

"You not belief," continued Du Potiron, who was evidently a Philistine and had come to crow over the fallen Samson,— "you not belief. Ah hah! You belief now? Hah? Madame Lovelle, she not belief; she belief now. Hah?



Come, you are silent. You are dumb. Ha, ha."

And Du Potiron made a low, mocking bow, spreading out the palms of his hands; after which he raised himself, and once more regarded Grimes, who sat quite still, looking as before.

"Moi, I haf warn ze madame one, deux, tree fois. Mais see you, what ees it now; you are spies. You and ze madame, I haf denounce you bot to ze Central Committee of ze section, in ze nom sacre and august de la liberté. You haf been ze slaves of Bismarck, and conspire against ze security of la gr-r-r-r-rande République. I haf set ze loyal citoizens to watch, and you are discovaire. Voilà."

Du Potiron paused again to see if his taunts would elicit any reply, but Grimes still held his peace, and sat as before in the same attentive and thoughtful attitude.

"Aha," continued Du Potiron. "You fly in ze balloon? Hah? Monsieur Nadar. Hah? Ma foi. You wish you escape me. Aha? You not escape zees way so easy. I haf set my heart on vengeance, and I haf denounce you as ze enemy of ze sublime République. All ze disloyal must perish. La France will destroy ze tyrant, and ze oppressor, and ze despot. You sall not escape; ze madame sall not escape. I am implacable. Moi, I nevaire forgif, nevaire. You air doom!"

Du Potiron frowned in what he meant to be a terrible manner, shook his clenched fists with melodramatic energy against Grimes, and stood staring at him to watch the effect of his words.

"Aha," he burst out at last. "You say notin; you dumb; you preten to be calm. But are doom, and Madame Lovelle is doom, and you bot sall so-faire. I sall nevaire forgive. I am implacable, inflexible, inexorable. You are lost; zere is no hope, no possibilité of redemption. Aha, does zat make you tr-r-r-emble?"

At this moment Grimes rose quickly, snatched his revolver from his pocket, advanced two steps, and seized Du

Potiron by the throat so as to almost choke him, and levelled his pistol at the other man. The whole movement was so sudden and so unexpected, that both were taken by complete surprise.

"If you say a word, I'll fire," said Grimes, in a low, stern voice, as he covered the other fellow with his pistol, and held Du Potiron's throat in his iron clutch. The other man did n't seem to require any such warning. His face was livid with terror; his knees shook; and the ropes and manacles fell upon the floor.

"Pick them up," said Grimes, whose Yankee French now came out uncommonly strong.

The man stooped tremblingly, and picked up the ropes and handcuffs.

"Bring them here."

The man obeyed.

"Now put them on this man," said Grimes. "If you don't, I'll blow your brains out."

With these words he pushed Du Potiron around so that the other man could get at his hands, while he himself watched every movement. Du Potiron meanwhile had made a few contortions, but the suddenness of this attack, and its overwhelming character, deprived him of all force. The iron grasp on his throat almost suffocated him, and thus he stood perfectly helpless. The other man tremblingly took the handcuffs and put them on Du Potiron's hands.

"Now," said Grimes, "take off his cravat and tie it over his mouth, tight."

The man obeyed. The cravat was large enough to serve the purpose of a gag; and while the man was tying it on, Grimes tested it from time to time, making him tie it tighter, till at length it seemed to him to be safe enough.

Now Grimes seized a piece of rope, and warning Du Potiron not to move for his life, he made the other man turn round, and then he secured his hands tightly behind his back. After this he took his cravat, and gagged him in the same way that Du Potiron had been served.



But this was not enough. He wanted to put it out of the power of his two prisoners to move; so he made them both lie down, impressing his orders upon them by holding the muzzle of the pistol against the foreheads of each in succession. Resistance was useless. Both lay down, and Grimes, taking some more rope, bound the feet of each. He then made them stand up, fastened them back to back, and passed the end of the line securely around an iron rod that supported a heavy shelf on one side of the room.

All this had been done with a neatness and despatch that showed the practised hand. After the work was finished, Grimes restored his pistol to his pocket.

"Pardon," said he, somewhat grimly, "you will see that I must escape, and, in order to do that, I had to tie you in this way. I may not see you again, and so I will wish you every happiness in the world, and say, adieu."

With these words he turned away, and, picking up the keys which Du Potiron had dropped at the first onset, he went towards the door, and tried each one till he found the right one.

So far all had gone off well, but the question still remained, how was he to get out of the house. He saw that he could not go down stairs, and his idea was to ascend to the roof. His long meditations over balloons had made the upper regions of the air quite a natural subject for his mind to dwell upon, and he thought that if he once got up there he might be safe.

He opened the door cautiously and peeped out. The hall was empty.

He went out and listened. There was no sound at all. It seemed as though the upper stories of the house were not tenanted. The apartments, he thought, might be storerooms of some kind, or perhaps they were deserted on account of the siege.

There was no use in hesitating any longer, so he locked the door behind him, put the keys in his pocket, and walked away with as little noise as possible. Finding that his boots creaked,

he tore them off, and thrusting one in each side-pocket of his coat he hastened along the hall.

He soon reached the stairway. Looking up he found the coast clear, and looking down he saw the story below apparently deserted. He ran up the stairs, and continued ascending till he reached the topmost story. Here he found a step-ladder going up to the roof. Climbing this he raised a small trap-door which closed the opening, and stepped out upon the roof. Then he shut down the trap, and seating himself upon it he drew a long breath of relief, and looked around with a comprehensive stare, and then putting on his boots again he began to meditate over the situation.

The houses were flat roofed or almost flat, and were joined together so closely that he could walk on for a long distance without difficulty and without being seen from the street. The difficulty was how he was to get down again. This was a thing that he did not know exactly how to contrive. After some thought he decided on leaving this place and going over the roofs of the houses; such a journey might reveal some practicable way of descending. He might find a ladder or a staging or something of that sort. He accordingly started off and walked on till he reached a corner house, where any further progress in that direction was impossible. He now turned to the right, where the row of houses still extended along the street, and traversed several of these. At length he saw something which suggested a way of escape in case of an emergency. It was a trap-door, something like the one through which he had passed. Here at least there seemed a way to get down, and it was the only way. All the other traps and skylights had been closed. He knelt down by this and looked down. He saw nothing but the floor of the hall, nor did he hear anything. This encouraged him, and he decided to make his descent here. But to do so by daylight seemed too hazardous, and he thought it would be safer



to wait till dusk. He seated himself here and kept a vigilant watch, ready if there appeared any signs of pursuit to plunge down and close the trap after him. But no signs of pursuit appeared, and Grimes thought pleasantly that his efforts to secure the prisoners had been crowned with complete success. They had been unable to free themselves, and had probably not received any visit from their comrades.

Two or three hours passed, and Grimes waited very patiently, feeling sure now that, if he only effected his escape, he would be able to be at the rendezvous in time. At length it grew sufficiently dark for his purpose, — just dark enough for safety, yet also sufficiently light for him to find his way. Once more he removed his boots and cautiously descended. As he reached the attic floor he listened, but heard nothing. Reassured, he descended farther. He met no one. He went farther and farther down, and now discovered that the house was uninhabited. By certain signs of disorder he thought that it had been visited by thieves, who had left the trap open. Reaching at length the door of the *conciergerie*, he found this locked, but another door had a key in the lock, and opening this he found himself in the court-yard, where he put on his boots again and looked around. Here a gate opened into the street, and was secured by a bar. Grimes removed this, and stepped forth into the street.

A cab was passing. He hailed it, and told the driver to take him to the Place de la Concorde. In due time he reached his destination, and, leaving the cab, he hurried off with a light heart toward Mrs. Lovell's lodgings.

The darkness had now increased, but the moon was shining, and the night was still. All things promised a propitious voyage. On reaching Mrs. Lovell's lodgings, he was surprised to find that there were no lights. However, he knew his way well enough to her apartments, and he went on, full of confidence, till he reached them. All was still. The door was open. He

entered with a strange feeling of apprehension. The moonbeams streamed in through the windows and illumined the interior.

Grimes saw nothing of the general appearance of things, his whole attention being arrested by one sight. It was the figure of a lady prostrate on the floor, lying in the moonlight, face downward. The heart of Grimes gave a wild throb, and he rushed forward and knelt by her side. He raised her up. Her face, but dimly visible in the moonlight, was half concealed by the disordered hair that had fallen across it. Her hands were cold.

Grimes was bewildered. He raised the lifeless form in his arms and kissed the pale forehead, the closed eyes, the cold lips.

What was he to do?

Send for help?

But the house seemed deserted. There was no help to be had. Besides, he dared not wait, for now he felt as though all the National Guards of Paris were on his track, headed by Du Potiron, who would lead them here first of all. Then both would be arrested. There was only one thing, — flight, instant, immediate!

It could only be a faint. She would recover. Ah! he saw it all. She had waited, and he had not come. Carrol had come, and in his impatience taken Miss Heathcote. Mrs. Lovell had still waited. She had been overcome with anxiety about him. She had not thought him false, but she had feared for his safety. She must have divined his arrest and his danger. The thought had been too dreadful.

Grimes's whole nature melted down into utter softness beneath the power of such piteous thoughts.

"We must fly," he murmured. "We must get to the balloon. She'll revive when she gets up aloft."

Saying this he rose up, carrying the senseless lady in his arms, and hurried down to the street. There he got a cab, and drove to the Place St. Pierre. The lady still continued senseless. Grimes held her in his arms, and al-



lowed himself to indulge in numberless tendernesses, feeling as though such acts and words as these were better adapted to win his loved one back to life than any quantity of the ordinary restoratives, such as burnt feather, cold water, and rubbings.

At last they reached the Place Bastille. A crowd was there. High in the air floated the dark outlines of two balloons, still held to the earth by their ropes, waiting for their passengers, struggling to be free. M. Nadar had been faithful. He rushed forward to the cab. Grimes emerged, carrying his precious burden.

"Haste! haste!" cried M. Nadar. "I've been waiting an hour."

"Have the others come?" asked Grimes.

"No, not yet. Haste, haste."

Grimes was a little surprised, but his anxiety about his lifeless burden drove away other thoughts.

"This lady's fainted," he said; "I want to restore her."

"She'll revive," said M. Nadar; "if you wait now, you cannot go at all."

Grimes said nothing, but hurried to the balloon. He lifted the lady into the car. Then he got in himself.

"Are you ready?" asked M. Nadar.

"Wait," said Grimes, "my friends have not come."

M. Nadar fumed and fussed.

In a few moments a cab was seen hastening toward the place.

"They have come," said M. Nadar. "There is the cab. Are you ready?"

Grimes looked out. He saw the cab. He had no other thought than that this was Carrol and Miss Heathcote. He had a dread of Du Potiron and his National Guards.

"Yes," he said quickly.

In another moment the earth sank away, and the everlasting ether received him into its embrace.

*James DeMille.*

## REPROOF.

WHEN children, heedless in their eager play,  
Seem casting half their innocence away  
In some coarse word or deed that makes us start,  
Waking a painful wonder in the heart,

We, ripe and righteous, blame the little ones;  
Then quick to God, poor, trembling Conscience runs,  
For while our sternness brings an instant hush,  
The cheek is kindling with a guilty blush.

The older heart remembers its dark room  
Wherein it would not have the children come;  
Where, when they sleep, the worldly-wise steal in,  
Exchanging thoughts that have to do with sin.

And then it scorns this place that dreads surprise,  
And would like children live without disguise,  
Longing to have the secret soul become  
Choice as the eye and ear that guard the home.

*Charlotte F. Bates.*



## N U R E M B E R G.

“Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song.”

NO picture could be more perfect than that which the poet has so fondly painted of “Nuremberg the ancient.” It stands in his verse, all aglow with the mellow light of the olden time, and through its streets walk the stately figures which are the glory of its traditions. Idle were the endeavor of less skilful hands to embody the spirit that haunts the place, but a timid pencil may venture to fill out the delicate outlines of spire or gable or oriel; or may hint at wonder and beauty, half hidden in shadow; so that the poet’s matchless canvas may shape for the stranger a distincter vision, and waken for the traveller a tenderer memory, of the old town.

All the long, bright summer day we sped across the country, from Heidelberg and the Neckar, out of the beautiful Odenwald, by ripening wheat-fields and green hop-yards and vine-clad hills; past Wurzburg, —

“That well may boast  
Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost,” —

out of Baden, and through Wurtemberg, to Bavaria, till, with the waning afternoon, we descried afar the many-towered outline of Nuremberg. In the short drive from the railroad station to the King’s Gate, we left the modern world behind us. Across the little bridge that spans the moat, through the darkness, under the great round tower, we passed into the sunlight that shone upon the Master-Singers, upon Maximilian, and upon Albrecht Dürer.

We turn a curious page when we read of the rise of the Free Cities. Almost in spite of the feudal barons, the merchants and artisans gained the power they coveted. Often, under the very walls of castles that were but the strongholds of tyranny was fostered a spirit of independence

that one day might dare to defy both Pope and Emperor. Not only on the one side were they grasping at political power, but, on the other, were falling into their hands all the treasures of art and letters which the monks of the West had been six centuries in accumulating. How wisely they wielded the one, and how zealously they guarded and developed the other, are two questions that might serve as a guide through a large part of the history of Europe, from the Crusades to the Reformation. Among them all, none shows a nobler record of effort for liberty or for art than Nuremberg.

That was a grand history which linked itself with Karl the Great, with Henry the Saint, and Cunigunde the Fair; with the Conrads, with Barbarossa, and with Maximilian. For six centuries a Free City, Nuremberg was often no mean auxiliary to the emperors. In the older time, when the cities owed to the Empire much the same fealty as the feudal barons, six thousand sturdy men-at-arms were ready to march at the summons of the chief.

In the train of the merchants who flocked hither came, not only the products and inventions of every nation, but also the culture of every land. The rough grandeur of the Northern Saga, the beauty and grace of the Romance literature, the rising art of Italy, the far-off echoes of Eastern legends, united their influences upon her artists and poets. Nor was this effect limited to a few chosen spirits who might win for themselves lasting fame, but the love of beauty seemed to waken in every soul. Rude, stiff, material, nay, even gross, its expression may sometimes have been, but its presence is ever manifest as an exalting impulse. Wealth was not gained for selfish enjoyment, but each strove so earnestly for the good of all, — whether in the



ornaments of home, in the consecration of the church, or the public adornment of the town, — that they have left not one, two, or three monuments of art, but a whole city of rich, quaint beauty.

By a most singular and happy immunity from rebels within and foes without, their legacy has escaped the destruction which has overwhelmed so many precious relics of the Middle Ages. While Worms, spite of all the heroic memories of Kriemhild and the Niebelungen, has shrunk to a dingy little town; while Aix-la-Chapelle treasures only one relic of imperial greatness, the lofty dome over the tomb of Charlemagne; while to Regensburg (Ratisbon), for all the splendor of the Diets, is left but one glowing gem, the Cathedral; while the Rhine castles are crumbling, and Heidelberg is but a magnificent ruin; — Nuremberg presents to us a perfect picture of the old castle-crowned, walled, and moated city of the fourteenth century.

The moat, fifty feet deep and one hundred feet wide, still entirely surrounds the old city. Its bottom is now covered with peaceful market-gardens. Peas, beans, and even tobacco grow luxuriantly, and here and there stand tall trees. A double wall rises inside the moat, guarded originally by upwards of four hundred towers. Scarcely a third remain, but their steep, red-tiled roofs form a most picturesque element in the different views of the town. A part of them date from its earliest existence, but the whole system of fortifications was strengthened and improved for the necessities of modern warfare, according to the plans of Albrecht Dürer, which were also adopted by many other towns in Germany.

The four great watch towers which flank the principal gates, and also the chief tower of the castle, are entirely his work. They are perfectly sound, and built of huge blocks of stone, with only one small square window, scarcely more than a loophole, in each story, on the side towards the city. The roof

is almost flat, with broad eaves, and gives an aspect of grim solidity and strength to the whole.

The broad "King's Highway" leads from the "King's Gate," under one of these towers, to the "King's Bridge," over the river. We lodged at the sign of "The Red Cock," a little inn, half-way down the street, so odd and old that the merchants from the Levant might have tarried there. Winding staircases and dark passages led us to a long, narrow room, with low-browed windows, that looked out along the neighboring roofs to the spires of St. Lawrence. It was a busy thoroughfare, and the rattle of wheels over the stony pavements and the chattering voices at the fountain were often wearisome. One day, as I sat writing, a pleasant stillness came on all the street. Looking out I found a sudden shower was falling softly in great drops, that had driven every one in-doors.

This street was once the centre of Nuremberg's greatness. Not far from the gate are the immense warehouses, three stories of ponderous stone, then seven or eight more in the high-pitched roof. Their vast chambers, long since consigned to silence and to dust, were once crowded with the commerce of a world. For her early pre-eminence among the Free Cities, Nuremberg was indebted to the singular natural advantages of her position. In the centre of a broad and fertile plain, midway between the navigable waters of the Rhine and the Danube, she opened her gates upon the great highway of traffic between the North and the South. Perhaps the great fairs at Nijni Novgorod, where East and West meet to exchange their varied wares, is the closest parallel that modern times offer to the commerce of Nuremberg in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Not only were Genoa velvet and Venetian glass exchanged across her counters for Flanders lace, but the trade of the Levant, and, until the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, that of the far-distant East Indies, thronged her gates. She was foremost, too, in all useful in-



ventions, and in the improvement of manufactures as well as in the patronage of the arts. All nations came to seek her armor, guns, paper, printing-presses, clocks, and watches. The stiff outlines and bright colors upon our playing cards are souvenirs of the original designs by the Nuremberg engravers. One may see the like now in the old stained glass of the fourteenth century. The best translation of the Bible before Luther's day was printed in Nuremberg, and it is still regarded with respect as a fair specimen of the German prose of the day.

As I have already said, the whole city is a monument of art. Nowhere are to be found richer specimens of Gothic domestic architecture. Street after street is adorned with carved balconies, pointed oriels, and picturesque dormer-windows. The roofs are a special wonder. Scarcely two are alike. Of eleven, opposite our window, each had an outline and a character of its own. The oldest and simplest style, which in some sort is repeated on all kinds of buildings, is a steep red-tiled roof, with two, three, or more rows of little windows, of not more than two panes of glass. They look as if a piece of the roof had been pushed up a few inches to let them in. The larger windows have pointed roofs, sometimes octagonal, and supporting a sharp little pinnacle with a little pennon like that of a lance. Other windows, more elaborate, are double or treble, with slender columns on each side, fretted arches over them, and open-work balconies in front. Many houses have octagonal windows, or pointed turrets at the four angles of the roof, with light arcades, sometimes double, running along under the eaves, and slender pillars and arches mounting above each other, along the edges of the gables. One would say that the narrow spaces of a walled town, where many of the streets are but lanes, had driven the people to expand their exuberant fancy in the wider range of the roofs.

Only the pencil or the photograph

can do justice to the elaborate beauty of the grander mansions. One of them, in Venetian style, is worthy a place by the Ca' Doro itself. Others are built with galleries and balconies, rich in all wealth of flamboyant tracery, with windows over panels carved in deep relief, and the gables veiled with fretted arches edged with crockets and finials, and surmounted by statues. Even in humbler dwellings the balconies and window-sills are trailed about with ivy or woodbine, and overhung with flowers, scarlet and purple, — the bright colors in brilliant contrast to the sombre tint of the stone.

The home of Albrecht Dürer is, for his sake, still sacred to art-life as the studio of Nuremberg artists.

It stands near the western wall of the city. It is plain and square, built of stone, cross-barred with timber, and dark with age. The high roof projects far over the walls, and the top of the front gable is cut sharply off. High up, at the corner of the opposite house, on a bracket, stands a statue of a knight in full armor with lance and shield.

No calling was too practical, no place too humble, not to be reached in some way by their love of art. Over the City Scales is a bas-relief, by Adam Krafft, with the motto, —

"To thyself, as to another."

Over the archway leading to the shambles is a boldly sculptured ox in stone, with the fantastic motto, —

"Omnia habent ortus svaque incrementa; sed ecce Quem cernis nunquam bos fuit hic vitulus."

"All things have their origin and growth, but behold, this ox which you see was never a calf."

In the goose-market presides a little smiling man, a special favorite of the peasants, with a goose under each arm from whose bills flow streams of pure water.

There are several other fountains adorned with statues, of which the most famous is "The Beautiful Fountain." It has been likened to the Queen Eleanor crosses in England, which are of the same age, but it has the advantage



of the superior lightness of the bronze in which it is cast. Like the castle fronts of Heidelberg, the design is a curious union of pagan and Christian devices. Nine heroes out of all history — Charlemagne, Clovis, Godfrey, Judas Maccabeus, Joshua, David, Cæsar, Alexander, and Hector — are grouped together with the seven electors who represent the lords spiritual and temporal of that day. The secret of its fame is in the perfect harmony into which, with the utmost grace and skill, are blended an almost infinite variety of detail.

One of the most picturesque scenes in the whole city is the view from the King's Bridge. The houses on both sides have carved wooden balconies, brown with age, which overhang the river. Our first walk led us thither, just as the sunset light reflected the quaint outlines in rosy shadows, and the music in the Museum Garden close by heightened the magical effect.

The Pegnitz, like many a famous river, is but a narrow and sluggish stream. Its waters once served to fill the moat in time of siege, but its chief use now is for a feeder to the Ludwig's Canal, which unites the Danube with the Rhine by way of the Main. A thousand years ago, the clear, far-seeing eye that made the genius of Charlemagne an omnipresence in Germany for all time, planned this canal; but it was completed only twenty-five years ago by Ludwig, "The Art-King of Bavaria." Three centuries too late for Nuremberg's prime, it has, nevertheless, been an important help in the revival of trade which is restoring her to somewhat of her old prestige.

The City Hall, literally "the Council House," was rebuilt at a late date, in the Renaissance rather than the Gothic style. One large picture by Albrecht Dürer, "The Triumph of Maximilian," decorates the great hall, all that remains of the earlier structure.

This hall was the scene of a famous banquet, given by the city, for joy at the signing of the Treaty of Westphalia. The splendor of that banquet shines

forth from those gloomy days with a lustre that reaches even to our time. Over tables wreathed with flowers hung silver chandeliers, between pendant garlands and boughs laden with thirty kinds of fruit. The Count Palatine and General Piccolomini, who had negotiated the treaty, with their suites and other gentlemen and officers, sat down to four courses of one hundred and fifty dishes each. The dessert was brought in covered with flowers, and the fruit placed on the tables on trees, so contrived as to imitate the life. Out of doors the people feasted in the streets, and the wine ran like a river. At midnight, when the mirth was loudest, all the company organized themselves into a regiment, with the Count for a colonel, field-marshal for captains, and colonels, majors, and the like for privates, and marched impromptu to the castle, fired a grand *feu de joie*, and returned to the banqueting-hall to lay down their arms and pledge themselves to support peace.

Well might the burghers rejoice at the close of the Thirty Years' War. For the first and only time they had seen an enemy at their gates, when Gustavus Adolphus entrenched his army close beside the city, while Wallenstein encamped hard by, on the heights near Furth. Too strong for either to be sure of victory, they watched each other, face to face, through weary months, while starvation and sickness wasted their troops. The Nurembergers strained every nerve to lend aid to the army of Gustavus, and to ward famine from their doors. The ample provisions for a siege were, at last, exhausted, the fertile country ravished, and sheer hunger compelled Gustavus to attempt storming the enemy's lines. Totally defeated, he fled, though, for the salvation of Nuremberg, leaving his foe too crippled for aught but a speedy retreat to regions of plenty.

The fortunes of Nuremberg, already waning, never recovered from the prostration which all Germany suffered at the close of the Thirty Years' War.



Trade had, before that, begun to seek other channels. With the same intolerance that banished the Jews in the fifteenth century, but with less justification, the burghers had closed their gates against the exiled Huguenots. Jealous of the skill of the silk-weavers of France and the Low Countries, they refused them asylum, and reaped the fruits of their amazing and pitiful shortsightedness in seeing rival cities outstrip them in manufactures.

The name and government of a Free City were, however, retained until 1806, when Nuremberg was handed over to Bavaria by Napoleon.

To the king of Bavaria now belongs the castle, which stands on a slight elevation on the northwest side of the city. Our way thither led us past the most interesting points in the city: past the west front of the church of St. Lawrence, over the King's Bridge, by the church of Our Lady; through the market-place, gay and busy, in the sunshine of a June morning; past the Beautiful Fountain and the choir of St. Sebald's church, the City Hall, and the statue of Dürer. The castle is grim and massive, built, not for beauty, but use, in days when a baron could pull up the drawbridge, and from the top of his towers within his thick walls, defy all besiegers.

The place seemed deserted, and our footsteps re-echoed, as we paced the court-yard, where Queen Cunigunde's linden was strewing its fragrant blossoms. Presently, as we turned again towards the entrance, a voice came from far above our heads. Looking up, we saw a little old man leaning from the uppermost window of the round tower. "Would the Herr and the gracious lady wish to look over the city and away to the mountains? Would the gracious lady climb so high? Then, will the Herr open the little door and find the stairway?" Built of rough-hewn timber, it led up through black darkness to a low chamber under the roof, where the little old man awaited us, shouting down the trap-door once in a while to encourage us.

He flung wide the clumsy shutters on all sides to show us the smiling meadows, dotted with villages, the blue Franconian mountains in the north, and the Moritzberg in the southeast. Right below us lay the city, with all its marvel of odd roofs and quaint towers. On each window-sill was an indicator, showing the direction of each village. The old man was stationed there as watchman, and with his glass could at once make out the precise locality of a fire, so that help might be sent from the city without delay. His whole life was centred in his tower, which he would fain have us think the most wonderful of all the scores of them about the city. It was "*der dickste, und der dünnste, der oberste, und der unterste,*" — a paradoxical description, which requires a double explanation. Literally, "the thickest and the thinnest, the highest and the lowest"; it has, of all the towers, the thickest wall at the base, and the thinnest at the top. Its foundations go deepest, but, as it is built on the higher level of the castle, its top surmounts all the others. Beside it is a smaller tower, so ancient that no legend attaches to it. It is called only the *Heathen Tower*, — a curious epithet which one often meets in Germany, applied to many different objects. It is a whisper from out a remote and shadowy past, a dim suggestion of a people and a power far anterior to Kaiser or to Roman legions.

The guide-book suggests dungeons and torture-chambers and other dreadful things, but we had had enough of darkness in the winding stairway, and were glad to stand in the sunlight in the old well-house. A wonderful well it is, three hundred feet deep, they say; but we had more vivid proof of its vast depth than any figures could give. The woman who keeps the place took a tumbler of water and let fall a little, slowly, once — twice — thrice — four — five — six; then, as the last bright drops disappeared, a musical splash answered back from the black depths below, once — twice — to the sixth suc-



cessive time. Then she lowered, in a glass case, four lighted candles, down, down, what seemed an endless length, and then bade us look. Far below, the light glittered like a star, and beneath shone the water, all rippled over by the constant bubbling of the living spring that feeds the well. The watchman by this time had come down from his tower, and began to tell how precious was the well to all the city, how deep and winding were the passages that led to it from the City Hall and the Arsenal, and so on, with all the earnestness of the old man garrulous, till the coming noon warned us to depart.

On the south side of the Pegnitz stands the church of St. Lawrence. Less interesting, perhaps, to the student of architecture, than the older church of St. Sebald, it is, nevertheless, without superior among the edifices of its age. It was commenced in 1275, and the building continued through two hundred years, so that it dates from the best era of the pointed style, and is to Germany what the Abbey church of St. Ouen is to France. Externally it is cumbered by the heavy roof, for which the Germans always showed such a fancy, but the west front is very beautiful. The porch is crowded with figures in stone, representing scene after scene in the life of Christ. On the pillar dividing the doorway stands the Virgin with the Holy Child. In the small arches is represented the childhood of Christ. Above are the incidents of the passion and the resurrection. The upper part of the great archway is filled by the Last Judgment, with all the train of angels and devils which the Middle Ages conceived to accompany it. In sculptured niches on the mouldings stand the twelve Prophets of the Old Testament and the twelve Apostles of the New. Above a balcony of stone is the rose-window, bordered by a screen of stone so elaborately and daintily carved as to suggest, not only the oft-repeated simile of delicate lace, but, more aptly, the fairy-work of the frost. Higher still

the pediment is ornamented as it were, with a veil of stone, arch and quatrefoil rising each above the other to the slender pinnacle that crowns the whole. The spires are so well proportioned as to give an effect of greater height than they really have, and the barred windows of the belfries symbolize the martyrdom of St. Lawrence.

The height and grandeur of the interior are more like that of a cathedral than of a parish church. Eight lofty columns on either side support the roof of the nave. The choir is of great depth, and even wider than the body of the church. Its three aisles are carried up to the same height, giving an impression of vastness almost without parallel. Many of the windows of the nave seem never to have received the stained glass intended for them, but the solemn gray light which fills it gives a deeper glow to the rich tints of the choir. The stranger marvels to find no restorations or innovations. No ruthless hands of foreign soldiery have ever pillaged its treasures; no iconoclastic zeal has ever desecrated its shrines. So unanimously did the people of Nuremberg embrace the Protestant cause, that no partisan bitterness avenged itself upon the relics of the forsaken faith. Nay, more, they had learned from their great masters that all beauty is born of God, and they were glad to offer in new consecration the wealth and glory of their churches, not in the letter which killeth, but in the spirit that giveth life. The altars remain in the chapels. The pictures of miracle and martyrdom hang over them. Above the high altar, the patient Christ looks down from the lofty cross. By the pillars, beneath carved canopies, bend the Apostles in grandly sweeping robes. The dust lies in the founts for holy water. The confessional stands with closed wicket and open door, as the last priest and penitent left it, three hundred years ago. All round the walls and even on the pillars hang memorial tablets, some the rich escutcheons of knightly houses, and many the simpler badges of burgher families, grown grand by long de-



scent, generation after generation recording itself here.

On the north side of the choir is the wonderful "House of the Sacrament." Like the screen of stone round the rose-window, it is more like the work of magic than of human fingers. Indeed, at one time it was gravely questioned whether Adam Krafft, instead of carving it, had not moulded it by a secret process from some plastic material. It is, however, only the most remarkable of a style of work of which the German artists were ever fond. Whether they introduced it as an imitation of the elaborate architectural details used by the glass-painters, or only as a proof of their own consummate skill, it remains the marvel and the envy of our day. Cologne Cathedral itself is but a sublime example of the same power.

The central thought of the design is the little chamber for the safe-keeping of the vessels of the Sacrament, a place to the Roman Catholic mind a Holy of Holies. It stands upon a richly carved base, beneath which kneel the effigies of Adam Krafft and his two assistants. The canopied roof raises itself to a height of sixty-four feet against the pillar, bending at the top to conform itself to the turn of the vaulting. Its graceful curve might have been copied from the infolded leaves of the young fern, or the stalk of the lily of the valley. On its sides and in its storied niches are represented the scenes of the passion. Lowest, is the earthly suffering, the last supper, the agony, the scourging, the parting from the mother, the crown of thorns. Above is the supreme sacrifice of the cross; and, higher still, the glory of the resurrection and the peace of heaven. The faces are simple, the draperies severe, but their solemn beauty is the reflection of the artist's earnest soul. The designs are entwined and interlinked with garlands and fretted borders of stone, and in the many nooks about it stand saints and angels to protect it.

As I entered the church for the first time, at the hour of service on Sunday

morning, the contrast to the plainness, nay, even ugliness, of other Protestant churches which I had seen in Germany, made me think that I had found my way, by mistake, into a Roman Catholic one. A moment's observation, however, showed me the absence of all the ornaments with which Catholic priests are wont to bedizen themselves and their churches. The altar was covered only "with the fair white cloth," and the lighted candles, never discarded by the Lutheran Church, stood upon it. The pulpit, of white stone and beautifully carved, was half-way up the south side of the nave, so that the pews were arranged to face one half each way. This made one half of the people sit with their backs to the altar, showing that they do not attach to it any sentiment of special sanctity, such as is common in the Roman and Anglican churches. The choir was empty, though it is, I believe, the custom to fill it with seats at the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The day was cloudy and the "House of the Sacrament" rose in the choir like a slender, pointed, white flame, but now and then a flitting gleam of sunlight shone through the stained windows and streamed over it, impurpling the brow of the dying Saviour and crowning the rapture of the Resurrection with a golden aureole.

The large congregation was assembling with grave quietness. The silent prayer was said by each person *standing* in his own place. At the appointed hour, without any apparent notice, the service commenced by singing a hymn, the number of which was written on little blackboards so hung that all could see. It was very long, and divided into three parts, so that the one hymn answered for the whole service. The organ, away up in the sky as it seemed, led off, and the whole congregation, without rising, joined the choir. The choral might have seemed loud within narrower walls, but the swelling tones rose grandly to the vaulted heights above us, and died away in a soft refrain of tender sweet-



ness. Then the minister in his black robe rose in the pulpit, and all the people *stood* while he prayed. Then he read the gospel, Luke XV., the people still standing. The second part of the hymn was sung; and the sermon followed from the text, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." The minister was a slender, gray man, with calm, thoughtful face, and low, sweet voice, so skilfully modulated as to be heard distinctly by all the large congregation. He spoke with a gentle dignity and earnestness that made true eloquence. At the close, he read requests for prayer from mourners. Such prayers, by a singular and impressive custom, are offered in silence. Then the hymn with its sweet refrain again; and last, the minister intoned, from in front of the altar, portions of a Psalm, the choir and organ responding. The concluding prayer and the benediction were also said from the steps of the altar, the minister standing and facing the congregation.

I have described the service thus minutely as a subject not often dwelt upon by travellers. The splendor of the Catholic ritual very naturally blinds the eye to the power and charm of the simpler service. I have heard celestial music in cathedral naves. The hush of the kneeling crowd at the supreme moment of the elevation of the host, wakens sentiments of almost breathless awe; but I have never seen or felt more solemn devotion than in that once Catholic, but now oldest of Protestant churches, where minister and people worshipped together in a faith at once as intelligent, as reverent, and as simple as that consecrated by childhood's memories in New England sanctuaries.

The church of St. Sebald, on the other side of the Pegnitz, was built at different and far-distant periods. For that reason and for the curious monuments it contains, it is an object of great interest, though it nowhere presents such grand height and perspective as St. Lawrence. The west

end, or St. Peter's chapel, dates from the tenth century. The arches are low and round, the columns short and heavy, with massive though deeply cut capitals. The nave shows the transition style of the next century. The east choir is in the strongest possible contrast to the rest, with its slender clustered pillars. It shows, like St. Lawrence, the fully developed, pointed style of the fourteenth century. The lofty windows (the mullions are full forty feet high) are filled with stained glass designed by the famous Hirschvogel. One of them was the gift of Maximilian I.; another is the Episcopal window of Bamberg; another is a memorial to one of the house of Brandenburg. The altars remain here as in St. Lawrence, decorated with curious carvings in wood or stone. About them are the commemorative escutcheons of the families who founded them, on which are perpetuated the generations of six hundred years. In 1326 the Baron Tucher consecrated to the Virgin a lamp to burn perpetually before the shrine. The worship of the Virgin has ceased for three hundred years; the shrine is empty; but the brazen lamp is faithfully fed, and its steady flame is a constant witness to Nuremberg's devotion to her ancient traditions.

"The tomb of sainted Sebald" stands in the centre of the choir. Three canopies of bronze are upheld by delicate pillars above the coffer which contains the relics. The sides of the coffer are covered with reliefs, representing the charities and the miracles of the saint. The twelve Apostles stand upon brackets against the upper half of the columns, and around the top are twelve smaller figures, representing the Fathers of the Church. The central canopy is surmounted by the infant Christ, holding a globe in his hand which is contrived as the key to the whole, from which it can be all laid apart. In the fretted borders and interlacings of the design are scores of tiny figures drawn from all the realms of earth, sea, air, and fancy. The effi-



gy of Peter Vischer himself may be seen on the east end, with the inscription, "For the praise of God Almighty alone, and for the honor of Saint Sebald, Prince of Heaven." The whole rests upon twelve snails and four dolphins, which supply the fantastic element seldom wanting in German art.

Peter Vischer and his five sons worked at the moulding of the bronze for fifteen years in the golden days of Nuremberg art. Like the Beautiful Fountain and the House of the Sacrament, the shrine is an exquisite symbol of Gothic architecture. Perfect harmony from an infinite variety of detail is everywhere the law.

"On the square, the oriel window" belongs to the parsonage of St. Sebald, of which church the poet Melchior was a canon. It is like the many others in the city which I have already described, only more beautiful, with its mullions and trefoils under fretted arches. The panels below the windows are carved with sacred scenes, the legends of the birth of Christ, if I remember rightly. As we passed it, bright scarlet geraniums hung over the sill, and through the open casement we caught a glimpse of a ceiling of blue pricked out with gold. I could fancy a lovely picture of the beautiful life within, "in the antique shell of an age gone by," as I remembered the studious mien and winning voice of the minister of St. Lawrence. Semler, the great Halle professor, sometimes quoted as "the father of German rationalism," wrote, a hundred years ago, to his wife to be, "Such noble affability and active regard as were shown by the gentlemen of Nuremberg to their men of learning, I have seldom met with elsewhere."

In all the churches are pictures attributed wholly or in part to Albrecht Dürer. No one of them is quite worthy of his fame. Except one or two portraits, his masterpieces must be sought in other cities. His portrait of himself was stolen by the ingenious fraud of a copyist, and is now in the Munich Gallery. It represents him as

a young man with long blond curls. The full lips are gracefully curved, and their expression is gentle and tender; but the brow is firm, as if already strained to steady endeavor; the eyelids droop as if heavy with the burden of unaccomplished dreams. To tell the story of his life is to repeat the oft-told tale of patient, obscure labor, working slowly towards the light, till crowned at last with the proudest laurels. The son of a humble jeweller, the scorn and derision of his jealous companions, he struggled painfully through years of trial, till he won for himself, not only imperial regard, but still prouder honor, as the great master of art in Germany.

The whole city of Nuremberg is a grand monument to his genius. The quaint beauty that crowns her to-day is an enduring witness, not only to his skill as an architect, but to the enthusiastic love of art which he inspired.

As Dürer was the greatest of the Franconian school, so was he the last. Such a master should have left worthier followers, we are fain to think, as we study the few pictures remaining in Nuremberg. But they had fallen on evil times, when art and poetry were alike declining in Germany.

Only the Master-Singers were left of all the tuneful race that had sung the heroic strains of the *Nibelungen Lied* or the graceful measures of the *Minnepoetry*. Somewhere in that dark time for letters which succeeded the fall of the house of Hohenstaufen arose these guilds. It was once the fashion to laugh at them, to call them professional rhymers, poets by rule; but wiser critics have recognized them as the preservers of German poetry, till better days should dawn. The student finds them an important element in the history of manners and civilization. In their influence upon taste may be traced the source of much of that love of music and letters, that moral and intellectual culture, which still to-day characterizes the German artisans.

A mythical story connects their origin with *Frauenlob* at Mainz. Be that



as it may, the associations (for they were not formally guilds) soon spread, through South Germany, and were especially strong in the great Free Cities, like Augsburg, Ulm, and Nuremberg, where the wealth and enterprise of the burghers were constantly increasing. Early in the fifteenth century they were regarded as ancient institutions.

Their poetry is little known, and could never have had great value. Even Hans Sachs, the greatest of them all, excluded every one of his own "Master Songs" from his printed works. But their history is a quaint picture of the simple life of that age. While the highest and lowest classes, were alike ignorant and sensual, the one from wanton luxury, the other from abject poverty, the craftsmen and worthier burghers were devoting themselves to poetry and song as their congenial recreations. In some cities the associations included only one trade, as the weavers at Ulm, but in Nuremberg the Master-Singers were of all classes. Like the painters and other artists of their age, they regarded their art as sacred, and chose chiefly religious subjects. Their meetings were held in the town-halls or, on occasions of great interest, in the churches. Judges and critics were appointed to decide upon the merits of the compositions, which were recited or sung in the presence of the burghers and their families, who sat by in reverential silence. The victor then received a reward or decoration from the Kronmeister. Some of the companies possessed many jewels, often of great value, so that many masters, already decorated, might appear with their ornaments to add brilliancy to their meetings. The chief jewel, at Nuremberg, was a heavy gold chain, to which was suspended an image of King David with his harp.

Success was no easy task, for the judges adopted rules more and more elaborate, and fettered the rhyme and rhythm with unnumbered conditions. We may laugh at the absurd distinctions in their "two hundred and twenty different kinds of tunes or sing-

strophes"; the yellow-violet mode, the red nut-blossom mode, the striped saffron-flower mode, the short ape mode, and the fat badger mode; still an artistic skill was displayed through all these intricacies which helped to mould to greater exactness and finish the yet imperfect language of the nation.

The Master-Singing lasted for centuries. It survived in Nuremberg, which had been its second home after Mainz, till 1770. Twelve old Sing-Masters still lived in Ulm in 1830. In 1839, the four aged men remaining solemnly bequeathed their property and their fame to the Lieder-Kranz of Ulm.

The stranger in Nuremberg dwells first and longest on the associations of the past, but gradually the life of the present moment attracts the eye by its picturesqueness and simplicity. Beautiful suburbs, with handsome houses and shady gardens, have grown up outside the wall on both sides of the city. Pleasant signs of home comforts appear about the old towers. Baby faces peep out of the narrow windows. The cats creep along the ramparts, and the children sit at the open doors. The exuberant life of the market-place ebbs and flows round the Beautiful Fountain and streams over on to the neighboring bridge. The stout, brown-cheeked women, in bonnets like helmets of black satin, chatter over their wares; and the peasants from the villages outside nod their scarlet head-kerchiefs over their broad baskets of fruit and vegetables.

There are signs of renewed energy in the old town. Manufactures and trade are springing again. A countless variety of small articles for use or ornament are sent hence all over the world. It is the great centre for the sale of the thousands of toys made by the peasants in the forests of Thuringia. Millions of lead-pencils are exported every year. The house of Faber alone now carries again "Nuremberg's hand into every land." But the busy stir of modern life must have always an alien air in the



shadows of the Middle Ages. There is a quaint, old-time aspect about the people, whether at work or play, that loses none of its charms in longer acquaintance.

We went one night to a little garden-theatre, much frequented by the working people. The seats were arranged on the smooth gravel, under trees planted so thickly as to be a perfect shield from sun or dew. A supper of bread, cold meats, and Bavarian beer, was provided at a cheap rate. Some of the men were smoking, and comely matrons sat by with their knitting. The play was a burlesque upon *L'Africaine*, and though broad enough to start uproarious laughter, its propriety in dress and demeanor was a striking proof of the good sense and good taste of the audience. Like all burlesques, it was full of local hits, quite lost upon strangers, but one point was too obvious for any one to miss. Just as all the heroes and heroines of the play are about to be shipwrecked, (a catastrophe contrived by raising in front of them a great white sheet!) down upon them, from the overhanging cliffs, rush a horde of wild barbarians to the tune of the Prussian National Hymn ("God save the Queen"), played with might and main by the orchestra, amid the vociferous applause of the audience.

Two years ago the anti-Prussian party was strong in Catholic Bavaria, and popular prejudice does not always depend upon the facts of history; but Nuremberg has good reason to ally the house of Hohenzollern with barbarians. Long, long ago the ancestors of that house were Burgraves of Nuremberg, cruel and rapacious beyond even the measure of those dark ages. The last Burgrave of the name, eager in the dawning ambition of his race to purchase the Mark of Brandenburg, sold his castle and manorial rights to the city. The magistrates summoned the inhabitants, men, women, and children, and speedily demolished the castle, leaving not one stone upon another, in their joy to be freed from the hateful oppression.

Another place of amusement is the

little island park of Rosenau. It is a short distance outside the walls, on the west side of the city. Some of the finest houses of the suburb overlook it. It is the property of the "Museum-gesellschaft," which also owns a large building in the city for resort on winter evenings. A foreigner will be admitted, on any occasion, by presentation of his consul. At Rosenau there is good music from an orchestra on fine evenings, beer of course, and an old woman used to go about with a basket of the most delicate, sweet wafers or crumpets. The children play about, while the fathers and mothers pace leisurely the shaded walks, or sit in that quiet passive enjoyment which sometimes seems the characteristic distinction of the European from the American. Little boats are at hand wherein to enjoy that most delightful of all sweet-do-nothing, floating away, under sunset light to soft dreamy music. The willows that fringe the island overhang the narrow pond, and the gardens slope down to it on the other side. The stately swans come and go under the shadows as we glide by. Reflected in the depths below are the oriels and balconies of the beautiful houses of the suburb. The shining façade of white marble is transformed beneath the gleaming water into the enchanted palace we all of us knew in our childhood. We hear the sweep of the dance and the witching refrain of the music. The fairy princesses look out at the windows, and wave their snowy arms. One more stroke of the swift oar and we shall reach the golden stairway and enter the magic portal; when, lo! it trembles, it fades! till, beneath the ripples, like the gentle memory of the lost illusions of childhood, only a white radiance tells of the glory that has been.

Our last afternoon was spent in the old churchyard of St. John, far out on the northwest side of the city. The modern graves lie upon the south side of an open grass-plat, shaded by large lindens of great age. It is the frequent custom in Germany to cele-



brate the funeral rites, which consist of prayers and hymns, and often even a sermon, either in the church or chapel at the cemetery or beside the open grave. Three groups of mourners were in the churchyard as we entered. We could hear the solemn voice of the minister at one grave in the cadences of the hymn they were singing beside another. Not far from the cloisters, on the west side, was a new-made grave, round which were standing, under the charge of a very old man, a party of school-children with their little hymn-books in their hands. As we passed, the church-bell began to toll and the funeral procession approached. In front walked several young ladies dressed in black, and carrying large bouquets of flowers veiled in black lace. The children began a plaintive hymn, as the bearers laid down the coffin, shrouded in a white pall, and strewn with flowers. A long train of mourners gathered round it, as we turned towards the ancient part of the churchyard.

For six centuries a burial-place, it is rich in quaint sculptures and curious epitaphs in German and Latin. The gravestones lie very close together, and for the most part belong to a forgotten race. Here and there fresh flowers betoken the remembrance of kindred. One wreath lay upon a stone, the date of which was fifteen hundred and something. A few bits of ivy or a rambling wild rose here and there creep over the dull gray stone. Some of them have carved upon them the signs of a trade,—the weaver's, the smith's, or the mason's. On one in high relief was a knight in full armor, Alexis Munser, and Katharina his wife. The dates were 1537 and 1562.

It required no little search to find the grave of Albrecht Dürer, for it is almost as simple as the rest. I could find but one date later than 1575, and that, oddly enough, was of the death of the wife and child of an American naval officer. The stone over Dürer's grave is a flat slab upon a moulded plinth. In the panels on the two sides are cut the words PICTVRA and SCVLPTVRA. At the head, ARCHITEC. At the foot RENO. A.D. 1681. On the stone lay a heavy wreath of withered oak-leaves. A raised tablet at the head, facing the east, bears above the well-known monogram the famous inscription:—

ME. AL. DV.  
QVICQID ALBERTI DVRERI MORTALE  
FVIT SVB HOC CONDITVR TVMVLO  
EMIGRAVIT, VIII, XVDS APRILIS.  
M, D. XXVIII.



Whatever of Albrecht Dürer was mortal is buried in this grave. He "departed" the 6th of April, 1528.

It was near sunset as we sat down to sketch, and earth and sky lent all gentle influence to the charm of that last hour in Nuremberg. Behind us glowed the towers and spires of the city. The summer light was soft on the rich meadows that roll away westward. A group of peasant-women drew near, and stood with their bright scarlet kerchiefs relieved against the clear blue sky, as they listened to the children's hymn which now rose again upon the evening wind,—

"Now of a lasting home possess,  
He goes to seek a deeper rest.  
Good night! the day was sultry here  
In toil and fear.  
Good night! the night is cool and clear."

*Clara Barnes Martin.*



## AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

THIS is the day of rehabilitation ; the day when the Muse of History is proved to have been no better for all these years than a doited auld wife telling foolish tales for the bewilderment of youthful brains, and the misleading of honest folks' judgment. Nero is no longer a monster of cruelty, but a courtly and virtuous young Roman afflicted in after years with moral mania ; Henry VIII. is a model husband and a rare sweet prince, terribly plagued by a sad set of hussies who forced him into short and easy methods of divorce repugnant to his better nature, but rendered imperative by the necessities of the case ; Mary, Queen of the Bloody Memory, was a saintly lady, eminently pitiful and charitable ; Lucrezia Borgia was a model for her kind to study ; there was no siege of Troy, no frail fair Helen and too bewitching Paris ; the tales of early Rome were mere moonshine, and the Wolf was as mythic as the doves of Venus, or Minerva's owl. In fact the Muse has played us all false, and has imposed upon us without mercy, and the main business of the critic nowadays is to cancel her past verdicts and overrule her admitted conclusions.

Now here is Falstaff, Shakespeare's Plump Jack, whose character has always stood as that of a coward, boastful, arrogant, contemptible, yet withal possessing a certain something, whether we call it goodness of heart or transparency of nature, which we cannot help loving, — well, even Falstaff's courage once found a vindicator in one Mr. Maurice Morgann, whose ingenious essay, though published nearly a century ago, is so little known that we are introducing what is substantially a new book to our readers by this notice and analysis. "And if the conclusions arrived at are questionable and the hypotheses maintained but shaky, the

cleverness with which a doubtful cause is advocated is very remarkable ; and — who knows ? — Mr. Maurice Morgann may have had a keener perception of the truth than has the world in general, and his view of Falstaff's character may be the correct one, while ours is only the incrustation of prejudice on early false impression.

Maurice Morgann ought to have a little attraction for Americans, for he was secretary to the embassy for ratifying the peace in 1783, and the intended legislator for Canada ; thus having had some lines of relation with the new country, if but slender and temporary ones ; and we find a slight reminiscence thereof in one of his anecdotes of how "in the last war, some Indians of America, perceiving a line of Highlanders to keep their station under every disadvantage, and under a fire which they could not effectually return, were so miserably mistaken in our points of honor as to conjecture, from observation on the habit and stability of those troops, that they were indeed the women of England who wanted courage to run away."

Cowardice, says our author, is not the impression which Shakespeare meant to be conveyed by the whole of the character of Falstaff. Certainly some of his actions look like cowardice, as when he counterfeits death at the battle of Shrewsbury on being attacked by Douglas, and when he runs away from the Prince and Poins at Gadshill. But to take the battle first, though it comes second in the play, what was Falstaff, with "more flesh than another man," to do in single combat with one so much stronger than himself, one so fiery and desperate as Douglas ? "I' blood, 't was time to counterfeit, on that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too," he says in his soliloquy, as he lifts up his head after the Prince has bidden him fare-



well forever, as he thought, in those well-known words, —

"What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell,  
I could have better spared a better man."

Is not the better part of valor discretion? as he says; and what would honor have done for him? "Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honor? A word. What is in that word honor? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yes, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore, I'll none of it; honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my chatechism." And if he fell as if dead while still living, he fell, not as a coward, but as a buffoon, and fortified his stratagem by a jest. "Counterfeit? I lie. I am no counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed." So that saving his life by seeming to lose it, was no proof of cowardice as we mean by cowardice, but an act of smartness, of humor, of discretion, which ought, according to Morgann, to raise the old knight in our estimation. It was a choice, as he puts it, of "a point of honor or a point of drollery. It would not be a question. Falstaff falls, Douglas is cheated, and the world laughs." As he valued himself so did he plainly expect to be valued by others, and by the virtue of his wit to save himself from censure.

If affecting death to avoid being slain was no proof of cowardice, neither was running away from the Prince and Pains at Gadshill, after the robbery, if Morgann's views are to be accepted. We will give the full extract as it stands in this quaint and clever book, partly for the old-time flavor clinging to the manner of the speech

employed, and partly because it is so subtly reasoned.

"Though the robbery of Gadshill and the supposed cowardice of Falstaff on that occasion are yet to be considered, yet I must previously declare that I think the discussion of this question to be *now* unessential to the re-establishment of Falstaff's reputation as a man of courage. For, supposing we should grant, in form, that Falstaff was surprised with fear, in this single instance, that he was off his guard, and even acted like a coward, what will follow, but that Falstaff, like greater heroes, had his weak moment and was not exempted from pains and surprises? If a single exception can destroy a general character, Hector was a coward and Anthony a poltroon. But for these seeming contradictions of character we shall seldom be at a loss to account, if we carefully refer to circumstance and situation. In the present instance Falstaff had done an illegal act; the exertion was over, and he had unbent his mind in security. The spirit of enterprise and the animating spirit of hope were withdrawn; in this situation he is unexpectedly attacked; he had no time to recall his thoughts or bend his mind to action. He is now acting in the profession and in the habits of a soldier; he is associated with known cowards; his assailants are vigorous, sudden, and bold; he is conscious of guilt; he has dangers to dread of every form, present and future; prisons and gibbets, as well as sword and fire; he is surrounded with darkness; and the sheriff, the hangman, and the whole *posse comitatus* may be at his heels; without a moment for reflection, is it wonderful that 'he should run and roar?'"

Not at all wonderful under any aspect, but surely a little telling against the theory of bravery and the denial of cowardice which Morgann has labored so hard to prove. But there is no easier riding than a favorite hobby, and the best hunter ever foaled does not take his fences in more gallant style than that in which a hobby clears



discrepancies and tops all difficulties. The very speech in which Poins reassures the Prince, when the double robbery is mooted between them, and which has always been taken to bear on Falstaff's cowardice, is here read as proof of his courage. "But I doubt they will be too hard upon us," says the Prince, with a deliberate and wholesome caution. Poins answers, "Well, for two of them I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back, and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty, at least, he fought with; what words, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest."

There were four against the Prince and Poins; of these Bardolph and Peto are the cowards, Gadshill is dropped out of notice, so that it is Falstaff who will not fight longer than he sees reason. In which case, how does not fighting longer than there is reason for cold blows show Falstaff as a coward?

"On the contrary, what stronger evidence can we require, that the courage of Falstaff had, to this hour, through serious trials, stood wholly unimpeached, than that Poins, the ill-disposed Poins, who ventures, for his own purposes, to steal, as it were, *one* of the *four* from the notice and memory of the Prince, and who shows himself, from worse motives, as skilful in *diminishing* as Falstaff appears afterwards in *increasing* of numbers, than that this very Poins would not venture to put down Falstaff in the list of cowards; though the occasion so strongly required that he should be degraded. What Poins dares do, however, in this sort, he *does*. 'As to the third,' for so he describes Falstaff (as if the name of this veteran would have excited too strongly the ideas of courage and resistance) 'if he fights longer than he sees reason, I will forswear arms.' This is the old trick of cautious and artful

malice; the turn of expression, or the tone of voice, does all; for, as to the words themselves, simply considered, they might be now truly spoken of almost any man who ever lived, except the iron-headed hero of Sweden."

Morgann gets over the whole scene in like manner. When they are all walking on the "road by Gadshill," and this man of the same name, Gadshill, their scout, or "setter," comes in to tell them of the money of the King's, coming down the hill and going to the the king's exchequer, guarded by the "eight or ten men," who were only four after all; and Falstaff exclaims, "Zounds! will they not rob us?" his apologist finds nothing more in this than in what the prince had said not long before: "I doubt they will be too hard for us." And when the Prince cries, "in his usual style of mirth," "What! a coward, Sir John Paunch?" "To this," says Morgann, "one would naturally expect from Falstaff some light answer; but we are surprised with a very serious one. 'I am not indeed John of Gaunt your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal!'" "Well, we leave that to the proof," said the Prince. And the proof was not long in coming. For though the thieves bound the true men without much trouble or ado, the Prince and Poins had even less in robbing the thieves. As Hal says, "got with much ease," when he and his comrade gather up the booty, and prepare merrily to take horse and away to London to await the fat knight at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap. But Morgann insists on it that Falstaff's flight is nothing to the purpose; for that he did not run at all, until deserted by his companions, nor until he had exchanged blows with his assailants; and that at the worst "it is not singularly ridiculous that an old, inactive man, of no boast, as far as appears, or extraordinary pretensions to valor, should endeavor to save himself by flight from the assault of two bold and vigorous assailants." Just so he saved himself, later, from Douglas by the counterfeit of death.



As for the famous bragging scene after, when of the original four poor travellers he makes a hundred, with some two or three and fifty for his own share, and multiplies the Prince and Poins, "two rogues in buckram suits," as they were, "into four, seven, nine, eleven, with three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green at the end of all, who came at his back and let drive at him before he knew where he was, — why, all this was only mirth and pleasantry and the habit of humorous lying; but in nowise the boasting of a coward who thinks only how he can best envelop his cowardice in the seeming of courage. But even skilful Maurice Morgann has trouble farther on, and this is the way in which he gets out of it. But first of all we must give the speeches as set down in the play.

"*P. Hen.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

"*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

"*P. Hen.* We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and with word outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What truth, what device, what darting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

"*Poins.* Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

"*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made me. Why, hear me, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward upon instinct.

I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

"*P. Hen.* Content; and the argument shall be, thy running away.

"*Fal.* Sh! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me."

All this seems self-evident enough as to what Shakespeare meant, but Morgann gets out of the net with wonderful dexterity; he throws the whole burden on the fat knight's lies, not his courage; on his boasted power of "swearing truth out of England," not on his running away, roaring, after the feint of a blow or two; and then he adds this remarkable bit of reasoning, surely as odd an instance of *non sequiter* as one could meet with!

"The real truth seems to be, that had Falstaff, loose and unprincipled as he was, been born a coward and bred a soldier, he must, naturally, have been a great braggadocio, a true *Miles Gloriosus*; but in such a case he should have been exhibited active and young; for it is plain that age and corpulency are an excuse for cowardice which ought not to be afforded him. Herein, appears the admirable address of Shakespeare, who can show us Falstaff in the various lights, not only of what he is, but of what he would have been under one single variation of character, — the want of natural courage; whilst, with an art not enough understood, he most effectually preserves the real character of Falstaff, even in the moment he seems to depart from it, by making his lies too extravagant for practised imposition; by grounding them more upon humor than deceit; and turning them into a fair and honest proof of general courage, by approximating them to the concealment only of a single exception; and hence it is that we see him draw so deeply and so con-



sidently upon his former credit for courage and achievement. 'I never dealt better in my life, — thou know'st my old ward, Hal,' are expressions which clearly refer to some known feats and defences of his former life."

There are many expressions scattered about both parts of this play which would help Morgann's theory, and prove Sir John's repute by no means that of a coward, but rather the reverse. When Hostess Quickly has him arrested, or, rather, when she orders Snare to the task, that officer's frightened reply is, "It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab." To which the Hostess bears sorrowful testimony of how "in good faith a' cares not what mischief he doth if his weapon be out; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child." Doll Tearsheet asks him: "When wilt thou leave fighting o' days and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?" Shallow remembers him as "Jack Falstaff, — now Sir John, — a boy and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk," adding, "I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when he was a crack not thus high." The Lord Chief Justice speaks of his "day's service at Shrewsbury," as having "gilded his night's exploit at Gadshill." And there are other less important phrases, all of which tend to show that the old, fat, boastful knight — "Jack Falstaff with my familiars, John with my brothers and sisters, and Sir John with all Europe," as he says of himself — was not reputed an absolute coward, whatever might be his sins and follies to which no denial could be given. Perhaps the quiet self-surrender of Sir John Colleville, on hearing who was his assailant, is the most expressive of all the illustrations that can be given. "I think you are Sir John Falstaff," says Colleville of the Dale, "and in that thought yield me."

Prince John of Lancaster, however, seems to think somewhat differently from this present theory of Falstaff's courage, and his speech as the old knight comes up is not very flattering: —

"Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When everything is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back."

Falstaff's reply is in his old vein: —

"I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus. I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, a bullet? have I, in my poor old motions, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valor taken Sir John Colleville-of-the-Dale, a most furious knight and valiant enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, — I came, saw, and overcame."

"*P. John.* It was more of his courtesy that your deserving."

Afterwards Falstaff himself confesses how little valor had had to do with his conquest. Prince John says, "A famous rebel art thou, Colleville."

"*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him."

"*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have."

"*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away, and I thank thee for it."

Lancaster's rebukes, however, Morgann disposes of very summarily. He is a cold-blooded boy, as Falstaff calls him, "a politician, as it should seem by nature; bred up, moreover, in the school of Bolingbroke, his father, and tutored to betray; with sufficient courage and ability, perhaps, but with too much of the knave in his composition, and too little of enthusiasm, ever to be a great and superior character. That such a youth as this should, even from the propensities of character alone, take any plausible occasion to injure a frank, unguarded man of wit and pleasure will not appear unnatural."

With more in the same strain, all tending to the whitewashing of Sir



John, and to the blackening of the young prince. That, too, was a five-barred gate which the worthy Welshman's hobby took quite cleverly, though the leap was a stiff one. Morgann sums up the old knight's character thus: "A man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle, and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality; a knave without malice, a liar without deceit; and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier without either dignity, decency, or honor; this is a character, which, though it may be decompounded, could not, I believe, have been formed, nor the ingredients of it duly mingled, upon any receipt whatever; it required the hand of Shakespeare himself to give to every particular part a relish of the whole, and of the whole, to every particular part."

Another odd little volume, mentioned by Charles Lamb, but not to be had on every bookshelf, is a set of what the writer calls "Original Letters, etc., of Sir John Falstaff and his friends; now first made public by a gentleman, a descendant of Dame Quickly, from genuine manuscripts which have been in the possession of the Quickly family near four hundred years." This little volume was printed in 1796, and is dedicated to "Master Samuel Irelaunde, right curteis and erudite Syre." The frontispiece is a grotesque portrait of Falstaff dancing to Master Brook's fiddling, with the motto, from the letters, "I must dance, caper in the Sin like a Sun of Molass; only my ascension will be heavier in regard; I must rise without a crane, Master Brook." The whole letters are very funny, if undeniably coarser than Shakespeare himself.

These letters are by Lamb's friend, James White, and on the fly-leaf of the copy at the British Museum (London) is the following note, written in pencil by the hand of Mr. Watts, the erudite keeper of the Printed Books, or chief librarian. "These letters are by James

White, the friend of Charles Lamb. See Talfourd's collection of Lamb's Letters, Vol. I., page 12, of which I extract the following: 'All that now remains of Jem (James White) is the celebration of the supper which he gave to the young chimney-sweeper in the *Elia* of his friend, and a thin duodecimo volume, which he published in 1796, under the title of Letters of Sir John Falstaff, etc.'"

Considering the affection between White and Lamb, and remembering Lamb's famous essay of the roast pig, it does not strike us as strange that the editor explains how it is that some of the letters of the series "found by Mrs. Quickly, landlady of the Boar Tavern in Eastcheap in a private drawer, at the left hand corner of a walnut-tree escritoire, the property of Sir John Falstaff after the good knight's death," had been destroyed by the Dame's elderly maiden sister "who unfortunately for all the world and to my individual eternal sorrow and regret, of all the dishes in the culinary system, was fond of roast pig." She, it seems, "absolutely made use of several no doubt invaluable letters to shade the jutting protuberances of that animal from disproportionate excoriation in its circuitous approaches to the fire."

There is nothing quite fitting for quotation in these letters. They are smart, clever, and have caught the tone and manner of the times in which they are assumed to have been written, with great cleverness; but they are coarse and broad, and as at the best they are only imitations they may pass. The last of the series is one from Captain Fluellen to Mrs. Quickly, speaking of Falstaff's death, and ends thus:—

"O' my credit, there is three pounds, Sir John did get advance of me py way of possets, which is no petter than dross. Put that, look 'e, is a matter of affapility between us, that I 'ould not discuss to an own prother. He is dead, and I am three crowns in his debt, and there 's the finish. Got bless you, Mistress Quickly!"

*Mrs. Lynn Linton.*



## AUNT ROSY'S CHEST.

THIS world has produced but one Aunt Rosy; none such were ever known before her, neither after her have any arisen like unto her. She was the idol of the nursery; and though there might be minor deities among dolls or dogs or books, we all united to worship at her shrine.

She was nurse at the old place for more than thirty years, and two generations of babies had been cradled on her wide lap, tossed in her strong arms, and hushed to sleep under the eaves of her turban. So far as children were concerned, she had certainly found the lucky-stone. Cross babies became serene under her conciliatory cooing; staringly wakeful little eyes were seduced into sleep by her slumberous hushaby; stubborn stomach-aches were charmed away with her soft patting and peppermint-tea combined; cruel, hidden pins that pierced tender flesh her knowing fingers would find and draw out as with a magnet; and first and last, and black and white, seventeen babies have cut their teeth on the soft, tough forefinger of Aunt Rosy's left hand.

As for the woes of older children, it paid well to be thwarted, for the exquisite comfort of throwing yourself on her broad, pacific bosom, and feeling her arms about you as she swayed to and fro and crooned to you; while her long ear-ring dangled against your cheek all the time, and her big boxing-glove of a hand went pat, pat, pat, on the middle of your back, till you felt as if heaven, and love, and all things dear, had found their home within the folds of Aunt Rosy's blue jean gown and red and yellow bandanna.

It is strange to see what varied traits distinguish the families on an estate; they might almost belong to different races, in their marked diversity. Phil's family, for instance, were sooty-black, patient, hard-working souls; while

Sancho's people were little, wiry, grayish, apish-looking creatures, quick and cunning as monkeys, and with no more apparent conscience; and Aunt Rosy's relations were gigantic men and women, — children of the Anakim, — with huge frames well padded with flesh, and religious through every ounce of their substance. Her parents, Aunt Patience and Unk Steve, were the models of piety for all on the old plantation, and for years their little cabin had been the scene of the weekly prayer-meeting. They had been young, and now they were old, and in youth and age they were still the same patient, God-fearing, childlike souls, bringing up children and grandchildren to follow in their steps; a huge, brawny, faithful race, ponderous and pious, exponents of muscular Christianity in the fullest sense, and a terror to evil-doers as much for their strength as their goodness. More than once it happened that when some one of the men in the kitchen had infringed Aunt Rosy's rights, or used his tongue too freely in her presence, she had quietly but remorselessly shouldered him like a bag of meal, and, marching out of the kitchen door, tossed him into the middle of the duck-pond. "Let 'em mind their manners," she would say loftily, "or Aunt Rosy'll give 'em another chance to larn." Aunt Rosy always walked with her head high in the air, her elbows well squared, — that is, if it is possible to square such a circle as her arms were, — and with a sort of rolling gait that could afford to appear unsteady, because it was really so firm. Her great cushioned feet came down with elephantine weight and softness, silent as a cat's, but shaking the earth; and as she stepped she seemed always to sink an inch or two before she came to the solid, as if she had scrubbing-brushes strapped to her soles and the bristles bent under her weight. Hun-



dreds of times, when we were all little and Aunt Rosy had washed and dressed us for dinner, she would take Lucy and me in her arms, and Fred and George on her back, singing after a fashion of her own, "Aunt Rosy's pinky-posies, two in her arms and two on her shoseys"; and then she used to settle down so as she walked, it felt as if she were going through the floor; but she never did, and, so environed and surmounted with children, she carried us down the stairs, across the broad hall to the dining room, and deposited us safely in our seats.

Happy were the children that grew up under the broad shadow of Aunt Rosy! It was impossible to be persistently naughty under her *régime*; she did not believe in badness, she ignored it. When any one was passionate, they were only "makin' b'lieve"; when they sulked, they were just "a gittin ready to be good"; and overt acts of anger or mischief that could not be winked at were "great mistakes, that warnt a gwine to happen agin on no 'count."

Her resources in the way of amusement were unfailing; tea-parties were improvised in an instant at all hours of the day; the irksome routine of the toilet was transformed into an exciting little drama, where each played a fascinating role; and whenever we went to walk, Aunt Rosy trundling slowly along as a centripetal force, and the children racing on before or behind and coming perpetually back to her, there was always some mighty mission to be performed, a despatch to carry, or a prize to secure. If Aunt Dolly was sick, Aunt Rosy could take her place in the kitchen, for working was one of her gifts, and then the children followed, and played at bread and cake making; or if the laundry work was behind, Aunt Rosy walked into the washroom and finished up the fine things with magical skill, teaching her adherents in the mean time to flute doll-clothes. Her needle-work was exquisite, too; and, in fact, there was hardly anything about a house that she could not do

admirably; so good and so skilful was she, that every one looked up to her and loved her, from the head of the house down, — excepting Aunt Dolly, whose approbation was the least bit dimmed by a tinge of jealousy; and Sancho, who never looked up to mortal being. But there are spots upon the sun, — I have tried in vain to see them, but science assures us they are there, — and so there were tiny maculæ, equally invisible to me, upon Aunt Rosy's great, warm, loving heart, — spots, she has told me, of pride and self-esteem. She was proud of her strength, proud of her pious parents, proud of her position in the family, proud of the confidence reposed in her, and of the children under her charge, and especially proud of the superior language she occasionally used; it was a thorn in the flesh of the other servants, and she added to its poignancy by the elaborate humility with which she used to explain that persons who had "lived right amidst and amongst quality for better 'n thirty years could n't be spected to talk like poor ignorant darkies." Aunt Dolly used to say that, "Dat ar Rose was a pleggy sight more high 'n mighty dan de mistis"; and as for Sancho, she never came near him, without his seizing hold of the first solid thing he could find, and beseeching her to "haze along quick, 'fore dem airs blowed him away, 'cause he 'd done clar forgot to put dem weights in his shoes dat mornin'!"

Aunt Rosy had been married once, long ago, in a time so far back that she declared she did n't remember much about it. She could recollect all that had happened when she was a child, and everything that had taken place since the nuptial knot had been severed, but of that intermediate time she was quite oblivious. Out of this matrimonial voyage, with its calms and storms and final impenetrable fog, Aunt Rosy appeared to have saved only two things, — one was a very small and gloomy opinion of the lordly sex; the other an exceedingly large and bright blue chest, iron-bound at the corners, and with such a padlock as one only sees nowa-



days in Punch. With all her worldly goods she this endowed, and might have got into it herself very comfortably besides. Here she kept her clothes, her keepsakes, her trinkets, and her spelling-book; her needles, scissors, threads, and thimbles, — stout, round, steel thimbles like little tubs with the bottoms out, — and pieces of soap, ends of candle, knots of yarn, and papers of “goodies.” Here reposed in sacred seclusion her early husband’s best “swaller-tail, Sabba-day, go-to-meetin’ coat,” kept possibly, not so much from love for the departed, as from fear that it might be claimed by some grasping relation-in-law. Here, too, lay scattered in one corner or another her precious turbans, — brilliant plaid gingham for week-days, blazing bandannas for Sundays and small occasions, and snowy crisp cambric for grand gala days. Her comb and brush dwelt there in darkness from one Saturday afternoon to another, when they came forth, did heavy duty, and went back again. Aunt Rosy was always thinking about making a quilt of the evening-star pattern, and everybody had been giving her patches for twenty years, but she had never got ready yet, and the pieces lay dispersed promiscuously through the chest. Then there were some choice bits of logwood for dyeing things black, a precious powder for taking black spots out of white, various bunches of dried herbs for making catnip, peppermint, or horehound tea, and an unfailing remedy in a green glass bottle for curing a “pain across you.”

These were a portion of Aunt Rosy’s possessions, but not by any means all. She had untold wealth of odds and ends in that huge chest, and whenever there came a demand in the family for something particularly uncommon and out of the way, Aunt Rosy’s chest would be almost certain to supply the demand. She was like the mother in the Swiss Family Robinson, whose mysterious bag seemed able to furnish whatever was needed in an emergency, or like the householder of Scripture who brought forth out of his treasures things

new and old. But Aunt Rosy could not be hurried in her researches, for that chest had characteristics of its own; one was, that whatever you wanted was always at the bottom, while all you did not want was conveniently on top; another was, that owing to the soap, the candles, the herbs, the woollens, and the air-tight lid, its atmosphere, like that of the great St. Peter’s, was the same all the year through. It was better than a puppet-show to us children to be allowed to look into it, under Aunt Rosy’s supervision. We never touched it in her absence; for though she had not positively forbid it, we knew the chest was the very apple of her eye, and moreover, the great, grim padlock had a *noli me tangere* expression that repressed meddling.

The sun never rose in the east without bringing to Aunt Rosy the virtuous resolution of putting the chest in perfect order before night, if she found leisure; and the sun never sank in the west without leaving her imbued with a mild regret that no such leisure had been found.

“Most ‘mazin’ thing!” Aunt Rosy would say in her placid, imperturbable way, — “most ‘mazin’ thing, what a mux that chist gits into! If there was chillen runnin’ to it, now, to mux it, I should n’t be so took aback, but only me a handlin’ on it, and *me* so pretikler, I can’t give no ‘count of it! Wal, if the Lord spares me, and I live, and git a little time to-morrer, I ’ll put it to rights, sartain. I reckon that ‘ere Sank must come a meddlin’ to it, he’s up to everything.” But for an unprejudiced mind, there was no need to fall back on Sancho’s mischief to account for the chaos in Aunt Rosy’s chest. Probably she had no motto for action, but her practice had been, “No place for anything, and everything in something else’s place.” And the padlock, which in point of size might have belonged to Og, King of Bashan, had its little ways, for all that. It “took kinks,” and came to a dead-lock somewhere in its vasty dim interior. Then, if Aunt Rosy wanted to secure her possessions, she



took the simple method of lifting the great chest in her strong arms and turning it just upside down, upon the cover; safe in the knowledge that it would take two men to put it back again, before meddling hands could get a chance to "mux" her treasures.

Sancho, whose character Aunt Rosy had slightly aspersed, was like and yet unlike the chevalier Bayard; being unfaithfully *sans peur*, but unfortunately never *sans reproche*. He had been in the kitchen a year or two, to run of errands, pick up chips, black the boots, and roll round under foot generally, and had recently been promoted to the office of waiter, in place of Dick, retired, superannuated. But Dick had only retired as far as the pantry, where he watched over the best china, and rubbed the silver, and whence he darted forth twenty times a day, like a big black spider from his lair, to pounce upon the unwary Sancho, and drag him to justice for his pranks; and Sancho, in return, tormented Dick almost to the disrapture of soul and body. It was soon found out by the higher powers, that it was of no manner of use to punish Sancho for his tricks. While you were tutoring him for one, he was cutting up three more under your very nose. Just when you thought one piece of mischief fairly dead and buried, up sprang a host of others from that prolific soil; as if, like Cadmus and his dragon's teeth, every one that was sowed produced an army.

But Dick, on the other hand, was the very genius of deportment. He had a high sense of duty, immense personal dignity which never relaxed, and a stiffness of manner beyond the primness of pokers, beyond the rigidity of ramrods, beyond everything but his own ideal of "de fust manners of de fust waiter in a fust famby." Sank was one long agony to him. No one but a pompous master of ceremonies, yoked in abhorred and perpetual fellowship with the court fool, could possibly appreciate Dick's sufferings.

The much-esteemed chest stood in a little room opening out of the

nursery, where Aunt Rosy slept, and where she might be said to hold her court; for large and sunny as the nursery was, whenever there were narrations going on, or Scripture renderings after Aunt Rosy's own fashion, we all liked to crowd into her little room and sit along on the edge of the chest, like a row of chickens at roost. She was considered a great speaker and exhorter, in the meetings held at Unk Steve's little cabin. In fact, she stood next in renown to Unk Steve himself, who was esteemed second to none but those who were called "pint-ed ministers." He could not read one blessed word, but he had faith as a little child; and then, too, there were open visions vouchsafed him, which counterbalanced all small external deficiencies.

We used to want Aunt Rosy to take us to these meetings sometimes, but she never approved the plan.

"Go to yer own church, chillen," she would say. "Them that goes a gaddin' from meetin' to meetin', is jist like butterflies; they sniff at a powerful sight of things, but they don't gather no honey. Go to yer own meetin', and 'tend to yer own minister. It takes larnin' to edify quality. White preachin' for white folks, and culled preachin' for culled folks."

"Then why is n't there a white Bible and a colored Bible?" I asked one day.

"Wal now, ducky," she answered, "don't you know the word of God is clar like crystal; but when you put that crystal in the sun you see all the colors of the rainbow in it; every one finds his own color there if he's a mind to look for it. And jes so with God's word, all colors and all kinds have got a share into it."

"But how will it be when we come to go to heaven, Aunty?"

"Wal, chile, you can't understand 'bout that now very easy. You see we're all like so many snails now, each into his own shell, some white on the outside, some black, some striped-like, and some pretty much mixed;



but when the day comes to break through these 'ere shells, and stand with our souls bare in the sight of God, he's gwine to take all those souls that love him and wash 'em white in the blood of Christ; and those that don't love him, — those that don't, — wal, ducky, we've got nothin' to do with those that don't."

Aunt Rosy was very fond of telling us Bible stories; and as she could not read, notwithstanding the spelling-book enshrined in the chest, the chapters that some of us read to her one week would come forth from her lips the next in so new a dress and so fresh a light, that they both astonished and fascinated her young hearers. She had her own ways of illuminating dark meanings, but she was as scrupulous as St. Paul, when he said, "Now the rest speak I, not the Lord; yet I give my judgment." "Chillen," she would honestly explain, "this is my 'pinion 'bout it, recollect; I don't say its Scripter, but I do say it's my 'pinion." She quite agreed with St. Paul too on the subject of marriage, except that she applied it to one sex only. "When yer Aunt Rosy's dead and gone to glory, chillen," she used to say, "and yer all grown up massas and mistises, then you must 'member what she tells yer. Massa Freddy and Massa Georgy, they must git married jes as soon as they find a *good* wife, for a *good* wife is from the Lord. And my little young ladies, they must stick to their father and mother; for don't you see, the angels don't marry nor give in marriage, and some of these 'ere fine pious little ladies, as knowin' as grown-up babies, they're too much like the angels to be mixin' theirselves up in such a despit bad mux of troubles as mankind have made it. 'T was meant to be the best thing for all, married life was, I should n't wonder; but Lord, chillen! men have spiled it, till it's lost all the color and shape it had when the good Lord fust set it agoin'."

The parable of the Prodigal Son, — who was always spoken of, however,

with an unscriptural vagueness as the Probable Son, — and the parable of the Ten Virgins, were two of Aunt Rosy's favorite topics. It is possible that circumstances had somewhat prejudiced her mind, for she always insisted that the five wise virgins were five righteous females well prepared to meet their Lord; while the five foolish ones were five reckless men, who counted upon getting into Heaven on the merits of their sisters and cousins.

"Them five scatter-brains," she would say, "they spent their time a eatin', and drinkin', and smokin', and like nuff pitchin' pennies or playin' picky-puey, and the time was come for to start, and sure nuff, their lights was all out and they wanted to borrer! That's jes like some folks, — borrer, borrer all their lives and on their dyin'-beds! If they should any way git to Heaven, they'd be bound to snap a string in a jiffy, and want to borrer somebody else's harp! Wal, you see, those five wild young fellers, they wanted to borrer, and those five pious young women, they could n't lend nowadays. Now I'll tell you why. 'T warnt 'cause they were stingy, 't warnt 'cause they did n't have plenty; 't was 'cause that lamp that lighted them right through the darkness into heaven was jes nothin' but the bright shining love of the Lord Jesus in their hearts, and that's a thing you can't borrer, be you ever so put to it; nor you can't lend, even when yer ready to die, you want to give it so! Each one for hisself, when that great day comes! But 'bout those five scatter-brains, chillen, that's not Scripter, recollect, but it's my 'pinion."

Aunt Rosy had been telling us about old times one day, and of a terrible storm that had raged once when she was a child, — a storm that had cast a ship ashore, thrown down the east chimney, and uprooted a great oak that stood nearly in front of the house on the lawn.

"You look in the old, old massa's picter, chillen," she concluded, "that hangs to the end of the hall, and way



behind him you'll see that tree all painted out green. Then you can tell jes' whar it used to stand."

We scampered down stairs in a string, to look at great-grandfather's picture, and see how the oak stood, and meeting Fred on the stairs, took him with us.

"O dear," said Lucy, gazing up at the stern old portrait, "I'm so glad our papa don't look in that cross way! I'd be afraid to sit on his lap, or pull his curls, or anything."

"O but Lucy," said Fred, "men had to look stern in those days when he lived: they were patriots and soldiers, and they fought for their country."

"I like him," said Georgie, "because he's got such a pretty picture of a little chicken tied to him."

"It's not a chicken, it's a bird," said Lucy.

"It's the king of all the birds, its an eagle," said I.

"It is the Order of the Society of the Cincinnati," said Fred proudly, getting on a chair, to see it better. "It belonged to my great-grandfather, first, and then to my grandfather; it goes from eldest son to eldest son, always; now it's father's, and then it will be mine; and it will go to my eldest son after me, and to his eldest son after him."

Fred looked so funny, standing up with his thirteen-year-old curly head high in the air, talking in that large way about his grandchildren, that we laughed, and he flushed up, displeased for a minute.

"It's nothing to laugh at," he said, "if you only knew what it meant! The society was named after Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, a Roman citizen, who left his plough and his peaceful home to go and fight for his country; and when the war was over, and the people wanted to make him something great, — dictator, or something else, you'll find out when you get into Robins's Outlines, bother take it! — he would n't be made anything of, but just went quietly home again. And that's the way our men did in the Revolution.

But you had to be not only a soldier, but an officer and a gentleman, before you could belong to that society, and that's why I'm proud of it."

"If you're going to have that pretty bird, where is he now?" asked Lucy.

"I'll show it to you!" cried Fred eagerly, jumping down from his chair; "I know just where father keeps it, in the little drawer of the desk in the secretary." And darting away he returned again in a minute with the badge swinging from his fingers, and held it up before our admiring eyes.

It was a lovely thing enough to childish fancies; a golden eagle, brilliant with green enamel and fiery red eyes, suspended on a thick blue ribbon with a white edge. There was a chorus of approving voices, and Fred exclaimed, "I knew you'd like it, when you saw it"; and then, full of enthusiasm, he entered upon an animated account of the forming of the society, the meaning of the emblems, the beautiful badge sent by the queen of France to General Washington, and all the stately ceremony of the early meetings, when suddenly, in the very midst of his spirited little oration, we heard the wheels of the carriage that was bringing home our parents from a two days' visit at Aunt Singleton's, and, while Fred hurried away to put the badge in its place, we sped to the piazza to shout our noisy welcome, forgetting Cincinnatus, war, glory, and grandfathers in the joy of seeing the dear faces again, and the fun of pulling open the papers of bonbons that Aunt Singleton had sent.

Fred's vacations always flew by like the flight of a swallow; and almost before we knew it he had gone back to school, and everything was going on again in the old pleasant, quiet way. The year rolled by, and brought no apparent change to any one but poor Aunt Rosy. Her health seemed to fail day by day, till she was only a dark phantom of her former self. She hardly appeared to know what was the matter with herself, and to all inquiries came the inevitable response, "It's a pain across me!"



There never yet was a creature on all the place who did not make exactly that answer about his illnesses. No matter whether he had measles, or fever, or rheumatism, or indigestion, or headache, or chills, that was the invariable statement, "It's a pain across me," and nothing but the closest cross-questioning would elicit anything more definite. Whether there is a sensitive slice across the middle of the corporeal substance of the race; whether their nerves are all gathered into a belt about them, instead of being generally diffused as in paler nations; or whether the expression has a large vagueness about it that covers many symptoms and has a sound of dignity to their ears, — it is impossible to tell: the simple fact remains, that this is their one only and inalienable complaint; and Aunt Rosy's "pain across her" grew worse and worse, till strength and flesh were gone, and her huge frame showed its joints and angles in a way hitherto unknown in her family. With her failing health, her spirits seemed to change too. She was always kind and docile, and patient as an angel, with the mischief and waywardness that spring spontaneously in every nursery; but her serene, child-like faith and cheerful religious views seemed to have vanished. She would sit on her chest, or on the side of her bed, and clasp her big hands and sway to and fro, and sigh as if her heart would break. Sometimes she would speak of herself so despondently, and with such dark forebodings that it made us cry and cling to her.

One day, soon after Fred had come home again, he chanced to be in the nursery and heard Aunt Rosy talking to Lucy, in her little room. "Wal, chile," she said, "I'm been thinkin' 'bout that sermon Mr. Scott preached two Sundays ago. If there's people 'lected to be lost, I'm feared I'm one on them."

"What does 'lected to be lost' mean?" asked Lucy.

"Why, chile, pinter by God, chose out by him afore you was born, to go down to torment, whether or no."

Lucy's eyes opened wide with horror, and Fred exclaimed in his cheery way, "Pshaw! I don't believe it! I don't believe Scott preached it."

"Yes, he did, chile, he said it."

"Well, if he did, that don't make it so. It's a horrid thing to say about God, and I don't believe it!"

"Don't you, chile? Whyfor, now?"

"Because it is n't sensible, it is n't right. God is good and just, and that is about the meanest thing a bad spirit could do. Come, cheer up, Aunt Rosy! If you don't, I'll pull your turban off, or rummage in your chest, or do something bad to excite you! There's going to be company to-day, and we've all got to be jolly, so cheer up!"

Cousin Mary Singleton happened to be staying with us then, and, by way of a mild festivity, mother gave a little dinner for her. Toward its close, unfortunately for Fred, the conversation chanced to turn upon the old Cincinnati Society, and Cousin Mary having never seen the order, father went to get it for her. He returned without it, however, smiling at his own invariable inability to find things, and promising that mother should show it to her by and by. The conversation changed to something else, and we thought no more of it till the guests were gone, when we children were called into mother's room. Father sat there looking very grave. "Children," he said, "the badge of the Cincinnati Society is gone; at least, your mother and I have made a thorough search for it, and cannot find it. Have any of you seen it, or taken it? Do you know anything about it?"

"I guess papa means that pretty chicken Fred showed us," said Georgie.

"Yes," said Fred, "that's it. I had the badge out, last vacation, father, a year ago; I was telling the girls and George about the society."

"But you only had it out a few minutes, Fred," said I, "and you put it right back again."

"I know it," he answered, blushing, "that is, I meant to; but I'm not sure I did."



"What then?" asked father.

"I had it in the dining-room, — Sank was there, — I remember holding it up for him to see; then I heard the carriage stop, and I laid it down on the table under the glass. I meant to run and just see if it was really you who were coming, and then to hurry back and put it away; but I'm afraid," he stammered, "I do believe — I've never thought of it from that day to this."

"O Fred!" said mother, "how could you be so careless of a thing your father values so much!"

"I don't know, mother, I'm sure. I'm awfully sorry. I meant to put it back directly."

"That is the last we know of it then," said father; "on the table under the mirror, a year ago! It seems rather hopeless, for a person who would keep it all this time would scarcely give it up now."

The next thing was to question the servants, but all professed their entire ignorance of the matter. Aunt Rosy and Dick, Aunt Dolly and Black Ann, had all lived in the house for years. The only people at all new were Sancho, and Clarissa, who helped Aunt Dolly in the kitchen; and so the suspicion seemed to rest between those two; but Clarissa's work never called her into our part of the house, whereas Sank was the last person seen near the lost badge, so the range of possibility narrowed more and more, till everybody was persuaded that Sank was the culprit, except Aunt Rosy. Mother had sent her to talk with him about it, thinking she might win his confidence by her placid, coaxing ways; but when the conference was over, Aunt Rosy declared her belief in his innocence, and always held to it. Still that did not greatly change the general opinion, for every one knew that she liked always to believe what was good, and was invariably sceptical about evil; so each individual conviction remained the same, and continued to lay the guilt on Sank's shoulders. "Poor ignorant boy," said mother, "what else could one expect of him! I think I had

better talk with him myself, and perhaps I can persuade him to confess the truth."

So mother and Sank held a secret conclave. Mother began with a short eulogy, in her gentle way, on the beauty of goodness and truth, to which Sank responded, "Yas, 'm," regularly at every tenth word; then she made various encouraging remarks about her feeling sure that Sank wanted to be good and truthful, which he struck off into decimals as before, with a drawling, "Be sure, mistis"; and finally she begged him to tell her the truth about the badge.

"Did you see it, Sank?" she asked.

"Yas, 'm," said Sank, "seen it all to pieces! looked him right in de eye!"

"Then what happened?"

"Mars' Freddy laid it on de table."

"Well?"

"And run away to see ef you was a comin'."

"Yes."

"Yas, 'm."

"Did you take it up?"

"Yas, 'm. Turned him over to see what de oder side was like, and turned him back agin, like a chicken a brillin'."

"And what then?"

"Den, noffink."

"Did you touch it again?"

"No I never, mistis!"

"Are you *sure*, Sank?"

"Lord, mistis, I ain't got *that* complaint! It's light-headed I be, not light-fingered! I'm so feerd o' gittin' cotched, I durs n't hook noffink!"

"Sank, can't you stop joking for one minute, and be serious?"

"True as I live and breave and draw de breaf o' life, mistis, I don't believe I can! Ef I was swingin' from a galluses or wrigglin' on a eel-spear, I might, p'r'aps! Gwine to try me?"

"No, no; but, Sank, I do hope you have told me the truth. I shall believe you at all events. I can't think you would look me in the face and tell me what was n't true."

"O, bress my heart, mistis, that's easy nuff! I've done it lots of times. O, bress my gizzard! I've told Aunt



Dolly more'n leventy thousand lies sence I lived to de house! Bress all my insides, ef I ain't told Dick a couple o' dozen to-day!"

"Why, Sank, what a dreadful thing to say!"

"But ef I said I had n't, mistis, dat would made anoder one."

"Sank, why should you want to tell them? You are kindly treated in every way, are n't you? Why do you want to deceive any one?"

"Lord a massy, mistis! foolin' folks and smokin' 'em was all de fun I used to git! Now I got dat 'ere old Dick to 'muse me, I ain't so put to it."

"But there's something beyond all this, Sank; God commands us to speak the truth; he loves it, and for his sake we must hold to it in word and action. Don't you want to do what is right, and keep God's commands, Sank?"

"I would n't mind, as long as dey was right easy," said Sank, coolly. "Mistis, want to see me walk on my hands? Bin a tryin' on it over half de night in Dick's room, and, Hi! how it made dat old darky snore!"

"O Sank!" said mother, "you may go—on your feet. I'm glad there's a greater heart and wiser head than mine to care for us all!"

So Sank went; but after he had left the room, he thrust his little apish head in the door and said, "Yer gwine to b'lieve Sank, ain't yer, mistis? I know yer be, 'cause, you said so, and dat's why I'm gwine to tell you suffink else. Ef I have told a million billions lies to Aunt Dolly and Dick, I never told one to my Mistis Calvert, and I ain't never a gwine to." The door shut before any answer could be given.

So that whole matter rested for a while. There seemed no use in saying anything more about it; and finally Fred went back to school, humbled and mortified that his carelessness had caused so much trouble in the family, but hoping, as all the others did, that accident, not theft, had caused the disappearance of the badge, and that time would bring everything right again.

All this was a subject of great worry to poor Aunt Rosy; she was so identified with the family, that whatever troubled them troubled her, and, in her wretched state of health, the vexation had seemed to augment her disease very seriously. She pined and sickened from day to day, till she could scarcely drag one weary foot after the other. The "pain across her," she admitted now, came entirely from her chest, which was a shade less vague than before; but still she seemed able to say nothing definite of it, and refused to see the doctor, even when he was in the house. She could not sleep at night, and used to walk her room with heavy, hopeless steps, hour after hour. "It's them roosters," she said to mother; "they crow and they crow all night, and they keep me a thinkin' how Peter denied his Master, because he was afeerd of the sarvin'-gals. They most put me out of my head, and I can't sleep a wink."

The traditional cock "crows in the morn"; not so the gallinaceous birds of the Maryland West Shore; they begin with the last ghostly stroke of midnight, and keep on till the first wide-awake clang of the rising bell. They crow one at a time, two at a time, by threes and fours, and in grand choruses. The venerable fathers of the roost crow with the wisdom and repressed enthusiasm of the ancients; the full-grown cocks, in what the French call the *chaud éclat* of maturity, with a clarion call that might rouse the dead; the ambitious young chanticleers, who have not yet grown their cheek-feathers, with a burst of sound that begins more gushingly vehement than any, but ends prematurely, with a mortifying break in their voice. If poor Aunt Rosy kept her vigils through all their crowings, no wonder she was weak and hollow-eyed. Unk Steve came to see her one day, and we overheard a part of their conversation. "Rosy," he said, "'pears to me dere's no 'countin' for dis 'ere complaint o' yourn widout dat old serpent called Satan. 'Pears to me like he's



'stressin' yer body and worryin' at yer soul afore de Lord, like he did to poor old Massa Job, in de Scriptor."

"'Pears the same to me, by spells," said Rosy, wearily; "sometimes I think he's got me tight in his grip. In all yer visions, daddy, did he ever come to ye and wrestle with ye?"

"O Lord a massy! many a time. I've fit wid him, and fit wid him, but he's one o'dem dat don't know when he's beat!"

"Daddy, did he ever 'pear to you like a bird?"

"He did so, darter; 'peared to me jes like a bird once, bigger dan a turkey-buzzard, and he fit and I fit, and he wrestled and I wrestled, all through de night, and I never shook him off till de break o' day."

After Unk Steve was gone, we heard Aunt Rosy moan as if in pain, and we ran to ask her what was the matter.

She gathered us into her arms with a deep sob, and cried, "O Lord, O Lord Almighty! bless these darlin' chillen, and pesarve 'em from ever backslidin', for it's right down bitter work to be haulin' up agin! And O Lord, save 'em from that awful heart of pride that drags down like a mill-stone! that pride that hopples the soul, so it can't nayther run nor feed in the right way! O my babies, O my duckies, go pray to the Lord for your poor Aunt Rosy."

Her sorrow awed and grieved us, it was so unlike her own old cheery, hopeful faith, that threw sunshine over everything, and we felt that mind and body both would be impaired beyond remedy unless some immediate relief could be secured. Mother determined to send for a doctor, in spite of Rosy's reluctance. Our own physician had gone away for a while, and so a very respectable little man was called in, who practised homœopathically. He was a stranger in the county, having only recently settled there; but his letters of introduction had been such as to establish his position at once as a trustworthy and able practitioner.

He began with the usual mode of questioning.

"It's a pain across me," said Aunt Rosy.

"Across which part of you?"

"My chist; it's all in my chist."

"Does your back hurt you?"

"No, sir."

"Any pain in either side?"

"No, sir."

"Can you draw a long breath?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see you. Slowly now."

Aunt Rosy turned her head a little on the pillow, looked at him a moment, and then respired like a champion ox.

"Amazing strength of lungs!" said the doctor. "There can't be any trouble with them."

Aunt Rosy had been getting more and more vexed with what she considered this fooling. "I tell you, sir," she said, "it's all in my chist! It's all right here, under these 'ere two little bones." She put her thumbs above the belt of her dress. "If ye've got what'll ease my chist, well and good; if ye have n't, it's no use talking."

Now, in the first place, Aunt Rosy had not any little bones, according to the human criterion, in the whole of her great body. Secondly, in the precise spot where she put her thumbs there were no bones at all, but only the cartilaginous continuation of her lower ribs. Thirdly, there was situated behind them nothing more worthy of notice than heart, lungs, liver, part of the stomach, and a large portion of the spinal structure, any disease of any fraction of any one of which could have given her a mortal malady. However, the little doctor replied, gravely, that he thought he could help her. If he had ordered her a pint of salts or a quart of senna, she would probably have accepted the situation, and the storm would have blown over.

But Aunt Rosy had a low opinion of even the mightiest of the opposite sex, and for small men she felt a contempt passing words; so when this little doctor pulled out his little case, and displayed the tiny pellets of medicine which were appointed to heal her great diseases, she suddenly awoke out of



the lethargy which had possessed her for months. Wrath and indignation burned in her veins. Like Samson in the temple of his scoffing enemies, she seemed to cry in her heart, "Lord, strengthen me this once, that I may be avenged of this Philistine for these three grievances, his sex, his size, and his presumption." She arose off the bed and towered over him, and before the amazed little man could collect his thoughts, she swooped down upon him, coat, cane, case, and all, and lifting him up in her arms ran down stairs with him and set him outside the front door.

Not without creating a sensation though; for Sank caught sight of her, and screamed with pretended horror, but secret delight, and father and mother came running just in time to see the door shut with a bang behind the ejected physician. Father hurried out to apologize for the action as the vagary of a sick person, and insisted on the doctor's staying for dinner; while mother, for the first time in her life, actually scolded Rosy.

"Mistis!" said Rosy, all in a tremble, "I could n't help it. Such a reg'lar old-times darky as I be can't be cured with sugar-teats! I ain't got no complaint that answers to 'em! He ought to 'a' knowed better! To see that little Jack-doll of a man a taking out of his little pinhead sugar-plums, and thinkin' he could cure me with 'em, me! *me!* with the biggest pain that ever a poor critter had; *me,* that's got to dwindle away, and pine, and die, and go to judgment, and likely to torment; cure *ME!!* Mistis, it's lucky I did n't heave him into the duck-pond!"

"Go up stairs, this moment," said mother; "I am very much ashamed of you!" And Aunt Rosy went wearily up stairs, with her head on her breast, and a pitiful moan oozing out through her closed lips. But in a few moments mother's little frost of severity was all thawed away, and she followed Aunt Rosy to comfort her. She was lying in her little room out of the nursery, without sound or motion. She lay like one dead, with that horrible ashy look

about the lips and eyes that comes into their poor brown faces in times of dire anguish. Her face was toward the wall, and her arms stretched lifelessly at her side. Mother sat down by her, on the edge of the bed, and the woman's whole expression of intense agony went to her heart.

"O Rosy, child!" she said, "I wish I could do something for you."

No answer.

"Are you so much worse to-day?"

A faint negative motion of the hand.

"I'm *so* unhappy about you!"

A long, low groan was the only response.

"I'm sure, Rosy," she continued, "that you can tell me more definitely what is the matter with you. I *must* find out. People don't generally have any new diseases you know; and whatever you have is probably what hundreds of people have had before and have been cured of, bad as you may be; and if you only will try, Rosy, I'm sure you can tell me more about it."

"O mistis, mistis," she answered, faintly, "I've told you more'n a hundred times, but you can't take no hint; it's in my chist, in my chist! all in my chist, and I'm dyin', dyin', dyin' with it! Open it," she gasped, — "open it!"

Mother leaned quickly over her in alarm, and tried to unfasten the calico gown that lay in folds about her wasted form, but Rosy pushed her gently away.

"No, no," she gasped again, "not here, not here! Open it, open it!" And she made a backward motion of her hand toward the great blue chest behind mother. "Open it, mistis, for de good Lord's sake, open it before I die!"

With the conviction flashing through her mind that Rosy's brain must be crazed, and yet with the mechanical obedience that one unconsciously yields to such piteous entreaty, mother lifted the heavy cover and leaned it back against the wall. The well-known odor filled the room, the mint and soap, the candies and the dyes, smothered in the stuffy smell of woollens and yarn; the old confusion still reigned triumphant, but surmounting the other contents, and



resting conspicuously on a white handkerchief, lay the badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

Mother took it up, softly shut the great lid again, and sat down upon the side of the bed once more. Not a word was spoken by mistress or servant, and nothing broke the solemn silence except now and then a long-drawn, stifled, quivering moan. One was silent through an anguish of bitter shame, too deep for words; the other, through excess of pity, as she thought of the sudden, sharp temptation that must have snared that honest, childlike soul, and of the pride, the remorse, the mental struggle, the thousand mysterious pains and woes, the burning tears at dead of night, and the dread of judgment to come, that had racked body and soul with untold anguish.

At last she spoke sadly. "I could never have believed it, Rosy, except from yourself." The woman groaned and writhed and threw her hands up over her face. "I have always trusted you so entirely."

"O, my good Lord in heaven knows! He knows, mistis, that's the very thing that's been a eatin' on me up inside all this while. You allays trusted me. Soddid Marsa Lennie! And them blessed chillen, they think their old Aunt Rosy's good, and there's no sinner like her on the face of the airth! When I was very young, mistis, I thought it was a cussed thing to have a black skin; but after the Lord opened my eyes to see the truth, I knowed the skin made no difference, if only the heart was white and clean, for that's what the Lord looks at; but, O mistis, it's an awful thing to know yer soul is blacker than yer body! To know the right and do the wrong, to call the Lord 'Massa,' and serve the Devil, to hold yer head high above the other darkies, when you know all the time you ought to be under their feet, to give evil for good, and to vex and cheat them that loves ye, — that's jes' what I've been and gone and done, and there ain't a word to be said! there ain't no 'scuse to be made! There ain't no soff side to it!"

"Rosy, how *did* you come to take it? What tempted you?"

"The very old Satan hisself, mistis! Sure I be, he went into that gold bird with his red eyes and his green breast! 'T was lyin' on the table betwixt the windows, and first I thought it was some little trinket-like that warnt o' much use. When I heard Sank comin' I slipped it into my pocket, and meant to ask mistis about it; but it looked so handsome when I got up stairs, that I thought I'd jes' lay it in my chist whar I could see it for a while. I meant to give it to mistis the next day; for, thinks I, there ain't no hurry 'bout it, when nobody 'pears to miss it. And the next day I 'peared to think the next week would do; and so I went on, allays meanin' to give it back and never doin' it, till I'd put it off so long that I was dead ashamed to give it to mistis, and knew I ought to every minute, too. And so it went on wusser and wusser, till that day when there was dinner company and marsa missed it; then I found out how much store he sot by it, and I *darssent* bring it out! I wanted to and I could n't. I kep' tryin' and somethin' held me back! I could n't stan' it to let Dolly and Sank and them know I'd had it all that time. P'r'aps if somebody had jes' axed me out and out, I could have said yes. But nobody did. I 'most wished they would many a time, for ever since that day he's been pickin' at my heart with his beak, and tearin' my life out with his claws, and burnin' me through with his fiery eyes, and hauntin' of me night and day, asleep or awake, and draggin' me down, down, down! O mistis, if there's one hell lower than another, it's that place of torment I been into for this last year and a half! I 'spect no marcy from God nor man. I've got no spunk left to ask for it, but I praise the Lord that debble's cast out o' my chist, if I be tore and overthrew!"

"Poor Rosy! what a strange thing to happen to you!"

"'T was pride, mistis, all pride! I knowed I was pious, and I was proud



of it. 'Shamed of my black skin, and proud of my white heart! I felt stiff-necked over them other darkies, and the Lord has showed me I better grobble in the dust! What'll be done to me, mistis? Will I be put in the county jail!"

"No, Rosy."

"Will I be sent to field, mistis, to work along with the hands!"

"No."

"Will I be held up for a warnin' to Dolly and Sank and them?"

"No."

"Wal, what then, mistis? I'd rather know to once. What *are* you gwine to do with me?"

"I'm going to forgive you, Rosy, and love you and trust you just the same. You are to stay just where you are, and nobody shall know a word of all this trouble as long as you live."

Then Aunt Rosy's poor, worn, aching heart melted within her. She turned on her bed, and laid her big wasted face on mother's little hand, and cried and sobbed with passionate intensity, pouring out broken words of love and gratitude and penitence and prayer.

"O mistis!" she managed to articulate at last, "you've saved my heart from breakin' and my soul from torment; for sure if *you* forgive me, the good Lord won't be behind his chillen in marcy, and he'll forgive me too! He knows what I've been and suffered! *He* knows it all! None other could think it! And O, dear mistis, my darlin' chile, let 'em heave them things right onto the floor and h'ist that mis'able old chist into the west garret! It's chuck full of them little ghosts of birds, sperits and spooks, everywhar I look into it, and I'll put 'em all to rights to-morrow in the bureau, if I live!"

A few weeks after, the discovery of the lost badge was announced, it having been found in a medley of things where such a little matter might be easily mislaid. Father probably knew

the truth, but no one else so long as Aunt Rosy lived.

As for Aunt Rosy herself, she recovered with astonishing rapidity; she gained twenty pounds in thirty days, and how much more the record saith not, but she never lost another pennyweight. For the first time in her life she had her possessions arranged in a bureau "like quality," and the monster chest was carried to the garret by Dick and Sank. There, after Sank had stood on his head on it, thrown Dick into it, locked him up and let him out again, threatened to use the padlock as a cookstove, and the key for a waffle-iron, Aunt Rosy's chest was left to long repose.

Wandering up there in the cobwebby gloom of the west garret to-day, among the relics of the past, that speak with a thousand voices of the days that are gone, I came upon it. I lifted the lid, and the dear, dreadful old smell of the soap and mint and woollens and all the rest came breathing out of it and filling all the air. It was quite empty and yet full, — full to me, as once to Aunt Rosy, of "sperits and spooks," and ghosts of bygone years. All Sank's old mischief rose up from it, all of Dick's stiff, faithful, formal service; in my fancy I saw again the treasures that had filled it, scattered now, never to be gathered in again. Aunt Rosy herself "went to glory" years ago. She lived to hold the first baby of another generation in her arms. The pride that had been a spot upon her piety never stained it more. Gentle, and childlike, even to Aunt Dolly and Sank, her pleasant old days passed away in reverence toward God, and charity toward man.

As I look at the huge old chest, with its iron-bound corners, and lift its cumbersome padlock in my hand, my heart fills to overflowing with sweet and loving memories of her who once possessed it; and I bless the dear mother whose tenderness healed the great, sorely wounded heart, that one accusing word might have broken forever.

*Olive A. Wadsworth.*



## THE FAVORITE OF THE HAREM.

THE morning on which his Majesty set out on his annual visit to Pitch-aburee was one of those which occur in the climate of Siam at almost any season of the year, but are seen in their perfection only in October. The earth, air, and sky seemed to bask in a glory of sunlight and beauty, everything that had life gave signs of perfect and tranquil enjoyment. Not a sound broke the stillness, and there seemed nothing to do but to sit and watch the long shadows sleeping on the distant hills, and on the warm golden fields of waving corn.

Reluctantly quitting my window, I turned my steps toward the palace, leaving all this beauty behind me in a kind of despair; not that my temple school-room was not in itself a delicious retreat, but that it always impressed me with a feeling I could never analyze; when there, it seemed as if I were removed to some awful distance from the world I had known, and were yet more remotely excluded from any participation in its real life.

Taking out my book, I sat down to wait the coming of such of my pupils as might not have accompanied the king on his visit.

In the course of an hour, only one presented herself; she was a young woman called Choy, a fair and very handsome girl of about twenty summers, or perhaps not so many, with regular features, — a very rare thing in a Siamese woman; but the great beauty of her face was in her large lustrous eyes, which were very eloquent, even in their seeming indifference. Her hair, which was so long that when unbound it covered her whole person, even to her feet, was tied in a large knot behind and ornamented with the jessamine and Indian myrtle. She had a careless, and I might almost say even a wicked expression in her face, which was slightly marked with the small-pox.

Choy was the youngest sister of the head wife (or concubine) Thieng, and had been my pupil for about six months. This morning she brought me a flower; it was a common wild flower, that grew up everywhere in great profusion, making a lovely carpet, blossoming as it did in every nook and crevice of the stone pavements within the palace. It was just like her, to snatch up the first thing that attracted her, and then to give it away the very next moment. But I received it with pleasure, and made a place for her at my side. She seemed to be out of humor, and jerking herself impatiently into the seat, said abruptly, "Why don't you despise me, as all the rest of them do?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she went on to say: "I can't be what you wish me to be, I'm not coming to school any more! Here's my book! I don't want it, I hate English!"

"Why, Choy, what is the matter?" I inquired.

"I am tired of trying to do so much; I am not going to learn English any more," she replied.

"Don't say so, Choy," I said kindly; "you can't do everything at once; you must learn by degrees, and little by little you know. No one grows good or clever at once."

"But I won't learn any more, even to grow good and clever. There's no use, no one will ever care for me or love me again. I wish they had let me die that time," she continued. "Bah! I could kill that stupid old consul who saved my life. It were better to be quartered, and cast to the crows and vultures, than to live here. Every one orders me about, as if I were a slave, and treats me like a dog. I wish I could drown myself and die."

"But, Choy, you are here now, and you must try to bear it more bravely than you do," I said, not fully under-



standing the passionate nature of the woman.

"Madam," she said, suddenly laying her hand upon my arm, "what would you do if you were in my place and like me?"

"Like you, Choy? I don't quite understand you; you must explain yourself before I can answer you."

"Listen then," she said passionately, "and I will tell you."

"When I was hardly ten years old, — O, it seems such a long, long time ago! — my mother presented me, her favorite child, as a dancing-girl to his Majesty. I was immediately handed over to that vicious old woman, Khoon-Som-Sak, who was at that time the chief teacher of the dramatic art in the palace. She is very clever, and knows all the ancient epic poems by heart, especially the Rāmāyānā, which his Majesty delighted to see dramatized.

"Under her tuition we were subjected to the most rigorous training, mentally and physically; we were compelled to leap and jump, to twist and contort our bodies, and bend our arms, fingers, and ankles in every direction, till we became so supple, that we were almost like young canes of rattan, and could assume any posture the old hag pleased. Then we had to learn long passages from all sorts of poets by heart, with perfect correctness, for if we ever forgot even a single word, or did not put it in its right place, we were severely beaten. What with recitations, singing, dancing, playing, and beating time with our feet, we had a hard life of it; and it was no play for our instructress either, for there were seventy of us girls to be initiated into all the mysteries of the Siamese drama.

"At length, with some half a dozen of my companions, I was pronounced perfect in the art, and was permitted to enter my name among the envied few who played and danced and acted before the king.

"I would not have you think that the tasks imposed upon me were always irksome or that I have always felt so depressed and unworthy as I do

now. The study of the poets, and above all of the Rāmāyānā, opened to me a new world as it were; and it was a great gain to have even this, with the half-smothered yearning for life in the outer world that it inspired. It helped me to live in a world of my own creation, a world of love, music, and song. Rama was my hero, and I imagined myself the fair and beautiful Sita, his wife. I particularly delighted to act that part of the poem describing Rama's expedition to Lanka\* to rescue Sita from the tyrant Rāwānā, and their delicious meeting in the garden, where Rama greets her with those beautiful lines, —

'O, what joy! abundant treasures

I have won again to-day,

O, what joy! Of Sita Yanee †

Now the hard-won prize is mine.

O, what joy! again thou livest, within this breast.

So mighty, armed with love, and with the wealth of heaven beyond ‡

Soon shall Sita, Indara's fairest daughter,

Stand by my side, as stands her matchless mother,

Aspārā, in heaven refulgent by the great Indara.'

"My face is slightly pock-marked I know; but when painted and dressed in the court jewels, I looked remarkably well as Sita, with my hair floating away over my shoulders and down to my feet, bound only by an exquisite crown of gold, such as Sita is supposed to have worn. On the very first occasion of my performing before the king I had to take part in this drama. As soon as we had got through the first scene, the king inquired my name and age. This set my heart beating in great wild throbs all through the rest of the play. But after this weeks passed by, and I heard nothing more from his Majesty. He had forgotten me.

"I grew tired of reciting, and keeping time, and singing my sweetest songs for no one's amusement, but that of the old hag who made me work like a slave for the benefit of the rest of her pupils.

"I began to wish there would be some great fête outside of the palace, where all the court, nobles and princes and the king, would assemble, and where

\* The Sanskrit name of Ceylon.

† Blessed.

‡ Highest heaven.



I could act Sita and sing like Narawèke,\* and dance like Thawadee.†

"Then father and mother might see me too, and O, how pleased they would be! I thought. You do not know how dull it is to be acting before women, and with women only, dressed in robes of kings and princesses. If it were only a real king, or a prince, or even a noble, it would not be quite so bad; but all that mockery of love, bah! it is too stupid. I was sick of my life. I wished mother had kept me at home, instead of Chand. I could then have done just what I had a mind to, and have been just as gay and idle as she was.

"Well! the day came at last. I was all but sixteen when that great and eventful day arrived. The *fête* was in honor of the king's grandson's hair-cutting.

"Though I had performed several times at the court, his Majesty had taken no further notice of me, and I was sorely discontented with myself, piqued at the indifference of the king, and enraged against the old ladies, who seized every opportunity to snub me, and take down my pride, declaring that a pock-marked face was not a fit offering for the king.

"The longed-for day arrived at length. How elated I was! I had to represent the character of the wondrously beautiful Queen Thèwàdee in one of those ancient dramas of Maha Nagkhon Watt, whose beauty is said to have entranced even the wild beasts of the forest, so that they forgot to seize upon their prey as her shadow passed near them. My dress was of magnificent silk and gold, covered with precious gems; my crown was an antique and lovely coronet, one that had graced the brows of the queens of Cambodia. It was richly studded with rubies and diamonds. The first day of my rehearsal in this costume, all my companions declared that I looked enchantingly beautiful, that my fortune was made, and that, if I would only look and act thus, I could not fail to captivate the

king. The bare idea of being elevated above my hateful old teacher, and above some of the proud women who domineered over me, half intoxicated me. In this mood I began to realize my future as already at hand, and growing impatient with my doubts and fears, I sought at nightfall a crafty old female astrologer named Khoon Hate Nah. She took me into a dark and dismal cell under ground, and putting her ear to my side, numbered the pulsation of my heart for a whole hour; she then bound my eyes, and bade me select one of the dark books that lay around me. This done, she expounded to me my whole future, out of her mysterious book of fate, in which all my romantic visions of greatness were as clearly predicted as if the old fiend himself had revealed to her my secret and innermost thoughts. I was troubled only at one part of the old woman's revelations, which said, that, though I was destined to rise to the greatest honors in the realm, a certain malignant star which would greatly influence my destiny would be in ascendancy during the month of Duenjee,\* and that if I neglected to pass the whole of that period in deep fasting, prayer, and meditation, I should sink at once from the highest pinnacle of my grandeur into the lowest and most terrible abyss.

"I resolved that I would fast and pray for that entire month every year of my life. How I wish now that I had never consulted the old hag, because my confidence in her predictions made me proud and defiant to the old duennas, who are now my bitterest enemies!

"Alas! dear father and mother. It were better to have cast your daughter Choy into the Mèinam than to have given her to amuse a king.

"On the day of the *fête*, I awoke at five o'clock in the morning, and began anointing my person with the perfumes and unguents provided for us at the king's expense. I then spent the rest of the forenoon in making my hair glossy and lustrous, which I did

\* Narawèke, a famous singer.

† Thawadee, the goddess of motion.

\* December.



by rubbing it with the oil of the dok-sarathé.\* How I gloried and exulted to see it floating away in long shining masses, waving over my shoulders and covering my feet! The afternoon came, and with it the old hags bearing my dress and the costly jewels I was to appear in. They opened the box and laid them before me. I had never seen anything so beautiful. The boxes absolutely sparkled like the stars of heaven in one blaze of light and beauty.

"When I saw these jewels I was seized with a fit of temporary madness. I could not help skipping and dancing in a sort of frenzy about my chamber, saying all sorts of absurd things and foretelling my future triumphs. My slave-women looked on amazed at the wildness of my spirits; and as for the old women who had the care of robing me for the evening, they were wrathful and silent.

"We were all ready at last. A small gilt chariot of a tower-like form, made of ivory and decorated with garlands and crowns of flowers, drawn by a pair of milk-white ponies, and attended by amazons dressed superbly in green and gold, conveyed me, as the Queen Thewâdee, to the grand hall where we were to perform. My companions, similarly attended, followed me on foot. His Majesty, the princes, and princesses, surrounded by all the courtiers, were already there. The king and royal family were seated on a raised dais under a tapering golden canopy.

"The moment the king saw me approach, my ponies led gently forward by amazons, he rose and, before the whole court of lords and nobles and princes assembled, inquired my name of one of the duennas. This recalled me once more to his memory, for he said aloud, 'Ah! we remember, she is the one who dances so beautifully.' O, what a moment of triumph that was for me! I felt as if my heart in its wild, ecstatic throbs would burst through its gorgeous fetters of silk and gold. I rose up in my chariot and

bowed low before him three times. 'But, how now,' he exclaimed angrily, looking around; 'where are the nobles who are to lead the ponies? Let those amazons fall back to the right and left.' In an instant there emerged from the crowd two most distinguished looking noblemen, dressed in flowing white robes, threaded with gold and sparkling with gems; they took their places beside the ponies on either side of my chariot. One was P'haya\* Râtani, the other was a stranger to me.

"They did homage to me, as if I were a real queen, and stationed themselves at my ponies' heads.

"At this moment I was saluted with a burst of music and the curtain fell. P'haya Râtani bent his head close to mine and whispered, 'How beautiful thou art!' I turned a frowning look upon him for his presumption and replied, 'Have a care, my lord, a word from me may be too much for thee'; but he immediately assumed so humble and penitent an expression that I forgave him. I was both flattered and piqued, however, at the other nobleman's conduct; for though he looked admiringly at me, he said not a word. I would have given my eyes if it had been he who said I was beautiful; for there was a majesty of youth, strength, and manly beauty about him that made a blinding radiance around my chariot, and excited an oblivious rapture in my heart. I panted, I was athirst, for one word of recognition from him. At length I became so vexed at his silence, that I asked him what he was looking at. He replied more cautiously than his companion, 'Lady, I thought that I beheld an angel of light, but thy voice recalls me to the earth again.'

"I was so enraptured at this speech, that I could hardly contain myself. A flood of delight swept over me, my breast heaved, my eyes glowed, my lips parted, my color came and went through the maize-colored cream that covered my face and concealed my only deformity.

"When the curtain rose, I, with this

\* Flower of excellence.

\* Duke.



new life rushing through my veins, looked triumphantly at the troop of my companions who did me homage. This new existence made me so joyous, that I must have been beautiful. Thus inspired I acted my part so wondrously well, that a deep murmur of applause ran throughout the hall. His Majesty's eyes were riveted upon me in startled astonishment and evident admiration. I acted my part with a keen sense of its reality, and gave utterance to the burning passion of my heart. As if I were really a queen, I commanded my courtiers to drive away the suitors who wooed me, declaring that anything beneath royalty would stain my queenly dignity and beauty.

"But when the banished prince, my lover, appeared, I rose hastily from my gilded and ivory chariot, and with my hair floating round my form like a deep lustrous veil, through which the gems on my robe shone out like glorious stars of a dark night, I laid myself, like the lotus-stem uprooted, prostrate at his feet. I pronounced his name in the most tender accents. I improvised verses even more passionate than those contained in the drama: —

'Instantly I knew my lord, as the heat betrays the fire,

When through the obscuring earth unclouded  
Shining out thou didst appear

Worthy of all joy; my soul is wrung with rapture,  
And it quivers in thy presence, as the lotus petals  
before a mighty wind.'

"The courtiers raised me up from the floor and led me back to the chariot. The prince, who was no other than 'Murakote,' took his, or more properly her, place beside me, and the curtain fell. The play was over. With nothing but the memory of a look, I returned to my now still more dismal rooms. I disrobed myself of all my glittering ornaments with a sigh, bound up my long, shining hair, and sat down to enjoy the only happiness left me, — my proud, swelling thoughts. I was just losing myself in soft, delicious reveries, which illuminated as with a celestial light the whole world within me, when I observed a couple of old duennas,

who came fawning upon me, caressing and praising me, while telling me that his Majesty had ordered that I should be in attendance in his supper-chamber that evening.

"I listened in mute pain. The power of the new passion that now filled my heart seemed to defy all authority, and the very thing for which I had so long worked and longed had become valueless and as nothing to me. But I dared not excuse myself, so I silently followed my conductresses, and for the first time in my life ascended to his Majesty's private supper-chamber.

"How changed I was! that which had been my sole ambition ever since I was ten years old came down upon me with a gush of woe that I could hardly have believed myself capable of feeling.

"I sat down to await the coming of the king; but I could have plucked out the heart that had rushed so madly on, casting its young life away at the feet of a man whose name even I did not know, whose face I had not seen till that day, but the tones of whose voice were still sounding through and through my quivering pulses.

"Well, my forehead, if not my heart, I laid at his Majesty's feet. 'I am your slave, my lord,' said my voice, the sound of which startled my own ears, so hollow and deceptive did it seem.

"'Do you know how fascinating you were this evening?' said the king. 'Older by forty years than my father,' thought I, as, dissembling still, I replied, 'Your slave does not know.' 'But you were, and I am sure you deserve to be a queen,' he added, trying to play the gallant. 'My lord is too gracious to his slave,' I murmured.

"'Why, *Thiêng!*' he said, speaking to my eldest sister; 'why have you hidden this beauty away from me so long? Let her not be called Choy\* any longer, but Chorm.† I would weary you if I tried to tell you how he praised and flattered me, and how be-

\* Surfeit.

† Delight.



fore a week was over I was the proudest woman in the palace.

"I became a stranger to my dismal rooms in the street, to my slave-women as well as to my companions. I lived entirely in his Majesty's apartments, and it was only when he was asleep or in the council hall, that I rushed down to plunge into the lotus-lake or to ramble in the rose-garden. But I never stopped to think. I would not give my heart a moment to reflect, not a moment to the past, not a moment to the future. I was intoxicated with the present. Every day gifts rare and costly were brought to me from the king; I affected to despise them, but he never relaxed his endeavors to suit my taste, to match my hair and my complexion. The late proud, insolent favorite, who used to order us girls about as if we were dogs, knelt before me, as half from *ennui* and half from coquetry I feigned illness and inability to rise from my master's couch. I cannot tell you how well I acted my part; I was more daring than any favorite had yet been.

"In the tumult and excess of the passion I felt for a stranger, I was able to make the king believe that he was himself its object; and he was so flattered at my seeming admiration and devotion, that he called me by the tender name, "Look," — child, — and indulged me in all my whims and fancies.

"But, at length, I grew tired of so much acting, and the intensity of my manner began to flag. I complained of illness, in order to escape to my own rooms, where I flung myself down upon my leather pillow and drove my teeth through and through it, in the agony that my falseness brought upon me. I was worn with woe, more than wasted by want of food. My sister observed my paleness and said, half in earnest and half in jest, 'Don't take it so much to heart, child; we have all had our day; it is yours now, but it can't last forever. Remember, there are other dancing-girls growing

up, and some of them are handsomer than you are.'

"'What do you mean?' I retorted, fiercely; 'do you suppose I am sorrowing because of my grandfather? Bah! take him if you want him.' 'Hush, child,' she replied, 'and don't forget that you are in a lion's den.'

"'Lion or tiger,' I said laughing bitterly, 'I mean to play with his fangs, even if they tear my heart, until I am rich as you at least.' 'Do you, indeed,' she rejoined. 'Be quick, then, and give him a p'hra ong.\*' With that she left me to my own wild, bitter, maddening, condemning self.

"Months of triumph, rage, agony, and despair wore away, and my day was not over. I was acknowledged by all to be the wilful favorite 'Chorm.' In the mean time I had one ray of comfort: I found out the name of the man I loved, from a new slave-woman who had just entered into my service. It was P'haya-P'hi-Chitt. That very day I took a needleful of golden thread and worked the name into a scrap of silk which I made into an amulet and wore round my neck. This greatly solaced me for a little while, after which I began to crave something more.

"The new slave-woman who had entered my service, just because I was the favorite, seemed so kind and attentive, and was such a comfort to me, whenever I rushed to my rooms for a respite, that I determined to employ her in obtaining information of the outside world for me. 'Just to beguile me of my weary hours,' I said. She seconded the idea with great alacrity. 'To whose house shall I go first?' she inquired. 'O, anywhere!' I replied carelessly; then as if suddenly remembering myself, I said, 'O Boon, go to P'haya-P'hi-Chitt, and find out how the groom of the Queen Thewâdee lives in his harem.'

"When she returned, which was close upon nightfall, I was impatient to hear all she had to tell me; but after she had told me all, I became more impatient and restless still. Her face

\* Sacred infant.



lighted up as she expatiated on the manly beauty of P'haya-P'hi-Chitt, and her voice trembled slightly — she did it on purpose, I thought — as she went on to say that ever since the day he had met the lovely Thewádee he had become so changed, and had grown so melancholy, that all his dearest friends and relatives began to fear some secret distemper, or that some evil spirit had entered into him. This was ample food for me for months. It comforted me to think that he shared my misery.

"Then I drooped and languished once more, and began to long for some more tangible token of his love for me. I grew bolder and bolder, and the tender-hearted slave-woman sympathized with my passion for him. At last I sent her out with a message to him. It contained but two words, Kit-thung,\* and he returned but two more, Rak-mak.†

"All this while I still visited the king, and was often alone with him; he continued to indulge me, giving me costly rings, betel-boxes, and diamond pins for my hair. Every petition I made to him was granted. Every woman in the palace stood in awe of me, not knowing how I might use my power, and I was proud and wilful. My father was created a duke of the second rank in the kingdom, my brothers were appointed governors over lucrative districts. I had nothing left to wish for but a child. If I had had a child, I might have been saved. A child only could have subdued my growing passion, and given to my life a fairer blossom and a richer fruit than it now bears. At last, I don't know what put it into my head, but I began to solace myself by writing to P'haya-P'hi-Chitt every day, and destroying the letters as soon as they were written.

"My next step was to send one of these letters to him by Boon. He was very bold, and it makes my heart ache even now to think how brave and fearless he was. He wrote to me at once,

and implored me in a depth of anguish and in words as if on fire to disguise myself in Boon's clothes, to quit the palace, and go out to meet him. I burnt the letter as soon as I had learnt it by heart. My heart was set on fire; and I pondered over and over the proposition of my lover, until it became too fascinating for me to resist much longer.

"So I took Boon into greater confidence than ever, put a bag heavy with silver into her hands, and, moreover, promised her her freedom if she would assist me to escape. 'Keep the silver till I ask you for it, lady,' she replied, 'but trust me to help you. I will do it with all my heart.'

"Her devotion and attachment surprised me. It could not have been greater, had she been my own sister. Poot-tho!\* could I have seen the end I would have stopped there. I saw nothing but the face that had kindled a blinding fire in my heart.

"The faithful Boon served me but too well. It was all arranged that I should go out at the Patoo-den,† the next evening at sunset, with my hair cut off, and disguised as Boon. P'haya-P'hi-Chitt was to be there with a boat ready to convey us to Ayudia, and Boon was to remain behind until the whole thing should have blown over. This last was her own proposition. I tried in vain to urge her to accompany us in our flight. She said it would be safer for us both to have a friend in the palace, who could give us information of whatever took place.

"In the agitation in which I wrote these last instructions to my lover, I made so many blunders that I had to write the letter all over again. Boon implored me to put no name to it, for we still feared some discovery. I gave it sealed with my ring to Boon, who carried it off in great delight; and I laid myself down upon my couch to brood on my overflowing happiness. In the blessedness of the great love that absorbed every feeling of my heart, I loved even the king, whom I had

\* I remember.

† I love much.

\* Pitiful Buddha.

† Gate of earth.



most injured and deceived, with the loving devotion of a child.

"In the midst of my ecstatic dreams I fell asleep, and dreamed a dream, O, so different! As plainly as one sees in broad daylight, I saw myself bound in chains, and P'haya-P'hi-Chitt flung down a dreadful precipice.

"My chamber door was thrown rudely open, I was seized by cold hands, harsh voices bade me rise, and I opened my eyes upon that woman who is called by us Mai Taie.\* There was Boon tied hand and foot lying before my door. It was all over with us. 'If I could only save him,' was my only thought.

"They were putting chains on my hands, and jostling me about; for so benumbed and prostrated was I at the sight of Boon, that I could not rise. I did not dare to ask her a single question for fear of implicating ourselves all the more, when my sister Thieng rushed into my room screaming, flung herself upon my bed, and clasped me around the neck.

"'Hush! sister,' I said. 'Make these women wait a little, and tell me how they came to find it out?'

"'O Choy! Choy!' she kept repeating, wringing her hands and moaning piteously.

"'Sister Thieng, do you hear me? I don't care what they do to me. I only want to know how much you know, how much *he* knows?'

"'A copy of a letter you wrote to some nobleman was picked up about an hour ago, and taken to the chief judge. She has laid it before the king.'

"'Then if that is all, he does not know the name,' I said with a sigh of deep relief.

"'Ah! but he'll find it out, sister,' said Thieng. 'Throw yourself upon his mercy and confess all, for he still loves you, Choy. He would hardly believe you had written the letter.'

"'Has Boon said anything?' I next inquired.

"'No, not a word, she is as silent as death,' said my sister. 'But where

did you get her? Who is she? She was taken on her return, because you had mentioned your slave Boon in your letter. Now I must leave you and go back to the king,' said my sister. Then, weeping and abusing poor Boon, she went away.

"Boon and I were chained and dragged to the same cell you visited the other day.

"As soon as we were left alone, I asked Boon if she had confessed anything. 'No, my lady,' she replied with great energy, 'nothing in this world will make me confess aught against P'haya-P'hi-Chitt.' At the instant it flashed upon me that this woman, whoever she was, also loved him, and I looked at her in a new light. She was young still, and well formed, with small hands and feet, that told of gentle nurture.

"'Boon Châ,\* said I, in great distress, 'who are you? Pray tell me, it is of no use to conceal anything from me now. Why are you so happy to suffer with me? Any one else would have left me to die alone.'

"'O my lady!' she began, folding her hands together as well as she could with the chains on them, and dragging herself close to me, 'forgive me, O, forgive me, I am P'haya-P'hi-Chitt's wife.'

"I was silent in amazement. At length I said, 'Go on and tell me the rest, Boon.'

"'O, forgive me,' she replied, humbly. 'I cried bitterly the night he returned from the grand *fête* because he told me how beautiful you were, how passionately he loved you, and that he should never be happy again until he obtained you for his wife. He refused to eat, to drink, or to sleep, and I vowed to him by my love that you should be his. But I found you were the favorite, and that it would be a more difficult task than I had at first thought; so rather than break my promise to my husband, nay, lady, rather than meet his cold, estranged look, I sold myself to you as your slave. Ev-

\* Mother of death, or female executioner.

\* Dear.



ery ray or gleam of sunshine, every beautiful thought that fell from your lips, I treasured up in my heart and bore them daily to him, that I might but console my noble husband. You know the rest. If I deceived you, it was to serve both you and him, while my heart wept to think that I was no longer beloved. Gifted with unnumbered virtues is my husband, lady; and my heart, like his shadow, still follows him everywhere, and will follow him forever.'

"I was so sorry for Boon, I had not the heart to reproach her. I crept closer to her, and, laying my head on her bosom, we mingled our tears and prayers together. And I marvelled at the greatness of the woman before me.

"Next morning,—for morning comes even to such wretches as my companion and me,—we were dragged to the hall of justice. The king did not preside as we had expected. But cruel judges, male and female, headed by his Lordship P'haya Promè P'hatt and her Ladyship Khoon Thou App. Not knowing what charge to make, they read the copy of my letter over and over again, hoping to guess the name of the gentleman to whom it was sent. Failing to do this, they subjected Boon to a series of cross-questionings, but succeeded only in eliciting the one uniform reply, 'What can a poor slave know, my lords?'

"Her feet were then bastinadoed till the soles were raw and bleeding. She still said, 'My lords, be pitiful. What can a poor slave know?'

"After a little while, Khoon Thou App begged Boon to confess all and save herself from further suffering. Boon remained persistently silent, and the lash was applied to her bare back till it was ribbed in long gashes, but she confessed not a word. At last the torture was applied to her thumbs until the cold sweat stood in great drops on her contorted and agonized brow; but no word, no cry for mercy, no sound of confession, escaped her lips. It was terrible to witness the power of endurance that sustained this

woman. The judges and executioners, both male and female, exhausted their ingenuity in the vain attempt to make her betray the name of the man to whom she had carried the letter; and, finally, when the lengthening shadows proclaimed the close of day, they departed, leaving me with poor Boon bleeding and almost senseless, to be carried back by the attending amazons to our cell.

"I tried to comfort poor Boon. She hardly needed comfort; her joy that she had not betrayed her husband was even greater than her sufferings.

"Another day dawned upon us. Boon was borne in a litter, and I crept trembling by her side, to the same hall of justice. Boon was subjected once more to the lash, the bastinado, and the thumb-screws, till she fell all but lifeless on the ground. It was all in vain; that woman possessed the heart of a lion; if they had torn her to pieces, she would not by the faintest sound have betrayed the only man she had loved in her sad life.

"The physicians were sent for to restore her to life again. She was not permitted the luxury of death. Then, when this was over, they bound up her wounds with old rags, gave her something to revive her, and laid her on a cool matting. My turn came, and her eyes fixed themselves upon me with an intensity that fairly made me shiver. They seemed to cry aloud to my inmost soul, saying as plainly as lips could speak, 'What is suffering, pain, or death compared to truth? Be true to yourself. Be true to your love. If you love another, you love not yourself. Flinch not. Bear bravely all they can inflict.' I shuddered as the judges began to question me, but I shuddered more whenever I met Boon's eyes, so fixed, so steadfast, so earnest, so appealing. I prevaricated. I told the judges lies. 'That letter was written as a joke to frighten my youngest sister. I was only playing. I know no man in the world but my father and brothers and my gracious master the king.'



My sister was summoned. If I could have spoken with her, she might have helped me in my strait; but the women who were sent to bring her questioned her before she knew what they were about, and she plainly exposed my lies to the judges.

"A messenger was despatched to the king. The judges feared to proceed to extreme measures with me, who had so lately been the plaything of their sovereign. After half an hour's delay, the instructions were received, and I was ordered to bare my back. A feeling of shame prevented me. I would not obey. I resisted with what strength I had. 'You may lash me with a million thongs' I said to them, 'but you shall not expose my person.' My silk vest torn off, my scarf was flung aside, my slippers were taken from my feet. My arms were stretched and tied to a post, and thus I was lashed. Every stroke that descended on my back maddened me into an obdurate silence. Boon's eyes searched into my soul. I understood their meaning. My flesh was laid open in fine thin stripes, but I do not remember flinching. My feet were then bastinadoed, and I still preserved, I know not how, my secret. Then there was a respite, and they gave me something to drink.

"In fifteen minutes I was once more exhorted to confess. The judges, finding me still unsubdued, ordered the thumb-screws to be administered. Not all the agonies, not all the horrors, I have ever heard of, can compare with the pain of that torture. It was beyond human endurance. 'O Boon, forgive me, forgive me,' I cried; 'it is impossible to bear it.' With Boon's eyes burning into my soul, I gasped out the beloved name. Boon threw up her arms, gave a wild shriek of terror, and became insensible.

"I was released from further punishment. Two of the pha-koons\* were despatched for P'haya-P'hi-Chitt. He was betrayed to the king's officers for a heavy reward, and before noon was undergoing the same process of the law.

\* Sheriffs.

When Boon was once more brought to life, she saw her husband in the hands of the executioners. She started upright, and supporting herself on her rigid arms and hands, cried out to the judges and to Khoon Thou App: 'O my lords! O my lady! listen to me. O believe me! It was all my doing. I am P'haya-P'hi-Chitt's wife. It was I who deceived the Lady Choy. It was I who put it into his head. Did I not? You can bear testimony to my guilt!' An ineffable smile beamed on her pale lips and in her dim eyes as they turned towards her husband.

"There was profound silence among the judges. P'haya-P'hi-Chitt, I, and even the rabble crowd of slaves listened to her with astonished countenances. There was an incontestable grandeur about the woman. Khoon Thou App, that stern and inflexible woman, had tears in her eyes, and her voice trembled as she asked, 'What was thy motive, O Boon?' There was no reply from Boon. There was no need to torture P'haya-P'hi-Chitt. He was chained and conveyed to the criminals' prison, and we were carried back to our cell.

"The report of our trial, and the confessions elicited, were sent to the king. That very night, at midnight, the sentence of death was pronounced by the Secret Council upon us three; but the most dreadful part of all was the nature of the sentence. Boon and I were to be quartered; P'haya-P'hi-Chitt hewn to pieces; and our bodies not burned, but cast to the dogs and vultures at Watt-Sah-Kate.\*

"My sister Thieng implored the king in vain to spare my life. My poor mother and father were prostrated with grief. As for Boon, she never uttered a single word, except in answer to my in-

\* The rite of burning the body after death is held in great veneration by the Buddhists, as they believe that by this process its material parts are restored to the higher elements. Whereas burial, or the abandonment of the body to dogs and vultures, inspires a peculiar horror; since, according to their belief, the body must then return to the earth and pass through countless forms of the lower orders of creation, before it can again be fitted for the occupation of a human soul.



quiries, if she were suffering much, she said very gently, 'Chan bha lah pi thort,' — Let me say farewell, dear. Her pallor had become extreme, but her cheeks still burned, all the beauty of her spirit trembled on her closed eyelids. She appeared as one almost divine.

"On Sunday morning at four o'clock the faithful and matchless Boon was taken from our cell to undergo the sentence pronounced upon her and her husband. The day appointed for my execution, which was to be private, arrived; and I had no wish to live, now that P'haya-P'hi-Chitt and Boon were gone; but the women who attended me said that no preparations were as yet made for it. I wondered why I was permitted to live so long.

"After two weeks of cruel waiting to join my beloved Boon, I was removed to another cell, where my sister visited me, with the good Princess Somawati, her daughter, at whose earnest request, as I was told, the British Consul\* had pleaded so effectually with the king that my life had been granted to his petition.

"Alas! it was Boon who deserved to live, and not I. I am not grateful

\* Choy's life was spared at the intercession of Sir Robert J. H. Schombergk, her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Bangkok.

for a life that is little better than a curse to me. God sees that I speak the truth. Woe still hovers over me. It is the doom of guilt committed in some former lifetime. I am an outcast here, and in this world I have no part, while every day only lengthens out my life of sorrow."

Here the poor girl broke off, laid her head on the table and wept, as I never saw a human being weep, great tears of agony and remorse.

As soon as Choy left me, I hurried home and wrote down her narrative word for word, as nearly as I could; but I encountered then, as always, the almost insuperable difficulty of finding a fit clothing for the fervid Eastern imagery, in our colder and more precise English.

We became better friends. I maintained a constant oversight of her and persuaded her gradually out of her griefs. She learned in time to take a pleasure in her English studies, and found comfort in the love of Our Father in heaven. Without repining at her lot, hard as it was, or boasting of her knowledge, but with a loving, humble heart she read and blessed the language that brought her nearer to a compassionate Saviour.

*Mrs. Leonowens.*

## A WESTERN VIEW OF INTER-STATE TRANSPORTATION.

OF the entire railway mileage of all countries, equivalent to four parallel tracks or lines around the globe, one fourth is in the United States; but the rapid extension of our railway system has scarcely kept pace with the development of our country, whose productions and interests are as varied as the elements of our population and the influences of our climate. The great natural highways of commerce must also be made available; and by improving our navigable rivers, and connecting them, by canals, with the seaports, we may immensely augment

the commercial resources and productive wealth of the nation. Our domestic commerce not only demands larger, but cheaper transportation facilities than the railways can supply.

The recent Washington Treaty, which, besides enlarging the scope of our fisheries, also perpetually dedicates the St. Lawrence to commercial freedom, will open a new chapter in the history of American commerce; for, while the products of the West can and will reach the ocean fleets by the cool and deep-water navigation of the Lakes and St. Lawrence, cheaper and



safer than by the heated and shallow water of the Mississippi, or by canal and rail, the merchandise of European countries can, in unbroken cargoes of five hundred tons, penetrate the heart of the American continent, and be delivered at the most distant points on the Western Lakes, as far as Chicago at the head of Lake Michigan, and Superior City and Duluth at the head of Lake Superior, at less cost than the same goods can be conveyed from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, to the nearest of the Lake ports; and at far less than the price exacted by railway monopolies, between our principal manufacturing centres at the East and the various markets of the West.

Appropriations on a profligate scale are spasmodically made by Congress and the State Legislatures to promote schemes of varied merit, redounding immediately to the benefit of the corporations that obtain these subsidies, grants, and aids, and indirectly to the people whose property may be contiguous to, or whose business is increased by the creation of new facilities for commercial intercourse; but there is no well-devised and carefully adjusted system, on the part of the people and their government, in fostering and developing our domestic commerce, which, in magnitude and importance, already surpasses the foreign commerce of any five nations on the globe.

In the mean time the New England artisan finds that he can exchange a yard of calico for three loaves of bread in the Valley of the Mississippi; but only one of them reaches the hungry mouths of his family, for the two other loaves have been given away to the freight monopolists, a large proportion of whom are capitalists and residents of other countries. The Western farmer who raised the wheat cannot get the full value of his labor, because he has to raise ten bushels of wheat per acre for the carriers, before he can get the European prices of food for the remainder of his crop.

Descending to dry facts for a correct

exhibit of our commercial evils, we find that when millions of people, in the manufacturing districts of Europe and America, could not get food enough for their dependent families, corn was burned, as the cheapest available fuel, by farmers on our Western prairies, whose clothing was scant because they could not exchange food for raiment, on account of the cost of transportation. As recently as the last autumn, many millions of bushels of coal remained in flat-boats near the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany Rivers, during a prolonged drouth, while the manufacturing establishments and people of the States bordering on the Ohio River were facing a long and severe winter with a short supply of coal for business and household purposes.

The disparity in the valuations of natural products and manufactured articles between the various commercial centres of the Union, and the violent fluctuations in the market prices of all commodities of trade, unsettle the best devised plans, and render it difficult for any citizen, even with a fixed income or salary, to make accurate estimate of the results of the year before him, so long as the natural process of adjusting the valuations of those several commodities of commerce, on the basis of demand and supply, is thwarted by an arbitrary, expensive, and capricious system of exchanges, and by limited facilities of transportation, under the control of American and European monopolists, whose avarice is the measure of their consideration for the producers and consumers. The earnings of these are absorbed in supporting powerful corporations, now receiving the benefits that would accrue to the toiling millions of both continents if our internal lines of water communication were so developed as to supply cheaper, larger, and in every respect superior facilities for interchanging produce and merchandise between the points of production and consumption.

The Western States and Territories have attracted and continue to



draw valuable brain and muscle from the older communities of the Eastern States and Northern Europe. There is no more impressive scene in the world's great drama than that presented by the incoming multitudes from every nation and clime in Christendom, as they march, in formidable columns, into the newer, undeveloped, and more inviting fields of enterprise in the interior of the American Continent, and betake themselves to the work of organizing a society, which, in respect to its moral and material elements, as yet possesses more vigor than refinement, but which is rapidly consolidating into strength and symmetry. The West can raise its own food, and will soon manufacture its own cloth. The Western farmer is not so much alarmed at the few extra shillings he has to pay on a sack or barrel of salt, as he is at the more crushing fact that he is really farming on shares; and that after paying for the soil, and doing all the work, he must divide his crops, and give the transportationists and middle-men the greater portion of the products of his farm. There is a better appreciation of the needs and wants of the West among its settlers, as the area of cultivation enlarges, and the growth of Western commerce demands larger avenues for its movements; and the East should be true to its interests, and diligently co-operate in opening up every available line of internal water communication, in order to maintain a commercial intimacy with the industrious and productive millions in the Valley of the Mississippi.

Is it any wonder, that under the practical operation of such a system of effecting exchanges of products and merchandise, the necessity of encouraging manufactures in the West is becoming more apparent? Are the manufacturers of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, with expensive land transportation, justified in leaning upon a moderate tariff on imports, that is contingent upon the rapidity with which Congress may decide to extinguish the national debt, when that

support is counteracted by the superior facilities possessed by European manufacturers for reaching the heart of the continent, by continuous deep-water navigation? The South, too, is engaged in a more diversified agriculture than prevailed under its former system of slave labor, and will soon manufacture its great staple into fabrics, instead of submitting to double freights across the Atlantic or half a continent.

Can New England, which produces only eleven quarts of wheat to each inhabitant, and requires, annually, \$50,000,000 worth of food from the West, afford to submit any longer to the expensive freight system on which our domestic commerce has been dependent? Can New York and Pennsylvania consent to buy food in the West for the seven millions of people in those two States, and pay land freights, when they can save \$25,000,000 annually by having available water lines of communication to and from the Mississippi Valley; and also have additional advantage over foreign manufacturers, by direct and cheap water freights, between the Empire and Key Stone States of the Union and the vast agricultural regions of the West, whose rapidly increasing population needs cheaper access to the coal fields, iron mines, and manufactories of the old Central and Eastern States?

The centre of the grain-growing region, which has, within a few years, been transferred from Ohio to Indiana, and again to Illinois, is now west of the Mississippi. The centre of demand for merchandise in the West is also constantly moving westward and more remote from former sources of supply. Western commerce must be supplied with cheaper and more abundant means of transportation than the rail affords; or the industry of the West must be so diversified as to enable its population to effect exchanges of produce and merchandise without continuing the exhaustive and intolerable system of relying upon foreign trade, which involves expense of transit equivalent to half the circumference of the globe.



Winter railroad freights to the seaboard, when relieved of competition by navigation, cost over seventy per cent of the price of wheat, when sold at \$1.00 per bushel in the West. During the autumn of 1869, when wheat ranged in price from forty to fifty cents per bushel in Minnesota and Iowa, and could not be sold for forty cents at some points within a hundred miles west of the Mississippi, wheat was selling in New York for \$1.37 per bushel. Sudden and large advances in prices of breadstuffs in European and Eastern markets have often been appropriated to the exclusive benefit of the carrying monopolists, and could not redound to the advantage of the Western farmers; as the freights were so adjusted, with reference to bountiful or short supplies, and prices of transportation, that the monopolists were masters of the situation. It is a very easy matter for railway companies to delay the transportation of the Western crops until after the close of navigation, so as to secure a steady business for the winter months; for the short time between harvest and frost calls into requisition larger facilities than are available for transit by rail.

The annual tonnage of our inland commerce amounts to over 25,000,000 tons; of which about one fifth passes through the Erie Canal, and another fifth passes over competing trunk lines of railway between the St. Lawrence and Potomac Rivers. The annual products of this country are estimated at over \$8,000,000,000, or about \$200 for each inhabitant. It is safe to put one fourth of this vast sum under the head of grass; which includes, not only the products of the dairy, amounting to over \$500,000,000, but also cattle, sheep and horses; for it is almost literally true that "all flesh is grass."

Our total imports amount, annually, to about \$500,000,000; the greater portion of which should be produced in this country, from raw materials that might be enhanced in value by the application of American labor and skill. Our total exports are claimed to be of

equal extent; but we have to export a million of dollars in gold and silver every week to adjust the balance of trade against us; while our exports of breadstuffs only equal our coin exports. We export in provisions and tallow about \$30,000,000; in tobacco, \$25,000,000; in oils and oil cake, \$40,000,000; in wood, iron, steel, and manufactures thereof, including machinery, \$27,000,000; in naval stores, \$4,000,000; animals, \$1,000,000; cotton manufactures, \$6,000,000; and round up the exports by sending out of the country, to be manufactured in foreign countries, \$175,000,000 of raw cotton, every pound of which should be increased fivefold in value through the process of manufacture by American mechanics, instead of sending it to Europe, to be manufactured and exported in valuable fabrics to this and other countries.

Authentic statistics, derived from traffic reports, show the relative average prices at which freight can be taken, per ton each mile, by rail, canal, river, lake, and ocean: at three cents by rail, at one cent by canal, including tolls; at three mills by river; at a quarter of a cent by lake; and at one and a quarter mills by sea, or \$3.75 per ton for 3,000 miles, which is less than the price paid for one hundred miles of ordinary railway transportation.

On the 25,000,000 tons of American productions, or domestic commerce, the total cost of transportation,

|                                      |           |
|--------------------------------------|-----------|
| By rail would be per mile . . . . .  | \$750,000 |
| The same by canal per mile . . . . . | 250,000   |
| " by river per mile . . . . .        | 75,000    |
| " by lake per mile . . . . .         | 62,500    |
| " by ocean per mile . . . . .        | 31,250    |

If the average distance these American commodities are transported is estimated at one half of the distance between the Mississippi and the Atlantic seaboard, the total amount saved by canal over rail would be \$250,000,000. One appropriation of this amount judiciously expended during five years in perfecting our system of internal water communications would double the commercial capacity and productive wealth of the nation.



The Mississippi, Ohio, and Missouri Rivers, by an expenditure of less than \$10,000,000, can be made available, during two thirds of the year, for safe navigation, between New Orleans, St. Paul, and Pittsburg, with steamers of two thousand tons' capacity, and with steamers of one thousand tons' capacity between the Mississippi and Fort Benton. The Tennessee River might also be made available for boats of a thousand tons' capacity under this appropriation. By an expenditure of \$40,000,000, — or about the cost of the Erie Canal, which has received tribute, chiefly on Western commerce, in tolls amounting to over \$75,000,000, — we might have the completion of the great continuous Central Line of water communication. of an annual freighting capacity of 7,000,000 tons, between the Ohio River and Chesapeake Bay or Hampton Roads *via* the Kanawha and James Rivers and canal, according to the programme of its projectors and early friends, Among these were General Washington, then ex-President; Mr. Madison, afterwards President; Mr. Tyler, father of President John Tyler; Benjamin Harrison, father of President William H. Harrison; Edmund Randolph, formerly a member of President Washington's Cabinet; and other distinguished citizens of Virginia.

The Virginia water-line of communication, on which about \$10,000,000 have already been expended, has the hearty approval of such trustworthy civil and hydraulic engineers as Captain McNeil, of the United States Topographical Engineers, Messrs. Edward Lorraine, Benjamin H. Latrobe, Benjamin Wright, Edward H. Gill, Charles B. Fisk, and Judge Wright, all of whom concur in the feasibility of the line as projected, for the transit of boats of 280 tons' capacity. This line extends from the capes of Virginia to the Ohio River, a distance of 636 miles, and consists of the James River from its mouth to the head of navigation, at the city of Richmond, a distance of 151 miles; and by the James River and Kanawha improvement of 485 miles,

of which about 277 miles will be canal and 208 miles river navigation. This should be a government work; for its benefits would be of national dimensions. It is a line of water communication that would be available for nearly the entire year.

It would emancipate the commerce of one half of the States of the Union from burdens that render the industry of twenty millions of people measurably unproductive. It would regulate the railway freight tariffs between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. It would increase the value of the lands of the Western States five times its cost. It would enhance the value of Western products annually to an extent nearly or quite equal to the entire cost of the improvement. It would diffuse the commercial facilities of the nation among millions of people who have long been deprived of needed means of communication, and would also attract immigration to regions of country that have been neglected because they were inaccessible to markets.

In addition to the Southern water-line by the Mississippi, and the Central water-line by the Ohio, Kanawha, and James Rivers and canal, there is like necessity for the perfection of the Northern water-line between the Upper Mississippi and lakes *via* the Wisconsin and Fox Rivers, which run in opposite directions a mile apart from the centre of Wisconsin, with a lock canal between them, and only seven feet difference in elevation, — the Wisconsin emptying into the Mississippi, and the Fox into Green Bay and Lake Michigan, and both being navigable, by improvements costing less than \$5,000,000, to steamers of five hundred tons' capacity. The governors of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska have urged this measure upon the attention of Congress; and General Warren, after careful examination, has reported favorably on the project. Over one million of dollars of private capital have been expended in the Fox River navigation improvements. Steamers of considerable capacity



(over two hundred tons) have passed through these waters, between Lake Michigan or Green Bay and the Mississippi. To complete the great Northern water-line, the Erie Canal should be assumed as a government work, and so enlarged as to double its freighting capacity from five to ten millions of tons annually. These improvements have received the hearty recommendation of our national commercial conventions.

The Illinois River should also be improved; and thus at either and both ends of Lake Michigan there would be communication with the Valley of the Mississippi at points which would enable freight from Minnesota and Iowa to reach lake navigation through two navigable channels across Wisconsin and Illinois, and add largely to the value of property in those States; while with the St. Lawrence as a competitor, at the north, there would be no more imposition upon Western commerce of illiberal canal tolls by the State of New York.

There should be a National Board of Commerce, composed of and auxiliary to, or controlled by, the Congressional Committees on Commerce, free from metropolitan or State control, and assisted by the most skilful of engineers in the service of the general government, to attend to the development of our domestic commerce by a system of improvements in our inland navigation. If New York can neutralize the acts of Congress by denying charters for canals that may not be tributary to her system of navigation, which has too long been operated in an illiberal spirit; and if New Jersey can exact a head-tax of one dollar for every person who passes through that State to or from other States; and if bridge obstructions are to be multiplied, to an unlimited extent, on our navigable rivers, — there can be no security to the larger interests of the nation; for one State can legislate to the detriment of a dozen States. There should be, agreeably with the power vested in Congress, a national policy

for all matters affecting the commercial interests of the entire country, as these several proposed water-lines of communication should be regarded as parts and parcels of one grand national system of navigation.

The Mississippi Valley, which comprises an area of about 2,600,000 square miles, is greater than that of all Europe, exclusive of Russia, Norway, and Sweden; and has an inland navigation of 9,000 miles, of which over 2,000 miles are on the Mississippi River, between the Falls of St. Anthony and New Orleans. The Missouri, with 2,644 miles of navigation up to Fort Benton, and the Ohio, with 975 miles of navigation between Cairo and Pittsburgh, are tributaries capable of bearing a commerce of enormous proportions. Other important tributaries of these streams should also be included in the great national system of internal navigation and improvements; such as the Minnesota, with 300 miles of navigation; the Wisconsin and Illinois, each with 150 miles of navigable water; the Tennessee, with 600 miles of navigation; the Cumberland and tributaries, with slack-water improvements, having a navigation of 900 miles; the Arkansas, with 600 miles; the Red, with 330 miles in low water, and 820 miles in flood; the White, with 175 miles; the Yazoo, with 240 miles; and several rivers of smaller navigable capacity, that are available for commercial purposes. Nor should we neglect the 800 miles of navigation on the Columbia River; which reduces the land transportation, between the Northern Atlantic and the Northern Pacific coasts to about 1,400 miles, from the navigable waters of that river to Lake Superior, this being, obviously, the highway of the nations. Some skilful engineer will yet demonstrate the feasibility, as commerce will assert the necessity, of a canal of large capacity on that route. With the great lakes at the North, auxiliary to the available river and canal navigation, this continent would be supplied by avenues of commerce, for the distribu-



tion of American products, in endless variety and unlimited quantity, to and from all portions of our common country. To bring these elements of national strength and wealth into harmonious and reciprocal relations, there should be inaugurated a system of internal improvements that will embrace the whole country for its field of operation.

It was with this object in view that the National Commercial Convention, which assembled in Baltimore last September, unanimously adopted the following resolution, which was proposed by Charles Seymour of Wisconsin, seconded by Charles S. Carlington of Virginia, and reported by the Committee on Internal Water-Line Communications, of which John H. Kennard, of Louisiana, was chairman: —

*“Resolved,* That the first of the series of National Commercial Annual Conventions, now assembled at Baltimore, having for its chief object the consid-

eration, recommendation, and encouragement of such measures of public importance and utility as tend to develop the resources, to augment the wealth, and to facilitate the commerce of the whole country, deems it proper to declare, at the outset of their career of usefulness and beneficence, that the great industrial, agricultural, and commercial interests of the nation demand, at the hands of the government of the United States, a wise, liberal, and vigorous policy, in promoting, improving, and developing the natural and artificial channels of water communication between the interior of the continent and the seaboard; for the purpose of cheapening the cost of transportation of produce and merchandise between the various sections of our common country, as the most available and effectual means of promoting the general welfare, of achieving the greatest amount of public good, and of attaining commercial supremacy among the nations.”

*Charles Seymour.*

## ASPECTS OF THE PINES.

TALL, sombre, grim, against the morning sky  
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs  
That thrill the fadeless foliage dreamfully,  
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

TALL, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams  
Trembling to gold within the woodland's core,  
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams:  
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness strange, divine, ineffable  
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,  
While on each tinted copse and shimmering dell  
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes; the solemn joy and might  
Borne from the west, when cloudless day declines;  
Low, flute-like breezes sweep the waves of light,  
And lifting dark-green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous, gently float,  
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar,  
To faint where Twilight on her virginal throat  
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

*Paul H. Hayne.*



## THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

## IX.

THERE was no sooner a vacancy on our side of the table, than the Master proposed a change of seats which would bring the Young Astronomer into our immediate neighborhood. The Scarabee was to move into the place of our late unlamented associate, the Man of Letters, so called. I was to take his place, the Master to take mine, and the young man that which had been occupied by the Master. The advantages of this change were obvious. The Old Master likes an audience, plainly enough; and with myself on one side of him, and the young student of science, whose speculative turn is sufficiently shown in the passages from his poem, on the other side, he may feel quite sure of being listened to. There is only one trouble in the arrangement, and that is that it brings this young man not only close to us, but also next to our Scheherazade.

I am obliged to confess that he has shown occasional marks of inattention even while the Master was discoursing in a way that I found agreeable enough. I am quite sure it is no intentional disrespect to the Old Master. It seems to me rather that he has become interested in the astronomical lessons he has been giving the Young Girl. He has studied so much alone, that it is naturally a pleasure to him to impart some of his knowledge. As for his young pupil, she has often thought of being a teacher herself, so that she is of course very glad to acquire any accomplishment that may be useful to her in that capacity. I do not see any reason why some of the boarders should have made such remarks as they have done. One cannot teach astronomy to advantage, without going out of doors, though I confess that when two young people go out *by daylight* to study the stars, as these young folks have done once or twice, I do not so much wonder at a remark or

suggestion from those who have nothing better to do than study their neighbors.

I ought to have told the reader before this that I found, as I suspected, that our innocent-looking Scheherazade was at the bottom of the popgun business. I watched her very closely, and one day, when the little monkey made us all laugh by stopping the Member of the Haouse in the middle of a speech he was repeating to us, — it was his great effort of the season on a bill for the protection of horn-pout in Little Muddy River, — I caught her making the signs that set him going. At a slight tap of her knife against her plate, he got all ready and presently I saw her cross her knife and fork upon her plate, and as she did so, pop! went the small piece of artillery. The Member of the Haouse was just saying that this bill hit his constitoonents in their most vital — when a pellet hit him in the feature of his countenance most exposed to aggressions and least tolerant of liberties. The Member resented this unparliamentary treatment by jumping up from his chair and giving the small aggressor a good shaking, at the same time seizing the implement which had caused his wrath and breaking it into splinters. The Boy blubbered, the Young Girl changed color, and looked as if she would cry, and that was the last of these interruptions.

I must own that I have sometimes wished we had the popgun back, for it answered all the purpose of "the previous question" in a deliberative assembly. No doubt the Young Girl was capricious in setting the little engine at work, but she cut short a good many disquisitions that threatened to be tedious. I find myself often wishing for her and her small fellow-conspirator's intervention, in company where I am supposed to be enjoying myself. When



my friend the politician gets too far into the personal details of the *quorum pars magna fui*, I find myself all at once exclaiming in mental articulation, Popgun ! When my friend the storyteller begins that protracted narrative which has often emptied me of all my voluntary laughter for the evening, he has got but a very little way when I say to myself, What would n't I give for a pellet from that popgun ! In short, so useful has that trivial implement proved as a jaw-stopper and a *boricide*, that I never go to a club or a dinner-party, without wishing the company included our Scheherazade and That Boy with his popgun.

How clearly I see now into the mechanism of the Young Girl's audacious contrivance for regulating our table-talk ! Her brain is tired half the time, and she is too nervous to listen patiently to what a quieter person would like well enough, or at least would not be annoyed by. It amused her to invent a scheme for managing the headstrong talkers, and also let off a certain spirit of mischief which in some of these nervous girls shows itself in much more questionable forms. How cunning these half-hysteric young persons are, to be sure ! I had to watch a long time before I detected the telegraphic communication between the two conspirators. I have no doubt she had sedulously schooled the little monkey to his business, and found great delight in the task of instruction.

But now that our Scheherazade has become a scholar instead of a teacher, she seems to be undergoing a remarkable transformation. Astronomy is indeed a noble science. It may well kindle the enthusiasm of a youthful nature. I fancy at times that I see something of that starry light which I noticed in the young man's eyes gradually kindling in hers. But can it be astronomy alone that does it ? Her color comes and goes more readily than when the Old Master sat next her on the left. It is having this young man at her side, I suppose. Of course it is. I watch her with great, I may say tender interest.

If he would only fall in love with her, seize upon her wandering affections and fancies as the Romans seized the Sabine virgins, lift her out of herself and her listless and weary drudgeries, stop the outflow of this young life which is draining itself away in forced literary labor — dear me, dear me — if, if, if —

" If I were God  
An' ye were Martin Elginbrod ! "

I am afraid all this may never be. I fear that he is too much given to lonely study, to self-companionship, to all sorts of questionings, to looking at life as at a solemn show where he is only a spectator. I dare not build up a romance on what I have yet seen. My reader may, but I will answer for nothing. I shall wait and see.

The Old Master and I have at last made that visit to the Scarabee which we had so long promised ourselves.

When we knocked at his door he came and opened it, instead of saying, Come in. He was surprised, I have no doubt, at the sound of our footsteps ; for he rarely has a visitor, except the little monkey of a boy, and he may have thought a troop of marauders were coming to rob him of his treasures. Collectors feel so rich in the possession of their rarer specimens, that they forget how cheap their precious things seem to common eyes, and are as afraid of being robbed as if they were dealers in diamonds. They have the name of stealing from each other now and then, it is true, but many of their priceless possessions would hardly tempt a beggar. Values are artificial : you will not be able to get ten cents of the year 1799 for a dime.

The Scarabee was reassured as soon as he saw our faces, and he welcomed us not ungraciously into his small apartment. It was hard to find a place to sit down, for all the chairs were already occupied by cases and boxes full of his favorites. I began, therefore, looking round the room. Bugs of every size and aspect met my eyes wherever they turned. I felt for the moment as I suppose a man may feel in a fit of de-



lirium tremens. Presently my attention was drawn towards a very odd-looking insect on the mantel-piece. This animal was incessantly raising its arms as if towards heaven and clasping them together, as though it were wrestling in prayer.

Do look at this creature, — I said to the Master, — he seems to be very hard at work at his devotions.

*Mantis religiosa*, — said the Master, — I know the praying rogue. Mighty devout and mighty cruel; crushes everything he can master, or impales it on his spiny shanks and feeds upon it, like a gluttonous wretch as he is. I have seen the *Mantis religiosa* on a larger scale than this, now and then. A sacred insect, sir, — sacred to many tribes of men; to the Hottentots, to the Turks, yes, sir, and to the Frenchmen, who call the rascal *prie dieu*, and believe him to have special charge of children that have lost their way. Does n't it seem as if there was a vein of satire as well as of fun that ran through the solemn manifestations of creative wisdom? And of deception too — do you see how nearly those dried leaves resemble an insect?

They do, indeed, — I answered, — but not so closely as to deceive me. They remind me of an insect, but I could not mistake them for one.

— O, you could n't mistake those dried leaves for an insect, hey? Well, how can you mistake that insect for dried leaves? That is the question; for insect it is, — *phyllum siccifolium*, the "walking leaf," as some have called it. — The Master had a hearty laugh at my expense.

The Scarabee did not seem to be amused at the Master's remarks or at my blunder. Science is always perfectly serious to him; and he would no more laugh over anything connected with his study, than a clergyman would laugh at a funeral.

They send me all sorts of trumpetery, — he said, — Orthoptera and Lepidoptera; as if a coleopterist — a scarabeeist — cared for such things. This business is no boy's play to me. The

insect population of the world is not even catalogued yet, and a lifetime given to the scarabees is a small contribution enough to their study. I like your men of general intelligence well enough, — your Linnauses and your Buffons and your Cuviers; but Cuvier had to go to Latreille for his insects, and if Latreille had been able to consult me, — yes, me, gentlemen! — he would n't have made the blunders he did about some of the coleoptera.

The Old Master, as I think you must have found out by this time, — you, Beloved, I mean, who read every word, — has a reasonably good opinion, as perhaps he has a right to have, of his own intelligence and acquirements. The Scarabee's exultation and glow as he spoke of the errors of the great entomologist which he himself could have corrected, had the effect on the Old Master which a lusty crow has upon the feathered champion of the neighboring barn-yard. He too knew something about insects. Had he not discovered a new *tabanus*? Had he not made preparations of the very coleoptera the Scarabee studied so exclusively, — preparations which the illustrious Swammerdam would not have been ashamed of, and dissected a *melolontha* as exquisitely as Strauss Durckheim himself ever did it? So the Master, recalling these studies of his and certain difficult and disputed points at which he had labored in one of his entomological paroxysms, put a question which there can be little doubt was intended to puzzle the Scarabee, and perhaps, — for the best of us is human (I am beginning to love the Old Master, but he has his little weaknesses, thank Heaven, like the rest of us), — I say *perhaps*, was meant to show that some folks knew as much about some things as some other folks.

The little dried-up specialist did not dilate into fighting dimensions as — *perhaps*, again — the Master may have thought he would. He looked a mild surprise, but remained as quiet as one of his own beetles when you touch him and he makes believe he is dead. The



blank silence became oppressive. Was the Scarabee crushed, as so many of his namesakes are crushed, under the heel of this trampling omniscient?

At last the Scarabee creaked out very slowly, "Did I understand you to ask the following question, to wit?" and so forth; for I was quite out of my depth, and only know that he repeated the Master's somewhat complex inquiry, word for word.

— That was exactly my question, — said the Master, — and I hope it is not uncivil to ask one which seems to me to be a puzzler.

Not uncivil in the least, — said the Scarabee, with something as much like a look of triumph as his dry face permitted, — not uncivil at all, but a rather extraordinary question to ask at this date of entomological history. I settled that question some years ago, by a series of dissections, six-and-thirty in number, reported in an essay I can show you and would give you a copy of, but that I am a little restricted in my revenue, and our Society has to be economical, so I have but this one. You see, sir, — and he went on with elytra and antennæ and tarsi and metatarsi and tracheæ and stomata and wing-muscles and leg-muscles and ganglions, — all plain enough, I do not doubt, to those accustomed to handling dor-bugs and squash-bugs and such undesirable objects of affection to all but naturalists.

He paused when he got through, not for an answer, for there evidently was none, but to see how the Master would take it. The Scarabee had had it all his own way.

The Master was loyal to his own generous nature. He felt as a peaceful citizen might feel who had squared off at a stranger for some supposed wrong, and suddenly discovered that he was undertaking to chastise Mr. Dick Curtis "the pet of the Fancy," or Mr. Joshua Hudson, "the John Bull fighter."

He felt the absurdity of his discomfiture, for he turned to me good-naturedly, and said, —

"Poor Johnny Raw! What madness could impel  
So rum a flat to face so prime a swell?"

To tell the truth, I rather think the Master enjoyed his own defeat. The Scarabee had a right to his victory; a man does not give his life to the study of a single limited subject for nothing, and the moment we come across a first-class expert we begin to take a pride in his superiority. It cannot offend us, who have no right at all to be his match on his own ground. Besides, there is a very curious sense of satisfaction in getting a fair chance to sneer at ourselves and scoff at our own pretensions. The first person of our dual consciousness has been smirking and rubbing his hands and felicitating himself on his innumerable superiorities, until we have grown a little tired of him. Then, when the other fellow, the critic, the cynic, the Shimei, who has been quiet, letting self-love and self-glorification have their perfect work, opens fire upon the first half of our personality and overwhelms it with that wonderful vocabulary of abuse of which he is the unrivalled master, there is no denying that he enjoys it immensely; and as he is himself for the moment, or at least the chief portion of ourself (the other half-self retiring into a dim corner of semiconsciousness and cowering under the storm of sneers and contumely, — you follow me perfectly, Beloved, — the way is as plain as the path of the babe to the maternal fount), as, I say, the abusive fellow is the chief part of us for the time, and *he* likes to exercise his slanderous vocabulary, *we* on the whole enjoy a brief season of self-depreciation and self-scolding very heartily.

It is quite certain that both of us, the Master and myself, conceived on the instant a respect for the Scarabee which we had not before felt. He had grappled with one difficulty at any rate and mastered it. He had settled one thing, at least, so it appeared, in such a way that it was not to be brought up again. And now he was determined, if it cost him the effort of all his remaining days, to close another



discussion and put forever to rest the anxious doubts about the larva of meloë.

— Your thirty-six dissections must have cost you a deal of time and labor, — the Master said.

— What have I to do with time, but to fill it up with labor? — answered the Scarabee. — It is my meat and drink to work over my beetles. My holidays are when I get a rare specimen. My rest is to watch the habits of insects, — those that I do not pretend to study. Here is my *muscarium*, my home for house-flies; very interesting creatures; here they breed and buzz and feed and enjoy themselves, and die in a good old age of a few months. My favorite insect lives in this other case; she is at home, but in her private chamber; you shall see her.

He tapped on the glass lightly, and a large, gray, hairy spider came forth from the hollow of a funnel-like web.

— And this is all the friend you have to love? — said the Master, with a tenderness in his voice which made the question very significant.

— Nothing else loves me better than she does, that I know of, — he answered.

— To think of it! Not even a dog to lick his hand, or a cat to purr and rub her fur against him! O, these boarding-houses, these boarding-houses! What forlorn people one sees stranded on their desolate shores! Decayed gentlewomen with the poor wrecks of what once made their households beautiful, disposed around them in narrow chambers as they best may be, coming down day after day, poor souls! to sit at the board with strangers; their hearts full of sad memories which have no language but a sigh, no record but the lines of sorrow on their features; orphans, creatures with growing tendrils and nothing to cling to; lonely rich men, casting about them what to do with the wealth they never knew how to enjoy, when they shall no longer worry over keeping and increasing it; young men and young

women, left to their instincts, unguarded, unwatched, save by malicious eyes, which are sure to be found and to find occupation in these miscellaneous collections of human beings; and now and then a shred of humanity like this little adust specialist, with just the resources needed to keep the “radical moisture” from entirely exhaling from his attenuated organism, and busying himself over a point of science, or compiling a hymn-book, or editing a grammar or a dictionary; — such are the tenants of boarding-houses whom we cannot think of without feeling how sad it is when the wind is not tempered to the shorn lamb; when the solitary, whose hearts are shrivelling, are not set in families!

The Master was greatly interested in the Scarabee's *Muscarium*.

— I don't remember, — he said, — that I have heard of such a thing as that before. Mighty curious creatures, these same house-flies! Talk about miracles! Was there ever anything more miraculous, so far as our common observation goes, than the coming and the going of these creatures? Why did n't Job ask where the flies come from and where they go to? I did not say that you and I don't know, but how many people do know anything about it? Where are the cradles of the young flies? Where are the cemeteries of the dead ones, or do they die at all except when we kill them? You think all the flies of the year are dead and gone, and there comes a warm day and all at once there is a general resurrection of 'em; they had been taking a nap, that is all.

— I suppose you do not trust your spider in the *Muscarium*? — said I, addressing the Scarabee.

— Not exactly, — he answered, — she is a terrible creature. She loves me, I think, but she is a killer and a cannibal among other insects. I wanted to pair her with a male spider, but it would n't do.

— Would n't do? — said I, — why not? Don't spiders have their mates as well as other folks?



— O yes, sometimes ; but the females are apt to be particular, and if they don't like the mate you offer them they fall upon him and kill him and eat him up. You see they are a great deal bigger and stronger than the males, and they are always hungry and not always particularly anxious to have one of the other sex bothering round.

— Woman's rights ! — said I, — there you have it ! Why don't those talking ladies take a spider as their emblem ? Let them form arachnoid associations, — spinsters and spiders would be a good motto.

— The Master smiled. I think it was an eleemosynary smile, for my pleasantry seems to me a particularly *basso rilievo*, as I look upon it in cold blood. But conversation at the best is only a thin sprinkling of occasional felicities set in platitudes and common-places. I never heard people talk like the characters in the "School for Scandal," — I should very much like to. — I say the Master smiled. But the Scarabee did not relax a muscle of his countenance.

— There are persons whom the very mildest of *facetiae* sets off into such convulsions of laughter, that one is afraid lest they should injure themselves. Even when a jest misses fire completely, so that it is no jest at all, but only a jocular intention, they laugh just as heartily. Leave out the point of your story, get the word wrong on the duplicity of which the pun that was to excite hilarity depended, and they still honor your abortive attempt with the most lusty and vociferous merriment.

There is a very opposite class of persons whom anything in the nature of a joke perplexes, troubles, and even sometimes irritates, seeming to make them think they are trifled with, if not insulted. If you are fortunate enough to set the whole table laughing, one of this class of persons will look inquiringly round, as if something had happened, and, seeing everybody apparently amused but himself, feel as if he was being laughed at, or at any rate as if

something had been said which he was not to hear. Often, however, it does not go so far as this, and there is nothing more than mere insensibility to the cause of other people's laughter, a sort of joke-blindness, comparable to the well-known color-blindness with which many persons are afflicted as a congenital incapacity.

I have never seen the Scarabee smile. I have seen him take off his goggles, — he breakfasts in these occasionally, — I suppose when he has been tiring his poor old eyes out over night gazing through his microscope, — I have seen him take his goggles off, I say, and stare about him, when the rest of us were laughing at something which amused us, but his features betrayed nothing more than a certain bewilderment, as if we had been foreigners talking in an unknown tongue. I do not think it was a mere fancy of mine that he bears a kind of resemblance to the tribe of insects he gives his life to studying. His shiny black coat ; his rounded back, convex with years of stooping over his minute work ; his angular movements, made natural to him by his habitual style of manipulation ; the aridity of his organism, with which his voice is in perfect keeping ; — all these marks of his special sedentary occupation are so nearly what might be expected, and indeed so much in accordance with the more general fact that a man's aspect is subdued to the look of what he works in, that I do not feel disposed to accuse myself of exaggeration in my account of the Scarabee's appearance. But I think he has learned something else of his coleopterous friends. The beetles never smile. Their physiognomy is not adapted to the display of the emotions ; the lateral movement of their jaws being effective for alimentary purposes, but very limited in its gamut of expression. It is with these unemotional beings that the Scarabee passes his life. He has but one object, and that is perfectly serious, to his mind, in fact, of absorbing interest and importance. In one aspect of the matter he is quite right, for if the Crea-



tor has taken the trouble to make one of his creatures in just such a way and not otherwise, from the beginning of its existence on our planet in ages of unknown remoteness to the present time, the man who first explains His idea to us is charged with a revelation. It is by no means impossible that there may be angels in the celestial hierarchy to whom it would be new and interesting. I have often thought that spirits of a higher order than man might be willing to learn something from a human mind like that of Newton, and I see no reason why an angelic being might not be glad to hear a lecture from Mr. Huxley, or Mr. Tyndall, or one of our friends at Cambridge.

I have been sinuous as the banks of Forth seen from Stirling Castle, or as that other river which threads the Berkshire valley and runs, a perennial stream, through my memory,—from which I please myself with thinking that I have learned to wind without fretting against the shore, or forgetting where I am flowing,—sinuous, I say, but not jerky,—no, not jerky or hard to follow for a reader of the right sort, in the prime of life and full possession of his or her faculties.

—All this last page or so, you readily understand, has been my private talk with you, the Reader. The *cue* of the conversation which I interrupted by this digression is to be found in the words “a good motto,” from which I begin my account of the visit again.

—Do you receive many visitors,—I mean vertebrates, not articulates?—said the Master.

I thought this question might perhaps bring *il disiato riso*, the long-wished-for smile, but the Scarabee interpreted it in the simplest zoölogical sense, and neglected its hint of playfulness with the most absolute unconsciousness, apparently, of anything not entirely serious and literal.

—You mean friends, I suppose,—he answered.—I have correspondents, but I have no friends except this spider.

I live alone, except when I go to my subsection meetings; I get a box of insects now and then, and send a few beetles to coleopterists in other entomological districts; but science is exacting, and a man that wants to leave his record has not much time for friendship. There is no great chance either for making friends among naturalists. People that are at work on different things do not care a great deal for each other's specialties, and people that work on the same thing are always afraid lest one should get ahead of the other, or steal some of his ideas before he has made them public. There are none too many people you can trust in your laboratory. I thought I had a friend once, but he watched me at work and stole the discovery of a new species from me, and, what is more, had it named after himself. Since that time I have liked spiders better than men. They are hungry and savage, but at any rate they spin their own webs out of their own insides. I like very well to talk with gentlemen that *play* with my branch of entomology; I do not doubt it amused you, and if *you* want to see anything I can show you, I shall have no scruple in letting you see it. I have never had any complaint to make of amateurs.

—Upon my honor,—I would hold my right hand up and take my Bible-oath, if it was not busy with the pen at this moment,—I do not believe the Scarabee had the least idea in the world of the satire on the student of the Order of Things implied in his invitation to the “amatoor.” As for the Master, he stood fire perfectly, as he always does; but the idea that he, who had worked a considerable part of several seasons at examining and preparing insects, who believed himself to have given a new *tabanus* to the catalogue of native diptera, the idea that *he* was playing with science, and might be trusted anywhere as a harmless amateur, from whom no expert could possibly fear any anticipation of his unpublished discoveries, went beyond anything set down in that book of his which con-



tained so much of the strainings of his wisdom.

The poor little Scarabee began fidgeting round about this time, and uttering some half-audible words, apologetical, partly, and involving an allusion to refreshments. As he spoke, he opened a small cupboard, and as he did so out bolted an uninvited tenant of the same, long in person, sable in hue, and swift of movement, on seeing which the Scarabee simply said, without emotion, *blatta*, but I, forgetting what was due to good manners, exclaimed *cockroach!*

We could not make up our minds to tax the Scarabee's hospitality, already levied upon by the voracious articulate. So we both alleged a state of utter repletion, and did not solve the mystery of the contents of the cupboard, — not too luxurious, it may be conjectured, and yet kindly offered, so that we felt there was a moist filament of the social instinct running like a nerve through that exsiccated and almost anhydrous organism.

We left him with professions of esteem and respect which were real. We had gone, not to scoff, but very probably to smile, and I will not say we did not. But the Master was more thoughtful than usual.

—If I had not solemnly dedicated myself to the study of the Order of Things, — he said, — I do verily believe I would give what remains to me of life to the investigation of some single point I could utterly eviscerate and leave finally settled for the instruction and, it may be, the admiration of all coming time. The keel ploughs ten thousand leagues of ocean and leaves no trace of its deep-graven furrows. The chisel scars only a few inches on the face of a rock, but the story it has traced is read by a hundred generations. The eagle leaves no track of his path, no memory of the place where he built his nest; but a patient mollusk has bored a little hole in a marble column of the temple of Serapis, and the monument of his labor outlasts the altar and the statue of the divinity.

— Whew! — said I to myself, — that sounds a little like what we college boys used to call a “squirt.” — The Master guessed my thought and said, smiling,

— That is from one of my old lectures. A man's tongue wags along quietly enough, but his pen begins prancing as soon as it touches paper. I know what you are thinking — you're thinking this is a *squirt*. That word has taken the nonsense out of a good many high-stepping fellows. But it did a good deal of harm too, and it was a vulgar lot that applied it oftenest.

I am at last perfectly satisfied that our Landlady has no designs on the Capitalist, and as well convinced that any fancy of mine that he was like to make love to her was a mistake. The good woman is too much absorbed in her children, and more especially in “the Doctor,” as she delights to call her son, to be the prey of any foolish desire of changing her condition. She is doing very well as it is, and if the young man, succeeds, as I have little question that he will, I think it probable enough that she will retire from her position as the head of a boarding-house. We have all liked the good woman who have lived with her, — I mean we three friends who have put ourselves on record. Her talk, I must confess, is a little diffuse and not always absolutely correct, according to the standard of the great Worcester; she is subject to lachrymose cataclysms and semiconvulsive upheavals when she reverts in memory to her past trials, and especially when she recalls the virtues of her deceased spouse, who was, I suspect, an adjunct such as one finds not rarely annexed to a capable matron in charge of an establishment like hers; that is to say, an easy-going, harmless, fetch-and-carry, carve-and-help, get-out-of-the-way kind of neuter, who comes up three times (as they say drowning people do) every day, namely, at breakfast, dinner, and tea, and disappears, submerged beneath the waves of life, during the intervals of these events.



It is a source of genuine delight to me, who am of a kindly nature enough, according to my own reckoning, to watch the good woman, and see what looks of pride and affection she bestows upon her Benjamin, and how, in spite of herself, the maternal feeling betrays its influence in her dispensations of those delicacies which are the exceptional element in our entertainments. I will not say that Benjamin's mess, like his Scripture namesake's, is five times as large as that of any of the others, for this would imply either an economical distribution to the guests in general or heaping the poor young man's plate in a way that would spoil the appetite of an Esquimaux, but you may be sure he fares well if anybody does; and I would have you understand that our Landlady knows what is what as well as who is who.

I begin really to entertain very sanguine expectations of young Doctor Benjamin Franklin. He has lately been treating a patient whose good-will may prove of great importance to him. The Capitalist hurt one of his fingers somehow or other, and requested our young doctor to take a look at it. The young doctor asked nothing better than to take charge of the case, which proved more serious than might have been at first expected, and kept him in attendance more than a week. There was one very odd thing about it. The Capitalist seemed to have an idea that he was like to be ruined in the matter of bandages, — small strips of worn linen which any old woman could have spared him from her rag-bag, but which, with that strange perversity which long habits of economy give to a good many elderly people, he seemed to think were as precious as if they had been turned into paper and stamped with promises to pay in thousands, from the national treasury. It was impossible to get this whim out of him, and the young doctor had tact enough to humor him in it. All this did not look very promising for the state of mind in which the patient was like to receive his bill for attendance when

that should be presented. Doctor Benjamin was man enough, however, to come up to the mark, and sent him in such an account as it was becoming to send a man of ample means who had been diligently and skilfully cared for. He looked forward with some uncertainty as to how it would be received. Perhaps his patient would try to beat him down, and Doctor Benjamin made up his mind to have the whole or nothing. Perhaps he would pay the whole amount, but with a look, and possibly a word, that would make every dollar of it burn like a blister.

Doctor Benjamin's conjectures were not unnatural, but quite remote from the actual fact. As soon as his patient had got entirely well, the young physician sent in his bill. The Capitalist requested him to step into his room with him, and paid the full charge in the handsomest and most gratifying way, thanking him for his skill and attention, and assuring him that he had had great satisfaction in submitting himself to such competent hands, and should certainly apply to him again in case he should have any occasion for a medical adviser. We must not be too sagacious in judging people by the little excrescences of their character. *Ex pede Herculem* may often prove safe enough, but *ex verruca Tullium* is liable to mislead a hasty judge of his fellow-men.

I have studied the people called misers and thought a good deal about them. In former years I used to keep a little gold by me in order to ascertain for myself exactly the amount of pleasure to be got out of handling it; this being the traditional delight of the old-fashioned miser. It is by no means to be despised. Three or four hundred dollars in double-eagles will do very well to experiment on. There is something very agreeable in the yellow gleam, very musical in the metallic clink, very satisfying in the singular weight, and very stimulating in the feeling that all the world over these same yellow disks are the master-keys that let one in wherever he wants to go,



the servants that bring him pretty nearly everything he wants, except virtue, — and a good deal of what passes for that. I confess, then, to an honest liking for the splendors and the specific gravity and the manifold potentiality of the royal metal, and I understand, after a certain imperfect fashion, the delight that an old ragged wretch, starving himself in a crazy hovel, takes in stuffing guineas into old stockings and filling earthen pots with sovereigns, and every now and then visiting his hoards and fingering the fat pieces, and thinking over all that they represent of earthly and angelic and diabolic energy. A miser pouring out his guineas into his palm and bathing his shrivelled and trembling hands in the yellow heaps before him, is not the prosaic being we are in the habit of thinking him. He is a dreamer, almost a poet. You and I read a novel or a poem to help our imaginations to build up palaces, and transport us into the emotional states and the felicitous conditions of the ideal characters pictured in the book we are reading. But think of him and the significance of the symbols he is handling as compared with the empty syllables and words we are using to build our aerial edifices with ! In this hand he holds the smile of beauty and in that the dagger of revenge. The contents of that old glove will buy him the willing service of many an adroit sinner, and with what that coarse sack contains he can purchase the prayers of holy men for all succeeding time. In this chest is a castle in Spain, a real one, and not only in Spain but anywhere he will choose to have it. If he would know what is the liberality of judgment of any of the straiter sects, he has only to hand over that chest of rouleaux to the trustees of one of its educational institutions for the endowment of two or three professorships. If he would dream of being remembered by coming generations, what monument so enduring as a college building that shall bear his name, and even when its solid masonry shall crumble give place to an-

other still charged with the same sacred duty of perpetuating his remembrance. Who was Sir Matthew Holworthy, that his name is a household word on the lips of thousands of scholars, and will be centuries hence, as that of Walter de Merton, dead six hundred years ago, is to-day at Oxford ? Who was Mistress Holden, that she should be blessed among women by having her name spoken gratefully and the little edifice she caused to be erected preserved as her monument from generation to generation ? All these possibilities, the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, the pride of life ; the tears of grateful orphans by the gallon ; the prayers of Westminster Assembly's Catechism divines by the thousand ; the masses of priests by the century ; — all these things, and more if more there be that the imagination of a lover of gold is like to range over, the miser hears and sees and feels and hugs and enjoys as he paddles with his lean hands among the sliding, shining, ringing, innocent-looking bits of yellow metal, toying with them as the lion-tamer handles the great carnivorous monster, whose might and whose terrors are child's play to the latent forces and power of harm-doing of the glittering counters played with in the great game between angels and devils.

I have seen a good deal of misers, and I think I understand them as well as most persons do. But the Capitalist's economy in rags and his liberality to the young doctor are very oddly contrasted with each other. I should not be surprised at any time to hear that he had endowed a scholarship or professorship or built a college dormitory, in spite of his curious parsimony in old linen.

I do not know where our Young Astronomer got the notions that he expresses so freely in the lines that follow. I think the statement is true, however, which I see in one of the most popular Cyclopædias, that "the *non-clerical* mind in all ages is disposed to look favorably upon the doctrine of the uni-



versal restoration to holiness and happiness of all fallen intelligences, whether human or angelic." Certainly, most of the poets who have reached the heart of men, since Burns dropped the tear for poor "auld Nickie-ben" that softened the stony-hearted theology of Scotland, have had "non-clerical" minds, and I suppose our young friend is in his humble way an optimist like them. What he says in verse is very much the same thing as what is said in prose in all companies, and thought by a great many who are thankful to anybody that will say it for them, — not a few clerical as well as "non-clerical" persons among them.

## WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

## v.

What am I but the creature Thou hast made?

What have I save the blessings Thou hast lent?

What hope I but Thy mercy and Thy love?

Who but myself shall cloud my soul with fear?

Whose hand protect me from myself but Thine?

I claim the rights of weakness, I, the babe,  
Call on my sire to shield me from the ills  
That still beset my path, not trying me  
With snares beyond my wisdom or my strength,

He knowing I shall use them to my harm,  
And find a tenfold misery in the sense  
That in my childlike folly I have sprung  
The trap upon myself as vermin use  
Drawn by the cunning bait to certain doom.  
Who wrought the wondrous charm that leads us on

To sweet perdition, but the self-same power

That set the fearful engine to destroy  
His wretched offspring (as the Rabbis tell),  
And hid its yawning jaws and treacherous springs

In such a show of innocent sweet flowers  
It lured the sinless angels and they fell?

Ah! He who prayed the prayer of all mankind  
Summed in those few brief words the mightiest plea

For erring souls before the courts of heaven, —

*Save us from being tempted, — lest we fall!*

If we are only as the potter's clay  
Made to be fashioned as the artist wills,  
And broken into shards if we offend  
The eye of him who made us, it is well;  
Such love as the insensate lump of clay  
That spins upon the swift-revolving wheel  
Bears to the hand that shapes its growing form, —

Such love, no more, will be our hearts' return

To the great Master-workman for his care, —

Or would be, save that this, our breathing clay,

Is intertwined with fine innumerable threads  
That make it conscious in its framer's hand;  
And this He must remember who has filled  
These vessels with the deadly draught of life, —

Life, that means death to all it claims. Our love

Must kindle in the ray that streams from heaven,

A faint reflection of the light divine;  
The sun must warm the earth before the rose

Can show her inmost heart-leaves to the sun.

He yields some fraction of the Maker's right  
Who gives the quivering nerve its sense of pain;

Is there not something in the pleading eye  
Of the poor brute that suffers, which arraigns

The law that bids it suffer? Has it not  
A claim for some remembrance in the book  
That fills its pages with the idle words  
Spoken of men? Or is it only clay,  
Bleeding and aching in the potter's hand,  
Yet all his own to treat it as he will  
And when he will to cast it at his feet,  
Shattered, dishonored, lost forevermore?  
My dog loves me, but could he look beyond  
His earthly master, would his love extend  
To Him who — Hush! I will not doubt  
that He

Is better than our fears, and will not wrong  
The least, the meanest of created things!

He would not trust me with the smallest orb  
That circles through the sky; he would not give

A meteor to my guidance; would not leave  
The coloring of a cloudlet to my hand;  
He locks my beating heart beneath its bars  
And keeps the key himself; he measures out  
The draughts of vital breath that warm my blood,



Winds up the springs of instinct which un-  
coil,

Each in its season ; ties me to my home,  
My race, my time, my nation, and my creed  
So closely that if I but slip my wrist  
Out of the band that cuts it to the bone,  
Men say, "He hath a devil" ; he has lent  
All that I hold in trust, as unto one  
By reason of his weakness and his years  
Not fit to hold the smallest shred in fee  
Of those most common things he calls his  
own —

And yet — my Rabbi tells me — he has left  
The care of that to which a million worlds  
Filled with unconscious life were less than  
naught,

Has left that mighty universe, the Soul,  
To the weak guidance of our baby hands,  
Turned us adrift with our immortal charge,  
Let the foul fiends have access at their will,  
Taking the shape of angels, to our hearts, —  
Our hearts already poisoned through and  
through

With the fierce virus of ancestral sin.  
If what my Rabbi tells me is the truth  
Why did the choir of angels sing for joy ?  
Heaven must be compassed in a narrow  
space,

And offer more than room enough for all  
That pass its portals ; but the underworld,  
The godless realm, the place where demons  
forge

Their fiery darts and adamantine chains,  
Must swarm with ghosts that for a little  
while

Had worn the garb of flesh, and being heirs  
Of all the dulness of their stolid sires,  
And all the erring instincts of their tribe,  
Nature's own teaching, rudiments of "sin,"  
Fell headlong in the snare that could not fail  
To trap the wretched creatures shaped of  
clay

And cursed with sense enough to lose their  
souls !

Brother, thy heart is troubled at my word ;  
Sister, I see the cloud is on thy brow.  
He will not blame me, He who sends not  
peace,

But sends a sword, and bids us strike amain  
At Error's gilded crest, where in the van  
Of earth's great army, mingling with the best  
And bravest of its leaders, shouting loud  
The battle-cries that yesterday have led  
The host of Truth to victory, but to-day  
Are watchwords of the laggard and the slave,  
He leads his dazzled cohorts. God has made  
This world a strife of atoms and of spheres ;  
With every breath I sigh myself away  
And take my tribute from the wandering  
wind

To fan the flame of life's consuming fire ;  
So, while my thought has life, it needs must  
burn,

And burning, set the stubble-fields ablaze,  
Where all the harvest long ago was reaped  
And safely garnered in the ancient barns,  
But still the gleaners, groping for their food,  
Go blindly feeling through the close-shorn  
straw,

While the young reapers flash their glitter-  
ing steel

Where later suns have ripened nobler  
grain !

We listened to these lines in silence.  
They were evidently written honestly,  
and with feeling, and no doubt meant  
to be reverential. I thought, however,  
the Lady looked rather serious as he  
finished reading. The Young Girl's  
cheeks were flushed, but she was not  
in the mood for criticism.

As we came away the Master said to  
me — The stubble-fields are mighty slow  
to take fire. These young fellows catch  
up with the world's ideas one after  
another, — they have been tamed a  
long while, but they find them running  
loose in their minds, and think they are  
*feræ naturæ*. They remind me of young  
sportsmen who fire at the first feathers  
they see, and bring down a barn-yard  
fowl. But the chicken may be worth  
bagging for all that, he said, good hu-  
moredly.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.



## RECENT LITERATURE.\*

WE think every one will find Mr. Lamon's "Life of Lincoln" a book of uncommon interest, whatever may be the opinion of its wisdom, its reliability, and its propriety. On all these points we confess to having doubts, and on one at least something more than a doubt. We cannot see what there was in the career or the character of Lincoln that justifies Mr. Lamon in dragging from the dead man's grave the miserable fact of his unhappy marriage, and thrusting it again and again before the reader. It was a point that needed only to be touched with the lightest hand, to which it would have yielded all that was qualifying and significant in it; but this shameless pressure upon it, this record of preliminary occurrences, these hints of the spiritual squalor and the cruel suffering of his marriage, do nothing to explain Lincoln; and they form a violation of the silence of death, an aggression upon the right of those yet living — the widow and the blameless children — to the oblivion which at least temporarily falls upon such facts. This is the chiefly unpardonable feature of a work which has many features hard to forgive, and which treats all Mr. Lincoln's love-affairs with a maudlin insistence and a fumbling melodramatic sentimentality very repugnant to taste and trying to patience. There was really nothing uncommonly tragical in them; he lost his first love, and loved several times afterwards, as such vast numbers of other young men do, who finally marry happily, or marry unhappily, or marry not at all, and in either case do not greatly distinguish themselves from the human race at large. Lincoln was a man of profound inherent melancholy, and these disappointments doubtless had their effect upon him; but that this effect must have been superficial, all but the young ladies will believe; and his disappointments do little or nothing to account for him as the man we know. By and by it would have been well enough to tell of them; there is not necessarily any harm in them; there is nothing so "unchivalrous" even in Lincoln's own account of his courtship of Miss Owen that it cannot be excused as

a humorist's naturally fantastic view of the matter; but it was not yet the time to tell these stories. There are some things which the world has no right to know at once, even concerning the sorrows, the secret personal griefs, of a man who has inexpressibly benefited the world.

The history of Mr. Lincoln's childhood and early life is exceedingly full and minute. It appears to us at times quite too full to be quite true. There are few things so untrustworthy as the memory of a great man's boyhood friends and old neighbors concerning his life among them. The passion for distinction at his expense through indiscriminate praise or gross derogation, is one that few of them can resist; and even when their recollections are confronted and compared, it must be wellnigh impossible to sift the truth from them, to gather the grains of wheat from the bushels of chaff. However, this only tells against Mr. Lamon's book in greater degree than it tells against other biographies trusting to similar material, and it must be owned that the use of it is by no means unguarded. Some of the neighbor-lore is discarded, and poor, bragging Dennis Hanks, who wished to be drawn upon as an inexhaustible well of reminiscences, is quite needlessly snubbed before the world. Mr. Lamon was master to take Mr. Hanks's fables or leave them in silence; the jeering rejection of them has an air of cruelty.

But though there is little in this part of the work save an expansion of the stories told in some of the first campaign biographies of Lincoln, and the contribution to his personal history of a large additional quantity of similar stories, yet the whole is very useful as a description of the state of society in which he was born and passed his youth. In its general form and its external features life was the same in Indiana and Illinois during the first quarter of this century as in Kentucky and Western Pennsylvania and Virginia during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. But pioneer society in the younger States had lost nearly all its heroic and poetical traits, its hospitality, its dramatic courage, its picturesque religion, its sense of fraternity, and its hearty sympathy, and nearly all its vices remained. It was more shifting and unstable than ever, for it was born of the

\* *The Life of Abraham Lincoln; from his Birth to his Inauguration as President.* By WARD H. LAMON. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.



vagabond impulse of the most wayward children of the maternal West; it had no civilization at all to forget, but everything to learn; it was rude and fierce, without the generosity sprung from danger in the earlier time; it was quite as lawless and coarse, and it was more squalid; besides the stock was not so good, for there was a larger admixture of poor whites from the South, and less of the steady Scotch Irish, thrifty Yankee, canny Jerseyman in the younger than in the elder Western States.

"The houses were scattered far apart; but the inhabitants would travel long distances to a log-rolling, a house-raising, a wedding, or anything else that might be turned into a fast and furious frolic. On such occasions the young women carried their shoes in their hands, and only put them on when about to join the company. The ladies drank whiskey-toddy, while the men took it straight; and both sexes danced the live-long night, barefooted, on puncheon floors. The fair sex wore 'cornfield bonnets, scoop-shaped, flaring in front, and long though narrow behind.' Shoes were the mode when entering the ball-room; but it was not at all fashionable to scuff them out by walking or dancing in them. 'Four yards of linsey-woolsey, a yard in width, made a dress for any woman.' The waist was short, and terminated just under the arms, whilst the skirt was long and narrow. 'Crimps and puckering frills' it had none. The coats of the men were home-made; the materials, jeans or linsey-woolsey. The waists were short, like the frocks of the women, and the long 'claw-hammer' tail was split up to the waist. This, however, was company dress, and the hunting-shirt did duty for every day. The breeches were of buck-skin or jeans; the cap was of coon-skin; and the shoes of leather tanned at home. If no member of the family could make shoes, the leather was taken to some one who could, and the customer paid the maker a fair price in some other sort of labor. The state of agriculture was what it always is where there is no market, either to sell or buy, where the implements are few and primitive, and where there are no regular mechanics. The Pigeon Creek farmer 'tickled' two acres of ground in a day with his old shovel-plough, and got but half a crop. He cut one acre with his sickle, while the modern machine lays down in neat rows ten. With his flail and horse tramping, he threshed out fifteen bushels of wheat: while the machine of

to-day, with a few more hands, would turn out three hundred and fifty. 'He 'fanned' and 'cleaned with a sheet.' When he wanted flour, he took his team and went to a 'horse-mill,' where he spent a whole day in converting fifteen bushels of grain. The minds of these people were filled with superstitions, which most persons imagine to be, at least, as antiquated as witch-burning. They firmly believed in witches and all kind of witch-doings. They sent for wizards to cure sick cattle. They shot the image of the witch with a silver ball, to break the spell she was supposed to have laid on a human being. If a dog ran directly across a man's path whilst he was hunting, it was terrible 'luck,' unless he instantly hooked his two little fingers together, and pulled with all his might, until the dog was out of sight. There were wizards who took charmed twigs in their hands, and made them point to springs of water and all kinds of treasure beneath the earth's surface. There were 'faith doctors,' who cured diseases by performing mysterious ceremonies and muttering cabalistic words. If a bird alighted in a window, one of the family would speedily die. If a horse breathed on a child, the child would have the whooping-cough. Everything must be done at certain 'times and seasons,' else it would be attended with 'bad luck.' They must cut trees for rails in the early part of the day, and in 'the light of the moon.' They must make a fence in 'the light of the moon'; otherwise, the fence would sink. Potatoes and other roots were to be planted in the 'dark of the moon,' but trees and plants which bore their fruits above ground must be 'put out in the light of the moon.' The moon exerted a fearful influence, either kindly or malignant, as the good old rules were observed or not. It was even required to make soap 'in the light of the moon,' and, moreover, it must be stirred only one way, and by one person. Nothing of importance was to be begun on Friday. All enterprises inaugurated on that day went fatally amiss. A horse-colt could be begotten only 'in the dark of the moon,' and animals treated otherwise than 'according to the signs in the almanac' were nearly sure to die."

Born of the lowest down of these low-downers, Abraham Lincoln, while he was yet in the passive ignorance of youth, took the color of things around him—how could it be otherwise? On the memory of his mother, from whom he seems to have



derived all his intellectual force and possibility of growth, a cloud rested; his father appears to have been as worthless a squatter as ever breathed, — in the expressive Western phrase, thoroughly "ornery"; and Abraham Lincoln grew up to be the life of the corn-husking, the stag-dance, the wrestling-match, the free fight, the cross-roads grocery. Those wretched Hoosiers and Suckers, decimated by fever and milk-sickness, frozen by ague and burned by whiskey, ill-fed, ill-clothed, ignorant, superstitious, fierce, had a truculent love of humor, to which the gaunt, uncouth, good-hearted, bright-witted, wandering farm-drudge ministered by his mock-sermons, his scurrilous rhymes, his coarse stories; and it is no wonder if throughout life the habit of some of these things clung to him. He always told equivocal stories, we believe, while he lived; but it is not credible that he had any affinity save with the undeniable humor of those lawless tales. He was essentially a humorist, while even this unsparing biography, which strips from him every shred of privacy, shows him singularly free from any quality that could sympathize with their mere grossness.

It shows him continually outgrowing his faults; just in proportion as he grew in knowledge he grew in wisdom. Your admiration of him suffers nothing by the fact that he wrote malicious lampoons when a boy on those who slighted or misused him; for his magnanimity kept pace with his thought, and for every good thing that he learned he put a bad thing away, until he stood the foremost man in greatness of soul as well as mental power in his State, if not his nation. The processes of his education are duly dwelt upon by Mr. Lamon, but they are not novel or singular. It is the old story of the borrowed books, of study by the cabin-fire, of groping up the hill of knowledge without a hand to help or guide, — a story which has been told of so many that its pathos is now blunted, and it has come to be despised by those to whom fortune has been friendlier. But it can never cease to touch the heart of our people, whose experience individually and collectively is so often mirrored in it; and it is one from which humanity can well take courage, for it teaches how sufficient is a man to himself in all noble aims. It will not do to say that in no other circumstances than those which attended his development was Lincoln possible, but it is certain that he was

the product of a state of things that, according to all our theories of transmitted qualities, of civilization, of education, ought not to have produced the man he was, but a brutal, ignorant clown. Self-made men, if they are more than half made up, always deplore their want of school and college; they are rarely arrogant for themselves, whatever their admirers may be for them; they are commonly resolute, as Lincoln was, that their children shall have the advantages they had not; but none the less each of them, grotesque and unbalanced and unpolished as he may be, is an irrefutable witness that the virtue is in the race, and not in mere continuous culture. Perhaps also he may even intimate that Divine Providence still concerns itself with human affairs, and selects its instruments by tests which the sciences do not know.

Lincoln seems certainly to have been such an instrument of Providence, and he was not less so because, as Mr. Lamon's book shows, he sought with a consuming ambition all the honorable places that he attained, and did not wait, as some feeble-minded have supposed, for honors to seek him. Ambition was the absolute condition of his intellectual growth; it is in fact neither a good nor a bad thing in itself, or, rather, it is an unmixed good of itself unless a bad purpose qualifies it; and without it the droll, uncouth lot of the backwoods, whose very origin was lost in doubt if not in shame, would be now a barefooted old squatter on some far Western river-bottom. But the biography which tells us that Lincoln was eager to rise, fond of applause, made an idol of the people, was a politician to the core, also proves that he never unworthily sought office, or meanly craved popularity, or was ever a dishonest politician. On the contrary, nothing betrays less of selfish design, less of ignoble expedient in our history, than the development of Abraham Lincoln's greatness. It is by very slow degrees, but it is out of his great, true heart. The raw country lad, who makes a flat-boat voyage to New Orleans has never thought about slavery, or if he has, he probably shares the vulgar contempt of "niggers"; but in the South he sees men and women chained and beaten, and from that moment he abhors slavery. When he enters political life, however, he does not sympathize with the first enemies of slavery; possibly he thinks the Abolitionists provoked all the violence they suffered. He is a Whig, and



he is opposed merely to the extension of slavery; he votes in Congress "more than forty times" for the Wilmot Proviso. When the Whig party begins to break up after the nomination of Taylor, he remains a Taylor Whig; when that short-lived negative organization to which he belonged, the Anti-Nebraska party, crumbles to pieces, he does not know what he is; "thinks he is Whig." But he no sooner becomes identified with the Republicans than he becomes their life in Illinois; again and again he is their champion, beaten but undismayed. Finally he takes a step that terrifies them, defeats them, and threatens their ruin; he makes the speech declaring that the Union cannot exist half slave and half free. He is defeated for Senator, but he is the strongest man of the party. Wherever he goes, he makes this known; in Ohio, in New York, in New England. People are astonished at his simple and manly style, in which there is nothing rude or "eloquent," his shapely logic, his sagacity, his humanity, his humor; he is a revelation.

Mr. Lamon would have us believe that it was from shrewd forecast, from a desire to outdo Seward, to surpass the "irrepressible-conflict" speech, and thus snatch from the chief Republican the nomination in 1860, that Lincoln made "the house-divided-against-itself speech" in 1858. But this is asking too much. Lincoln had a perhaps superstitious consciousness of some high destiny reserved for himself, but he was no prophet, and it is far easier to believe that he spoke in 1858 from principle and conviction, and from a desire to be made Senator. No one could then foresee what the public mind would be in 1860; nay, we doubt if that phrase overthrew Seward, and raised Lincoln to the Presidency.

As to provisions for success less honorable than the prophetic instinct, there is little proof that Lincoln made any before the convention; yet he was a politician, and his "friends" were politicians, and they bought and sold as usual in the convention. Lincoln felt bound by their bargain with the Pennsylvanians, and sorely against his will gave Mr. Cameron a place in his Cabinet. But he never was at peace with himself as long as Cameron remained there, and he summarily dismissed him at last. In fact, the popular conception of Lincoln's character was an exceptionally sound and just one. He was honest. Whatever shadow of duplicity rests on his fame seems to have fallen from his slow

and hesitating habit of mind, and his continual self-subordination to the popular will. At the same time he did not become the prey of individuals; no one knew better how to manage and shake off the useless or worse than useless persons who believed they had greatly served him, and had "claims" upon him as early friends or zealous partisans. This facility Mr. Lamon is inclined to attribute to a cold-heartedness of which Lincoln seems to have given no other signs. Indeed, there is an antipathetic spirit towards Lincoln manifested through the greater part of the book, which is only restrained when the facts put it to shame, and which almost wholly disappears towards the end, when Lincoln has fully grown upon the reader's knowledge. It is as if the author had begun to write it with a dislike of Lincoln, which vanished as he learned to know him better. With this improvement of the author's tone, there is also a great improvement of his literature. The reader will perhaps get half-way through the large volume without great respect for the author's workmanship, which often appears coarse and flimsy; but the material immeasurably gains in dignity towards the close, and the author rises with it. We may instance as perhaps the best performance in the whole book the description of the final scenes of Lincoln's life at Springfield, and that of his farewell to his old friends and neighbors, though this is disfigured by the sentimentality which curiously mingles with the antipathy shown elsewhere:—

"It was a gloomy day: heavy clouds floated overhead, and a cold rain was falling. Long before eight o'clock, a great mass of people had collected at the station of the Great Western Railway to witness the event of the day. At precisely five minutes before eight, Mr. Lincoln, preceded by Mr. Wood, emerged from a private room in the dépôt building, and passed slowly to the car, the people falling back respectfully on either side, and as many as possible shaking his hands. Having finally reached the train, he ascended the rear platform, and, facing about to the throng which had closed around him, drew himself up to his full height, removed his hat, and stood for several seconds in profound silence. His eye roved sadly over that sea of upturned faces; and he thought he read in them again the sympathy and friendship which he had often tried, and which he never needed more than he did then. There was



an unusual quiver in his lip, and a still more unusual tear on his shrivelled cheek. His solemn manner, his long silence, were as full of melancholy eloquence as any words he could have uttered. What did he think of? Of the mighty changes which had lifted him from the lowest to the highest estate on earth? Of the weary road which had brought him to this lofty summit? Of his poor mother lying beneath the tangled underbrush in a distant forest? Of that other grave in the quiet Concord cemetery? Whatever the particular character of his thoughts, it is evident that they were retrospective and painful. To those who were anxiously waiting to catch words upon which the fate of the nation might hang, it seemed long until he had mastered his feelings sufficiently to speak. At length he began in a husky tone of voice, and slowly and impressively delivered his farewell to his neighbors. Imitating his example, every man in the crowd stood with his head uncovered in the fast-falling rain.

"FRIENDS,—No one who has never been placed in a like position can understand my feelings at this hour, nor the oppressive sadness I feel at this parting. For more than a quarter of a century I have lived among you, and during all that time I have received nothing but kindness at your hands. Here I have lived from my youth, until now I am an old man. Here the most sacred ties of earth were assumed. Here all my children were born; and here one of them lies buried. To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have, all that I am. *All the strange, checkered past seems to crowd now upon my mind.* To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God, who assisted him, shall be with and aid me, I must fail; but if the same omniscient mind and almighty arm that directed and protected him, shall guide and support me, I shall not fail,—I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To him I commend you all. Permit me to ask, that with equal security and faith, you will invoke his wisdom and guidance for me. With these few words I must leave you: for how long I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now bid you an affectionate farewell."

The book abounds in material which brings Lincoln personally before us, and some of the sketches in the closing chapters are very graphic:—

"Mr. Lincoln was about six feet four inches high,—the length of his legs being out of all proportion to that of his body. When he sat down on a chair, he seemed no taller than an average man, measuring from the chair to the crown of his head; but his knees rose high in front, and a marble placed on the cap of one of them would roll down a steep descent to the hip. He weighed about a hundred and eighty pounds; but he was thin through the breast, narrow across the shoulders, and had the general appearance of a consumptive subject. Standing up, he stooped slightly forward; sitting down, he usually crossed his long legs, or threw them over the arms of the chair, as the most convenient mode of disposing of them. His 'head was long, and tall from the base of the brain and the eyebrow'; his forehead high and narrow, but inclining backward as it rose. The diameter of his head from ear to ear was six and a half inches, and from front to back eight inches. The size of his hat was seven and an eighth. His ears were large, standing out almost at right-angles from his head; his cheek-bones high and prominent; his eyebrows heavy, and jutting forward over small, sunken blue eyes; his nose long, large, and blunt, the tip of it rather ruddy, and slightly awry toward the right-hand side; his chin, projecting far and sharp, curved upward to meet a thick, material, lower lip, which hung downward; his cheeks were flabby, and the loose skin fell in wrinkles or folds; there was a large mole on his right cheek, and an uncommonly prominent Adam's apple on his throat; his hair was dark brown in color, stiff, unkempt, and as yet showing little or no sign of advancing age or trouble; his complexion was very dark, his skin yellow, shrivelled, and 'leathery.' In short, to use the language of Mr. Herndon, 'he was a thin, tall, wiry, sinewy, grizzly, raw-boned man,' 'looking woestruck.' His countenance was haggard and careworn, exhibiting all the marks of deep and protracted suffering. Every feature of the man—the hollow eyes, with the dark rings beneath; the long, sallow, cadaverous face, intersected by those peculiar deep lines; his whole air; his walk; his long, silent reveries, broken at long intervals by sudden and startling exclamations, as if to confound an observer who might suspect the nature of his thoughts—showed he was a man of sorrows,—not sorrows of today or yesterday, but long-treasured and



deep, — bearing with him a continual sense of weariness and pain. He was a plain, homely, sad, weary-looking man, to whom one's heart warmed involuntarily, because he seemed at once miserable and kind. On a winter's morning, this man could be seen wending his way to the market, with a basket on his arm, and a little boy at his side, whose small feet rattled and pattered over the ice-bound pavement, attempting to make up by the number of his short steps for the long strides of his father. The little fellow jerked at the bony hand which held his, and prattled and questioned, begged and grew petulant, in a vain effort to make his father talk to him. But the latter was probably unconscious of the other's existence, and stalked on, absorbed in his own reflections. He wore on such occasions an old gray shawl, rolled into a coil, and wrapped like a rope around his neck. The rest of his clothes were in keeping. 'He did not walk cunningly, — Indian-like, — but cautiously and firmly.' His tread was even and strong. He was a little pigeon-toed; and this, with another peculiarity, made his walk very singular. He set his whole foot flat on the ground, and in turn lifted it all at once, — not resting momentarily upon the toe as the foot rose, nor upon the heel as it fell. He never wore his shoes out at the heel and the toe more, as most men do, than at the middle of the sole; yet his gait was not altogether awkward, and there was manifest physical power in his step. As he moved along thus silent, abstracted, his thoughts dimly reflected in his sharp face, men turned to look after him as an object of sympathy as well as curiosity: 'his melancholy,' in the words of Mr. Herndon, 'dripped from him as he walked.' If, however, he met a friend in the street, and was roused by a loud, hearty 'Good morning, Lincoln!' he would grasp the friend's hand with one or both of his own, and, with his usual expression of 'Howdy, howdy,' would detain him to hear a story: something reminded him of it; it happened in Indiana, and it must be told, for it was wonderfully pertinent."

This volume gives the history of Lincoln up to the moment of his inauguration, the account of his flight through Baltimore being full and circumstantial, and consolatory to the reader in showing that in this matter Lincoln yielded against his will and judgment to the wishes of his friends. The work is based upon the recollections of Lincoln's early and lifelong friends, upon

his own letters, and upon the abundant collections of his partner, Mr. Herndon. The theory upon which it is written seems to be that of photography; the faithful reproduction of every trait of Lincoln's character and every event of his life; and its failings are the faults which so often prevent photography from making a likeness; the focus is sometimes bad, the perspective is incorrect; more and less are included than should be in a truthful picture. Many trivialities are dwelt upon, and some things, such as the fact that Lincoln was not theoretically a Christian, are dwelt upon too much; what was needed being a brief refutation of the quackery on the part of his other biographers. But, on the whole, in spite of these defects, we think we may accept this as a likeness of Abraham Lincoln. There are extremely unpleasant things in it; here are the ineffaceable scars on those sad lineaments of early poverty, hardship, and mean associations; here is the coarseness which we all ought to have known was in him; but here also are the evidences of a rich, profound, wise, good soul.

Rarely in the whole course of literature have all the disguises of privacy been so stripped from any human character. It is as if it stood naked before the world. But in this gaunt, uncouth, melancholy figure there is so little to make his friends, who are all mankind, ashamed, there is so much of an immortal beauty and grandeur in him, that we might, save for a haunting sense of sacrilege, thank the half-unwitting hand that has so discovered him. The Lincoln of Mr. Lamon is after all the Lincoln whom the poet had already revealed to us: —

"Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,  
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,  
Not lured by any cheat of birth,  
But by his clear-grained human worth,  
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind  
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars;  
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;  
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lived,  
Fruitful and friendly for all human-kind,  
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

He knew to bide his time,  
And can his fame abide,  
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
Till the wise years decide.

Our children shall behold his fame,  
The kindly earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the first American."



## FRENCH AND GERMAN.\*

By far the cleverest and most entertaining book that we have to notice this month is Sardou's new play, *Rabagas*. The author is a well-known and experienced playwright, who has already lashed the follies and extravagances of the Second Empire with a dramatic success and a lack of moral improvement in his victims that might well make reformers despair if they were not generally made of very stern stuff, and did not go on their way in ignorance of the latest pieces of the theatres. In this play he strikes at higher prey than frivolous wearers of silks and satins, namely, at examples of the political levity of the French. He turns to ridicule both Émile Ollivier and Gambetta, while many less known Frenchmen may well feel their cheeks burning as they read his satire of their frenzies. It is simply the story of a turncoat, Rabagas, who is tempted from the position of demagogue by cheap bribes and gross flattery, who finds himself tricked by other machinations, is baffled in his revenge, and then, in bidding good by to those who have ousted him at the close of the play, announces that he intends to depart from Monaco, where the scene is laid, for the only country where talents like his are duly valued; they all ask him what country he means. He replies, "France," and with this last epigram the curtain drops. Running through the play is a little love-story that probably adds to the interest when it is acted, though to the reader it is of no great importance. We have not space enough to quote half of the epigrams that the play contains, or to do more than call the reader's notice to the Polish general who is to head the insurrection, and who has three thousand decorations but not a change of linen, and who, at the entrance of the police, hides under a table. The whole comedy is full of the keenest satire.

In the history of the stage this piece,

\* All books mentioned in this section may be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

*Rabagas*. Par VICTORIEN SARDOU. Paris. 1872.  
*Albert Fleurier*. Par ADOLPHE JOANNE. Paris. 1872.

*Francia*. Par GEORGE SAND. Paris. 1872.  
*L'Année Terrible*. Par VICTOR HUGO. Paris. 1872.

*Le Roman des Soldats*. Par JULES CLARETIE. Paris. 1872.

*L'Allemagne en 1871*. Par ERNEST FEYDEAU. Paris. 1872.

*Der Krieg und die Künste*. VORTRAG VON FRIEDRICH VISCHER. Stuttgart. 1872.

to our thinking, is of great importance. The English stage is in about as prosperous a condition as sculpture is in Washington; in Germany it is better, but in France alone does the drama really exist. That it will languish there without government aid seems certain, but the last few years, at any rate, have produced rich fruits. This, for obvious reasons, is almost the only political play of the day in France; but the author brings to it the experience of many years, during which he has profited by intelligent criticism and keen competition. We recommend this play to our contemporaries, and, with due humility, to posterity.

In fiction we have found but little that is new, and less that is good. Inveterate readers, whose minds are seared by a long course of French novels, may perhaps read Adolphe Joanne's *Albert Fleurier*. It is a novel belonging decidedly to the second class, but, on this very account it serves to show, by the care with which details are managed, the smoothness of the dialogue, the lack of creaking in the machinery of the plot, how much such respect on the part of the author for the reader is valued among a certain people which it is the fashion nowadays to decry for their frivolity. To the careful student of literature such novels are of importance, as are galleries of the paintings of second-rate men to the student of art, but no one wishes to write stories that may serve as literary warnings. No one feels flattered at being called an excellent example of mediocrity, one would rather be a first-rate villain. For still more hardened readers it will be almost enough to say that George Sand has written another novel, *Francia*, which is told with all of that author's admirable limpidity, as simply, smoothly, and clearly as if it had been all done at one breath. Whether the breath were worth taking is another question. Those who ignore what English readers would call, with the utmost mildness, lack of good taste, or who explain their fondness for such novels by alleged deep-seated psychological interest, will find the story readable, others will not. The volume contains a charming *proverbe*, as clever as need be.

In poetry there is Victor Hugo's new book, *L'Année Terrible*. It is not easy to read it with due reverence. The author's bombast, ranting declamation, noisy self-complacency, and rhyming billingsgate demand in the reader very ardent faith and



a great aversion to the ludicrous before he can admire the poem. It is in the terms following that the inspired bard speaks of Grant's message. We recommend the whole blast to the newspaper friends of Mr. Greeley, who may find in it excellent material for a campaign document : —

"John Brown, toi qui donnas aux peuples la leçon  
D'un autre gologotha sur un autre horizon,  
Spectre, défais le nœud de ton cou, viens, ô juste  
Viens et fouette cet homme avec ta corde auguste."

Here is an allusion to Spotted Tail : —

"Que le sauvage, fait pour guetter et ramper,  
Que le huron, orné de couteaux à scalper,  
Contemplant ce grand chef sanglant, le roi de  
Prusse,  
Certes, que le Peau-rouge admire le Borusse," etc.

Speaking of *L'Amérique baisant le talon de César*, he says : —

"Kosciusko frémissant réveille Spartacus ;  
Et Madison se dresse et Jefferson se lève :  
Jackson met ses deux mains devant ce hideux  
rêve ;  
Déshonneur ! crie Adams ; et Lincoln étonné,  
Saigne, et c'est aujourd'hui qu'il est assassiné."

We forbear to quote the lines addressed to Bancroft. Among other epithets, he calls him an "espèce d'ombre obscure et vague," "un nain," "un néant," and "un stercoraire." A gray-beard foaming with rage is not an agreeable sight.

M. Jules Claretie has written what he calls *Le Roman des Soldats*, which he dedicates to the army of vengeance. The book contains four short martial tales, praising highly the military valor of France. They

are of no special merit. The Introduction, in which he takes occasion to explain the military decay of his country, contains some intelligent writing.

M. Ernest Feydeau spent last autumn in Hamburg, and there devoted himself to the study of the German nation. He has embodied his results in a volume called *L'Allemagne en 1871*. He is not favorably impressed by what he saw. The Germans seem to him to lack polish, as well as more important virtues. He says that the nation has made no advance since the first century of our era. Nowhere, to our knowledge, has there been such an exhibition of poor taste, of petty spite, as in this book ; it is very much what the once notorious Belle Boyd might have written seven years ago about the North. With all its gross faults, it contains, however, some sparks of truth. Even the prejudiced enemy may see glaring faults.

Turning to the much-abused Germans, we find Vischer's *Der Krieg und die Künste*, a singularly German treatment of war, inspired by a desire to catalogue the effects it has had upon all the fine arts. For instance, the Iliad is a great poem ; it treats of war, statues represent warriors, there are some good paintings of battles, etc., etc. The same spirit, the scoffer would say, might persuade one to write about the æsthetical side of the recent hot weather, of railroad accidents, horse-cars, etc., but it is not likely that an American would do it.

## ART.

THE establishment of Art Museums in New York and Boston constitutes, let us hope, the first step in the direction of a satisfactory development of the fine arts in this country. Among these it is to painting that we have probably to look for the greatest achievements in the approaching century. The history of this art in America has been a peculiar one. There are not wanting instances of genius bursting up spontaneously from the rugged soil of the Colonies or the early States ; the sense of beauty, and the instinct to express its perceptions pictorially, exist abundantly among

us. But none of our native painters have been able to find nourishment for their artistic faculties in this hemisphere. Europe draws them like a magnet ; and West and Copley are regularly included in the British school of the last century. Stuart is in reality an English painter ; and it is impossible to suppose that Allston could have left us the riches he did, without long and renewed foreign study. Those who stand highest in our traditions, then, belong virtually to the art of other lands. Nor have we yet succeeded in obviating this anomalous condition. The men of the most aspiring



and delicate genius still escape to France, or England, or Italy, as of old. Our academies apparently possess insufficient means for even the immediate ends of the best minds; and there is no doubt that increased facilities for instruction in technicalities will greatly assist in checking this exodus of genius. But here is not the solution of the difficulty. Neither academies nor museums alone can wholly bring about the desired change, though both can assist, and the latter especially. It is not that our artists refuse to stay with us, if we but give them the slightest encouragement. On the contrary, we believe there are many instances of painters who, pecuniary necessities apart, would prefer to dedicate their art to the honor of their own country, and of men who remain here at the expense of their better artistic possibilities abroad. But they want a social atmosphere favorable to artistic growth, and a solid and appreciative support. The avenues to the future greatness in art of this country must be paved with gold. Wealth is indeed already scattered before the advancing divinity, but not always wisely. Government patronage, in a country where the people profess to govern, should do a great deal in this emergency. But unfortunately "the people" are content to pay a great deal for the privilege of sounding again and again this watchword, and leave the governing power meantime to expend vast sums upon works which, by unworthy representation, rather injure the aspect of art, the acquisition of anything valuable being chiefly a matter of chance. It is therefore to co-operative agency that we have to look for help. Under this head fall the new Museums of Art. These institutions are calculated to organize wealth and taste in the community, and thus, while gathering materials for the artist's study, to engage the popular interest, thereby stimulating such general movements as can alone insure the advancement of painting to a thorough success in this country.

The New York Metropolitan Museum has brought together an extremely useful gallery of pictures. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts, on the other hand, has recently put on exhibition at the Athenæum a collection embracing something over five hundred objects of art, the chief strength of which lies in its specimens of the ceramic art, and the art of sculpture, including under this term carved wooden furniture and some fine Italian medals of the fifteenth

century, as well as a brief series of plaster-casts from reliefs in marble by several Italian sculptors, from Orcagna to Benvenuto Cellini. About a half-dozen only of pictures are displayed. Thus it will be seen that the Boston Museum begins its work with materials which will make its influence upon painting rather more indirect than that of the Metropolitan Museum. But it has secured, in the pottery from Cyprus, and the admirable loan collection from T. G. Appleton, Esq., of Græco-Italian fictile vases, objects which it will perhaps be more difficult to obtain hereafter; while, with proper means and due effort, opportunities will no doubt be found to gradually render complete the pictorial department. In its present state, however, the collection contains illustrations greater in variety than that of the Metropolitan Museum, and if not so complete in respect of painting, it will still justify the chairman of the committee on the Museum, in styling it "an artistic microcosm, well calculated to teach the visitor something of the character and quality of the art-industry of many nations during a long period of the world's history." The Appleton collection exhibits, besides three small vases from the prehistoric inhabitants of Southern Italy, very perfect and interesting amphore, together with a variety of mixers, pitchers, saucers, and perfume-bottles, from the four epochs of the art intervening between the prehistoric period and the first century before Christ. The trustees are also fortunate in the possession of a large Gobelin tapestry executed in the seventeenth century. The design represents France crowned by victory, and, with its gorgeous scarlet and indigo blue melting through the somewhat faded fabric, and its border of flowers and fruits, through the maze of which peeps an occasional parrot, will open to the uninitiated eye a pleasurable view into this kind of artistic activity.

At last, after long waiting, Ward's statue of Shakespeare has been set up in the New York Central Park, and it is time to look at it with a critical eye: to judge how near the artist has come to doing what he set out to do, to measure the degree in which the work is likely to satisfy the world, ready enough and willing, no doubt, to see Shakespeare embodied, if it might be, but evidently unwilling to commit herself to an almost impossible experiment. At last, however, here it is; and young America, with the enthusiasm, the consciousness of strength, and the rashness that belong to



youth, has done and dared the dangerous task, and has crowned Shakespeare with high festival in his proudest public place, before France, or Germany, or even England has so much as begun to talk about a statue to him. No doubt, the purpose did the country honor, and, fortunately for us all, those whose earnest love for Shakespeare gave us the statue, found a man to make it as earnest as themselves.

Mr. Ward's previous works had not very clearly pointed him out as the man best fitted to make a statue of the ideal Shakespeare. His work had been not at all "ideal," but decidedly "realistic." His first statue—that of Simon Kenton, a figure offered, just before the outbreak of the war, to the legislature of his native State of Ohio for a place in the rotunda of the capitol, and not accepted in that moment of confusion and huge war appropriations—was the first statue made by an American that gave promise of a brighter day. It embodied his Western feeling for the pioneer; not the pioneer of Cooper and the sentimentalists, but the real pioneer whom Ward had seen and loved, to whose race he belonged. In its intention it was worthy to be placed by the side of the St. George of Donatello: it was as simple, as direct, as manly as that. It had not the ideal charm, nor the trace of that influence that all the Italian Renaissance work borrowed from the air in which it grew, but it was marked with high-breeding in its simplicity and its repose. Some day it must be put into marble, for the State of Ohio cannot afford to let such a statue, so produced, remain forever an unfulfilled possibility. "The Freedman" was Ward's first attempt at an ideal figure, and was a disappointment to those who had not discriminated. "The Freedman" is well modelled, and the motive is expressed with sufficient clearness, but perhaps it would not be in the power of any sculptor to express that particular motive with simplicity. If Ward had been asked to make a statue of a particular negro doing a certain thing, we believe no man in our day would have been likely to perform the task better than he. But this figure is not real, it is an allegory, and Ward showed in it, what he has since showed in his "Genius of Insurance," that the making of allegories is not what he was born for. But, then, we may safely ask, who in our time could have done it better? To embody an allegory, whether in painting, sculpture, or poetry, needs strong

faith; it never has been done, and never can be done, to order. Ward only failed where almost every man since the fifteenth century has failed. We wish he had not tried, and we wish too that there were some redemption in his failure. Then came the "Soldier of the Seventh Regiment"; and that being a subject to kill the ideal in any man's mind, if once it had entered it, Ward made little of it beyond a good-looking young man, the type of a regiment of good-looking men. Made as it was, however, just at the close of the war, one naturally looked in it for a type of something more heroic, and looked for what Ward probably never tried to put there. A Joseph Curtis, a Winthrop, a Lowell, a Shaw, either one of these splendid types of the part played in the war by the young men of America, would have been a worthier subject, and might have produced a statue into which the sculptor could have put something of himself. We do not reckon it a piece of good fortune for Mr. Ward that this work of his has been set up in the Central Park.

With the exhibition, in the plaster, of the "Indian Hunter," Ward's fame may be said to have become national. Up to this time he had produced nothing that could give him a place apart. Few people out of the circle of his friends had ever seen the "Simon Kenton," and, with all its merit, that was a youthful work, more valuable for the promise in it than for the performance. But the "Indian Hunter" was ripe fruit. Evidently, the man that made it was one of those that knew. It met all demands, and was the ideal in reality. The poet was pleased, the matter-of-fact man content, the child excited. Here was the living Indian of the West brought before us by one who had known him intimately, and behold!—he was the Indian of our imagination!

So far as we know, the "Indian Hunter" belongs to Ward and nature. We have seen it stated somewhere that "the pose is said to be borrowed." We do not think it just to a man like Ward to make such an assertion in such a way. Either say outright who charges that the pose is borrowed, and from what it is borrowed, or, say nothing. Mr. Ward, who is frankness itself, and, as everybody who knows him knows, very candid in talk about his own work, never hinted at any other figure as having suggested his statue; and without pretending to an exhaustive knowledge of the world of art, we will venture to deny that there is any such figure in existence.



Mr. Ward has never been in Europe, and as our collections of casts from the antique sculpture—for we have no originals—include only the famous statues, where could he have found an original that with his intimate knowledge of Indians would have seemed to him worth borrowing? The truth is, the attitude of the “Indian Hunter,” being precisely the attitude which Ward had himself seen the Indians take in hunting, belongs to his statue by right, and we are very sure its originality will never be seriously questioned. The same, too, with the muscles, which, we are told, are not Indian muscles. But ought not the work of an earnest, studious man, which represents a subject he is familiar with by actual experience, and in which he takes a lively interest, to be trusted rather than the criticism of persons who do not profess to have had his opportunities, and who have not the motive and the cue that he had, to hold the mirror up to nature? Certain it is, that the “Indian Hunter” is full of life and purpose, and in all sincerity, having seen whatever has been done by the men of our time, we know not one that could bear away the palm from it for elegance, for truth, for fire, or for technical execution.

It was to be expected that the Shakespeare would be roughly handled, for, in truth, what subject could be chosen outside the range of the so-called sacred subjects, that should challenge like this? And the difficulty is not far to seek; it shows itself as soon as the subject is named. Is it the ideal Shakespeare or the real Shakespeare that the artist is to give us? Is it the ideal author of the body of poetry we call “Shakespeare,” or is it the native of Stratford, William Shakespeare by name, upon whom, for lack of a better, we have fathered all this splendid progeny? Now, those who had studied Ward’s work from the beginning ought to have known that the ideal Shakespeare was beyond his reach, as it was beyond the reach of any man that lives, or of any man that ever did live. The limited service Ward tried to render us was this: to make, by the aid of the Stratford bust, the Chandos portrait, and the German mask, a figure that should represent the man William Shakespeare,—a figure upon which it might be agreeable to look, and looking, conjure up all that is connected in our minds with that name, all that we know of the plays and poems by our own experience; a statue that should resemble the

real man Shakespeare, who, if he did not himself write all that is set down to him, wrote some of it, and was the friend of the best men of his time, and was at least reckoned worthy, by one of the wisest and greatest among his companions, of words so warm and tender as these: “I did love the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any.”

It seems to us that Ward has well accomplished what he set out to do; and if he has felt, as no doubt he has, and makes us feel too, the limitations of his own nature, we must not make it a point against him: another man would have made us feel *his* limitations, and we should have been no better off. We are told that the statue is six and a half of its heads in height; and that this ratio would have “made an old Greek faint”; and another writer, or, as is most likely, the same writer in another place, makes the statement that Mr. Ward’s statue is six and a half heads in length, while the “Apollo Belvedere” is eight, and adds: “It is difficult to conceive what purpose the artist could have had in view in this radical departure from all received canons of proportion, when he could have had no knowledge of his original to warrant it.” Now it would be easy to show that the best authorities are in dispute as to the whole subject of the proportions of the human figure; that though there was, most likely, some law which the Greeks, whether working in Greece or in Italy, followed in making their statues, yet we do not know what the law was, nor has it ever been satisfactorily deduced from the most careful measurements of the famous statues. The measurements themselves vary, and even those statues whose height is the same vary materially in the proportions of the other divisions of the body. Vitruvius, it is true, tells us that the figure, according to the famous canon of the sculptor Polycletus, now lost, was eight heads high, yet the actual statues all fall short of that in measurement. Vitruvius, who was an architect and knew nothing practically of sculpture, gives a very confused account of the canon, and as to measuring by the head, any one who attempts it practically will acknowledge how impossible it is to obtain accuracy. Beside, even if the ancients as a rule followed this canon of Polycletus, yet there were orthodox and heterodox; and several sculptors—Lysippus chief among them—tried his hand at improving upon it. The tendency in the development of art seems



to have been, to lengthen the lower limbs, and it is to be observed that the same thing took place in painting and sculpture in the late Renaissance in France and Italy. But we see it plainly enough in the "Apollo Belvedere," a late Roman work made of Carrara marble in the time of Nero, though probably by a Greek sculptor, in the "Huntress Diana" of the Louvre, and in the lately discovered "Athlete using the Strigil" by Lysippus, now in the Vatican. Now with all this confusion, uncertainty, and disagreement, it is going out of the way to take Mr. Ward to task for not obeying a law whose terms no one knows, and by which, even as guessed at, or interpreted, sculptors of our day are not bound, and do not pretend to be bound. But the objection seems downright silly when we reflect that Ward had not the intention to make an ideally perfect human figure, but a characteristic human one, and that he must have taken the head — all he had — for a scale and standard of the body, and made the body such a one as he thought this head would naturally belong to.

We do not wish to take the attitude of a champion of Ward, whose work is his best defence. But justice to him can only be done by trying to find out what was his intention in any particular work, what seems to be his aim in his work generally, and then looking searchingly to discover how near he has hit his mark. All who know the private history of this statue of Shakespeare know that Ward has given the best study he is capable of to reconciling the known portraits, and that he believes in the German mask as a veritable mask taken from the dead face of Shakespeare. Now when he came to model this head, he must put it upon a trunk and legs that seemed to him made to support it and be controlled by it; probably it never entered into his mind to compare it with the Apollo, or the Faun, or the Antinous, or to apply to it any scale whatever but the scale of proportions he always carries in his eye, — as every man, by fate, and not by reason, carries his own. He tried to make the parts of his figure correspond to each other, and it is whether or not he has succeeded in doing this that we must question, not whether he has put an Apollo into doublet and hose.

Certainly, the statue is not free from a suspicion that the sculptor saw too much of Edwin Booth while modelling the figure, and fixing its attitude. Probably it is not well that it should remind us of Hamlet, as he enters, reading. But, after seeing the statue many times, and studying it long, we do not find this impression gaining ground; it cannot last when our regards are constantly drawn to the head, where all traces of any known person are quite lost in the individual characteristics that make up Mr. Ward's "Shakespeare." The drapery is well managed on the whole, though we could have wished that the cloak had not been caught up on the arm, but suffered to hang as it would. It is this, more than anything in the pose, which gives the ever so slightly theatrical look to the figure. But drapery has, once or twice, troubled Mr. Ward. The "Indian Hunter" should in a strict adherence to facts have been stark naked; the original model was so, for Mr. Ward, and others who know Indians as well as he, never saw an Indian hunting in any other state than naked; but a fear of, prudes, male and female, made him present the Indian with the fur fig-leaf which at present covers his loins. However, the fur fig-leaf is perhaps better than a tin one, and we suppose it must have come to that. In the "Seventh Regiment Soldier," too, there seemed no good reason for turning up the corner of the overcoat skirt, and there was no reason but the conventional advice of somebody to break the lines a little, no matter whether logically or not. And now we have this Elizabethan cloak, which seems to have been as much in Mr. Ward's way as it is in Shakespeare's: neither of them knows what to do with it.

But, after all these drawbacks, there remains to us in this statue an impression of so much manliness, sincerity, and right-thinking in the sculptor of it, and of so much beauty and strength in the lines and masses, of so much lightness in the poise, with the pleasant sense, not of motion, but of a motion arrested and soon to begin again, we cannot but acknowledge that the excellences of the work outweigh its faults by far, and that it must be long before any sculptor will give us a more satisfactory Shakespeare than this of Ward's.



## MUSIC.

AT last the Jubilee is over. The monster whose coming was heralded some months ago by such portentous rumblings in and about the Hub, and whose fitful career was anxiously followed by the eyes and ears of so many thousands, has in its turn become a thing of the past. Its career has been at times a brilliant, at times a sluggish, at all times an oppressive one. But if the monster came in like a lion, it certainly went out like the mildest of lambs; and even in its leonine days of vigorous youth, its roar was neither so terrible nor so lion-like as those who like roaring might have desired. It lacked the very vital principle of success, namely, unity of purpose. Got up as a business enterprise by a company, many of whom were little conversant with and even little interested in music, the "World's Peace Jubilee" was accepted by the public as a distinctly musical festival. The national or international phase of it, which, in the end, turned out to be the most interesting part of the whole, was at the outset thoroughly mistrusted by ninety-nine people out of a hundred; and however sincere Mr. Gilmore may have been in making it, to the best of his abilities, a genuinely international affair, which sincerity we see no reason to doubt, the "World's Peace Jubilee and International Musical Festival" was considered by most people to be merely a name, — under the circumstances as good a name as any other. As the Jubilee stood face to face with the public, the musical part of it held the first place. We fully believe that the projectors and promoters of the affair did their best, according to their lights, to make the musical part of it as good and as generally enjoyable as possible, and that the higher musical education of the mass of our people was one of their objects. After dispassionately looking back upon the whole Festival, we feel less and less inclined to quarrel with the fact that it was, after all, principally a business enterprise. In a young, democratic country like ours, these speculations in art, or, as Berlioz says, *ces mariages de convenance entre l'art et la basse industrie*, are inevitable. Art in any shape can nowhere live without money, and in a country where the tendencies are strongly utilitarian, and where four fifths of the

people are, at the very best, only willing to take for granted the benefits done mankind by art, and only negatively to encourage her by not running her down with their railroads and steamboats, or grinding her to atoms between the cog-wheels of their factories, we poor art-lovers and artists should only be too thankful when men who have the means think it worth their while to invest in art-stock instead of in railway bonds; and although the manner in which they handle our poor goddess is at times rough and even insulting, we must believe that they mean her no harm, and can only wish that, even in our own interest, they found her a more paying speculation. There was a deal of humbug about the whole affair, to be sure; but all the musical enterprises ever set on foot in this country that have not been composed at least of one third part humbug, could be written down with a swan-quill on a sheet of ladies' note-paper.

We think the Jubilee, on the whole, a failure, as whatever results were attained were vastly disproportionate to the means employed. We have hinted that this failure was owing to the want of any unity of purpose in the whole scheme. The thing tried to be too many things at once. It tried to combine a musical festival with a sort of all-the-world's Fourth-of-July; even the musical part of it was with too indefinite an artistic purpose. The programmes were from the first rather generally conciliatory than guided by any artistic principle, either good or bad; there was a want of backbone about the musical management of the whole. One of the most amiable features of the Festival was the great expenditure, both of pains and money, lavished on the production of Handel's "Israel in Egypt," even in the face of a certainty that the oratorio would be a dead pecuniary loss. So far from thinking that a whole day was given up to the performance of a great classic work merely "to lend respectability to the affair," as some people imagine, we believe that the committee were too well impressed with the "respectability" of the whole Festival to think for a moment that it needed the indorsement of a Handel oratorio to save its reputation from scandal. We think rather that the production of "Israel" sprang from an honest de-



sire to conciliate a taste that was known to exist in our more musically cultivated cities, and which, if the committee did not sympathize with, they at least respected and looked up to. The importance given to Verdi's Anvil Chorus was a like attempt to conciliate a taste of a different order, which, judging from the experience furnished by the previous Jubilee in 1869, was a strongly predominating one. We take "Israel in Egypt" and the Anvil Chorus as the two opposite magnetic poles of the Jubilee. What one attracted the other repelled. The two elements were essentially antagonistic, and could not be made to harmonize. The other choral portions of the programmes ranged themselves on a scale of attractiveness between these two points.

The most interesting as well as the most successful part of the Jubilee was the appearance of the French, English, and German bands. Apart from the musical excellence of their various performances, the evident friendly feeling between them and the audience was in itself, something worth witnessing. This was particularly noticeable in the reception of the English band. The whole audience seemed to welcome them as brothers and kinsmen; and when at last they responded to the continued applause with the "Star-spangled Banner," which was in turn answered by "Auld Lang Syne," a feeling came over all present deeper than that to be roused even by the noblest music. Considered musically, the French band was the most artistic. The only defect noticeable in their playing was one which we are too ignorant of the capacities of wind-instruments to know whether to attribute to the natural, unavoidable imperfections in the instruments themselves, or to some shortcoming in the players. This was a certain exaggerated, almost gasping *sforzando*, which at times recalled the asthmatic *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of a harmonica. As their playing was in other respects so perfect, we are inclined to think that this was the unavoidable result of trying to force wind-instruments out of their proper use in orchestral transcriptions and to do impossible things with them, namely, to imitate the peculiar stirring accent of the *strings* when strongly attacked by the bow. The Germans played with great fire and precision, but in loud passages they greatly overblew their instruments, especially their low brass, which made the quality of tone coarse and blaring, and many of those deli-

cate effects of light and shade so noticeable in the other bands were wanting in their playing. There was a stirring, martial, warlike spirit in their playing which was well in accordance with our ideas of the Prussian Army; and they even played Strauss waltzes as if they were marching to battle. So long as they played military music, this was all well enough and there was something characteristic in it; but their renderings of other music were generally coarse both in conception and execution, the opening chords of the Egmont Overture, for instance, sounded as if they were trying to blow down the walls of Jericho. The man with the cymbals was in particular a terrible fellow, and seemed to dominate the whole band. The performance of this overture by the Germans was in strong contrast with the playing of some selections from "Lohengrin" by the Frenchmen, which shortly followed it. This was almost the perfection of playing, never lacking life or emphasis; yet throughout, even in the ball-music (which, by the way, was taken in a most furiously rapid *tempo*), full of delicate lights and shades, and in fine, full, unforced tones. One of the best bits of playing during the Festival was the performance of the Semiramide Overture by the English band, which was very spirited and full of finely marked contrasts. The double-tonguing of the clarinets in the *allegro* was, indeed, something marvellous. At times the *tempo*, especially the *accelerando* at the end, smacked rather more of the band-master than of the cultivated orchestra-conductor; but this, after all, is a matter of taste, and from all accounts Rossini himself was not averse to a little exaggeration of "effects" now and then by way of spice. Another interesting point in the Jubilee was Johann Strauss's conducting. There was a demoniac, electric *je ne sais quoi* about the man that was peculiarly fascinating. His command over the orchestra was simply wonderful; they were like an instrument with him, and he played upon the men under his *bâton* just as much as he played upon the violin in his hands. Hearing his waltzes led by himself, after having heard them played by Thomas's orchestra, was like hearing our old friend of the ball-room, Mr. J. S. Knight, play them, after the matter-of-fact strumming of some school-girl.

The ingenious person who first hit upon the idea of having piano-forte solos in the Coliseum, may safely lay claim to a certain amount of not unamusing originality. Of



the three pianists who performed, we most sincerely pity Madame Goddard, and regret that she should have been led into playing on such an occasion, or have been in any way associated with such pianists as Herr Bendel or Mr. Wehli. Really fine pianists who are at the same time conscientious artists are too precious to have (in all literalness) their sweetness wasted on the desert air. As for Herr Bendel, he seems to have for once got into the right place. He is well known in Germany as what a Western critic once called, not infelicitously, "a first-class ivory-thumper," and the Coliseum gave him ample opportunity of showing off his powers to advantage. We heard him some three years ago in Berlin play Weber's *Concertstück* in a most disconcertingly astounding manner; and comparing his recent performances at the Jubilee with his playing then in a room of more limited dimensions, we have come to the conclusion that he is one of those *virtuosi* to whose playing "distance lends enchantment." We would not by any means say "the farther off the better," but we think that what Mr. Wegg calls the "mellerin" influence of a reasonable distance, say half the length of the Coliseum, might always be grateful to the ears of his audience. The first time we heard Mr. Wehli, several years ago, we could not help feeling that his proper sphere was the circus or the variety theatre, and not the concert-room, and we find that that opinion strengthens with time. Another of the *mistakes* of the Jubilee was Madame Rudersdorff's singing. She simply could not fill the house with her voice, and she was compelled to force her tones until her singing became a positive screech. As with Madame Goddard, it was only painful to see such a genuine and accomplished artist, in the highest sense of the word, placed in such a false position. Madame Peschka-Leutner's singing was in every way a charming success. Her rich, telling voice easily penetrated every part of the building, so that little even of her most rapid passage-work was lost by anybody.

But the most significant thing in the whole Jubilee was that the very point that was trumpeted forth in all the announcements as the greatest musical attraction, the one element that was to have made a "Peace Jubilee" grander and more imposing than all other musical festivals, turned out to be the thing of all others that most prevented its being a *musical* success.

This was the monstrous size of the whole thing. In this last Jubilee, as in the previous one, the mass of singers had to be distributed over so large a space, that any precision of attack was physically impossible; there was not and could not be any clearly defined outline to the singing, but everything was blurred and indistinct. Pieces with little melodic outline, such as the chorals and psalm-tunes, suffered least from this, but even here the effect was not so good as when similar pieces were performed at the Handel and Haydn triennial festivals by an incomparably smaller chorus in a smaller hall. This vagueness of outline was so great, that it was wellnigh impossible to judge of the merits of a composition heard then for the first time. One thing sounded about like another. Then again, it is impossible to keep so large an audience quiet, and the constant running up and down stairs, the walking in the corridors, and the talking and even whispering of so many people, formed a serious drawback in preventing the music from having its full effect.

And now a word as to the advisability of jubilees of this sort from a purely musical and educational point of view. First, as to the good they do. It may be safely said that fully half of the members of the chorus would never have become acquainted with much of the better class of choral music but for these festivals. The months spent in careful rehearsal of even one Bach *choral*, and a few Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn choruses, cannot fail to be of great benefit to a large class of music-lovers who would otherwise in all probability never have studied anything better than common choir psalmody or poor street ballads. The performances of the foreign bands were no doubt of benefit, and we hope to see some consequent improvement in our own bands in future. So far, good. But, on the other hand, great harm is done by creating in the general public an unnatural and perverted appetite for what is merely big, rather than for what is great and good, a craving after quantity rather than an appreciation of quality. Even though a large mass of the public probably heard fine specimens of classic music for the first time on coming to the Jubilee, the performance of the music was, from the nature of things, so vaguely imperfect and ineffective that little if any real good can be hoped from their making its acquaintance in such a manner. Enterprises like



the Jubilee are only pardonable on the supposition of a very low degree of general musical culture in the country, and we think that the small success of the last one, as compared with the Festival in 1869, shows that our people have already made great advance in musical culture. We are not prepared to deny that the first Jubilee may

have been an important agent in educating them up to this point. If it was, it certainly did a good work, and Mr. Gilmore should now be content to repose on his fairly earned laurels. But for the future it must be borne in mind that the people have been educated up to the appreciation of something better.

## SCIENCE.

IN 1835 Auguste Comte observed that there will probably never be any such thing as a science of sidereal astronomy; for without measuring the distances of the stars and ascertaining their actual motions, we cannot even be sure that the law of gravitation prevails beyond the limits of our solar system; and up to 1835 all attempts at measuring stellar distances had proved abortive. In less than four years, however, the first step was taken toward founding a science of stellar astronomy, when Bessel ascertained the distance of the star 61 Cygni. The obstacles which he overcame were such as might well have seemed insurmountable, and it is but slowly and with uncertain steps that astronomers have been able to extend his researches. The measurement of the distance of 61 Cygni — the nearest star in the northern heavens — was indeed followed by the determination of its real transverse motion, which was found to amount to about fourteen hundred and fifty millions of miles per annum, or about forty miles per second. But a single fact like this in reality tells us next to nothing concerning the structure of the sidereal system, and the hosts of similar facts which we need are extremely hard to gather. Without knowing the distances of the stars, we cannot translate their apparent motions into their real motions; and of the five thousand eight hundred and fifty lucid stars which can be seen by the naked eye, there are not more than twenty of which we have as yet been able to estimate the distance, while in only ten or eleven cases has the distance been satisfactorily determined. In the next place, even when we have obtained the amount of a star's real transverse motion, as in the case of 61 Cygni, we have got but

half-way toward a knowledge of its total actual motion. For obviously the star's apparent transverse motion may be due either to a real motion which is at right angles to the line joining the earth and the star, or — which must be much oftener the case — it will be due to a real motion in a diagonal direction as referred to the same line. In the latter case we can ascertain but one of the elements of the diagonal motion, that, namely, which may be called the thwart-motion. The other element, namely, the motion towards the earth or away from it, cannot of course be determined by observation, as it does not affect the star's apparent motion. When a railway-train at a long distance is directly approaching us, it has no apparent motion, it seems to stand still; and if it is approaching us diagonally, all that part of its motion which is bringing it nearer to us is subtracted from the apparent motion it would have if viewed from a point at right angles to the track upon which it is running. In short, it is only thwart-motion which can make any object directly inform our eyes that it is changing its place.

This statement, however, is not rigorously correct. If a train is coming directly toward us as we stand in the depot, its approach is directly determinable, partly from comparison with neighboring fixed objects, partly from the increased size of its image upon the retina. When we look at the stars, however, we do not have these helps to our vision. If a given star is coming straight toward us at the rate of forty miles per second, a comparison with neighboring stars will not help us at such an enormous distance. And, as for intensified retinal impression, if a star were to move toward



us at this rate of speed, a thousand years would hardly suffice to make an alteration of two per cent in its brilliancy.

To measure the rate of direct approach or recession of a star would, therefore, seem to be forever impossible. And as this element of direct approach or recession must enter into the motion of all stars whatever save the few which may be supposed to move precisely at right angles with reference to the earth's position, it would appear to become questionable whether we can ever get any available knowledge of the behavior of the bodies constituting the stellar universe. So that Auguste Comte might seem, after all, to be justified in his bold assertion, that we are never to have a science of stellar astronomy.

But it is rash to seek to set limits to the possibilities of human achievement. Here, from the quarter least expected, a ray of the needed light has been shed upon this most difficult problem. As the doe, in the old fable, keeping her sound eye landward, was at last shot by archers passing in a boat, so Nature has here been forced to render up her secret in the most unlooked-for way. Through the amazing results obtained by spectrum analysis it has turned out that our heavier difficulty has become the lighter one, and that the direct approach or recession of a star is actually easier to measure than its thwart-motion! Properly to exhibit the character of this most brilliant discovery, we must beg leave to recall to the reader a few considerations of which he may not otherwise bethink himself.

If the waves of a river, blown by the wind, are travelling in the same direction in which a swimmer is swimming, it is obvious that the white crests of any two consecutive waves will seem to the swimmer to follow each other more slowly than would be the case if he were swimming in a direction parallel to the direction of the wave-fronts; while, if he were swimming in a direction contrary to the motion of the waves, the crests would pass him with an apparent increase of speed. And manifestly, the more rapidly the waves appeared to pass, the narrower would the waves seem to be; and the slower the waves, the broader would they seem from crest to crest. Now the case is essentially the same whether the waves in question be those of a river, or those atmospheric waves which are known as sound, or those molecular waves which are known as light. Sound-waves travel, of course, much faster than the waves of water,

namely, twelve hundred feet per second. Yet if from any source a sound of uniform pitch be emitted, the pitch of the sound will nevertheless seem to vary when the hearer approaches or recedes from the source of the sound, provided his rate of movement bears some appreciable ratio to the speed of the sound-waves. It is thus that when a railway-train is rapidly approaching us, its steam-whistle, though maintaining a uniform pitch, yet seems to sink by a fifth or an octave.

In the case of a star moving directly toward us or away from us, the same principle holds good; yet it would seem impossible that the motion of a star, however rapid, could bear any appreciable proportion to the enormous velocity of light. A speed of forty miles per second, when compared with the speed of light, is as that of a snail to that of an express-train. Nevertheless, when we consider the inner structure of a ray of light, we find that assistance is obtainable from this quarter. It was some time since suggested by M. Doppler, that the color of a star may depend upon its motion. If a star can be supposed to approach us so swiftly that the red waves emitted by it will be so shortened as to produce upon our retinas the effect of orange light, and so on through the spectrum, then the star's change of color, resulting from the loss of its red rays, will afford an index of the rate of speed at which it is nearing us. But this reasoning is fallacious, because it loses sight of an essential fact. Below the extreme red rays of the spectrum, there are numberless dark rays, with wave-lengths greater than are cognizable by our retinas. Obviously the general shortening of wave-lengths occasioned by the star's swift approach would so shorten these dark waves as to enable them to produce in us the sensation of red light, so that the color of the star would remain unaltered. And in the case of a receding star the result would be the same, since the lengthening of the waves answering to dark rays above the violet end of the spectrum would keep up the supply of the violet portion of the star's light.

We cite this erroneous suggestion of M. Doppler, because it has proved suggestive of truth by reason of its very erroneousness, and because the reader, having duly considered it, will the better understand the ground upon which rests Mr. Huggins's magnificent discovery. Though it is not true that the color of a distant object will change with its motion towards or



away from the observer, it nevertheless happens that the *lines* of the spectrum cast by the object will be shifted in position as the object draws near or recedes. Here, as Mr. Proctor observes, in his lately published volume of "Essays on Astronomy," "we have at once a most delicate means of detecting stellar movements of approach or recession. If in the spectrum of a star we can see a recognizable group of lines, or a line recognizable by its strength, and if in any way we can prove that this line does not hold the exact position which it has in the solar spectrum, then the change of position must be looked upon as due to the star's motion towards or from the earth. The shifting of the spectrum bodily, which produces no change whatever in the star's *color*, brings all the *lines* into new positions, and any one line, marked enough for ready examination, suffices as well as a hundred to determine the existence of such a change." The rapid approach of a star, causing a general diminishing of wave-lengths, shifts the lines upward toward the violet end of the spectrum; while when the star is swiftly receding, the lines are shifted down toward the red end. Four years ago Mr. Huggins, working upon these general principles, found that the F line in the spectrum of Sirius was displaced downwards, being removed by about one two hundred and fiftieth of an inch from the corresponding line in the spectrum of hydrogen. From this accurately measured displacement Mr. Huggins was enabled to calculate a recession of rather more than forty-one miles per second; which leads to the result, after taking into account the earth's own motions, that Sirius is travelling away from us at the rate of twenty and five tenths miles per second.

Now Sirius does not move directly away from us, but diagonally, and as this is one of the few stars whose distance has been measured, we are able also to calculate its

transverse motion; so that, as a final result, we find that the star is moving through space in a given direction at the rate of thirty-three miles per second. In one case, then, the problem of stellar motion was solved by Mr. Huggins's discovery of 1868.

But during the present year Mr. Huggins has obtained a large number of striking facts by this same ingenious method of research. He finds, for example, that Arcturus is approaching us at the rate of fifty miles per second, with a thwart-motion of about the same speed. And, having with equal success measured the motions of many other stars, he observes a general tendency among the stars in one portion of the heavens to approach the solar system, while in the opposite quarter the stars are receding from us. Moreover, the results obtained by Mr. Huggins throw welcome light upon the lately noticed phenomena of star-drift. For example, it is shown that five stars in the constellation of the Great Bear are all receding from the solar system at the common rate of thirty miles per second.

In view of these results,—obtained by attacking the great problem upon what was apparently its least vulnerable side,—we may reasonably hope ere long to be in possession of data sufficient to constitute a genuine science of sidereal dynamics. It can hardly be doubted that, with the aid of Mr. Huggins's marvellous disclosures, and of other discoveries to be obtained by the prosecution of the same method, we shall eventually know enough of the true motions of the stars to be able to frame some theory of the mutual relations among the forces which impel this stupendous system of worlds. Already there begins to be detected a complexity of arrangement and behavior among the members of the starry universe sufficient to carry our speculations far beyond the point at which they were left by the painstaking researches of the elder and the younger Herschel.



## POLITICS.

THE fate of the Washington Treaty has for many months been as uncertain as that of the hero in Charles Reade's novels. It has been left for dead and rescued so many times, that the public have ceased to take much interest in its condition. Thrice has it been saved by the masterly inactivity of Mr. Gladstone, thrice by the presence of mind of General Schenck, and latterly the tribunal of arbitration at Geneva has been saving it, when it was supposed to be utterly and hopelessly dead. Exactly how this final restoration to life will turn out does not quite appear, nor whether it is yet safely past all its perils; whether

Malice domestic, foreign, tory, naught  
Can harm it further,

or whether General Butler and Earl Russell still have power to vex and torment it. Many humane persons had hoped that a vote in the House of Commons or another *ultimatum* from Washington (say the tenth) would finally put the poor sufferer out of its misery, and leave the way clear for a permanent settlement on a better basis. But apparently this is not to be. It is so manifestly the wish of both governments to have the skeleton at least of the treaty preserved, its complete failure would be such a political dead loss to both, that it has long been plain no pains would be spared to keep it alive at least till the close of the parliamentary session, and of our Presidential campaign. Whether the decision of the arbitrators, throwing out the indirect claims, will do more than prolong its existence until Congress meets again, will depend somewhat on the result of our election. After all that has passed, the downright refusal of the English nation to submit a part of our case to arbitration at all, followed by so much petty and higgling negotiation, and by several very questionable letters and declarations of General Schenck, it is by no means so certain as it once was that the United States, under a new administration, would accept an unfavorable decision by the arbitrators as final. Mr. Greeley is understood to be utterly opposed to the whole course of our government, on this question and every other, since he was nominated for the Presidency. Should he be elected, and should his election happen to place Mr. Sumner in the

State Department, all that has yet been done to save the unlucky treaty might still prove useless. The re-election of General Grant, we presume, would be held to indorse all the acts of his administration which it had not then repudiated; but as it is not probable that Mr. Fish and Mr. Bancroft Davis will continue in office, if General Grant does, there is no certainty that the new Secretary of State will follow in the steps of his predecessor. However gratifying, therefore, the complete settlement of our controversy with England might be, and however well disposed the Geneva tribunal may be to settle it, we cannot see that they are likely to do so, at their present rate of activity, before the November election shall come on, perhaps to give the question an entirely new aspect. But it seems to be decided that each portion of the treaty is to stand or fall by itself; so that, whatever may be the disposal of the Alabama claims, the other matters at issue may perhaps go on to a complete settlement while this Gordian knot is still as fast tied as ever. The Geneva arbitrators have kept their own counsel since their first decision, ruling out the indirect claims, was made public; and though we have rumors that they are reducing very much our claims for direct damages, there is as yet no certain information on the subject. Apathetic as our people have become respecting the treaty and its practical results, it is far from certain that they would acquiesce in a verdict at Geneva by which — to quote the coarse but expressive language ascribed to Mr. Evarts, one of our counsel — we should both lose our money damages and be “chiselled out of our grievance.” This new danger to the “amicable settlement” which the treaty aims at has already begun to excite the apprehensive minds of the Tory newspapers in London, and ought not to be quite overlooked on our side of the ocean. Whatever the final result may be, the poetry and sentiment of the treaty negotiation have long since evaporated in the handling, and we have come down to the boldest prose in our treatment of the matter on both sides. American diplomacy is largely responsible for this fine example of natural disillusion; it lost a great opportunity to be magnanimous, to secure the good-will of other na-



tions; and the curse of a granted prayer may yet be keenly felt by our negotiators when they come to sum up, a year or two hence, the whole result of their long labor. But we will hope for better things; partly because Mr. Adams has now quite as much voice in the decision as Mr. Fish has.

ALTHOUGH the country has seen, in the twenty Presidential elections that have occurred since Washington's first term ended, almost every phase of political contest of which it was deemed capable, we are having this year a new campaign, of which the beginning and progress have been unlike anything before seen. At first, Presidential candidates were taken from a small list of the Revolutionary leaders, and were selected neither by conventions nor congressional parties, but indicated by their own prominence before the country. Washington, Adams, and Jefferson are examples of this; the first and perhaps the grossest illustration of the modern doctrine of availability, however, appeared in the union of the Federalists in 1800—1 upon Aaron Burr in opposition to Jefferson. After Jefferson's administration the custom prevailed of making the Secretary of State a candidate for the Presidency, and this had become important enough in 1827, when Henry Clay was Secretary, to call out from the partisans of Jackson a protest against handing down the office in this way, by a sort of legitimate succession. Amos Kendall, then editing a Kentucky newspaper, and a bitter enemy of Clay, spoke of him and John Quincy Adams as "mayors of the palace," who in the Presidency of their chief, had plotted to gain the sovereign power for themselves. The danger was not a very alarming one, and since Adams's time very few Secretaries of State have risen to be President. Van Buren did, but after a long interval, and so did Buchanan, who was Mr. Polk's Secretary ten years before he was elected over Fremont, in 1856. But neither Harrison, nor Polk, nor Cass, nor Taylor, nor Scott, nor Pierce, nor Fremont, Lincoln, Douglas, Breckenridge, Bell, McClellan, Grant, nor Seymour had been Secretary of State, and only two or three of them had been in the Cabinet at all when they were candidates for the Presidency. Nor did Webster, or Calhoun, or Marcy, or Seward—all able Secretaries—ever come to be Presidential candidates, in the modern sense of the word, after 1828; that is, they did

not obtain the sanction of a party caucus or convention. The national convention, properly speaking, is but thirty-two years old, for it did not become an established institution till 1840, when Harrison was nominated over Clay and Webster, as Taylor was in 1848, and Scott over Webster in 1852. Such a convention opens a lottery in which the real leaders of a party are as likely to draw blanks as prizes, and which is not favorable to the selection of great men as Presidential candidates. With the exception of Clay in 1844, and Lincoln in 1860 and 1864, no first-rate man has received the nomination in such a convention of either party; the ordinary result being men, like Polk and Pierce, or Scott, Taylor, McClellan, and Grant, who were either mere party instruments, or men with a military reputation, but of unknown political qualities. This year the cut-and-dried partisan conventions were anticipated by the irregular and eccentric Cincinnati gathering, which, by a sort of accident, put in nomination a man as unique as the occasion of his appearance. For Mr. Greeley had been a party leader for thirty years, and yet had no party when he was nominated; he is not a first-rate man, though the equal in ability of any of our later Presidents save Lincoln; yet he defeated Mr. Adams, who is one of the few trained statesmen of the country, and caused every Democratic aspirant for the nomination to vanish from the field; so that the Baltimore Convention literally did nothing but ratify the proceedings at Cincinnati. Mr. Greeley has developed unsuspected strength as a candidate, so that, as we write, the election is as doubtful as any that the present generation of voters can remember. It has become quite common to say, in view of the rapid and apparently firm concentration of parties on Mr. Greeley's support, that, "unless something unforeseen should happen," he is in a fair way to be elected. This may be true; but the unforeseen is sure to happen this year, and from the present aspect of the campaign no safe conclusion can be drawn.

In fact, if ever the Horatian virtue of *nil admirari* and the Indian's resolution not to be surprised at anything were in request, it is in this year of 1872, which has been one succession of surprises, politically speaking, from the beginning until now, and which promises to surprise us still more in various ways. We began with open-mouthed wonderment over England's reception of our "case" under the



treaty; the unexpected growth and still more unexpected result of the Cincinnati movement surprised the country more yet; but its greatest astonishment has been the course and attitude of the Democratic party since the Cincinnati nomination. Steady-going old political prognosticators have been quite thrown out of their reckoning; the ancient landmarks have not only been removed, but have taken to waltzing up and down and all about in a most confusing manner; and of the political situation that seemed to exist a year ago, "naught doth endure but mutability." Fancy the laughter that would have greeted the prediction, twelve months since, that the Democratic National Convention, by a vote of more than ten to one, would nominate Horace Greeley for President, and that the whole effective force of that party in stubborn, unchanging regions like New Hampshire and Kentucky would rapturously applaud the nomination! And yet this is what the month of July bore witness to. Less remarkable now, but quite as extraordinary a year ago, would have seemed the harmonious combination between these Democrats and such Republicans as Trumbull of Illinois, Julian of Indiana, Blair of Michigan, Sedgwick of New York, and Bird of Massachusetts. Not less surprising in the last-named State is the cordial union in the new Greeley party of prohibitionists and imbibitionists, (to coin a much-needed word,) of Butler men and anti-Butler men, and every shade, in fact, of the thousand-fold opinions that Massachusetts permits her citizens. Driven to his wit's end for an explanation of these things, the observer is forced to conclude that there is a cause far deeper than those ordinarily suggested. When the compass-needle varies greatly this way or that, the surveyor suspects local attraction, and is generally right; but when it traverses irregularly and inexplicably, he gradually understands that he is in the midst of a magnetic storm, of which the current cannot be calculated. Something analogous to this is happening politically this year; we have reached one of those periods of upheaval, when it is futile to predict anything but change, and perfectly safe to predict that.

One thing seems certain at this date and it is quite as unexpected as any part of the year's record. The campaign is not likely to turn on the personal fitness or unfitness of either candidate. Mr. Sumner might have spared his speech against

Grant, and the caricaturists and editors may as well give over their onset against Greeley's eccentricities of dress, opinion, conscience, and manners. The contest, such as it is, is fought above or below the range of arguments of this sort; the Republicans would support a much worse man than Grant is even supposed to be, rather than give up the government of the country; and the Democrats and disaffected Republicans would vote for a more objectionable man than Greeley, if one could be found, rather than not change the present administration. All this, too, while the platforms of the two contending parties are in essentials the same. The real question is one of confidence in the administration, and on this the issue is making up. Thousands, perhaps even hundreds of thousands of citizens will abstain from voting at all, because they believe both candidates personally unqualified or disqualified for the Presidency; but the election will be carried for or against the administration on its general merits, and on the strength or weakness of the popular demand for a change, "for the sake of change," as Mr. Webster once said.

The great difficulty in Mr. Greeley's way is the dread and disgust which the country still feels at the thought of the old Democratic party, whose nominee, under a change of policy, Mr. Greeley has become; and in pressing the Democrats with their old iniquities the Republicans do well and make a decided impression on the voters, especially at the North. But, on the other hand, he has an advantage in the apparent disposition, not only at the South, but with the war Democrats and many of the Republicans, to close the war record and open new books. It is even possible that the military renown of General Grant, which secured his first election, will prove a hindrance in this contest, since it was gained in a civil war. Mr. Greeley's trophies, such as they are, belong to more pacific and bucolic contention; and if Mr. Sumner's letter to his colored friends has the effect to be anticipated for it from their reliance upon his counsels hitherto, we may yet behold the amazing spectacle of the rebel lion and the colored lamb lying down together, and sweetly submitting themselves to the childlike guidance of Mr. Greeley, while the wicked spectres of race-prejudice and kukluxery fly dismayed from this most unexpected result of that leader's life-long empiricism.



## ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

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## GUEST'S CONFESSION.

IN TWO PARTS: PART FIRST.

## I.

"ARRIVE half past eight. Sick.  
Meet me."

The telegraphic brevity of my step-brother's missive gave that melancholy turn to my thoughts which was the usual result of his communications. He was to have come on the Friday; what had made him start off on Wednesday? The terms on which we stood were a perpetual source of irritation. We were utterly unlike in temper and taste and opinions, and yet, having a number of common interests, we were obliged, after a fashion, to compromise with each other's idiosyncrasies. In fact, the concessions were all on my side. He was altogether too much my superior in all that makes the man who counts in the world for me not to feel it, and it cost me less to let him take his way than to make a stand for my dignity. What I did through indolence and in some degree, I confess, through pusillanimity, I had a fancy to make it appear (by dint of much whistling, as it were, and easy thrusting of my hands into my pockets) that I did

through a sort of generous condescension. Edgar cared little enough upon what recipe I compounded a salve for my vanity, so long as he held his own course; and I am afraid I played the slumbering giant to altogether empty benches. There had been, indeed, a vague tacit understanding that he was to treat me, in form, as a man with a mind of his own, and there was occasionally something most incisively sarcastic in his observance of the treaty. What made matters the worse for me, and the better for him, was an absurd physical disparity; for Musgrave was like nothing so much as Falstaff's description of Shallow,—a man made after supper of a cheese-parling. He was a miserable invalid, and was perpetually concerned with his stomach, his lungs, and his liver, and as he was both doctor and patient in one, they kept him very busy. His head was grotesquely large for his diminutive figure, his eye fixed and salient, and his complexion liable to flush with an air of indignation and suspicion. He practised a most resolute little strut on a most attenuated



pair of little legs. For myself, I was tall, happily ; for I was broad enough, if I had been shorter, to have perhaps incurred that invidious monosyllabic epithet which haunted Lord Byron. As compared with Edgar, I was at least fairly good-looking ; a stoutish, blondish, indolent, amiable, rather gorgeous young fellow might have served as my personal formula. My patrimony, being double that of my stepbrother (for we were related by my mother), was largely lavished on the adornment of this fine person. I dressed in fact, as I recollect, with a sort of barbaric splendor, and I may very well have passed for one of the social pillars of a small watering-place.

L—— was in those days just struggling into fame, and but that it savored overmuch of the fresh paint lately lavished upon the various wooden barracks in which visitors were to be accommodated, it yielded a pleasant mixture of rurality and society. The vile taste and the sovereign virtue of the spring were fairly established, and Edgar was not the man to forego the chance of trying the waters and abusing them. Having heard that the hotel was crowded, he wished to secure a room at least a week beforehand ; the upshot of which was, that I came down on the 19th of July with the mission to retain and occupy his apartment till the 26th. I passed, with people in general, and with Edgar in particular, for so very idle a person that it seemed almost a duty to saddle me with some wholesome errand. Edgar had, first and always, his health to attend to, and then that neat little property and those everlasting accounts, which he was never weary of contemplating, verifying, and overhauling. I had made up my mind to make over his room to him, remain a day or two for civility's sake and then leave him to his cups. Meanwhile, on the 24th, it occurred to me that I ought really to see something of the place. The weather had been too hot for going about, and, as yet, I had hardly left the piazza of the

hotel. Towards afternoon the clouds gathered, the sun was obscured, and it seemed possible even for a large, lazy man to take a walk. I went along beside the river, under the trees, rejoicing much in the midsummer prettiness of all the land and in the sultry afternoon stillness. I was discomposed and irritated, and all for no better reason than that Edgar was coming. What was Edgar that his comings and goings should affect me ? Was I, after all, so excessively his younger brother ? I would turn over a new leaf ! I almost wished things would come to a crisis between us, and that in the glow of exasperation I might say or do something unpardonable. But there was small chance of my quarrelling with Edgar for vanity's sake. Somehow, I did n't believe in my own egotism, but I had an indefeasible respect for his. I was fatally good-natured, and I should continue to do his desire until I began to do that of some one else. If I might only fall in love and exchange my master for a mistress, for some charming goddess of unreason who would declare that Mr. Musgrave was simply intolerable and that was an end of it !

So, meditating vaguely, I arrived at the little Episcopal chapel, which stands on the margin of the village where the latter begins to melt away into the large river-side landscape. The door was slightly ajar : there came through it into the hot outer stillness the low sound of an organ, — the rehearsal, evidently, of the organist or of some gentle amateur. I was warm with walking, and this glimpse of the cool musical dimness within prompted me to enter and rest and listen. The body of the church was empty ; but a feeble glow of color was diffused through the little yellow and crimson windows upon the pews and the cushioned pulpit. The organ was erected in a small gallery facing the chancel, into which the ascent was by a short stairway directly from the church. The sound of my tread was apparently covered by the music, for the player continued with-



out heeding me, hidden as she was behind a little blue silk curtain on the edge of the gallery. Yes, that gentle, tentative, unprofessional touch came from a feminine hand. Uncertain as it was, however, it wrought upon my musical sensibilities with a sort of provoking force. The air was familiar, and, before I knew it, I had begun to furnish the vocal accompaniment, — first gently, then boldly. Standing with my face to the organ, I awaited the effect of my venture. The only perceptible result was that, for a moment, the music faltered and the curtains were stirred. I saw nothing, but I had been seen, and, reassured apparently by my aspect, the organist resumed the chant. Slightly mystified, I felt urged to sing my best, the more so that, as I continued, the player seemed to borrow confidence and emulation from my voice. The notes rolled out bravely, and the little vault resounded. Suddenly there seemed to come to the musician, in the ardor of success, a full accession of vigor and skill. The last chords were struck with a kind of triumphant intensity, and their cadence was marked by a clear soprano voice. Just at the close, however, voice and music were swallowed up in the roll of a huge thunder-clap. At the same instant, the storm-drops began to strike the chapel-windows, and we were sheeted in a summer rain. The rain was a bore; but, at least, I should have a look at the organist, concerning whom my curiosity had suddenly grown great. The thunder-claps followed each other with such violence that it was vain to continue to play. I waited, in the confident belief that that charming voice — half a dozen notes had betrayed it — denoted a charming woman. After the lapse of some moments, which seemed to indicate a graceful and appealing hesitancy, a female figure appeared at the top of the little stairway and began to descend. I walked slowly down the aisle. The stormy darkness had rapidly increased, and at this moment, with a huge burst of thunder, following a

blinding flash, a momentary midnight fell upon our refuge. When things had become visible again, I beheld the fair musician at the foot of the steps, gazing at me with all the frankness of agitation. The little chapel was rattling on its foundations.

"Do you think there is any danger?" asked my companion.

I made haste to assure her there was none. "The chapel has nothing in the nature of a spire, and even if it had, the fact of our being in a holy place ought to insure us against injury."

She looked at me wonderingly, as if to see whether I was in jest. To satisfy her, I smiled as graciously as I might. Whereupon, gathering confidence, "I think we have each of us," she said, "so little right to be here that we can hardly claim the benefit of sanctuary."

"Are you too an interloper?" I asked.

She hesitated a moment. "I'm not an Episcopalian," she replied; "I'm a good Unitarian."

"Well, I'm a poor Episcopalian. It's six of one and half a dozen of the other." There came another long, many-sheeted flash and an immediate wild reverberation. My companion, as she stood before me, was vividly illumined from head to foot. It was as if some fierce natural power had designed to interpose her image on my soul forever, in this merciless electric glare. As I saw her then, I have never ceased to see her since. I have called her fair, but the word needs explanation. Singularly pleasing as she was, it was with a charm that was all her own. Not the charm of beauty, but of a certain intense expressiveness, which seems to have given beauty the go-by in the very interest of grace. Slender, meagre, without redundancy of outline or brilliancy of color, she was a person you might never have noticed, but would certainly never forget. What there was was so charming, what there might be so interesting! There was none of the idleness of conscious beauty in her clear gray eyes;



they seemed charged with the impatience of a restless mind. Her glance and smile, her step and gesture, were as light and distinct as a whispered secret. She was nervous, curious, zealous, slightly imperious, and delicately elegant withal; without which, possibly, she might have seemed a trifle too positive. There is a certain sweet unreason in a picturesque toilet. She was dressed in a modish adjustment of muslins and lace, which denoted the woman who may have fancied that even less beauty might yet please. While I drew my conclusions, — they were eminently flattering, — my companion was buttoning her gloves and looking anxiously at the dripping windows. Wishing, as far as I might, to beguile her impatience, I proceeded to apologize for the liberty I had taken in singing to her music. "My best excuse," I said, "is your admirable playing, and my own most sensitive ear!"

"You might have frightened me away," she answered. "But you sang too well for that, better than I played. In fact, I was afraid to stop, I thought you might be one of the — the hierarchy."

"A bishop!"

"A bishop, — a dean, — a deacon, — or something of that sort."

"The sexton, perhaps."

"Before the sexton I should have succumbed. I take it his business would have been to eject me as a meddlesome heretic. I came in for no better reason than that the church door was ajar."

"As a church door ought always to be."

She looked at me a moment. "No; see what comes of it."

"No great harm, it seems to me."

"O, that's very well for us! But a church should n't be made a place of convenience."

I wished, in the interest of our growing intimacy, to make a point. "If it is not a place of convenience," I ventured to propound, deprecating offence with a smile, "what is it?"

It was an observation I afterwards

made, that in cases when many women drop their eyes and look prettily silly or prudishly alarmed, this young lady's lucid glance would become more unaffectedly direct and searching. "Indeed," she answered, "you *are* but an indifferent Episcopalian! I came in because the door was open, because I was warm with my walk, and because, I confess, I have an especial fondness for going into churches on week-days. One does it in Europe, you know; and it reminds me of Europe."

I cast a glance over the naked tabernacle, with the counterfeit graining scarcely dry on its beams and planks, and a strong aroma of turpentine and putty representing the odor of sanctity. She followed my glance; our eyes met, and we laughed. From this moment we talked with a freedom tempered less by the sanctity of the spot than by a certain luxury of deference with which I felt prompted to anticipate possible mistrust. The rain continued to descend with such steady good-will that it seemed needful to accept our situation frankly and conjure away the spirit of awkwardness. We spoke of L——, of the people there, of the hot weather, of music. She had as yet seen little of the place, having been confined to her apartments by domestic reasons. I wondered what her domestic reasons were. She had come forth at last to call upon a friend at one of the boarding-houses which adorned this suburb of the village. Her friend being out, but likely soon to return, she had sought entertainment in a stroll along the road, and so had wandered into the chapel. Our interview lasted half an hour. As it drew to a close, I fancied there had grown up between us some delicate bond, begotten of our mutual urbanity. I might have been indiscreet; as it was, I took my pleasure in tracing the gradual evanescence of my companion's sense of peril. As the moments elapsed, she sat down on the bench with an air of perfect equanimity, and looked patiently at the trickling windows. The still small voice of some familiar spirit of the Lord, haunting



the dedicated vault, seemed to have audibly blessed our meeting. At last the rain abated and suddenly stopped, and through a great rift in the clouds there leaped a giant sunbeam and smote the trickling windows. Through little gaudy lozenges the chapel was flooded with prismatic light. "The storm is over," said my companion. She spoke without rising, as if she had been cheated of the sense of haste. Was it calculated civility, or was it momentary self-oblivion? Whatever it was, it lasted but a moment. We were on our feet and moving toward the door. As we stood in the porch, honest gallantry demanded its rights.

"I never knew before," I said, "the possible blessings of a summer rain."

She proceeded a few steps before she answered. Then glancing at the shining sky, already blue and free, "In ten minutes," she said, "there will be no trace of it!"

"Does that mean," I frankly demanded, "that we are not to meet again as friends?"

"Are we to meet again at all?"

"I count upon it."

"Certainly, then, not as enemies!"

As she walked away, I imprecated those restrictions of modern civilization which forbade me to stand and gaze at her.

Who was she? What was she?—questions the more intense as, in the absence of any further evidence than my rapid personal impression, they were so provokingly vain. They occupied me, however, during the couple of hours which were to elapse before my step-brother's arrival. When his train became due, I went through the form, as usual, of feeling desperately like treating myself to the luxury of neglecting his summons and leaving him to shift for himself; as if I had not the most distinct prevision of the inevitable event,—of my being at the station half an hour too early, of my calling his hack and making his bargain and taking charge of his precious little hand-bag, full of medicine-bottles, and his ridiculous bundle of umbrellas and canes. Somehow, this evening, I felt

unwontedly loath and indocile; but I contented myself with this bold flight of the imagination.

It is hard to describe fairly my poor step-brother's peculiar turn of mind, to give an adequate impression of his want of social charm, to put it mildly, without accusing him of wilful malevolence. He was simply the most consistent and incorruptible of egotists. He was perpetually affirming and defining and insuring himself, insisting upon a personal right or righting a personal wrong. And above all, he was a man of conscience. He asked no odds, and he gave none. He made honesty something unlovely, but he was rigidly honest. He demanded simply his dues, and he collected them to the last farthing. These things gave him a portentous solemnity. He smiled perhaps once a month, and made a joke once in six. There are jokes of his making which, to this day, give me a shiver when I think of them. But I soon perceived, as he descended from the train, that there would be no joke that evening. Something had happened. His face was hard and sombre, and his eye bright and fierce. "A carriage," he said, giving me his hand stiffly. And when we were seated and driving away, "First of all," he demanded, "are there any mosquitoes? A single mosquito would finish me. And is my room habitable, on the shady side, away from the stairs, with a view, with a hair-mattress?" I assured him that mosquitoes were unknown, and that his room was the best, and his mattress the softest in the house. Was he tired? how had he been?

"Don't ask me. I'm in an extremely critical state. Tired? Tired is a word for well people! When I'm tired I shall go to bed and die. Thank God, so long as I have any work to do, I can hold up my head! I have n't slept in a week. It's singular, but I'm never so well disposed for my duties as when I have n't slept! But be so good, for the present, as to ask me no questions. I shall immediately take a bath and drink some arrow-root; I have



brought a package in my bag, I suppose I can get them to make it. I'll speak about it at the office. No, I think, on the whole, I'll make it in my room; I have a little machine for boiling water. I think I shall drink half a glass of the spring to-night, just to make a beginning."

All this was said with as profound a gravity as if he were dictating his will. But I saw that he was at a sort of white-heat exasperation, and I knew that in time I should learn where the shoe pinched. Meanwhile, I attempted to say something cheerful and frivolous, and offered some information as to who was at the hotel and who was expected; "No one you know or care about, I think."

"Very likely not. I'm in no mood for gossip."

"You seem nervous," I ventured to say.

"Nervous? Call it frantic! I'm not blessed with your apathetic temperament, nor with your elegant indifference to money-matters. Do you know what's the matter with me? I've lost twenty thousand dollars."

I, of course, demanded particulars; but, for the present, I had to content myself with the naked fact. "It's a mighty serious matter," said Edgar. "I can't talk of it further till I have bathed and changed my linen. The thermometer has been at ninety-one in my rooms in town. I've had this pretty piece of news to keep me cool."

I left him to his bath, his toilet, and his arrow-root and strolled about pondering the mystery of his disaster. Truly, if Edgar had lost money, shrewdness was out of tune. Destiny must have got up early to outwit my step-brother. And yet his misfortune gave him a sort of unwonted grace, and I believe I wondered for five minutes whether there was a chance of his being relaxed and softened by it. I had, indeed, a momentary vision of lending him money, and taking a handsome revenge as a good-natured creditor. But Edgar would never borrow. He would either recover his money or

grimly do without it. On going back to his room I found him dressed and refreshed, screwing a little portable kettle upon his gas-burner.

"You can never get them to bring you water that really boils," he said. "They don't know what it means. You're altogether wrong about the mosquitoes; I'm sure I heard one, and by the sound, he's a monster. But I have a net folded up in my trunk, and a hook and ring which I mean to drive into the ceiling."

"I'll put up your net. Meanwhile, tell me about your twenty thousand dollars."

He was silent awhile, but at last he spoke in a voice forcibly attuned to composure. "You're immensely tickled, I suppose, to find me losing money! That comes of worrying too much and handling my funds too often. Yes, I *have* worried too much." He paused, and then, suddenly, he broke out into a kind of fury. "I hate waste, I hate shiftlessness, I hate nasty mismanagement! I hate to see money bring in less than it may. My imagination loves a good investment. I respect my property, I respect other people's. But your own honesty is all you'll find in this world, and it will go no farther than you're there to carry it. You've always thought me hard and suspicious and grasping. No, you never said so; should I have cared if you had? With your means, it's all very well to be a fine gentleman, to skip the items and glance at the total. But, being poor and sick, I have to be close. I was n't close enough. What do you think of my having been cheated?—cheated under my very nose? I hope I'm genteel enough now!"

"I should like to see the man!" I cried.

"You shall see him. All the world shall see him. I've been looking into the matter. It has been beautifully done. If I were to be a rascal, I should like to be just such a one."

"Who is your rascal?"

"His name is John Guest."

I had heard the name, but had never seen the man.



"No, you don't know him," Edgar went on. "No one knows him but I. But I know him well. He had things in his hands for a week, while I was debating a transfer of my New Jersey property. In a week this is how he mixed matters."

"Perhaps, if you had given him time," I suggested, "he meant to get them straight again."

"O, I shall give him time. I mean he shall get 'em straight, or I shall twist him so crooked his best friend won't know him."

"Did you never suspect his honesty?"

"Do you suspect mine?"

"But you have legal redress?"

"It's no thanks to him. He had fixed things to a charm, he had done his best to cut me off and cover his escape. But I've got him, and he shall disgorge!"

I hardly know why it was; but the implacable firmness of my brother's position produced in my mind a sort of fantastic reaction in favor of Mr. John Guest. I felt a sudden gush of the most inconsequent pity. "Poor man!" I exclaimed. But to repair my weakness, I plunged into a series of sympathetic questions and listened attentively to Edgar's statement of his wrongs. As he set forth the case, I found myself taking a whimsical interest in Mr. Guest's own side of it, wondering whether he suspected suspicion, whether he dreaded conviction, whether he had an easy conscience, and how he was getting through the hot weather. I asked Edgar how lately he had discovered his loss and whether he had since communicated with the criminal.

"Three days ago, three nights ago, rather; for I have n't slept a wink since. I have spoken of the matter to no one; for the present I need no one's help, I can help myself. I have n't seen the man more than three or four times; our dealings have generally been by letter. The last person you'd suspect. He's as great a dandy as you yourself, and in better taste,

too. I was told ten days ago, at his office, that he had gone out of town. I suppose I'm paying for his champagne at Newport."

## II.

On my proposing, half an hour later, to relieve him of my society and allow him to prepare for rest, Edgar declared that our talk had put an end to sleep and that he must take a turn in the open air. On descending to the piazza, we found it in the deserted condition into which it usually lapsed about ten o'clock; either from a wholesome desire on the part of our fellow-lodgers to keep classic country hours, or from the soporific influences of excessive leisure. Here and there the warm darkness was relieved by the red tip of a cigar in suggestive proximity to a light corsage. I observed, as we strolled along, a lady of striking appearance, seated in the zone of light projected from a window, in conversation with a gentleman. "Really, I'm afraid you'll take cold," I heard her say as we passed. "Let me tie my handkerchief round your neck." And she gave it a playful twist. She was a pretty woman, of middle age, with great freshness of toilet and complexion, and a picturesque abundance of blond hair, upon which was coquettishly poised a fantastic little hat, decorated with an immense pink rose. Her companion was a seemingly affable man, with a bald head, a white waistcoat, and a rather florid air of distinction. When we passed them a second time, they had risen and the lady was preparing to enter the house. Her companion went with her to the door; she left him with a great deal of coquettish by-play, and he turned back to the piazza. At this moment his glance fell upon my step-brother. He started, I thought, and then, replacing his hat with an odd, nervous decision, came towards him with a smile. "Mr. Musgrave!" he said.

Edgar stopped short, and for a moment seemed to lack words to reply.



At last he uttered a deep, harsh note: "Mr. Guest!"

In an instant I felt that I was in the presence of a "situation." Edgar's words had the sound of the "click" upon the limb of the entrapped fox. A scene was imminent; the actors were only awaiting their cues. Mr. Guest made a half-offer of his hand, but, perceiving no response in Edgar's, he gracefully dipped it into his pocket. "You must have just come!" he murmured.

"A couple of hours ago."

Mr. Guest glanced at me, as if to include me in the operation of his urbanity, and his glance stirred in my soul an impulse of that kindness which we feel for a man about to be executed. It's no more than human to wish to shake hands with him. "Introduce me, Edgar," I said.

"My step-brother," said Edgar, curtly. "This is Mr. Guest, of whom we have been talking."

I put out my hand; he took it with cordiality. "Really," he declared, "this is a most unexpected — a — circumstance."

"Altogether so to me," said Edgar.

"You've come for the waters, I suppose," our friend went on. "I'm sorry your health continues — a — unsatisfactory."

Edgar, I perceived, was in a state of extreme nervous exacerbation, the result partly of mere surprise and partly of keen disappointment. His plans had been checked. He had determined to do thus and so, and he must now extemporize a policy. Well, as poor, pompous Mr. Guest wished it, so he should have it! "I shall never be strong," said Edgar.

"Well, well," responded Mr. Guest, "a man of your parts may make a little strength serve a great purpose."

My step-brother was silent a moment, relishing secretly, I think, the beautiful pertinence of this observation. "I suppose I can defend my rights," he rejoined.

"Exactly! What more does a man need?" and he appealed to me with

an insinuating smile. His smile was singularly frank and agreeable, and his glance full of a sort of conciliating gallantry. I noted in his face, however, by the gaslight, a haggard, jaded look which lent force to what he went on to say. "I have been feeling lately as if I had n't even strength for that. The hot weather, an overdose of this abominable water, one thing and another, the inevitable premonitions of — a — mortality, have quite pulled me down. Since my arrival here, ten days ago, I have really been quite — a — the invalid. I've actually been in bed. A most unprecedented occurrence!"

"I hope you're better," I ventured to say.

"Yes, I think I'm myself again, — thanks to capital nursing. I think I'm myself again!" He repeated his words mechanically, with a sort of exaggerated gayety, and began to wipe his forehead with his handkerchief. Edgar was watching him narrowly, with an eye whose keenness it was impossible to veil; and I think Edgar's eye partly caused his disquiet. "The last thing I did, by the way, before my indisposition, was to write you ten lines, Mr. Musgrave, on — a little matter of business."

"I got your letter," said Edgar, grimly.

Mr. Guest was silent a moment. "And I hope my arrangements have met your approval?"

"We shall talk of that," said Edgar.

At this point, I confess, my interest in the situation had become painful. I felt sick. I'm not a man of ready-made resolution, as my story will abundantly prove. I am discountenanced and bullied by disagreeable things. Poor Mr. Guest was so infallibly booked for exposure that I instinctively retreated. Taking advantage of his allusion to business, I turned away and walked to the other end of the piazza. This genial gentleman, then, was embodied fraud! this sayer of civil things was a doer of monstrously shabby ones! that irreproachable white waistcoat carried so sadly spotted a con-



science! Whom had he involved in his dishonor? Had he a wife, children, friends? Who was that so prosperously pretty woman, with her flattering solicitude for his health? I stood for some time reflecting how guilt is not the vulgar bugaboo we fancy it,—that it has organs, senses, affections, passions, for all the world like those of innocence. Indeed, from my cursory observation of my friend, I had rarely seen innocence so handsomely featured. Where, then, was the line which severed rectitude from error? Was manhood a baser thing than I had fancied, or was sin a thing less base? As I mused thus, my disgust ebbed away, and the return of the wave brought an immense curiosity to see what it had come to betwixt guilt and justice. Had Edgar launched his thunder? I retraced my steps and rejoined my companions. Edgar's thunder was apparently still in the clouds; but there had been a premonitory flash of lightning. Guest stood before him, paler than before, staring defiantly, and stammering out some fierce denial. "I don't understand you," he said. "If you mean what you seem to mean, you mean rank insult."

"I mean the truth," said Edgar. "It's a pity the truth should be insulting."

Guest glared a moment, like a man intently taking thought for self-defence. But he was piteously unmasked. His genial smile had taken flight and left mere vulgar confusion. "This is between ourselves, sir," he cried, angrily turning to me.

"A thousand pardons," I said, and passed along. I began to be doubtful as to the issue of the quarrel. Edgar had right on his side, but, under the circumstances, he might not have force. Guest was altogether the stouter, bigger, weightier person. I turned and observed them from a distance. Edgar's thunderbolt had fallen and his victim stood stunned. He was leaning against the balustrade of the piazza, with his chin on his breast and his eyes sullenly fixed on his adversary,

demoralized and convicted. His hat had dropped upon the floor. Edgar seemed to have made a proposal; with a passionate gesture he repeated it. Guest slowly stooped and picked up his hat, and Edgar led the way toward the house. A series of small sitting-rooms opened by long windows upon the piazza. These were for the most part lighted and empty. Edgar selected one of them, and, stopping before the window, beckoned to me to come to him. Guest, as I advanced, bestowed upon me a scowl of concentrated protest. I felt, for my own part, as if I were horribly indelicate. Between Edgar and him it was a question of morals, but between him and myself it was, of course, but one of manners. "Be so good as to walk in," said Edgar, turning to me with a smile of unprecedented suavity. I might have resisted his dictation; I could n't his petition.

"In God's name, what do you mean to do?" demanded Guest.

"My duty!" said Edgar. "Go in."

We passed into the room. The door of the corridor was open; Guest closed it with a passionate kick. Edgar shut the long window and dropped the curtain. In the same fury of mortification, Guest turned out one of the two burners of the chandelier. There was still light enough, however, for me to see him more distinctly than on the piazza. He was tallish and stoutish, and yet sleek and jaunty. His fine blue eye was a trifle weak, perhaps, and his handsome grizzled beard was something too foppishly trimmed; but, on the whole, he was a most comely man. He was dressed with the punctilious elegance of a man who loved luxury and appreciated his own good points. A little moss-rosebud figured in the lappet of his dark-blue coat. His whole person seemed redolent of what are called the "feelings of a gentleman." Confronted and contrasted with him under the lamp, my step-brother seemed wofully mean and grotesque; though for a conflict of forces that lay beneath the surface, he was visibly the better equipped of the two. He seemed to



tremble and quiver with inexorable purpose. I felt that he would heed no admonitory word of mine, that I could not in the least hope to blunt the edge of his resentment, and that I must on the instant decide either to stand by him or leave him. But while I stood thus ungraciously gazing at poor Guest, the instant passed. Curiosity and a mingled sympathy with each — to say nothing of a touch of that relish for a fight inherent in the truly masculine bosom — sealed my lips and arrested my steps. And yet my heart paid this graceful culprit the compliment of beating very violently on his behalf.

"I wish you to repeat before my brother," said Edgar, "the three succinct denials to which you have just treated me."

Guest looked at the ceiling with a trembling lip. Then dropping upon the sofa, he began to inspect his handsome finger-nails mechanically, in the manner of one who hears in some horrible hush of all nature the nearing footsteps of doom. "Come, repeat them!" cried Edgar. "It's really delicious. You never wrote to Stevens that you had my assent in writing to the sale of the bonds. You never showed Stevens my telegram from Boston, and assured him that my 'Do as you think best' was a permission to raise money on them. If it's not forcery sir, it's next door to it, and a very flimsy partition between."

Guest leaned back on the sofa, with his hands grasping his knees. "You might have let things stand a week or so," he said, with unnatural mildness. "You might have had common patience. Good God, there's a gentlemanly way of doing things! A man does n't begin to roar for a pinch. I would have got things square again."

"O, it would have been a pity to spoil them! It was such a pretty piece of knavery! Give the devil his due!"

"I would have rearranged matters," Guest went on. "It was just a temporary convenience. I supposed I was dealing with a man of common courtesy. But what are you to say to a gentleman

who says, 'Sir, I trust you,' and then looks through the keyhole?"

"Upon my word, when I hear you scuttling through the window," cried Edgar, "I think it's time I should break down the door. For God's sake, don't nauseate me with any more lies! You know as well as you sit there, that you had neither chance nor means nor desire to redeem your fraud. You'd cut the bridge behind you! You thought you'd been knowing enough to eat your cake and have it, to lose your virtue and keep your reputation, to sink half my property through a trap-door and then stand whistling and looking t' other way while I scratched my head and wondered what the devil was in it! Sit down there and write me your note for twenty thousand dollars at twenty days."

Guest was silent a moment. "Propose something reasonable," he said, with the same tragic gentleness.

"I shall let the law reason about it."

Guest gave a little start and fixed his eyes on the ground. "The law would n't help you," he answered, without looking up.

"Indeed! do you think it would help *you*? Stoddard and Hale will help me. I spoke to them this morning."

Guest sprang to his feet. "Good heavens! I hope you mentioned no names."

"Only one!" said Edgar.

Guest wiped his forehead and actually tried to smile. "That was your own, of course! Well, sir, I hope they advised you to — a — temper justice with mercy."

"They are not parsons, Mr. Guest; they are lawyers. They accept the case."

Guest dropped on the sofa, buried his face in his hands, and burst into tears. "O my soul!" he cried. His soul, poor man! was a rough term for name and fame and comfort and all that made his universe. It was a pitiful sight.

"Look here, Edgar," I said. "Don't press things too hard. I'm not a parson either —"



"No, you've not that excuse for your sentimentality!" Edgar broke out. "Here it is, of course! Here come folly and fear and ignorance maundering against the primary laws of life! Is rascality alone of all things in the world to be handled without gloves? Did n't he press me hard? He's danced his dance,—let him pay the piper! Am I a child, a woman, a fool, to stand and haggle with a swindler? Am I to go to the wall to make room for impudent fraud? Not while I have eyes to know black from white! I'm a decent man. I'm this or I'm nothing. For twenty years I've done my best for order and thrift and honesty. I've never yielded an inch to the detestable sharp practice that meets one nowadays at every turn. I've hated fraud as I hate all bad economy; I've no more patience with it than a bull with a red rag. Fraud is fraud; it's waste, it's wantonness, it's chaos; and I shall never give it the go-by. When I catch it, I shall hold it fast, and call all honest men to see how vile and drivelling a thing it is!"

Guest sat rigidly fixed, with his eyes on the carpet. "Do you expect to get your money?" he finally demanded.

"My money be hanged! I expect to let people know how they may be served if they intrust their affairs to you! A man's property, sir, is a man's person. It's as if you had given me a blow in the chest!"

Guest came towards him and took him by the button-hole. "Now see here," he said, with the same desperate calmness. "You call yourself a practical man. Don't go on like one of those d—d long-haired reformers. You're off the track. Don't attempt too much. Don't make me confoundedly uncomfortable out of pure fantasticality. Come, sir, you're a man of the world." And he patted him gently on the shoulder. "Give me a chance. I confess to not having been quite square. There! My very dear sir, let me get on my legs again."

"O, you confess!" cried Edgar. "That's a vast comfort. You'll never

do it again! Not if I know it. But other people, eh? Suppose I had been a decent widow with six children, and not a penny but that! You'd confess again, I suppose. Would your confession butter their bread! Let your confession be public!"

"My confession *is* public!" and Guest, with averted eyes, jerked his head towards me.

"O, my step-brother! Why, he's the most private creature in the world. Cheat him and he'll thank you! David, I retain you as a witness that Mr. Guest has confessed."

"Nothing will serve you then? You mean to prosecute?"

"I mean to prosecute."

The poor man's face flushed crimson, and the great sweat-drops trickled from his temples. "O you blundering brute!" he cried. "Do you know what you mean when you say that? Do we live in a civilized world?"

"Not altogether," said Edgar. "But I shall help it along."

"Have you lived among decent people? Have you known women whom it was an honor to please? Have you cared for name and fame and love? Have you had a dear daughter?"

"If I had a dear daughter," cried Edgar, flinching the least bit at this outbreak, "I trust my dear daughter would have kept me honest! Not the sin, then, but the detection unfits a man for ladies' society!—Did you kiss your daughter the day you juggled away my bonds?"

"If it will avail with you, I did n't. Consider her feelings. My fault has been that I have been too tender a father,—that I have loved the poor girl better than my own literal integrity. I became embarrassed because I had n't the heart to tell her that she must spend less money. As if to the wisest, sweetest girl in the world a whisper would n't have sufficed! As if five minutes of her divine advice would n't have set me straight again! But the stress of my embarrassment was such—"

"Embarrassment!" Edgar broke in.



"That may mean anything. In the case of an honest man it may be a motive for leniency; in that of a knave it's a ground for increased suspicion."

Guest, I felt, was a good-natured sinner. Just as he lacked rectitude of purpose, he lacked rigidity of temper, and he found in the mysteries of his own heart no clew to my step-brother's monstrous implacability. Looking at him from head to foot with a certain dignity, — a reminiscence of his former pomposity, — "I do you the honor, sir," he said, "to believe you are insane."

"Stuff and nonsense! you believe nothing of the sort," cried Edgar.

I saw that Guest's opposition was acting upon him as a lively irritant. "Isn't it possible," I asked, "to adopt some compromise? You're not as forgiving a man under the circumstances as I should be."

"In these things," retorted Edgar, without ceremony, "a forgiving man is a fool."

"Well, take a fool's suggestion. You can perhaps get satisfaction without taking your victim into court. — Let Mr. Guest write his confession."

Guest had not directly looked at me since we entered the room. At these words he slowly turned and gave me a sombre stare by which the brilliancy of my suggestion seemed somewhat obscured. But my interference was kindly meant, and his reception of it seemed rather ungrateful. At best, however, I could be but a thorn in his side. I had done nothing to earn my sport. Edgar hereupon flourished his hand as if to indicate the superfluity of my advice. "All in good time, if you please. If I'm insane, there's a method in my madness!" He paused, and his eyes glittered with an intensity which might indeed, for the moment, have seemed to be that of a disordered brain. I wondered what was coming. "Do me the favor to get down on your knees." Guest jerked himself up as if he had received a galvanic shock. "Yes, I know what I say, — on your knees. Did you never say your prayers? You can't get out of a tight

place without being squeezed. I won't take less. I sha'n't feel like an honest man till I've seen you there at my feet."

There was in the contrast between the inflated self-complacency of Edgar's face as he made this speech, and the blank horror of the other's as he received it, something so poignantly grotesque that it acted upon my nerves like a mistimed joke, and I burst into irrepressible laughter. Guest walked away to the window with some muttered imprecation, pushed aside the curtain, and stood looking out. Then, with a sudden turn, he marched back and stood before my brother. He was drenched with perspiration. "A moment," said Edgar. "You're very hot. Take off your coat." Guest, to my amazement, took it off and flung it upon the floor. "Your shirt-sleeves will serve as a kind of sackcloth and ashes, Fold your hands, so. Now, beg my pardon."

It was a revolting sight, — this man of ripe maturity and massive comeliness on his two knees, his pale face bent upon his breast, his body trembling with the effort to keep his shameful balance; and above him Edgar, with his hands behind his back, solemn and ugly as a miniature idol, with his glittering eyes fixed in a sort of rapture on the opposite wall. I walked away to the window. There was a perfect stillness, broken only by Guest's hard breathing. I have no notion how long it lasted; when I turned back into the room he was still speechless and fixed, as if he were ashamed to rise. Edgar pointed to a blotting-book and inkstand which stood on a small table against the wall. "See if there is pen and paper!" I obeyed and made a clatter at the table, to cover our companion's retreat. When I had laid out a sheet of paper he was on his feet again. "Sit down and write," Edgar went on. Guest picked up his coat and busied himself mechanically with brushing off the particles of dust. Then he put it on and sat down at the table.

"I dictate," Edgar began. "I here-



by, at the command of Edgar Musgrave, Esq., whom I have grossly wronged, declare myself a swindler." At these words, Guest laid down the pen and sank back in his chair, emitting long groans, like a man with a violent toothache. But he had taken that first step which costs, and after a moment's rest he started afresh. "I have on my bended knees, in the presence of Mr. Musgrave and his step-brother, expressed my contrition; in consideration of which Mr. Musgrave forfeits his incontestable right to publish his injury in a court of justice. Furthermore, I solemnly declare myself his debtor in the sum of twenty thousand dollars; which, on his remission of the interest, and under pain of exposure in a contrary event, I pledge myself to repay at the earliest possible moment. I thank Mr. Musgrave for his generosity."

Edgar spoke very slowly, and the scratching of Guest's pen kept pace with his words. "Now sign and date," he said; and the other, with a great heroic dash, consummated this amazing document. He then pushed it away, and rose and bestowed upon us a look which I long remembered. An outraged human soul was abroad in the world, with which henceforth I felt I should have somehow to reckon.

Edgar possessed himself of the paper and read it coolly to the end, without blushing. Happy Edgar! Guest watched him fold it and put it into his great morocco pocket-book. "I suppose," said Guest, "that this is the end of your generosity."

"I have nothing further to remark," said Edgar.

"Have *you*, by chance, anything to remark, Mr. Step-brother?" Guest demanded, turning to me, with a fierceness which showed how my presence galled him.

I had been, to my own sense, so abjectly passive during the whole scene that, to reinstate myself as a responsible creature, I attempted to utter an original sentiment. "I pity you," I said.

But I had not been happy in my

choice. "Faugh, you great hulking brute!" Guest roared, for an answer.

The scene at this point might have passed into another phase, had it not been interrupted by the opening of the door from the corridor. "A lady!" announced a servant, flinging it back.

The lady revealed herself as the friend with whom Guest had been in conversation on the piazza. She was apparently, of his nature, not a person to mind the trifle of her friend's being accompanied by two unknown gentlemen, and she advanced, shawled as if for departure, and smiling reproachfully. "Ah, you ungrateful creature," she cried, "you've lost my rosebud!"

Guest came up smiling, as they say. "Your own hands fastened it!—Where is my daughter?"

"She's coming. We've been looking for you, high and low. What on earth have you been doing here? Business? You've no business with business. You came here to rest. Excuse me, gentlemen! My carriage has been waiting this ten minutes. Give me your arm."

It seemed to me time we should disembarass the poor man of our presence. I opened the window and stepped out upon the piazza. Just as Edgar had followed me, a young lady hastily entered the room.

"My dearest father!" she exclaimed.

Looking at her unseen from without, I recognized with amazement my charming friend of the Episcopal chapel, the woman to whom—I felt it now with a sort of convulsion—I had dedicated a sentiment.

### III.

My discovery gave me that night much to think of, and I thought of it more than I slept. My foremost feeling was one of blank dismay as if Misfortune, whom I had been used to regard as a good-natured sort of goddess, who came on with an easy stride, letting off signals of warning to those who stood in her path, should have blinded her lantern and muffled her



steps in order to steal a march on poor me,—of all men in the world! It seemed a hideous practical joke. “If I had known,—if I had only known!” I kept restlessly repeating. But towards morning, “Say I had known,” I asked myself, “could I have acted otherwise? I might have protested by my absence; but would I not thus have surrendered poor Guest to the vengeance of a very Shylock? Had not that suggestion of mine divested the current of Edgar’s wrath and saved his adversary from the last dishonor? Without it, Edgar would have held his course and demanded his pound of flesh!” Say what I would; however, I stood confronted with this acutely uncomfortable fact, that by lending a hand at that revolting interview, I had struck a roundabout blow at the woman to whom I owed a signally sweet impression. Well, my blow would never reach her, and I would devise some kindness that should! So I consoled myself, and in the midst of my regret I found a still further compensation in the thought that chance, rough-handed though it had been, had forged between us a stouter bond than any I had ventured to dream of as I walked sentimental a few hours before. Her father’s being a rascal threw her image into more eloquent relief. If she suspected it, she had all the interest of sorrow; if not, she wore the tender grace of danger.

The result of my meditations was that I determined to defer indefinitely my departure from L—. Edgar informed me, in the course of the following day, that Guest had gone by the early train to New York, and that his daughter had left the hotel (where my not having met her before was apparently the result of her constant attendance on her father during his illness) and taken up her residence with the lady in whose company we had seen her. Mrs. Beck, Edgar had learned this lady’s name to be; and I fancied it was upon her that Miss Guest had made her morning call. To begin with, therefore, I knew where to look for her. “That’s the

charming girl,” I said to Edgar, “whom you might have plunged into disgrace.”

“How do you know she’s charming?” he asked.

“I judge by her face.”

“Humph! Judge her father by his face and *he’s* charming.”

I was on the point of assuring my step-brother that no such thing could be said of him; but in fact he had suddenly assumed a singularly fresh and jovial air. “I don’t know what it is,” he said, “but I feel like a trump; I have n’t stood so firm on my legs in a twelvemonth. I wonder whether the waters have already begun to act. Really, I’m elated. Suppose, in the afternoon of my life, I were to turn out a sound man. It winds me up, sir. I shall take another glass before dinner.”

To do Miss Guest a kindness, I reflected, I must see her again. How to compass an interview and irradiate my benevolence, it was not easy to determine. Sooner or later, of course, the chances of watering-place life would serve me. Meanwhile, I felt most agreeably that here was something more finely romantic than that feverish dream of my youth, treating Edgar some fine day to the snub direct. Assuredly, I was not in love; I had cherished a youthful passion, and I knew the signs and symptoms; but I was in a state of mind that really gave something of the same zest to consciousness. For a couple of days I watched and waited for my friend in those few public resorts in which the little world of L— used most to congregate,—the drive, the walk, the post-office, and the vicinage of the spring. At last, as she was nowhere visible, I betook myself to the little Episcopal chapel, and strolled along the road, past a scattered cluster of decent boarding-houses, in one of which I imagined her hidden. But most of them had a shady strip of garden stretching toward the river, and thitherward, of course, rather than upon the public road, their inmates were likely to turn their faces. A happy accident at last came to my aid. After three or four days at the hotel, Edgar



began to complain that the music in the evening kept him awake and to wonder whether he might find tolerable private lodgings. He was more and more interested in the waters. I offered, with alacrity, to make inquiries for him, and as a first step, I returned to the little colony of riverside boarding-houses. I began with one I had made especial note of, — the smallest, neatest, and most secluded. The mistress of the establishment was at a neighbor's, and I was requested to await her return. I stepped out of the long parlor window, and began hopefully to explore the garden. My hopes were brightly rewarded. In a shady summer-house, on a sort of rustic embankment, overlooking the stream, I encountered Miss Guest and her coquettish duenna. She looked at me for a moment with a dubious air, as if to satisfy herself that she was distinctly expected to recognize me, and then, as I stood proclaiming my hopes in an appealing smile, she bade me a frank good-morning. We talked, I lingered, and at last, when the proper moment came for my going my way again, I sat down and paid a call in form.

"I see you know my name," Miss Guest said, with the peculiar — the almost boyish — directness which seemed to be her most striking feature; "I can't imagine how you learned it, but if you'll be so good as to tell me your own, I'll introduce you to Mrs. Beck. You must learn that she's my deputed chaperon, my she-dragon, and that I'm not to know you unless she knows you first and approves."

Mrs. Beck poised a gold eye-glass upon her pretty *retroussé* nose, — not sorry, I think, to hold it there a moment with a plump white hand and acquit herself of one of her most effective manœuvres, — and glanced at me with mock severity. "He's a harmless-looking young man, my dear," she declared, "and I don't think your father would object." And with this odd sanction I became intimate with Miss Guest, — intimate as, by the soft operation of summer and rural juxta-

position, an American youth is free to become with an American maid. I had told my friends, of course, the purpose of my visit, and learned, with complete satisfaction, that there was no chance for Mr. Musgrave, as they occupied the only three comfortable rooms in the house, — two as bedrooms, the third as a common parlor. Heaven forbid that I should introduce Edgar *dans cette galère*. I inquired elsewhere, but saw nothing I could recommend, and, on making my report to him, found him quite out of conceit of his project. A lady had just been telling him horrors of the local dietary and making him feel that he was vastly well off with the heavy bread and cold gravy of the hotel. It was then too, I think, he first mentioned the symptoms of that relapse which subsequently occurred. He would run no risks.

I had prepared Miss Guest, I fancy, to regard another visit as a matter of course. I paid several in rapid succession; for, under the circumstances, it would have been a pity to be shy. Her father, she told me, expected to be occupied for three or four weeks in New York, so that for the present I was at ease on that score. If I was to please, I must go bravely to work. So I burned my ships behind me, and blundered into gallantry with an ardor over which, in my absence, the two ladies must have mingled their smiles. I don't suppose I passed for an especially knowing fellow; but I kept my friends from wearying of each other (for such other chance acquaintances as the place afforded they seemed to have little inclination), and by my services as a retailer of the local gossip, a reader of light literature, an explorer and suggester of drives and strolls, and, more particularly, as an oarsman in certain happy rowing-parties on the placid river whose slow, safe current made such a pretty affectation of Mrs. Beck's little shrieks and shudders, I very fairly earned my welcome. That detestable scene at the hotel used to seem a sort of horrid fable as I sat in the sacred rural stillness, in that peace-



ful streamside nook, learning what a divinely honest girl she was, this daughter of the man whose dishonesty I had so complacently attested. I wasted many an hour in wondering on what terms she stood with her father's rankling secret, with his poor pompous peccability in general, if not with Edgar's particular grievance. I used to fancy that certain momentary snatches of reverie in the midst of our gayety, and even more, certain effusions of wilful and excessive gayety at our duller moments, portended some vague torment in her filial heart. She would quit her place and wander apart for a while, leaving me to gossip it out with Mrs. Beck, as if she were oppressed by the constant need of seeming interested in us. But she would come back with a face that told so few tales that I always ended by keeping my compassion in the case for myself, and being reminded afresh, by my lively indisposition to be thus grossly lumped, as it were, with the duenna, of how much I was interested in the damsel. In truth, the romance of the matter apart, Miss Guest was a lovely girl. I had read her dimly in the little chapel, but I had read her aright. Felicity in freedom, that was her great charm. I have never known a woman so simply and sincerely original, so finely framed to enlist the imagination and hold expectation in suspense, and yet leave the judgment in such blissful quietude. She had a genius for frankness; this was her only coquetry and her only cleverness, and a woman could not have acquitted herself more naturally of the trying and ungracious *rôle* of being expected to be startling. It was the pure personal accent of Miss Guest's walk and conversation that gave them this charm; everything she did and said was gilded by a ray of conviction; and to a respectful admirer who had not penetrated to the sources of spiritual motive in her being, this sweet, natural, various emphasis of conduct was ineffably provoking. Her creed, as I guessed it, might have been resumed in the simple notion that a

man should do his best; and nature had treated her, I fancied, to some brighter vision of uttermost manhood than illumined most honest fellows' consciences. Frank as she was, I imagined she had a remote reserve of holiest contempt. She made me feel deplorably ignorant and idle and unambitious, a foolish, boyish spendthrift of time and strength and means; and I speedily came to believe that to win her perfect favor was a matter of something more than undoing a stupid wrong,—doing, namely, some very pretty piece of right. And she was poor Mr. Guest's daughter, withal! Truly, fate was a master of irony.

I ought in justice to say that I had Mrs. Beck more particularly to thank for my welcome, and for the easy terms on which I had become an *habitué* of the little summer-house by the river. How could I know how much or how little the younger lady meant by her smiles and hand-shakes, by laughing at my jokes and consenting to be rowed about in my boat? Mrs. Beck made no secret of her relish for the society of a decently agreeable man, or of her deeming some such pastime the indispensable spice of life; and in Mr. Guest's absence, I was graciously admitted to competition. The precise nature of their mutual sentiments—Mr. Guest's and hers—I was slightly puzzled to divine, and in so far as my conjectures seemed plausible, I confess they served as but a scanty offset to my knowledge of the gentleman's foibles. This lady was, to my sense, a very artificial charmer, and I think that a goodly portion of my admiration for Miss Guest rested upon a little private theory that for her father's sake she thus heroically accepted a companion whom she must have relished but little. Mrs. Beck's great point was her "preservation." It was rather too great a point for my taste, and partook too much of the nature of a physiological curiosity. Her age really mattered little, for with as many years as you pleased one way or the other, she was still a triumph of juvenility. Plump, rosy, dim-



pled, frizzled, with rings on her fingers and rosettes on her toes, she used to seem to me a sort of fantastic vagary or humorous experiment of time. Or, she might have been fancied a strayed shepherdess from some rococo Arcadia, which had melted into tradition during some profane excursion of her own, so that she found herself saddled in our prosy modern world with this absurdly perpetual prime. All this was true, at least of her pretty face and figure; but there was another Mrs. Beck, visible chiefly to the moral eye, who seemed to me excessively wrinkled and faded and world-wise, and whom I used to fancy I could hear shaking about in this enamelled envelope, like a dried nut in its shell. Mrs. Beck's morality was not Arcadian; or if it was, it was that of a shepherdess with a keen eye to the state of the wool and the mutton market, and a lively perception of the possible advantages of judicious partnership. She had no design, I suppose, of proposing to me a consolidation of our sentimental and pecuniary interests, but she performed her duties of duenna with such conscientious precision that she shared my society most impartially with Miss Guest. I never had the good fortune of finding myself alone with this young lady. She might have managed it, I fancied, if she had wished, and the little care she took about it was a sign of that indifference which stirs the susceptible heart to effort. "It's really detestable," I at last ventured to seize the chance to declare, "that you and I should never be alone."

Miss Guest looked at me with an air of surprise. "Your remark is startling," she said, "unless you have some excellent reason for demanding this interesting seclusion."

My reason was not ready just yet, but it speedily ripened. A happy incident combined at once to bring it to maturity and to operate a diversion for Mrs. Beck. One morning there appeared a certain Mr. Crawford out of the West, a worthy bachelor who introduced himself to Mrs. Beck and

claimed cousinship. I was present at the moment, and I could not but admire the skill with which the lady gauged her aspiring kinsman before saying yea or nay to his claims. I think the large diamond in his shirt-front decided her; what he may have lacked in elegant culture was supplied by this massive ornament. Better and brighter than his diamond, however, was his frank Western *bonhomie*, his simple friendliness, and a certain half-boyish modesty which made him give a humorous twist to any expression of the finer sentiments. He was a tall, lean gentleman, on the right side of forty, yellow-haired, with a somewhat arid complexion, an irrepressible tendency to cock back his hat and chew his toothpick, and a spasmodic liability, spasmodically repressed when in a sedentary posture, to a centrifugal movement of the heels. He had a clear blue eye, in which simplicity and shrewdness contended and mingled in so lively a fashion that his glance was the oddest dramatic twinkle. He was a genial sceptic. If he disbelieved much that he saw, he believed everything he fancied, and for a man who had seen much of the rougher and baser side of life, he was able to fancy some very gracious things of men, to say nothing of women. He took his place as a very convenient fourth in our little party, and without obtruding his eccentricities, or being too often reminded of a story, like many cooler humorists, he treated us to a hundred anecdotes of his adventurous ascent of the ladder of fortune. The upshot of his history was that he was now owner of a silver mine in Arizona, and that he proposed in his own words to "lay off and choose." Of the nature of his choice he modestly waived specification; it of course had reference to the sex of which Mrs. Beck was an ornament. He lounged about meanwhile with his hands in his pockets, watching the flies buzz with that air of ecstatically suspended resolve proper to a man who has sunk a shaft deep into the very stuff that dreams are made of.



But in spite of shyness he exhaled an atmosphere of regretful celibacy which might have relaxed the conjugal piety of a more tenderly mourning widow than Mrs. Beck. His bachelor days were evidently numbered, and unless I was vastly mistaken, it lay in this lady's discretion to determine the residuary figure. The two were just nearly enough akin to save a deal of time in courtship.

Crawford had never beheld so finished a piece of ladyhood, and it pleased and puzzled him and quickened his honest grin very much as a remarkably neat mechanical toy might have done. Plain people who have lived close to frank nature often think more of a fine crisp muslin rose than of a group of dewy petals of garden growth. Before ten days were past, he had begun to fumble tenderly with the stem of this unfading flower. Mr. Crawford's *petits soins* had something too much of the ring of the small change of the Arizona silver-mine, consisting largely as they did of rather rudimentary nosegays compounded by amateur florists from the local front-yards, of huge bundles of "New York candy" from the village store, and of an infinite variety of birch-bark and bead-work trinkets. He was no simpleton, and it occurred to me, indeed, that if these offerings were not the tokens and pledges of a sentiment, they were the offset and substitute of a sentiment; but if they were profuse for that, they were scanty for this. Mrs. Beck, for her part, seemed minded to spin the thread of decision excessively fine. A silver-mine was all very well, but a lover fresh from the diggings was to be put on probation. Crawford lodged at the hotel, and our comings and goings were often made together. He indulged in many a dry compliment to his cousin, and, indeed, declared that she was a magnificent little woman. It was with surprise, therefore, that I learned that his admiration was divided. "I've never seen one just like her," he said; "one so out and out a woman, — smiles and tears and everything else! But Clara comes out with

her notions, and a man may know what to expect. I guess I can afford a wife with a notion or so! Short of the moon, I can give her what she wants." And I seemed to hear his hands producing in his pockets that Arizonian tinkle which served with him as the prelude to renewed utterance. He went on, "And tells me I must n't make love to my grandmother. That's a very pretty way of confessing to thirty-five. She's a bit of coquette, is Clara!" I handled the honest fellow's illusions as tenderly as I could, and at last he eyed me askance with a knowing air. "You praise my cousin," he said, "because you think I want you to. On the contrary, I want you to say something against her. If there is anything, I want to know it." I declared I knew nothing in the world; whereupon Crawford, after a silence, heaved an impatient sigh.

"Really," said I, laughing, "one would think you were disappointed."

"I wanted to draw you out," he cried; "but you're too confoundedly polite. I suppose Mrs. Beck's to be my fate; it's borne in on me. I'm being roped in fast. But I only want a little backing to hang off awhile. Look here," he added suddenly, "let's be frank!" and he stopped and laid his hand on my arm. "That other young lady is n't so pretty as Mrs. Beck, but it seems to me I'd kind of trust her further. You didn't know I'd noticed her. Well, I've taken her in little by little, just as she gives herself out. Jerusalem! there's a woman. But you know it, sir, if I'm not mistaken; and that's where the shoe pinches. First come, first served. I want to act on the square. Before I settle down to Mrs. Beck, I want to know distinctly whether you put in a claim to Miss Guest."

The question was unexpected and found me but half prepared. "A claim?" I said. "Well, yes, call it a claim!"

"Any way," he rejoined, "I've no chance. She'd never look at me. But I want to have her put out of my own



head, so that I can concentrate on Mrs. B. If you're not in love with her, my boy, let me tell you you ought to be! If you are, I've nothing to do but to wish you success. If you're not, upon my word, I don't know but what I would go in! She could but refuse me. Modesty is all very well; but after all, it's the handsomest thing you can do by a woman to offer yourself. As a compliment alone, it would serve. And really, a compliment with a round million is n't so bad as gallantry goes hereabouts. You're young and smart and good-looking, and Mrs. Beck tells me you're rich. If you succeed, you'll have more than your share

of good things. But Fortune has her favorites, and they're not always such nice young men. If you're in love, well and good! If you're not,—by Jove, I am!"

This admonition was peremptory. My companion's face in the clear starlight betrayed his sagacious sincerity. I felt a sudden satisfaction in being summoned to take my stand. I performed a rapid operation in sentimental arithmetic, combined my factors, and established my total. It exceeded expectation. "Your frankness does you honor," I said, "and I'm sorry I can't make a kinder return. But—I'm madly in love!"

*H. James Jr.*

## THORALF AND SYNNOV.

### A NORSE IDYL.

**O** HAVE you been in Gudbrands-Dale, where Laagen's mighty flood  
Chants evermore its stirring strain unto the listening wood?  
And have you seen the evening sun on those bright glaciers glow,  
When valleyward it shoots and darts like shafts from elfin bow?

Have you beheld the maidens, when the saeter\* path they tread,  
With the ribbons in their sunny hair and the milk-pails on their head?  
And have you heard the fiddles, when they strike the lusty dance?  
Then you have heard of Synnöv Houg, and of myself perchance.

For Synnöv Houg is lissome as the limber willow spray,  
And when you think you hold her fast, and she is yours for aye,  
Then like the airy blow-ball that dances o'er the lea,  
She genty through your fingers slips, and lightly floateth free.

Then it was last St. John's Eve,—I remember it so well,—  
And we had lit a bonfire in a grass-grown little dell;  
And all the lads and maidens were seated in a ring,  
And some were telling stories, while the rest were listening.

Till up sprang little Synnöv, and she sang a stave as clear  
As the skylark's earliest greeting in the morning of the year;  
And I,—I hardly knew myself, but up they saw me dart,  
For every note of Synnöv's stave went straight unto my heart.

\* The saeter is the region in the highlands where the Norwegian peasants spend the greater part of the summer pasturing their cattle.



And like the rushing currents, that from the glaciers flow,  
And down into the sunny bays their icy waters throw,  
So streamed my heavy bass-notes through the forests far and wide,  
And Synnöv's treble rocked like a feather on the tide.

"And little Synnöv," sang I, "thou art good and very fair";  
"And little Thoralf," sang she, "of what you say, beware!"  
"My fairest Synnöv," quoth I, "my heart was ever thine,  
My homestead and my goodly farm, my herds of lowing kine."

"O Thoralf, dearest Thoralf, if that your meaning be, —  
If your big heart can hold such a little thing as me,  
Then — I shall truly tell you if e'er I want a man,  
And — you are free to catch me, handsome Thoralf, — if you can."

And down the hillside ran she, where the tangled thicket weaves  
A closely latticed bower with its intertwining leaves.  
And through the coppice skipped she, light-footed as a hare,  
And with her merry laughter rang the forests far and near.

And whenever I beheld little Synnöv all that year,  
She fled from my sight as from hunter's shaft the deer.  
I lay awake full half the nights, and knew not what to do,  
For I loved little Synnöv so tenderly and true.

Then 't was a summer even up in the birchen glen,  
I sat listening to the cuckoo and the twitter of the wren;  
And suddenly above me rang out a silver voice;  
It rose above the twittering birds and o'er the river's noise.

There sat my little love, where the rocks had made a seat,  
And the crimson-tipped flowerets grew all around her feet,  
And on her yellow locks clung a tiny roguish hood;  
Its edge was made of swan's-down, but the cloth was red as blood.

And noiselessly behind her I had stolen through the copse;  
I cursed the restless birch-trees when they waved their rustling tops.  
Full merrily my heart beat; then forth I leapt in haste,  
And flung a slender birch-bough around the maiden's waist.

She blushed and she fluttered, then turned away to run;  
But straight into my sturdy arms I caught the little one.  
I put her gently down in the heather at my side,  
Where the crimson-tipped flowerets the rocky ledges hide.

And as the prisoned birdling, when he knows his cage full well,  
Pours forth his silver-toned voice, and naught his mirth can quell,  
So little Synnöv, striving in vain my hold to flee,  
Turned quick on me her roguish eyes and laughed full heartily.

"My little Synnöv," said I, "if I remember right,  
'T was something that you promised me a year ago to-night."  
Then straight she stayed her laughter, and full serious she grew,  
And whispered: "Little Thoralf, you promised something too."

*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.*



## JEFFERSON AMERICAN MINISTER IN FRANCE.

THE United States has contributed to the diplomatic circles of the Old World some incongruous members, heroes of the caucus and the stump, not versed in the lore of courts, and unskilled in drawing-room arts. So, at least, we are occasionally told by persons who think it a prettier thing to bow to a lady than to an audience, and nobler to chat agreeably at dinner than to discourse acceptably to a multitude. Perhaps we shall do better in the diplomatic way by and by, when we have our Civil Service College (to match West Point and Annapolis) in which young men will be especially trained for the higher walks of public life. Hitherto, our diplomatists have won their signal successes simply by being good citizens. We have never had a Talleyrand, nor one of the Talleyrand kind (though we came near it when Aaron Burr was pressed for a foreign appointment), and no American has ever been sent to lie abroad for his country's good. We have had, however, besides a large number of respectable ministers in the ordinary way, three whose opportunity was, at once, immense and unique, — Franklin, Jefferson, and Washburne, — and each of these proved equal to his opportunity.

It is not as a record of diplomatic service that Jefferson's five years' residence in France is specially important to us. France and America were like lovers then, and it is not difficult to negotiate between lovers. His master in the diplomatic art was the greatest master of it that ever lived, — Benjamin Franklin's excellence being, that he conducted the intercourse of nations on the principles which control men of honor and good feeling in their private business, who neither take, nor wish, nor will have an unjust advantage, and look at a point in dispute with their antagonist's eyes as well as their own, never insensible to *his* difficulties and

*his* scruples. It is what France did to Jefferson that makes his long residence there historically important; because the mind he carried home entered at once into the forming character of a young nation, and became a part of it forever. All these millions of people, whom we call fellow-citizens, are more or less different in their character and feelings from what they would have been, if, in the distribution of diplomatic offices in 1785, Congress had sent Jefferson to London instead of Paris, and appointed John Adams to Paris instead of London.

At first, he had the usual embarrassments of American ministers: he could read, but not speak the French language, and he was sorely puzzled how to arrange his style of living so as not to go beyond his nine thousand dollars a year. The language was a difficulty which diminished every hour, though he never trusted himself to *write* French on any matter of consequence; but the art of living, in the style of a plenipotentiary, upon the allowance fixed by Congress, remained difficult to the end. Nor could he, during the first years, draw much revenue from Virginia. He left behind him there so long a "list of debts" (the result of the losses and desolations of the war), that the proceeds of two crops, and the arrears of his salary as governor voted by the legislature, only sufficed to satisfy the most urgent of them.

A Virginia estate was a poor thing indeed in the absence of the master; and, unhappily, the founders of the government of the United States, in arranging salaries, made no allowance for the American fact, that the mere absence of a man from home usually lessens his income and increases his expenditure. Even Franklin took it for granted that we should always have among us men of leisure, most of whom



would be delighted to serve the public for nothing. Who, indeed, could have foreseen a state of things, such as we see around us now, when the richer a man is the harder he works, and when, in a flourishing city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, not one man of leisure can be found, nor one man of ability who can "afford" to go to the legislature? Jefferson, Adams, and perhaps I may say, *most* of the public men of the country, have suffered agonies of embarrassment from the failure of the first Congresses to adopt the true republican principle of paying for all service done the public at the rate which the requisite quality of service commands in the market. The only great error, perhaps, of Washington's career was his aristocratic disdain of taking fair wages for his work, — an error which most of his successors and many of their most valued ministers have rued in silent bitterness. Nay, he rued it himself. What anxious hours Washington himself passed from the fact that there were so few competent statesmen in the country who chanced to be rich enough to live in Philadelphia on the salary of a Secretary of State!

Jefferson was somewhat longer than usual in getting used to what he called "the gloomy and damp climate" of Paris, — such a contrast to the warmth, purity, and splendor of the climate of his mountain home. We find him, too, still mourning his lost wife, and writing to his old friend Page, that his "principal happiness was now in the retrospect of life." Moreover, the condition of human nature in Europe astonished and shocked him beyond measure. He was not prepared for it; he could not get hardened to it. While experiencing all those art raptures which we should presume he would, — keenly enjoying the music of Paris above all, and the architecture only less, falling in love with a statue here and an edifice there, — still, he could not become reconciled to the hideous terms on which most of the people of France held their lives. At his own pleasant and not inelegant

abode, gathered most that was brilliant, amiable, or illustrious in Paris. Who so popular as the minister of our dear allies across the sea, the successor of Franklin, the friend of Lafayette, the man of science, the man of feeling, the scholar and musical amateur reared in the wilderness? He liked the French, too, exceedingly. He liked their manners, their habits, their tastes, and even their food. He was glad to live in a community, where, as he said, "a man might pass a life without encountering a single rudeness," and where people enjoyed social pleasures without eating like pigs and drinking like Indians. But none of these things could ever deaden his heart to the needless misery of man in France. Read his own words: —

First, to his young friend and pupil, James Monroe, in June, 1785, when he had been ten months in Paris: "The pleasure of the trip [to Europe] will be less than you expect, but the utility greater. It will make you adore your own country, its soil, its climate, its equality, liberty, laws, people, and manners. My God! how little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy! I confess I had no idea of it myself."

To Mrs. Trist, in August, 1785: "It is difficult to conceive how so good a people, with so good a king, so well-disposed rulers in general, so genial a climate, so fertile a soil, should be rendered so ineffectual for producing human happiness by one single curse, — that of a bad form of government. But it is a fact, in spite of the mildness of their governors, the people are ground to powder by the vices of the form of government. Of twenty millions of people supposed to be in France, I am of opinion there are nineteen millions more wretched, more accursed in every circumstance of human existence, than the most conspicuously wretched individual of the whole United States."

To an Italian friend in Virginia, September, 1785: "Behold me, at length, on the vaunted scene of Eu-



rope! You are, perhaps, curious to know how it has struck a savage of the mountains of America. Not advantageously, I assure you. I find the general fate of mankind here most deplorable. The truth of Voltaire's observation offers itself perpetually, that every man here must be either the hammer or the anvil. It is a true picture of that country to which they say we shall pass hereafter, and where we are to see God and his angels in splendor, and crowds of the damned trampled under their feet."

To George Wythe, of Virginia, in August, 1786: "If anybody thinks that kings, nobles, or priests are good conservators of the public happiness, send him here. It is the best school in the universe to cure him of that folly. He will see here, with his own eyes, that these descriptions of men are an abandoned conspiracy against the happiness of the people. Preach, my dear sir, a crusade against ignorance; establish and improve the law for educating the common people. Let our countrymen know, that the people alone can protect us against these evils, and that the tax which will be paid for this purpose is not more than the thousandth part of what will be paid to kings, priests, and nobles, who will rise up among us if we leave the people in ignorance."

To General Washington, in November, 1786: "To know the mass of evil which flows from this fatal source [an hereditary aristocracy], a person must be in France; he must see the finest soil, the finest climate, and the most compact state, the most benevolent character of people, and every earthly advantage combined, insufficient to prevent this scourge from rendering existence a curse to twenty-four out of twenty-five parts of the inhabitants of this country."

To James Madison, in January, 1787: "To have an idea of the curse of existence under a government of force, it must be seen. It is a government of wolves over sheep."

To another American friend, in August, 1787: "If all the evils which can

arise among us from the republican form of government, from this day to the day of judgment, could be put into scale against what this country suffers from its monarchical form in a week, or England in a month, the latter would preponderate. No race of kings has ever presented above one man of common sense in twenty generations. The best they can do is to leave things to their ministers; and what are their ministers but a committee badly chosen?"

To Governor Rutledge of South Carolina, August, 1787: "The European are governments of kites over pigeons."

To another American friend, in February, 1788: "The long-expected edict at length appears. It is an acknowledgment (hitherto withheld by the laws) that Protestants can beget children, and that they can die, and be offensive unless buried. It does not give them permission to think, to speak, or to worship. It enumerates the humiliations to which they shall remain subject, and the burthens to which they shall continue to be unjustly exposed. What are we to think of the condition of the human mind in a country, where such a wretched thing as this has thrown the state into convulsions, and how must we bless our own situation in a country, the most illiterate peasant of which is a Solon, compared with the authors of this law. Our countrymen do not know their own superiority."

Such were the feelings with which he contemplated the condition of the French people. But he was in a situation to know, also, how far "the great" in France were really benefited by the degradation of their fellow-citizens. Their situation was dazzling; but there was, he thought, no class in America who were not happier than they. Intrigues of love absorbed the younger, intrigues of ambition the elder. Conjugal fidelity being regarded as something provincial and ridiculous, there was no such thing known among



them as that "tranquil, permanent felicity with which domestic society in America blesses most of its inhabitants, leaving them free to follow steadily those pursuits which health and reason approve, and rendering truly delicious the intervals of those pursuits."

Such sentiments as these were in vogue at the time, even among the ruling class. Beaumarchais's *Marriage of Figaro* was in its first run when Jefferson reached Paris. Doubtless, he listened to the barber's soliloquy in the fifth act (a stump speech *à la mode de Paris*), the longest soliloquy in a modern comedy, in which Beaumarchais, as we should say, "arraigns the administration." "I was thought of for a government appointment," says poor Figaro, "but, unfortunately, I was fit for it: an arithmetician was wanted; a dancer got it." Jefferson rarely mentions the theatre in his French letters; but the theatre in Paris is like dinner, too familiar a matter to get upon paper. Beaumarchais himself he knew but too well, for the brilliant dramatist was a claimant of sundry millions from the honorable Congress for stores furnished during the war; which puzzled and perplexed every minister of the United States from Franklin to Rives.

Our plenipotentiary was one of the most laborious of men during his residence in Europe. He had need of all his singular talent for industry. The whole of a long morning he usually spent in his office hard at work; and, sometimes, as his daughter reports, when he was particularly pressed, he would take his papers and retire to a monastery near Paris, in which he hired an apartment, and remain there for a week or two, all the world shut out, till his task was done. In the afternoon, he walked seven miles into the country and back again; and in the evening, music, art, science, and society claimed him by turns. I must endeavor, in a few words, to indicate the nature and objects of such incessant toil.

And, first, as to his public and offi-

cial duties. The two continents were then as far apart as America is now from Australia. It took Jefferson from fourteen to twenty weeks to get an answer from home; and if his letters missed the monthly packet, there was usually no other opportunity till the next. It was part of his duty as minister to send to Mr. Jay, Secretary for the foreign affairs of Congress, not only a regular letter of public news, but files of the best newspapers. He did, in fact, the duty of Own Correspondent, as well as that of plenipotentiary; with much that is now done by consuls and commercial agents. As it was then a part of the system of governments in Europe to open letters intrusted to the mail, important letters had to be written in cipher; which was a serious addition to the labor of all official persons. An incident of Mr. Jefferson's second year serves to show at once the remoteness of America from Europe, the difficulty of getting information from one continent to another, and the variety of employments which then fell to the lot of the American minister. He received a letter making inquiry concerning a young man named Abraham Albert Alphonso Gallatin, who had emigrated from Switzerland to America six years before, and of whose massacre and scalping by the Indians a report had lately reached his friends in Geneva. It was to the American minister that the distressed family (one of the most respectable in Switzerland) applied for information concerning the truth of the report. In case this young man had fallen a victim to the savages, Mr. Jefferson was requested to procure a certificate of his death and a copy of his will. It was in this strange way that Thomas Jefferson first obtained knowledge of the Albert Gallatin whom he was destined to appoint Secretary of the Treasury.

France and America, I say, were like lovers then. And yet, in one respect, the new minister found Frenchmen disappointed with the results of the alliance between the two countries. The moment the war closed, commerce



had resumed its old channel ; so that the new flag of stars and stripes, a familiar object on the Thames, was rarely seen in a port of France. Why is this ? Mr. Jefferson was frequently asked. Does friendship count for nothing in trade ? Is this the return France had a right to expect from America ? Do Americans prefer their enemies to their friends ? The American minister made it his particular business, first, to explain the true reason of this state of things, and, then, to apply the only remedy. In other words, he made himself, both in society and in the audience room of the Count de Vergennes, an apostle of free-trade.

The spell of the protective system, in 1785, had been broken in England, but not in France. Jefferson showed the Count de Vergennes that it was the measure of freedom of trade which British merchants enjoyed that gave them the cream of the world's commerce. He told the Count (an excellent man of business and an honorable gentleman, but as ignorant as a king of political economy) that if national preferences could weigh with merchants, the whole commerce of America would forsake England and come to France. But, said he, in substance, our merchants cannot buy in France, because you will not let them sell in France. One day, he went over the whole list of American products, and explained the particular restriction or system of restrictions, which rendered it impossible for American merchants to sell it in France at a profit. Indigo,—France had tropical islands, the planters of which she must “protect.” Tobacco,—O heavens ! in what a coil and tangle of protection was that fragrant weed ! First, the king had the absolute monopoly of the sale of it. Secondly, the king had “farmed” the sale to some great noblemen ; who, in turn, had sub-let the right to men of business. These gentlemen had concluded a contract with Robert Morris of Philadelphia, giving him an absolute monopoly of the importation for three years. Morris was to send to France twenty

thousand hogsheads a year at a fixed price, and no other creature on earth could lawfully send a pound of tobacco to France.

The learned reader perceives that there was a tobacco Ring in 1785, which included king, noblemen, French merchants, and Mr. Jefferson's friend, Robert Morris. When, in the course of this enumeration, he came to the article of tobacco, and explained the mode in which it was “protected,” the Count remarked that the king received so large a revenue from tobacco, that it could not be renounced. “I told him,” as Mr. Jefferson relates, “that we did not wish it to be renounced, or even lessened, but only that the *monopoly* should be put down ; that this might be effected in the simplest manner by obliging the importer to pay, on entrance, a duty equal to what the king now received, or to deposit his tobacco in the king's warehouses till it was paid, and then permitting a free sale of it. ‘*Ma foi !*’ said the Count, ‘that is a good idea ; we must think of it.’”

They did think of it. Mr. Jefferson kept them thinking during the whole of his residence in Paris. In many letters and in conversation, vivid with his own clear conviction, and warm with his earnest purpose to serve both countries, and man through them, he expounded the principles of free-trade. “Each of our nations,” he said, “has exactly to spare the articles which the other wants. *We* have a surplus of rice, tobacco, furs, peltry, potash, lamp oils, timber, which France wants ; *she* has a surplus of wines, brandies, esculent oils, fruits, manufactures of all kinds, which we want. The governments have nothing to do but *not to hinder their merchants from making the exchange.*”

To the theory of free-trade every thinking man, of course, assented. But when it came to practice, he generally found (as free-traders now do) that private interest was too powerful for him. It was in France very much as it was in Portugal. After negotiating for years with the Portuguese minister for



the free admission of American products, Jefferson succeeded in getting his treaty signed and sent to Lisbon for ratification. The astute old Portuguese ambassador predicted its rejection. "Some great lords of the court," said he to Mr. Jefferson, "derive an important part of their revenue from their interest in the flour-mills near the capital; which the admission of American flour will shut up. *They* will prevail upon the king to reject it." And so it proved. Jefferson, however, was not a man to prefer no bread to half a loaf. He did really succeed in France, after twelve months' hard work and vigilant attention, aided at every turn by the Marquis de Lafayette, whose zeal to serve his other country across the ocean knew no diminution while he lived, in obtaining some few crusts of free-trade for the merchants of America; which had an important effect in nourishing the infant commerce between the two countries. Nor did he rest content with them. He could not break the Morris contract, nor even wish it broken; but, aided by Lafayette's potent influence, he obtained from the Ministry an engagement that no contract of the same nature should ever again be permitted. To the last month of his stay in Europe, we find, in his voluminous correspondence, that he still strove to loosen what he was accustomed to call "the shackles upon trade."

His efforts in behalf of free-trade in tobacco exposed him to the enmity of Robert Morris and his kindred, one of the most powerful circles in the United States, including Gouverneur Morris, as able and honorable an aristocrat as ever stood by his order,—a man of Bismarckian acuteness, candor, integrity, and humor. In writing of this matter, in confidence, to James Monroe, Jefferson held this language: "I have done what was right, and I will not so far wound my privilege of doing that without regard to any man's interest, as to enter into any explanations of this paragraph with Robert Morris. Yet I esteem him highly, and suppose

that hitherto he had esteemed me." The paragraph to which he alludes was one in a letter of the French minister of finance, in which there was an expression implying that Mr. Jefferson had recommended the annulling of the Morris Contract. This he had not done. On the contrary, he had maintained that to annul it would be unjust. But he deemed it unbecoming in him as a public man to so much as correct this misapprehension.

The reader, perhaps, has supposed that the evils resulting from tariff-tinkering, are peculiar to the United States. Mr. Jefferson knew better. As often as he succeeded in getting a restriction upon trade loosened a little, an injured Interest cried out; and did not always cry in vain. In 1788, he obtained a revisal of the tariff in favor of American products, which admitted American whale oil (before prohibited) at a duty of ten dollars a ton. This was a vast boon to Yankee whalers. But an existing treaty between France and England obliged France to admit English oil on the terms of "the most favored nation." At once, the English oils "flowed in," overstocked the market, and lowered the price to such a point that the French fishermen and sealmen could not live. An outcry arose, which the French Ministry could not disregard. Then it was proposed to exclude all "European oils which would not infringe the British treaty"; and this idea Jefferson, free-trader as he was, encouraged with patriotic inconsistency, because, as he says, it would give to the French and American fisheries a monopoly of the French market." The *arrêt* was drawn up; ministers were assembled; and in a moment more it would have been passed, to the enriching of Nantucket and the great advantage of all the New England coast. Just then, a minister proposed to strike out the word *European*, which would make the measure still more satisfactory to French oilmen. The amendment was agreed to; the *arrêt* was signed; and, behold, Nantucket excluded!



As soon as Jefferson heard of this disaster, he put forth all his energies in getting the *arrêt* amended. Not content with verbal and written remonstrance, he took a leaf from Dr. Franklin's book, and caused a small treatise upon the subject to be printed "to entice them to read it," particularly the new minister, M. Neckar, who, minister as he was, had "some principles of economy, and will enter into calculations." He succeeded in his object, and soon had the pleasure of sending to Nantucket, through Mr. Adams, a notification that the whalemén might put to sea in full confidence of being allowed to sell their oil in French ports on profitable terms. He testified to the generous aid he had had in this business from Lafayette: "He has paid the closest attention to it, and combated for us with the zeal of a native."

Other curious incidents of his five years' war against the Protective System press for mention; but, really, one suffices as well as a thousand. It is always the same story; the interests of men against the rights of man, — temporary and local advantage opposed to the permanent interest of the human race, — a shrinking from a fair, open contest, and compelling your adversary to go into the ring with one hand tied behind him. Nevertheless, such is the nature of man, that the progress from restriction to freedom, whether in politics, religion, or trade, must be slow in order to be sure. It is human to cry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" when you live by making images of the chaste goddess. Even Jefferson, a free-trader by the constitution of his mind, was not so very ill-content with a "monopoly" which shut English whalemén out of the ports of France, and let his own countrymen in. The principle was wrong, but he could bear it in this instance. It required many years of pig-headed outrage to kill his proud and yearning love for the land of his ancestors, but the thing was done at last with a completeness that left nothing to be desired.

Among the powers with which the commissioners of the United States endeavored to negotiate treaties of amity and commerce on sublime Christian principles, were Tunis, Algiers, Tripoli, and "the high, glorious, mighty, and most noble King, Prince, and Emperor" of Morocco. Before Mr. Jefferson had held the post of plenipotentiary many weeks, he was reminded, most painfully, that those powers were not yet, perhaps, quite prepared to conduct their foreign affairs in the lofty style proposed. A rumor ran over Europe, that Dr. Franklin, on his voyage to America, had been captured by the Algerines and carried to Algiers; where, being held for ransom, he bore his captivity with the cheerfulness and dignity that might have been expected of him. Nor was such an event impossible, nor even improbable. The packets plying between Havre and New York were not considered safe from the Algerine corsairs in 1785. Nothing afloat was safe from them unless defended by superior guns, or protected by an annual subsidy. Among the curious bits of information which Jefferson contrived to send to Mr. Jay, was a list of the presents made by the Dutch, in 1784, to the aforesaid King, Prince, and Emperor of Morocco. The Dutch, we should infer from this catalogue, supplied the Emperor with the means of preying upon the commerce of the world; for it consists of items like these: 69 masts, 30 cables, 267 pieces of cordage, 70 cannon, 21 anchors, 285 pieces of sail-cloth, 1450 pulleys, 51 chests of tools, 12 quadrants, 12 compasses, 26 hour-glasses, 27 sea-charts, 50 dozen sail-needles, 24 tons of pitch; besides such "extraordinary presents" as 2 pieces of scarlet cloth, 2 of green cloth, 280 loaves of sugar, one chest of tea, 24 china punch-bowls, 50 pieces of muslin, 3 clocks, and one "very large watch." He learned, too, that Spain had recently stooped to buy a peace from one of these piratical powers at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars.

It was in the destiny of Mr. Jeffer-



son, at a later time, to extort a peace from these pirates in another way, and, in fact, to originate the system that rid the seas of them forever. But, at present, the country which he represented was not strong enough to depart from the established system of purchase. The United States was a gainer even by the treaty for which Spain had paid so high a price, for Spain was then in close alliance with the republic which had humbled the great enemy of the House of Bourbon. In the spring of 1785 came news that the American brig Betsy had been captured and taken to Morocco, where the crew were held for ransom. It was the good offices of Spain that induced the King, Prince, and Emperor of Morocco to *make a present* to the American minister at Cadiz of the liberty of the Betsy's crew. But when Mr. Carmichael waited on the Spanish ambassador to thank him, "in the best Spanish he could muster," for the friendly act of the king, he was given to understand that, unless the United States sent an envoy to Morocco with presents for the Emperor, no more crews would be released except on the usual terms. Mr. Carmichael notified Mr. Jefferson of these events, and added that he feared further depredations from the Algerines. Thirteen prizes had recently been brought in by them; chiefly Portuguese, he thought. "The Americans, I hope, are too much frightened already," said he, "to venture any vessels this way, especially during the summer." And they ran some risk even in the more northern latitudes.

A month later, Mr. Jefferson received a doleful letter from three American captains in Algiers, which brought the subject home to him most forcibly: "We, the subjects of the United States of America, having the misfortune of being captured off the coast of Portugal, the 24th and 30th of July, by the Algerines, and brought into this port, where we are become slaves, and sent to the workhouses, our sufferings are beyond our expressing, or your conception, . . .

being stripped of all our clothes, and nothing to exist on but two small cakes of bread per day, without any other necessities of life." But the captains had found a friend: "Charles Logie, Esq., British Consul, seeing our distressed situation, has taken us three masters of vessels out of the workhouse, and has given security for us to the Dey of Algiers, *King of Cruelties*." The sailors, however, remained in the workhouses, where they would certainly starve, the captains thought, if Mr. Jefferson could not at once prevail upon Congress to grant them relief.

In writing this letter, the three captains provided Mr. Jefferson with seven years' trouble. During all the remainder of his residence at Paris, and years after his return home, one of his chief employments was to procure the deliverance of those unfortunate prisoners from captivity. After making some provision for their maintenance, he explained to Congress the necessity of treating with the pirates as the Spaniards had done, money in hand. He was authorized to give twenty thousand dollars to the High and Mighty Prince and Emperor of Morocco, and the same sum to the King of Cruelties, for a treaty of peace. Inadequate as these sums were, they seemed stupendous to a Congress distressed with the debt of the Revolution, fearing to learn by every arrival that their credit was gone in Europe, through the failure of their agents to effect a new loan. Jefferson and Adams took the liberty of doubling the price for a treaty with Algiers; offering forty thousand dollars for a treaty and the twenty prisoners. They felt that this was assuming a responsibility which nothing could justify but the emergency of the case. "The motives which led to it," wrote Jefferson to Mr. Jay, "must be found in the feelings of the human heart, in a partiality for those sufferers who are of our own country, and in the obligations of every government to yield protection to their citizens as the consideration for their obedience." He assured the secretary "that it would be a com-



fort to know that Congress did not disapprove this step." He received that comfort in due time; but the forty thousand dollars did not get the treaty, nor bring home the captives. The agents whom he despatched returned with the report that upon such terms no business could be done.

And so the affair drew on. In the spring of 1786, Mr. Jefferson upon an intimation received from Mr. Adams, hurried over to London to confer with the ambassador of Tripoli upon the matter; supposing that whatever bargain they might make with Tripoli would be a guide in their negotiations with Algiers and Morocco. The two Americans met the ambassador, and had a conversation with him which one would think more suitable to A. D. 1100 than 1786. The first question discussed between them was, whether it were better for the United States to buy a temporary peace by annual payments, or a permanent peace by what our English friends elegantly style "a lump sum." The ambassador was much in favor of a permanent peace. Any stipulated annual sum, he said, might cease to content his country, and an increased demand might bring on a war, which would interrupt the payments, and give new cause of difference. It would be much cheaper in the long run, he assured them, for the United States to come down handsomely at once and make an end of the business.

That question having been duly considered, the Americans were ready to listen to the terms; which were these: for a treaty of peace with Tripoli, to last one year, with privilege of renewal, twelve thousand five hundred guineas to the government, and one thousand two hundred and fifty guineas to the ambassador; for a permanent peace, thirty thousand guineas to the government, and three thousand guineas to the ambassador; cash down on receipt of signed treaty. N. B. Merchandise not taken. On the same terms, the ambassador assured them, a peace could be had with Tunis; but with regard to Algiers and Morocco,

he could not undertake to promise anything. Peace with the four piratical powers, then, would cost Congress at least six hundred and sixty thousand dollars. If the affair had not involved the life and liberty of countrymen, the American commissioners might have laughed at the disproportion between the sums they were empowered to offer and those demanded.

Disguising their feelings as best they could, they "took the liberty to make some inquiries concerning the ground of the pretensions to make war upon nations who had done them no injury." The ambassador replied: It was written in their Koran, that all nations which had not acknowledged the Prophet were sinners, whom it was the right and duty of the faithful to plunder and enslave; and that every mussulman who was slain in this warfare was sure to go to paradise. He said, also, that the man who was the first to board a vessel had one slave over and above his share, and that when they sprang to the deck of an enemy's ship, every sailor held a dagger in each hand and a third in his mouth; which usually struck such terror into the foe that they cried out for quarter at once. It was the opinion of this enlightened public functionary that the Devil aided his countrymen in these expeditions, for they were almost always successful.

It is difficult for us to realize only eighty-six years after this conversation, that it could ever have been held; still less that the American commissioners should have seriously reported it to Mr. Jay, with an offer of their best services in trying to borrow the money in Holland or elsewhere, and in concluding the several bargains for peace with the four powers; least of all, that Mr. Jay should have submitted the offers of the ambassador to Congress. Congress, in their turn, referred the matter back to Mr. Jay for his opinion; which he gave with elaboration and exactness. The substance of his report was this: We cannot raise the money, and it would be an injury



to our credit to attempt to do so and not succeed.

Mr. Jefferson was obliged, therefore, to confine his efforts to the mere deliverance of the captives by ransom. This, too, was a matter demanding the most delicate and cautious handling; for the price of a captive was regulated like professional fees, according to the wealth of the parties interested. Let those professional pirates but suppose a *government* concerned in a slave's ransom, and the price ran up the scale to a height most alarming. Jefferson was obliged to conceal from every one, and especially from the prisoners, that he had any authority to treat for their release; a course that brought upon him a kind of censure hard to bear indeed. While he was exerting every faculty in behalf of the captives, he would receive from them "cruel letters," as he termed them, accusing him, not merely of neglecting their interests, but of disobeying the positive orders of Congress to negotiate their ransom.

He availed himself, at length, of the services of an order of monks called The Mathurins, instituted for the purpose of begging alms for the ransom of Christian captives held to servitude among the Infidels. Agents of theirs constantly lived in the Barbary States, searching out captives, and driving hard bargains in their purchase. As it was known that the Mathurins could ransom cheaper than any other agency, they were frequently employed by governments and by families in procuring the deliverance of captives. The chief of the order received Mr. Jefferson with the utmost benignity, and won his favorable regard by making no allusion to the religious heresy of the American captives. He offered to undertake the purchase, provided the most profound secrecy were observed, and he thought the twenty captives would cost Congress ten thousand dollars. Congress authorized the expenditure. But that was the time when it overtaxed the credit of the United States even to subsist their half a dozen representa-

tives in Europe. "The moment I have the money," Mr. Jefferson was obliged to write, "the business shall be set in motion." But the money was long in coming. A new government was forming at Philadelphia. All was embarrassment in the finances and confusion in the minds of the transitory administration. The poor captives lingered in slavery year after year, dependant for daily sustenance, for months at a time, on advances made by the Spanish ambassador. As late as 1793, we still find Mr. Jefferson busied about the same prisoners in Algiers.

While doing what he could for the relief and protection of his own countrymen, he set on foot a nobler scheme for delivering the vessels of all the maritime nations from the risk of capture by these pirates. He drew up a plan, which he submitted to the Diplomatic Corps at Versailles, for keeping a joint fleet of six frigates and six smaller vessels in commission, one half of which should be always cruising against the corsairs, waging active war, until the four Barbary States were willing to conclude treaties of peace without subsidy or price. Portugal, Naples, the two Sicilies, Venice, Malta, Denmark, and Sweden, all avowed a willingness to share in the enterprise, provided France offered no opposition. Having satisfied the ambassadors on this point, he felt sure of success if Congress would authorize him to make the proposition as from them, and to support it by undertaking to contribute and maintain one of the frigates. But the power of the Congress of the old Confederacy, never sufficient, was now waning fast. What could it ever do but *recommend* the States to pay their share of public expenses? And the recommendations of this nature, as Jefferson remarked, were now so openly neglected by the States, that Congress "declined an engagement which they were conscious they could not fulfil with punctuality." It was an excellent scheme. Jefferson had drawn it up in great detail, and with so much



forethought and good sense, that it looks on paper as though it might have answered the purpose.

It fell to the lot of Jefferson to negotiate and sign a convention between France and the United States which regulated the consular services of both nations. Does the reader happen to know what despotic powers a consul exercised formerly? He was a terrible being. He was invested with much of the sacredness and more than the authority of an ambassador. The laws of the country in which he lived could not touch him, — could neither confine his person, nor seize his goods, nor search his house. Over such of his countrymen as fell into his power he exercised autocratic sway. If he suspected a passenger of being a deserter or a criminal, he could send him home; if he caught a ship in a contraband act, he could order it back to its port. When Dr. Franklin came to arrange the Consular Service of the two countries, the Count de Vergennes simply handed him a copy of the Consular Convention established between France and the Continental powers; and this the Doctor accepted, signed, and sent home for ratification, supposing it to be the correct and only thing admissible. "Congress received it," as Jefferson reports, "with the deepest concern. They honored Dr. Franklin, they were attached to the French nation, but they could not relinquish fundamental principles." The convention was returned to Jefferson, with new instructions and powers; and he succeeded, after a long and difficult negotiation, in inducing the French government to limit those excessive consular powers. The government, he explains, anticipated a very extensive emigration from France to the United States, which, under the old consular system, they could have controlled; and hence they yielded it "with the utmost reluctance, and inch by inch." But they yielded it, at last, with frankness and good-humor, and the consular system was arranged as we find it now.

When we turn from the plenipoten-

tiary's public duties to his semi-official and voluntary labors, it is impossible not to be stirred to admiration and gratitude. I do not know what public man has ever been more solicitous to use the opportunities which his office conferred of rendering solid service to his country, to institutions, to corporations, to individuals. He kept four colleges — Harvard, Yale, William and Mary, and the College of Philadelphia — advised of the new inventions, discoveries, conjectures, books, that seemed important. And what news he had to send sometimes! It was he who sent to America the most important piece of mechanical intelligence that pen ever recorded, — the success of the Watt steam-engine, by means of which "a peck and a half of coal performs as much work as a horse in a day." He conversed at Paris with Boulton, who was Watt's partner in the manufacture of the engines, and learned from his lips this astounding fact. But it did not astound him in the least, — he mentions it quietly in the postscript of a long letter; for no man yet foresaw the revolution in all human affairs which that invention was to effect. He went to see an engine at work in London afterwards, but he was only allowed to view the outward parts of the machinery, and he could not tell whether the mill "was turned by the steam immediately," or by a stream of water which the steam pumped up.

We are all familiar with the system of manufacturing watches, clocks, arms, and other objects, in parts so exactly alike that they can be used without altering or fitting. It was Jefferson who sent to Congress an account of this admirable idea, which he derived from its ingenious inventor, a French mechanic. He also forwarded specimens of the parts of a musket-lock, by way of illustration. The system, which was at first employed only in the manufacture of arms, seems now about to be applied to all manufactures. He sent to Virginia particular accounts of the construction of canals and locks,



and of the devices employed in Europe for improving and extending the navigation of rivers ; information peculiarly welcome to General Washington and the companies formed under his auspices to extend the navigation of the James and the Potomac back to the mountains.

Virginian as he was, he had a Yankee's love for an improved implement or utensil, and he was always sending something ingenious in that way to a friend. He scoured Paris to find one of the "new lamps" for Richard Henry Lee, failed to get a good one, tried again in London, and succeeded. Madison was indebted to him for getting made the most perfect watch the arts could then produce, — price six hundred francs, — and a portable copying-press of his own contriving, besides a great number of books for his library. A stroll among the book-stalls was one of his favorite afternoon recreations during the whole of his residence in Paris, so one of his daughters records, and he picked up many hundreds of prizes in the way of rare and curious books, for Madison, Wythe, Monroe, and himself.

Europe is still the chief source of our intellectual nourishment ; but when Jefferson was minister in Paris, it was the only source. America had contributed nothing to the intellectual resources of man, except Franklin ; and the best of Franklin was not yet accessible. We had no art, little science, no literature ; not a poem, not a book, not a picture, not a statue, not an edifice. Jefferson evidently recognized it as a very important part of his duty to be a channel of communication by which the redundant intellectual wealth of one continent should go to lessen the poverty of the other. He had in his note-book a considerable list of Americans, such as Dr. Franklin, James Madison, George Wythe, Edmund Randolph, Dr. Stiles, of whom he was the literary agent in Europe, for whom he received the volumes of the *Encyclopædia* as they appeared, and subscribed for copies of any work of

value which was announced for publication. In advance of international copyright, and, indeed, before Noah Webster had procured a home copyright for his spelling-book from a few of the State legislatures (the beginning of our copyright system), Jefferson aided two American authors to gain something from the European sale of their writings. He got forty guineas for an early copy of Ramsay's *History of the Revolutionary War* for translation into French ; and when he found that the London booksellers did not dare sell the book, he sent for a hundred copies, and caused it to be advertised in the London papers, that persons in England wishing the work could have it from Paris, per *diligence*. Similar service he rendered Dr. Gordon, author of the *History of the war* to which he had himself contributed.

Some opportunities which occurred to him of aiding the growth of a better taste in America for architecture, he eagerly seized. Virginia was about to disfigure Richmond with public buildings, and the commissioners wrote to him for plans ; particularly, a plan for a capitol. What commission could have been more welcome ? From his youth up, before he had ever seen an edifice that was not repulsive, he was an enthusiast in architecture ; and now, in Paris, it was a daily rapture to pass one of his favorite buildings. He would linger near it, he tells one of his friends, for a long time ; would often go out of his way to catch a view of it ; loved to study it in new lights and unusual conditions of the atmosphere, and never grew weary of admiring it.

As soon, therefore, as he received the letter from Richmond, he engaged the best architect of the day, and entered upon the joyous work. They took for their model the *Maison Quarrée* of Nîmes, which, he thought, was "one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful and precious morsel of architecture left us by antiquity ; . . . very simple, but noble beyond expression." All the time he could spare from pressing public duties he spent



in adapting the ancient model to modern utilities; but with all his zeal the plan consumed time, and he was aghast one day, to receive news from home that the commissioners were beginning to build without it. He wrote to Madison, begging him to use all his influence for delay. "How is a taste," he asked, "for this beautiful art to be formed in our countrymen unless we avail ourselves of every occasion when public buildings are to be erected, of presenting to them models for their study and imitation?" The loss of a few bricks, he thought, was not to be weighed against "the comfort of laying out the public money for something honorable, the satisfaction of seeing an object and proof of national good taste, and the regret and mortification of erecting a monument of our barbarism, which will be loaded with execrations as long as it shall endure." He seems to have smiled at his own vehemence. "You see," he concluded, "I am an enthusiast on the subject of the arts. But it is an enthusiasm of which I am not ashamed, as its object is to improve the taste of my countrymen, to increase their reputation, to reconcile to them the respect of the world and procure them its praise."

Madison exerted himself; the work was stopped; the plan was accepted. But the home architect, as Professor Tucker tells us, mingled an idea or two of his own with those of the ancient master, and considerations of economy were allowed to modify parts of the design. The result many readers have seen in that ill-starred, forlorn-looking edifice, the Capitol of Virginia at Richmond. Near it, on the capitol grounds, is the best thing America has yet paid for in the way of a monument to the memory of deserving men,—the monument to Washington and the other Virginians most distinguished in the Revolutionary struggle. Jefferson was much occupied with details of this fine work during his residence in Paris. For Virginia, also, he bought some thousands of stands of arms and other warlike

material; for, who had yet so much as thought that Virginia was not a sovereign State?

There was no end of his services to the infant unskilled agriculture of his country. In Charleston and Philadelphia there was already something in the way of an Agricultural Society, to which he sent information, seeds, roots, nuts, and plants; thus continuing the work begun in his father's youth by John Bartram of Philadelphia, to whom be honor and gratitude forever! To the Charleston Society, Jefferson's benefactions were most numerous and important. Upon receiving the intelligence that he had been elected a member of the society, he sent them, with his letter of acknowledgment, "some seeds of a grass that had been found very useful in the southern parts of Europe," and was almost the only grass cultivated in Malta. It is to be feared the seed was not duly cared for by the Society, for the Northern eye looks in vain, in the Carolinas, for a vivid lawn or a fine field of grass. Afterwards he procured for them a quantity of the acorns of the cork oak. Where are the cork oaks that should have sprung from them? He burned with desire to introduce the olive culture into the Southern States, and he returns again and again to the subject in his letters. He saw what a great good the olive-tree was to Europe, from its hardiness, its fruitfulness, the low quality of soil in which it flourishes, and the agreeable flavor it imparts to many viands otherwise tasteless or disagreeable. He urged the Charleston Society to make it a chief object to introduce the olive, and offered to send them bountiful supplies of plants of every valuable variety, and to be one of five persons to contribute ten guineas a year for their experimental culture in South Carolina.

"If," he wrote to President Drayton, "the memory of those persons is held in great respect in South Carolina who introduced there the culture of rice, a plant which sows life and death with



almost equal hand, what obligations would be due to him who should introduce the olive-tree, and set the example of its culture! Were the owners of slaves to view it only as the means of bettering *their* condition, how much would he better that by planting one of those trees for every slave he possessed! Having been myself an eye-witness to the blessings which this tree sheds on the poor, I never had my wishes so kindled for the introduction of any article of new culture into our own country."

Olive-oil, however, despite his generous efforts, is not yet an American product. The Society accepted his offers. He sent them a whole "cargo of plants." The culture was begun with enthusiasm. But, whether from want of skill, or want of perseverance, or the unsuitableness of the climate, or the excessive richness of the soil, the trees did not flourish. The caper, too, of which he sent seeds and amplest information, we still import in long, thin bottles, from Europe. Cotton he dismisses with curious brevity, considering the importance it has since attained. In writing of East India products to the Charleston Society, he says, "Cotton is a precious resource, and which cannot fail with you."

Rice was the great theme of his agricultural letters. He was surprised, upon settling for the first time in a Catholic community, at the vast quantities of rice consumed; for it was the great resource of all classes during Lent. Fish was then a costly article, so far from the sea. Voltaire laughs at the Paris dandies of his day who alleviated the rigors of Lent by breakfasting with their mistresses on a fresh fish brought, post, from St. Malo, that cost five hundred francs,—a delicate mark of attention, he observes, to a pretty penitent. Rice, however, was the standing dish in France during the fasting-season, and the merchants timed their importations accordingly. Jefferson was struck with the small quantity of American rice brought to French ports and the low price it

brought. Upon inquiry, he was told that the American rice (which reached France by way of England) was inferior in quality to that of Piedmont and not so well cleaned. He sent to Charleston specimens of the kinds of rice sold in Paris, explained the inconveniences of a circuitous commerce, urged the Carolinians to send cargoes direct to Havre, and told them to be sure to get the bulk of the supply in port a month before Lent. As to the imperfect cleaning, he resolved to investigate that point to the uttermost. Being at Marseilles in 1787, he inquired on every hand concerning the machine employed in Italy to hull and clean the rice. No one could tell him. The vast national importance of the matter, together with the warm responses which he had received from Charleston to his letters upon rice, induced him to cross the Alps and traverse the rice country on purpose to examine the hulling-mill employed there, to the use of which he supposed the higher price of the Italian rice was due. "I found their machine," he wrote to Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, "exactly such a one as you had described to me in Congress in the year 1783!"

But he did not cross the Alps in vain. Seeing that the Italians cleaned their rice by the very mill used in South Carolina, he concluded that the Italian rice was of a better kind, and resolved to send some of the seed to Charleston. It was, however, part of the barbaric protective system to prevent the exportation of whatever could most signally bless other nations; and no one was allowed to send seed-rice out of the country. Jefferson, falling back on the higher law, "took measures with a muleteer to run a couple of sacks across the Apennines to Genoa"; but having small faith in the muleteer's success, he filled the pockets of his coat and overcoat with the best rice of the best rice-producing district in Italy, and sent it, in two parcels by different ships, to Charleston. The muleteer failed to run his sacks, but this small



store reached the Charleston Society, who distributed it among the rice-planters, a dozen or two of grains to each. These were carefully sown and watched, usually under the master's eye. The species succeeded well in the rice country, and enabled the South Carolina planters to produce the best rice in the world. If the reader has had to-day a pudding of superior rice, its grains were, in all probability, descended lineally from those which Jefferson carried off in his pockets in 1787.

He afterwards sent the society rough seed-rice from the Levant, from Egypt, from Cochinchina, from the East Indies; besides an "improved tooth" of a rice-mill. He also perfected with the French government and with French merchants the best arrangements then possible for the direct importation of rice from South Carolina and Georgia. No man was ever more vigilant than he in detecting opportunities to benefit his country. How did he get unhulled rice from Cochinchina? "The young prince of that country, lately gone from hence, having undertaken that it shall come to me."

Nor did he confine his services to his own country; for, as he said more than once, he regarded the office which he filled as international, and he wished to be the *medium* of good to both countries. Among other American productions, he sent for two or three hundred peccan nuts from the far West, for planting in France. To Dr. Stiles he wrote: "Mrs. Adams gives me an account of a flower found in Connecticut, which vegetates when suspended in the air. She brought one to Europe. What can be this flower? It would be a curious present to this continent." Such hints were seldom dropped in vain. Some of his correspondents took extraordinary pains to gratify his desires of this nature. The venerable Buffon, getting past eighty then, and verging to the close of his illustrious career, was indebted to Jefferson for torrents of information concerning nature in America, as well as for many

valuable specimens. He gave the great naturalist the skin of a panther, which the old man had never seen, and had not mentioned in his work; also, the horns and skins of American deer, the feet and combs of American birds, and many other similar objects.

He did not, it seems, always agree with Buffon. The old man held chemistry in contempt, — mere cookery, he called it, — and held that a chemist was no better than a cook. "I think it," said Jefferson, "on the contrary, the most useful of sciences, and big with future discoveries for the utility and safety of the human race." He combated, also, the Count de Buffon's theory of the degeneracy of animals in America. After much discussion, he tried an argument similar to that which Dr. Franklin had used, when, in reply to a remark of the same nature, he requested all the Americans seated on one side of the table to stand, and then all the Frenchmen, who happened to sit in a row on the other side. The Americans towered gigantic above the little Gauls, and the Doctor came off triumphant. Jefferson, on his part, wrote to General Sullivan of New Hampshire to send him the bones and skin of a moose, mightiest of the deer kind; Sullivan, exaggerating the importance of the object, on fire to do honor to his country and oblige its representative, formed a hunting party, plunged into the measureless snows of the New Hampshire hills, found a herd, killed one, cut a road twenty miles to get it home, got the flesh from the bones, packed skeleton and skin in a great box, with horns of five other varieties of American deer, and sent it on its way to the ocean. In the course of time, Mr. Jefferson received a bill of thirty-six guineas for the carriage of the box, and a glowing account from General Sullivan of his exertions in procuring its contents. He paid the bill with a wry face, but the moose did not arrive. Six months after the grand hunt, he wrote thus: "That the tragedy might not want a proper catastrophe, the box, bones and all, are lost;



so that this chapter of Natural History will still remain a blank. But I have written to him *not* to send me another. I will leave it for my successor to fill up, whenever I shall make my bow here." A week later, however, he had the pleasure of sending the box to the Count de Buffon, promising much larger horns another season. The naturalist gracefully acknowledged the gift, and owned that the moose was indeed an animal of respectable magnitude. "I should have consulted you, sir," said he, "before publishing my Natural History, and then I should have been sure of my facts." He died next year, too soon to enjoy the enormous pair of buck's horns coming to Jefferson from his native mountains, to maintain in Europe the credit of his native continent.

The publication of Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, in English and in French, was an interesting event of his residence in Europe. Saturated as the book was with the republican sentiment of which he was the completest living exponent, it was eagerly sought after in Paris, and had its effect upon the time. He appears to have taken a modest view of the merits of the work. "I have sometimes thought," he wrote to his friend Hopkinson of Philadelphia, "of sending my Notes to the Philosophical Society as a tribute due to them; but this would seem as if I considered them as worth something, which I am conscious they are not. I will not ask for your advice on this occasion, because it is one of those on which no man is authorized to ask a sincere opinion."

A work much more important, upon which he valued himself more than upon anything he ever wrote in his life, except the Declaration of Independence, and far more meritorious than that, was published in Paris in 1786. I mean his Act for Freedom of Religion, passed in that year by the Virginia legislature. He had copies of it printed, according to his custom. It was received and circulated with an ominous enthusiasm. I say ominous; for the first effect of ideas so much in

advance of the state of things could not but be destructive and disastrous. The whole Diplomatic Corps complimented the author by asking for a copy to transmit to their several courts, and he had it inserted in the *Encyclopédie*, to which he had contributed articles, and material for articles, on subjects relating to the United States. "I think," he wrote to his old friend and mentor, George Wythe, that "our Act for Freedom of Religion will produce considerable good even in these countries, where ignorance, superstition, poverty, and oppression of body and mind, in every form, are so firmly settled on the mass of the people, that their redemption from them can never be hoped." *Never* is a long time. He told George Wythe that if every monarch in Europe were to try as hard to emancipate the minds of his subjects from ignorance and prejudice, as he was then trying to keep them benighted, a thousand years would not raise them to the American level. He attributed the superiority of Americans, in freedom and dignity of mind, to their severance from the parent stock and their separation from it by a wide ocean; which had placed all things "*under the control of the common sense of the people.*"

A summons from Mr. Adams, his colleague in the commission for negotiating commercial treaties, called him to London in March, 1786. He spent two months in England. The visit was an utter and a woful failure. What evils might have been averted — the war of 1812, for one item — if that unhappy dotard of a king had had the least glimmer of sense, or the smallest touch of nobleness! He received these two gentlemen, representatives of an infant nation offering amity and reciprocal good, in a manner so churlish as left them no hope of being so much as decently listened to. And they were not decently listened to. Ministers were cold, vague, evasive. Merchants said to them, in substance: America *must* send us her produce, *must* buy our wares; we are masters of the situation. Why should we treat? What



do we want more? Society, too, gave them the cold shoulder. These two men, the most important personages upon the island, if England could but have known it, were held of less account than a couple of attachés of the Austrian legation. It required "courage," as Mr. Adams intimates, for a nobleman to converse with them at an assembly. "That nation," wrote Mr. Jefferson, "hate us; their ministers hate us; and their king, more than all other men." Strange infatuation! Fatal blindness!

Of course, being human, Mr. Jefferson did not relish England. He found the people heavy with beef and beer, of a growling temper, and excessively prone to worship power, rank, and wealth. "They are by no means the free-minded people we suppose them in America. Their learned men, too, are few in number, and are less learned, and infinitely less emancipated from prejudice, than those of France." In the mechanic arts, he admitted, they surpassed all the world, and he enjoyed most keenly the English gardens and parks. London, he thought a handsomer city than Paris, but not as handsome as Philadelphia; and the architecture generally in England, the "most wretched" he ever saw, not excepting America, nor even Virginia, "where it is worse than in any other part of America I have seen."

He set the Londoners right on one point. The crack invention of the moment was a carriage wheel, the circumference of which was made of a single piece of wood. As these wheels were patented and made in London, the invention was claimed as English. He told his friends, and caused the fact to be published, that the farmers in New Jersey were the first, since Homer's day, who were known to have formed wheels in that manner. Dr. Franklin, some years before, had chanced to mention it to the person who then held the patent. The idea struck him, and the Doctor went to his shop and assisted him in making a wheel of one piece. The Jerseymen did it by merely

bending a green sapling, and leaving it bent till it was set; but as in London there were no saplings, the philosopher was kept experimenting for several weeks. He triumphed, at length, and made a free gift of the process to the carriage-maker, who made a fortune by it. Jefferson visited the shop in which Dr. Franklin had worked out the idea, where he received the story from the owner, who gave the whole credit to Franklin and "spoke of him with love and gratitude." He also found in the Iliad the passage which proves that the Greeks and the Jersey farmers employed the same process: "He fell on the ground like a poplar which has grown smooth in the western part of a great meadow, with its branches shooting from its summit. But the chariot-maker with the sharp axe has felled it, that he may bend a wheel for a beautiful chariot. It lies drying on the banks of a river."

In company with Mr. Adams, he made the usual tour of England, visiting the famous parks, towns, battle-fields, edifices. So far as his letters show, nothing kindled him in England but the gardens,—"the article in which England excels all the earth,"—and he made the most minute inquiries as to the cost of maintaining those exquisite places, in order to ascertain whether it were possible for him to have a really fine garden at Monticello. It is to be presumed he applauded Mr. Adams's harangue to the rustics on the battle-field of Worcester,—Cromwell's "crowning mercy." The impetuous Adams, exalted by the recollections called up by the scene, was offended at the stolid indifference of the people who lived near by. "Do Englishmen," he exclaimed, "so soon forget the ground where liberty was fought for? Tell your neighbors and your children that this is holy ground; much holier than that on which your churches stand! All England should come in pilgrimage to this hill once a year!" The by-standers, as Mr. Adams reports, were animated and pleased by this compliment to their native field.



The two Americans visited Stratford-upon-Avon, but Mr. Jefferson only records that he paid a shilling for seeing Shakespeare's house, another shilling for seeing his tomb, four shillings and twopence for his entertainment at the inn, and two shillings to the servants. Mr. Adams, on the contrary, ventured the bold remark that Shakespeare's wit, fancy, taste, and judgment, his knowledge of life, nature, and character, were immortal.

Jefferson played his last piece upon the violin in Paris. Walking one day with a friend four or five miles from home, absorbed in earnest conversation, he fell and dislocated his right wrist. He grasped it firmly with his other hand, and, resuming the conversation, walked home in torture, of which his companion suspected nothing. It was unskilfully set, and he never, as long as he lived, recovered the proper use of it; could never again write with perfect ease, could never again play upon his instrument. Mr. Randall remarks the curious fact, that, so inveterate had become the habit of entering his expenditures, he continued to record items, that very afternoon, using his left hand. In the morning, before the accident, he entered the payment to his steward, Petit, of five hundred and four francs for various household expenses, and, in the afternoon, after the accident, in a hand more legible, records the expenditure of "24 f. 10" for buttons, and "4 f. 6" for gloves. The next day, he was out again, "seeing the king's library," for which he paid three francs.

The wrist being weak and painful five months after the accident, the doctors "filled up the measure" of their absurdity by advising him to try the waters of Aix in Provence. He tried those waters, and, deriving no benefit from them, resumed his journey and enjoyed an instructive and delightful four months' tour of France and Italy; visiting especially the seaports, rice districts, and regions noted for the culture of particular products. The cities, he says, he "made a job of, and gener-

ally gulped it all down in a day"; but he was "never satiated with rambling through the fields and farms, examining the culture and cultivators with a degree of curiosity which make some take me to be a fool, and others to be much wiser than I am." But he did not always find the towns so devoid of interest. It was upon this tour that he saw at Nismes the edifice which he had taken for a model for the capitol at Richmond. "Here I am, madam," he wrote to one of his friends, "gazing whole hours at the *Maison Quarree*, like a lover at his mistress. The stocking-weavers and silk-spinners around it consider me a hypochondriac Englishman about to write with a pistol the last chapter of his history. This is the second time I have been in love since I left Paris. The first was with a Diana at the Chateau de Laye-Epinaye in Beanjolois, a delicious morsel of sculpture by M. A. Slodtz. This, you will say, was in rule, to fall in love with a female beauty; but with a house! It is out of all precedent. No, madam, it is not without precedent in my own history." At Vienna, he owns to having been in a rage on seeing a superb Roman palace "defaced" and "hewed down" into a hideous utility.

When he saw men working long hours and hard for forty cents a week, children toiling with the hoe, women carrying heavy loads, tending locks, striking the anvil, and holding the plough, he sometimes made rather violent entries in his brief, hurried diary. For example: "Few chateaux; no farmhouses, all the people being gathered in villages. Are they thus collected by that dogma of their religion which makes them believe, that, to keep the Creator in good-humor with his own works, they must mumble a mass every day?"

The hopeless, helpless condition of the peasantry in some parts of France to which nature had been most bountiful struck him to the heart again and again. It was his custom, as he wandered among the farms and vineyards,



to enter their abodes upon some pretext, and converse with the wives of the absent laborers. He would contrive to sit upon the bed, instead of the offered stool, in order to ascertain of what material it was made, and he would peep on the sly into the boiling pot of grease and greens to see what was to be the family dinner. He had left Lafayette at Paris deeply absorbed in the early movements of the coming revolution, and he begged him to come into the southern provinces and see for himself what occasion there was for discontent. "To do it most effectually," he said, "you must be absolutely incognito; you must ferret the people out of their hovels as I have done, look into their kettles, eat their bread, loll on their beds on pretence of resting yourself, but, in fact, to find if they are soft. You will feel a sublime pleasure in the course of this investigation, and a sublimer one hereafter, when you shall be able to apply your knowledge to the softening of their beds, or the throwing a morsel of meat into their kettle of vegetables."

What a republican such scenes as these made of him! How he came to hate, abhor, despise, and loathe the hereditary principle! And all the more, because his post gave him the means of knowing the exact calibre of the hereditary kings and nobles who took from these faithful laborers nearly all their toil produced, and left them thistles and garbage for their own sustenance. "There is not a crowned head in Europe," he wrote to General Washington in 1788, "whose talents or merits would entitle him to be elected a vestryman by the people of America"; and he gave it to the general as his opinion that there was scarcely an evil known in Europe which could not be traced to the monarch as its source, "nor a good which was not derived from the small fibres of republicanism existing among them."

The king of France he knew was a fool; and the queen, at a moment when the fate of the monarchy seemed to hang upon a few millions more or less

in the treasury, gratified to the full a mania for high play. The kings of Spain and of Naples knew but one interest in life, — the slaughter of birds, deer, and pigs. "They passed their lives in hunting, and despatched two couriers a week, one thousand miles, to let each other know what game they had killed the preceding days." The successor to the great Frederick was "a mere hog in body and mind." George III. was a madman, and his son an animal of the same nature as the king of Prussia. According to Jefferson, England was as happy in her Prince of Wales in 1789, as she is in 1872. A friend (probably the Duke of Dorset) described to him the behavior of the prince at a little dinner of four persons: —

"He ate half a leg of mutton; did not taste the small dishes because small; drank champagne and burgundy as small beer during dinner, and Bordeaux after dinner, as the rest of the company. Upon the whole, he ate as much as the other three, and drank about two bottles of wine without seeming to feel it. . . . He has not a single element of mathematics, of natural or moral philosophy, or of any other science on earth; nor has the society he has kept been such as to supply the void of education. It has been that of the lowest, most illiterate, and profligate persons in the kingdom. . . . He has not a single idea of justice, morality, religion, or of the rights of men, or any anxiety for the opinion of the world. He carries that indifference for fame so far, that he probably would not be hurt were he to lose his throne, provided he could be assured of having always meat, drink, horses, and women."

Compared with the political system which placed such animals as these upon the summit of things, and made life burdensome, shameful, and bitter to nearly all but such, Jefferson thought the least good of the American governments a paragon of perfection. The very evils of democracy he learned to regard with a kind of favor. A little rebellion, now and then, like that in



Massachusetts in 1786, he thought, might be, upon the whole, beneficial. "It is true," he wrote, that "our governments want energy"; and this, he confessed, was "an inconvenience." But "the energy which absolute governments derive from an armed force, which is the effect of the bayonet constantly held at the breast of every citizen, and which resembles very much the stillness of the grave, must be admitted also to have its inconveniencies." The outrageous license of the London newspapers seemed to him an evil not greater than the suppress-

sions and the perversions of the more shackled press of the Continent. He made an acute observation on this point to Thomas Paine in 1787, the truth of which every inhabitant of New York who has glanced over the newspapers during the last four years can attest: —

"The licentiousness of the press produces the same effect which the restraint of the press was intended to do. If the restraint prevents things from being told, the licentiousness of the press *prevents things from being believed when they are told.*"

James Parton.

## P H E B E.

PHEBE, idle Phebe,  
On the doorstep in the sun,  
Drops the ripe-red currants  
Through her fingers, one by one.  
Heedless of her pleasant work,  
Rebel murmurs rise and lurk  
In the dimples of her mouth.  
Winds come perfumed from the South;  
Musical with swarms of bees  
Are the overhanging trees:  
Phebe does not care  
If the world is fair.  
"Phebe! Phebe!"  
It was but a wandering bird  
That pronounced the word

Phebe, listless Phebe,  
Leaves the currants on the stem,  
Saying, "Since he comes not,  
Labor's lost in picking them":  
Loiters down the alleys green  
Crowds of blushing pinks between,  
Followed by a breeze that goes  
Whispering secrets of the rose.  
Does that saucy bird's keen eye  
Read her heart, as he flits by?  
Syllables that mock,  
Haunt the garden-walk:



"Phebe! Phebe!"  
Lilac-thickets hid among,  
His refrain is sung.

Phebe, wistful Phebe,  
Leans upon the mossy wall.  
Nothing stirs the stillness  
Save a trickling brooklet's fall.  
Phebe's eyes, against her will,  
Seek the village on the hill.  
"If he knew he had the power  
So to chill and change the hour,—  
Knew the pain to me it is  
His approaching step to miss,—  
Knew the blank, the ache,  
His neglect can make,"—  
"Phebe! Phebe!"  
From a neighboring forest-roof  
Echoed the reproof.

Phebe, troubled Phebe,  
With the brook still murmurs on:  
"If he knew how sunshine  
Pales and thins, when he is gone,—  
Knew that I, who seem so cold,  
Lock up tenderness untold,—  
As the full midsummer glow  
Hides its live roots under snow,—  
In my heart's warm silence deep,  
And for him that hoard must keep  
Till he brings the key,  
Would he scoff at me?"—  
"Phebe! Phebe!"  
The receding singer's throat  
Shaped a warning note.

"Phebe, darling Phebe!"  
Like a startled fawn she turns.  
Over cheek and forehead  
Swift the rising rose-flush burns.  
"Sweetheart, if you only knew  
That my life's one dream is—you!"  
"Hence, eavesdropper!" though she cried,  
Gentle eyes her lips belied.  
Lost in foolish lover-chat,  
Picking currants they two sat,  
Till a woodland bird  
Sent his good-night word,  
"Phebe! Phebe!"  
In faint mockery, as he fled  
Through the evening-red.

*Lucy Larcom.*



## THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

## X.

*CAVEAT LECTOR.* Let the reader look out for himself. The Old Master, whose words I have so frequently quoted and shall quote more of, is a dogmatist who lays down the law, *ex cathedra*, from the chair of his own personality. I do not deny that he has the ambition of knowing something about a greater number of subjects than any one man ought to meddle with, except in a very humble and modest way. And that is not his way. There was no doubt something of humorous bravado in his saying that the actual "order of things" did not offer a field sufficiently ample for his intelligence. But if I found fault with him, which would be easy enough, I should say that he holds and expresses definite opinions about matters that he could afford to leave open questions, or ask the judgment of others about. But I do not want to find fault with him. If he does not settle all the points he speaks of so authoritatively, he sets me thinking about them, and I like a man as a companion who is not afraid of a half-truth. I know he says some things peremptorily that he may inwardly debate with himself. There are two ways of dealing with assertions of this kind. One may attack them on the false side and perhaps gain a conversational victory. But I like better to take them up on the true side and see how much can be made of that aspect of the dogmatic assertion. It is the only comfortable way of dealing with persons like the Old Master.

There have been three famous talkers in Great Britain, either of whom would illustrate what I say about dogmatists well enough for my purpose. You cannot doubt to what three I refer: Samuel the First, Samuel the Second, and Thomas, last of the Dynasty. (I mean the living Thomas and not Thomas B.)

I say *the last* of the Dynasty, for the conversational dogmatist on the imperial scale becomes every year more and more an impossibility. If he is in intelligent company he will be almost sure to find some one who knows more about some of the subjects he generalizes upon than any wholesale thinker who handles knowledge by the cargo is like to know. I find myself, at certain intervals, in the society of a number of experts in science, literature, and art, who cover a pretty wide range, taking them all together, of human knowledge. I have not the least doubt that if the great Dr. Samuel Johnson should come in and sit with this company at one of their Saturday dinners, he would be listened to, as he always was, with respect and attention. But there are subjects upon which the great talker could speak magisterially in his time and at his club, upon which so wise a man would express himself guardedly at the meeting where I have supposed him a guest. We have a scientific man or two among us, for instance, who would be entitled to smile at the good Doctor's estimate of their labors, as I give it here: —

"Of those that spin out life in trifles and die without a memorial many flatter themselves with high opinion of their own importance and imagine that they are every day adding some improvement to human life." — "Some turn the wheel of electricity, some suspend rings to a loadstone, and find that what they did yesterday they can do again to-day. Some register the changes of the wind, and die fully convinced that the wind is changeable.

"There are men yet more profound, who have heard that two colorless liquors may produce a color by union, and that two cold bodies will grow hot if they are mingled; they mingle them, and produce the effect expected,



say it is strange, and mingle them again."

I cannot transcribe this extract without an intense inward delight in its wit and a full recognition of its thorough half-truthfulness. Yet if while the great moralist is indulging in these vivacities, he can be imagined as receiving a message from Mr. Boswell or Mrs. Thrale flashed through the depths of the ocean, we can suppose he might be tempted to indulge in another oracular utterance, something like this:—

—A wise man recognizes the convenience of a general statement, but he bows to the authority of a particular fact. He who would bound the possibilities of human knowledge by the limitations of present acquirements would take the dimensions of the infant in ordering the habiliments of the adult. It is the province of knowledge to speak and it is the privilege of wisdom to listen. Will the Professor have the kindness to inform me by what steps of gradual development the ring and the loadstone, which were but yesterday the toys of children and idlers, have become the means of approximating the intelligences of remote continents, and wafting emotions unchilled through the abysses of the no longer unfathomable deep?

—This, you understand, Beloved, is only a conventional imitation of the Doctor's style of talking. He wrote in grand balanced phrases, but his conversation was good, lusty, off-hand familiar talk. He used very often to have it all his own way. If he came back to us we must remember that to treat him fairly we must suppose him on a level with the knowledge of our own time. But that knowledge is more specialized, a great deal, than knowledge was in his day. Men cannot talk about things they have seen from the outside with the same magisterial authority the talking dynasty pretended to. The sturdy old moralist felt grand enough, no doubt, when he said, "He that is growing great and happy by electrifying a bottle wonders how the

world can be engaged by trifling prattle about war or peace." Benjamin Franklin was one of these idlers who were electrifying bottles, but he also found time to engage in the trifling prattle about war and peace going on in those times. The talking Doctor hits him very hard in "Taxation no Tyranny": "Those who wrote the Address (of the American Congress in 1775), though they have shown no great extent or profundity of mind, are yet probably wiser than to believe it: but they have been taught by some master of mischief how to put in motion the engine of political electricity; to attract by the sounds of Liberty and Property, to repel by those of Popery and Slavery; and to give the great stroke by the name of *Boston*."

The talking dynasty has always been hard upon us Americans. King Samuel II. says: "It is, I believe, a fact verified beyond doubt, that some years ago it was impossible to obtain a copy of the *Newgate Calendar*, as they had all been bought up by the Americans, whether to suppress the blazon of their forefathers or to assist in their genealogical researches I could never learn satisfactorily."

As for King Thomas, the last of the monological succession, he made such a piece of work with his prophecies and his sarcasms about our little trouble with some of the Southern States, that we came rather to pity him for his whims and crotchets than to get angry with him for calling us bores and other unamiable names.

I do not think we believe things because considerable people say them, on personal authority, that is, as intelligent listeners very commonly did a century ago. The newspapers have lied that belief out of us. Any man who has a pretty gift of talk may hold his company a little while when there is nothing better stirring. Every now and then a man who may be dull enough prevailingly has a passion of talk come over him which makes him eloquent and silences the rest. I have a great respect for these divine par-



oxysms, these half-inspired moments of influx when they seize one whom we had not counted among the luminaries of the social sphere. But the man who can give us a fresh experience on anything that interests us overrides everybody else. A great peril escaped makes a great story-teller of a common person enough. I remember when a certain vessel was wrecked long ago, that one of the survivors told the story as well as Defoe could have told it. Never a word from him before; never a word from him since. But when it comes to talking one's common thoughts, — those that come and go as the breath does; those that tread the mental areas and corridors with steady, even footfall, an interminable procession of every hue and garb, — there are few, indeed, that can dare to lift the curtain which hangs before the window in the breast and throw open the window, and let us look and listen. We are all loyal enough to our sovereign when he shows himself, but sovereigns are scarce. I never saw the absolute homage of listeners but once, that I remember, to a man's common talk, and that was to the conversation of an old man, illustrious by his lineage and the exalted honors he had won, whose experience had lessons for the wisest, and whose eloquence had made the boldest tremble.

All this because I told you to look out for yourselves and not take for absolute truth everything the Old Master of our table, or anybody else at it sees fit to utter. At the same time I do not think that he, or any of us whose conversation I think worth reporting, says anything for the mere sake of saying it and without thinking that it holds some truth even if it is not unqualifiedly true.

I suppose a certain number of my readers wish very heartily that the Young Astronomer whose poetical speculations I am recording would stop trying by searching to find out the Almighty, and sign the thirty-nine articles or the Westminster Confession of Faith, at any rate slip his neck into

some collar or other, and pull quietly in the harness whether it galled him or not. I say, rather, let him have his talk out; if nobody else asks the questions he asks, some will be glad to hear them, but if you, the reader, find the same questions in your own mind, you need not be afraid to see how they shape themselves in another's intelligence. Do you recognize the fact that we are living in a new time? Knowledge — it excites prejudices to call it science — is advancing as irresistibly, as majestically, as remorselessly as the ocean moves in upon the shore. The courtiers of King Canute (I am not afraid of the old comparison), represented by the adherents of the traditional beliefs of the period, move his chair back an inch at a time, but not until his feet are pretty damp, not to say wet. The rock on which he sat securely a while ago is completely under water. And now people are walking up and down the beach and judging for themselves how far inland the chair of King Canute is like to be moved while they and their children are looking on, at the rate in which it is edging backward. And it is quite too late to go into hysterics about it.

The shore, solid, substantial, a great deal more than eighteen hundred years old, is natural humanity. The beach which the ocean of knowledge — you may call it science if you like — is flowing over, is theological humanity. Somewhere between the Sermon on the Mount and the teachings of Saint Augustine sin was made a transferable chattel. (I leave the interval wide for others to make narrow.)

The doctrine of heritable guilt, with its mechanical consequences, has done for our moral nature what the doctrine of demoniac possession has done in barbarous times and still does among barbarous tribes for disease. Out of that black cloud came the lightning which struck the compass of humanity. Conscience, which from the dawn of moral being, had pointed to the poles of right and wrong only as the great current of will flowed through the soul,



was demagnetized, paralyzed, and knew no fixed meridian, but stayed where the priest or the council placed it. There is nothing to be done but to polarize the needle over again. And for this purpose we must study the lines of direction of all the forces which traverse our human nature.

We must study man as we have studied stars and rocks. We need not go, we are told, to our sacred books for astronomy or geology or other scientific knowledge. Do not stop there! Pull Canute's chair back fifty rods at once, and do not wait until he is wet to the knees! Say now, bravely, as you will sooner or later have to say, that we need not go to any ancient records for our anthropology. Do we not all *hope*, at least, that the doctrine of man's being a blighted abortion, a miserable disappointment to his Creator, and hostile and hateful to him from his birth, may give way to the belief that he is the latest terrestrial manifestation of an ever upward-striving movement of divine power? If there lives a man who does not *want* to disbelieve the popular notions about the condition and destiny of the bulk of his race, I should like to have him look me in the face and tell me so.

I am not writing for the basement story or the nursery, and I do not pretend to be, but I say nothing in these pages which would not be said without fear of offence in any intelligent circle, such as clergymen of the higher castes are in the habit of frequenting. There are teachers in type for our grandmothers and our grandchildren who vaccinate the two childhoods with wholesome doctrine, transmitted harmlessly from one infant to another. But we three men at our table have taken the disease of thinking in the natural way. It is an epidemic in these times, and those who are afraid of it must shut themselves up close or they will catch it.

I hope none of us are wanting in reverence. One at least of us is a regular church-goer, and believes a man may be devout and yet very free in

the expression of his opinions on the gravest subjects. There may be some good people who think that our young friend who puts his thoughts in verse is going sounding over perilous depths, and are frightened every time he throws the lead. There is nothing to be frightened at. This is a manly world we live in. Our reverence is good for nothing if it does not begin with self-respect. Occidental manhood springs from that as its basis; Oriental manhood finds the greatest satisfaction in self-abasement. There is no use in trying to graft the tropical palm upon the Northern pine. The same divine forces underlie the growth of both, but leaf and flower and fruit must follow the law of race, of soil, of climate. Whether the questions which assail my young friend have risen in my reader's mind or not, he knows perfectly well that nobody can keep such questions from springing up in every young mind of any force or honesty. As for the excellent little wretches who grow up in what they are taught, with never a scruple or a query, Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Mormon, Mahometan or Buddhist, they signify nothing in the intellectual life of the race. If the world had been wholly peopled with such half-vitalized mental negatives, there never would have been a creed like that of Christendom.

I entirely agree with the spirit of the verses I have looked over, in this point at least, that a true man's allegiance is given to that which is highest in his own nature. He reverences truth, he loves kindness, he respects justice. The two first qualities he understands well enough. But the last, justice, at least as between the Infinite and the finite, has been so utterly dehumanized, disintegrated, decomposed, and diabolized in passing through the minds of the half-civilized banditti who have peopled and unpeopled the world for some scores of generations, that it has become a mere algebraic *x*, and has no fixed value whatever as a human conception.

As for *power*, we are outgrowing all superstition about that. We have not



the slightest respect for it as such, and it is just as well to remember this in all our spiritual adjustments. We *fear* power when we cannot master it; but just as far as we can master it, we make a slave and a beast of burden of it without hesitation. We cannot change the ebb and flow of the tides, or the course of the seasons, but we come as near it as we can. We dam out the ocean, we make roses blow in winter and water freeze in summer. We have no more reverence for the sun than we have for a fish-tail gas-burner; we stare into his face with telescopes as at a ballet-dancer with opera-glasses; we pick his rays to pieces with prisms as if they were so many skeins of colored yarn; we tell him we do not want his company and shut him out like a troublesome vagrant. The gods of the old heathen are the servants of to-day. Neptune, Vulcan, Æolus, and the bearer of the thunderbolt himself have stepped down from their pedestals and put on our livery. We cannot always master them, neither can we always master our servant, the horse, but we have put a bridle on the wildest natural agencies. The mob of elemental forces is as noisy and turbulent as ever, but the standing army of civilization keeps it well under, except for an occasional outbreak.

When I read the Lady's letter printed some time since, I could not help honoring the feeling which prompted her in writing it. But while I respect the innocent incapacity of tender age and the limitations of the comparatively uninstructed classes, it is quite out of the question to act as if matters of common intelligence and universal interest were the private property of a secret society, only to be meddled with by those who know the grip and the pass-word.

We must get over the habit of transferring the limitations of the nervous temperament and of hectic constitutions to the great Source of all the mighty forces of nature, animate and inanimate. We may confidently trust

that we have over us a Being thoroughly robust and grandly magnanimous, in distinction from the Infinite Invalid bred in the studies of sickly monomaniacs, who corresponds to a very common human type, but makes us blush for him when we contrast him with a truly noble man, such as most of us have had the privilege of knowing both in public and in private life.

I was not a little pleased to find that the Lady, in spite of her letter, sat through the young man's reading of portions of his poem with a good deal of complacency. I think I can guess what is in her mind. She believes, as so many women do, in that great remedy for discontent, and doubts about humanity, and questionings of Providence, and all sorts of youthful vagaries, — I mean the love-cure. And she thinks, not without some reason, that these astronomical lessons, and these readings of poetry and daily proximity at the table, and the need of two young hearts that have been long feeling lonely, and youth and nature and "all impulses of soul and sense," as Coleridge has it, will bring these two young people into closer relations than they perhaps have yet thought of; and so that sweet lesson of loving the neighbor whom he has seen may lead him into deeper and more trusting communion with the Friend and Father whom he has not seen.

The Young Girl evidently did not intend that her accomplice should be a loser by the summary act of the Member of the Haouse. I took occasion to ask That Boy what had become of all the pop-guns. He gave me to understand that pop-guns were played out, but that he had got a squirt and a whip, and considered himself better off than before.

This great world is full of mysteries. I can comprehend the pleasure to be got out of the hydraulic engine; but what can be the fascination of a *whip*, when one has nothing to flagellate but the calves of his own legs, I could never understand. Yet a small riding-



whip is the most popular article with the miscellaneous New-Englander at all great gatherings,—cattle-shows and Fourth-of-July celebrations. If Democritus and Heraclitus could walk arm in arm through one of these crowds, the first would be in a broad laugh to see the multitude of young persons who were rejoicing in the possession of one of these useless and worthless little commodities; happy himself to see how easily others could purchase happiness. But the second would weep bitter tears to think what a rayless and barren life that must be which could extract enjoyment from the miserable flimsy wand that has such magic attraction for sauntering youths and simpering maidens. What a dynamometer of happiness are these paltry toys, and what a rudimentary vertebrate must be the freckled adolescent whose yearning for the infinite can be stayed even for a single hour by so trifling a boon from the venal hands of the finite!

Pardon these polysyllabic reflections, Beloved, but I never contemplate these dear fellow-creatures of ours without a delicious sense of superiority to them and to all arrested embryos of intelligence, in which I have no doubt you heartily sympathize with me. It is not merely when I look at the vacuous countenances of the *mastigophori*, the whip-holders, that I enjoy this luxury, (though I would not miss that holiday spectacle for a pretty sum of money, and advise you by all means to make sure of it next Fourth of July, if you missed it this), but I get the same pleasure from many similar manifestations.

I delight in Regalia, so called, of the kind not worn by kings, nor obtaining their diamonds from the mines of Golconda. I have a passion for those resplendent titles which are not conferred by a sovereign and would not be the *open sesame* to the courts of royalty, yet which are as opulent in impressive adjectives as any Knight of the Garter's list of dignities. When I have recognized in the every-day name

of His Very Worthy High Eminence of some cabalistic association, the inconspicuous individual whose trifling indebtedness to me for value received remains in a quiescent state and is likely long to continue so, I confess to having experienced a thrill of pleasure. I have smiled to think how grand his magnificent titular appendages sounded in his own ears and what a feeble tinnabulation they made in mine. The crimson sash, the broad diagonal belt of the mounted marshal of a great procession, so cheap in themselves, yet so entirely satisfactory to the wearer, tickle my heart's root.

Perhaps I should have enjoyed all these weaknesses of my infantile fellow-creatures without an after-thought, except that on a certain literary anniversary when I tie the narrow blue and pink ribbons in my button-hole and show my decorated bosom to the admiring public, I am conscious of a certain sense of distinction and superiority in virtue of that trifling addition to my personal adornments which reminds me that I too have some embryonic fibres in my tolerably well-matured organism.

I hope I have not hurt your feelings, if you happen to be a High and Mighty Grand Functionary in any illustrious Fraternity. When I tell you that a bit of ribbon in my button-hole sets my vanity prancing, I think you cannot be grievously offended that I smile at the resonant titles which make you something more than human in your own eyes. I would not for the world be mistaken for one of those literary roughs whose brass knuckles leave their mark on the foreheads of so many inoffensive people.

There is a human sub-species characterized by the coarseness of its fibre and the acrid nature of its intellectual secretions. It is to a certain extent penetrative, as all creatures are which are provided with stings. It has an instinct which guides it to the vulnerable parts of the victim on which it fastens. These two qualities give it a certain degree of power which is not



to be despised. It might perhaps be less mischievous, but for the fact that the wound where it leaves its poison opens the fountain from which it draws its nourishment.

Beings of this kind can be useful if they will only find their appropriate sphere, which is not literature, but that circle of rough-and-tumble political life where the fine-fibred men are at a discount, where epithets find their subjects poison-proof, and the sting which would be fatal to a literary *débütante* only wakes the eloquence of the pachydermatous ward-room politician to a fiercer shriek of declamation.

The Master got talking the other day about the difference between races and families. I am reminded of what he said by what I have just been saying myself about coarse-fibred and fine-fibred people.

— We talk about a Yankee, a New-Englander, — he said, — as if all of 'em were just the same kind of animal. "There is knowledge and knowledge," said John Bunyan. There are Yankees and Yankees. Do you know two native trees called pitch pine and white pine respectively? Of course you know 'em. Well, there are pitch-pine Yankees, and white-pine Yankees. We don't talk about the inherited differences of men quite as freely, perhaps, as they do in the Old World, but republicanism does n't alter the laws of physiology. We have a native aristocracy, a superior race, just as plainly marked by nature as of a higher and finer grade than the common run of people as the white pine is marked in its form, its stature, its bark, its delicate foliage, as belonging to the nobility of the forest; and the pitch pine, stubbed, rough, coarse-haired, as of the plebeian order. Only the strange thing is to see in what a capricious way our natural nobility is distributed. The last born nobleman I saw was only this morning; he was pulling a rope that was fastened to a Maine schooner loaded with lumber. I should say he was about twenty years old, as fine a figure of a young man as you would ask to see, and with a regu-

lar Greek outline of countenance, waving hair, that fell as if a sculptor had massed it to copy, and a complexion as rich as a red sunset. I have a notion that the State of Maine breeds the natural nobility in a larger proportion than some other States, but they spring up in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. The young fellow I saw this morning had on an old flannel shirt and a pair of pantaloons that meant hard work, and a cheap cloth cap pushed back on his head so as to let the large waves of hair straggle out over his forehead; he was tugging at his rope with the other sailors, but upon my word I don't think I have seen a young English nobleman of all those whom I have looked upon that answered to the notion of "blood" so well as this young fellow did. I suppose if I made such a leveling confession as this in public, people would think I was looking towards being the labor-reform candidate for President. But I should go on and spoil my prospects by saying that I don't think the white-pine Yankee is the more generally prevailing growth, but rather the pitch-pine Yankee.

— The Member of the House seemed to have been getting a dim idea that all this was not exactly flattering to the huckleberry districts. His features betrayed the growth of this suspicion so clearly that the Master replied to his look as if it had been a remark. (I need hardly say that this particular member of the General Court was a pitch-pine Yankee of the most thoroughly characterized aspect and flavor.)

— Yes, Sir, — the Master continued, — Sir being anybody that listened, — there is neither flattery nor offence in the views which a physiological observer takes of the forms of life around him. It won't do to draw individual portraits, but the differences of natural groups of human beings are as proper subjects of remark as those of different breeds of horses, and if horses were Houyhnhnms I don't think they would quarrel with us because we made a distinction between a "Morgan" and a "Messenger." The truth is, sir, the lean sandy



soil and the droughts and the long winters and the east-winds and the cold storms, and all sorts of unknown local influences that we can't make out quite so plainly as these, have a tendency to roughen the human organization and make it coarse, something as it is with the tree I mentioned. Some spots and some strains of blood fight against these influences, but if I should say right out what I think, it would be that the finest human fruit, on the whole, and especially the finest women that we get in New England are raised under glass.

— Good gracious! — exclaimed the Landlady, — under glass! —

— Give me cowcubers raised in the open air, — said the capitalist, who was a little hard of hearing.

— Perhaps, — I remarked, — it might be as well if you would explain this last expression of yours. Raising human beings under glass I take to be a metaphorical rather than a literal statement of your meaning. —

— No, Sir! — replied the Master, with energy, — I mean just what I say, Sir. Under glass, and with a south exposure. During the hard season, of course, — for in the heats of summer the tenderest hot-house plants are not afraid of the open air. *Protection* is what the transplanted Aryan requires in this New England climate. Keep him, and especially keep *her*, in a wide street of a well-built city eight months of the year; good solid brick walls behind her, good sheets of plate-glass, with the sun shining warm through them, in front of her, and you have put her in the condition of the pine-apple, from the land of which, and not from that of the other kind of pine, her race started on its travels. People don't know what a gain there is to health by living in cities, the best parts of them, of course, for we know too well what the worst parts are. In the first place you get rid of the noxious emanations which poison so many country localities with typhoid fever and dysentery; not wholly rid of them, of course, but to a surprising degree. Let me

tell you a doctor's story. I was visiting a Western city a good many years ago; it was in the autumn, the time when all sorts of malarious diseases are about. The doctor I was speaking of took me to see the cemetery just outside the town, — I don't know how much he had done to fill it, for he did n't tell me, but I'll tell you what he did say.

"Look round," said the doctor. "There is n't a house in all the ten-mile circuit of country you can see over, where there is n't one person, at least, shaking with fever and ague. And yet you need n't be afraid of carrying it away with you, for as long as your home is on a paved street you are safe."

— I think it likely — the Master went on to say — that my friend the doctor put it pretty strongly, but there is no doubt at all that while all the country round was suffering from intermittent fever, the paved part of the city was comparatively exempted. What do you do when you build a house on a damp soil, — and there are damp soils pretty much everywhere? Why you floor the cellar with cement, don't you? Well, the soil of a city is cemented all over, one may say, with certain qualifications of course. A first-rate city house is a regular *sanatorium*. The only trouble is, that the little good-for-nothings that come of utterly used-up and worn-out stock, and ought to die, can't die, to save their lives. So they grow up to dilute the vigor of the race with skim-milk vitality. They would have died, like good children, in most average country places; but eight months of shelter in a regulated temperature, in a well-sunned house, in a duly moistened air, with good sidewalks to go about on in all weather, and four months of the cream of summer and the fresh milk of Jersey cows, make the little sham organizations — the worm-eaten windfalls, for that's what they look like — hang on to the boughs of life like "froze-n-thaws"; regular struldbugs they come to be, a good many of 'em.



— The Scarabee's ear was caught by that queer word of Swift's, and he asked very innocently what kind of bugs he was speaking of, whereupon That Boy shouted out, Straddlebugs ! to his own immense amusement and the great bewilderment of the Scarabee, who only saw that there was one of those unintelligible breaks in the conversation which made other people laugh, and drew back his antennæ as usual, perplexed, but not amused.

I do not believe the Master had said all he was going to say on this subject, and of course all these statements of his are more or less one-sided. But that some invalids do much better in cities than in the country is indisputable, and that the frightful dysenteries and fevers which have raged like pestilences in many of our country towns are almost unknown in the better built sections of some of our large cities is getting to be more generally understood since our well-to-do people have annually emigrated in such numbers from the cemented surface of the city to the steaming soil of some of the dangerous rural districts. If one should contrast the healthiest country residences with the worst city ones the result would be all the other way, of course, so that there are two sides to the question, which we must let the doctors pound in their great mortar, infuse and strain, hoping that they will present us with the clear solution when they have got through these processes. One of our chief wants is a complete sanitary map of every State in the Union.

The balance of our table, as the reader has no doubt observed, has been deranged by the withdrawal of the Man of Letters, so called, and only the side of the deficiency changed by the removal of the Young Astronomer into our neighborhood. The fact that there was a vacant chair on the side opposite us had, by no means, escaped the notice of That Boy. He had taken advantage of his opportunity and invited in a schoolmate whom he evidently looked upon as a great personage.

This boy or youth was a good deal older than himself and stood to him apparently in the light of a patron and instructor in the ways of life. A very jaunty, knowing young gentleman he was, good-looking, smartly dressed, smooth-cheeked as yet, curly-haired, with a roguish eye, a sagacious wink, a ready tongue, as I soon found out ; and as I learned could catch a ball on the fly with any boy of his age ; not quarrelsome, but, if he had to strike, hit from the shoulder ; the pride of his father (who was a man of property and a civic dignitary), and answering to the name of Johnny.

I was a little surprised at the liberty That Boy had taken in introducing an extra peptic element at our table, reflecting as I did that a certain number of *avoirdupois* ounces of nutriment which the visitor would dispose of corresponded to a very appreciable pecuniary amount, so that he was levying a contribution upon our Landlady which she might be inclined to complain of. For the *Caput mortuum* (or dead-head, in vulgar phrase) is apt to be furnished with a *Venter vivus*, or, as we may say, a lively appetite. But the Landlady welcomed the new-comer very heartily.

— Why ! *how — do — you — do — Johnny ?* ! with the notes of interrogation and of admiration both together, as here represented.

— Johnny signified that he was doing about as well as could be expected under the circumstances, having just had a little difference with a young person whom he spoke of as "Pewter-jaw" (I suppose he had worn a dentist's tooth-straightening contrivance during his second dentition), which youth he had finished off, as he said, in good shape, but at the expense of a slight—epistaxis, we will translate his vernacular expression.

— The three ladies all looked sympathetic, but there did not seem to be any great occasion for it, as the boy had come all right, and seemed to be in the best of spirits.

— And how is your father and your mother ? asked the Landlady.



—O, the Governor and the Head Centre? A 1, both of 'em. Prime order for shipping, — warranted to stand any climate. The Governor says he weighs a hunderd and seventy-five pounds. Got a chin-tuft just like Ed'in Forest. D'd y' ever see Ed'in Forest play *Metamora*? Bully, I tell *you*! My old gentleman means to be Mayor or Governor or President or something or other before he goes off the handle, you'd better b'lieve. *He's* smart, — and I've heard folks say I take after him. —

— Somehow or other I felt as if I had seen this boy before, or known something about him. Where did he get those expressions "A 1" and "prime" and so on? They must have come from somebody who has been in the retail dry-goods business, or something of that nature. I have certain vague reminiscences that carry me back to the early times of this boarding-house. — Johnny. — Landlady knows his father well. — Boarded with her, no doubt. — There was somebody by the name of John, I remember perfectly well, lived with her. I remember both my friends mentioned him, one of them very often. I wonder if this boy is n't a son of his! I asked the Landlady after breakfast whether this was not, as I had suspected, the son of that former boarder.

— To be sure he is, — she answered, — and jest such a good-natur'd sort of creatur' as his father was. I always liked John, as we used to call his father. He did love fun, but he was a good soul, and stood by me when I was in trouble, always. He went into business on his own account after a while, and got merried, and settled down into a family man. They tell me he is an amazing smart business man, — grown wealthy, and his wife's father left her money. But I can't help calling him John, — law, we never thought of calling him anything else, and he always laughs and says, "That's right." This is his oldest son, and everybody calls him Johnny. That Boy of ours goes to the same school

with his boy, and thinks there never was anybody like him, — you see there was a boy undertook to impose on our boy, and Johnny gave the other boy a good licking, and ever since that he is always wanting to have Johnny round with him and bring him here with him, — and when those two boys get together, there never was boys that was so chock full of fun and sometimes mischief, but not very bad mischief, as those two boys be. But I like to have him come once in a while when there is room at the table, as there is now, for it puts me in mind of the old times, when my old boarders was all round me, that I used to think so much of, — not that my boarders that I have now a'n't very nice people, but I did think a dreadful sight of the gentleman that made that first book; it helped me on in the world more than ever he knew of, — for it was as good as one of them Brandreth's pills advertisements, and did n't cost me a cent, and that young lady he merried too, she was nothing but a poor young schoolma'am when she come to my house, and now — and she deserved it all too, for she was always just the same, rich or poor, and she is n't a bit prouder now she wears a camel's-hair shawl, than she was when I used to lend her a woollen one to keep her poor dear little shoulders warm when she had to go out and it was storming, — and then there was that old gentleman, — I can't speak about him, for I never knew how good he was till his will was opened, and then it was too late to thank him. . . .

I respected the feeling which caused the interval of silence, and found my own eyes moistened as I remembered how long it was since that friend of ours was sitting in the chair where I now sit, and what a tidal wave of change has swept over the world and more especially over this great land of ours, since he opened his lips and found so many kind listeners.

The Young Astronomer has read us another extract from his manuscript. I ran my eye over it, and so far as I



have noticed it is correct enough in its versification. I suppose we are getting gradually over our hemispherical provincialism, which allowed a set of monks to pull their hoods over our eyes and tell us there was no meaning in any religious symbolism but our own. If I am mistaken about this advance I am very glad to print the young man's somewhat outspoken lines to help us in that direction.

# WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

## VI.

The time is racked with birth-pangs ;  
every hour  
Brings forth some gasping truth, and truth  
new-born  
Looks a misshapen and untimely growth,  
The terror of the household and its shame,  
A monster coiling in its nurse's lap  
That some would strangle, some would only  
starve ;  
But still it breathes, and passed from hand  
to hand,  
And suckled at a hundred half-clad breasts,  
Comes slowly to its stature and its form,  
Calms the rough ridges of its dragon-scales,  
Changes to shining locks its snaky hair,  
And moves transfigured into angel guise,  
Welcomed by all that cursed its hour of  
birth,  
And folded in the same encircling arms  
That cast it like a serpent from their hold !

If thou would'st live in honor, die in peace,  
Have the fine words the marble-workers  
learn

To carve so well, upon thy funeral-stone,  
And earn a fair obituary, dressed  
In all the many-colored robes of praise,  
Be deader than the adder to the cry  
Of that same foundling truth, until it grows  
To seemly favor, and at length has won  
The smiles of hard-mouthed men and light-  
lipped dames ;  
Then snatch it from its meagre nurse's breast,  
Fold it in silk and give it food from gold ;  
So shalt thou share its glory when at last  
It drops its mortal vesture, and revealed  
In all the splendor of its heavenly form,  
Spreads on the startled air its mighty  
wings !

Alas ! how much that seemed immortal  
truth

That heroes fought for, martyrs died to  
save,  
Reveals its earth-born lineage, growing old  
And limping in its march, its wings un-  
plumed,  
Its heavenly semblance faded like a dream !  
Here in this painted casket, just unsealed,  
Lies what was once a breathing shape like  
thine,  
Once loved as thou art loved ; there beamed  
the eyes  
That looked on Memphis in its hour of pride,  
That saw the walls of hundred-gated  
Thebes,  
And all the mirrored glories of the Nile.  
See how they toiled that all-consuming  
time  
Might leave the frame immortal in its  
tomb ;  
Filled it with fragrant balms and odorous  
gums  
That still diffuse their sweetness through  
the air,  
And wound and wound with patient fold on  
fold  
The flaxen bands thy hand has rudely torn !  
Perchance thou yet canst see the faded stain  
Of the sad mourner's tear.

But what is this ?  
The sacred beetle, bound upon the breast  
Of the blind heathen ! Snatch the curious  
prize,  
Give it a place among thy treasured spoils  
Fossil and relic, — corals, encrinites,  
The fly in amber and the fish in stone,  
The twisted circlet of Etruscan gold,  
Medal, intaglio, poniard, poison-ring, —  
Place for the Memphian beetle with thine  
hoard !

Ah ! longer than thy creed has blest the  
world  
This toy, thus ravished from thy brother's  
breast,  
Was to the heart of Mizraim as divine,  
As holy, as the symbol that we lay  
On the still bosom of our white-robed dead,  
And raise above their dust that all may  
know  
Here sleeps an heir of glory. Loving friends,  
With tears of trembling faith and choking  
sobs,  
And prayers to those who judge of mortal  
deeds,  
Wrapped this poor image in the cerement's  
fold  
That Isis and Osiris, friends of man,  
Might know their own and claim the ran-  
somed soul.



An idol ? Man was born to worship such !  
 An idol is an image of his thought ;  
 Sometimes he carves it out of gleaming  
   stone,  
 And sometimes moulds it out of glittering  
   gold,  
 Or rounds it in a mighty frescoed dome,  
 Or lifts it heavenward in a lofty spire,  
 Or shapes it in a cunning frame of words,  
 Or pays his priest to make it day by day ;  
 For sense must have its god as well as soul ;  
 A new-born Dian calls for silver shrines,  
 And Egypt's holiest symbol is our own,  
 The sign we worship as did they of old  
 When Isis and Osiris ruled the world.

Let us be true to our most subtle selves,  
 We long to have our idols like the rest.  
 Think ! when the men of Israel had their  
   God  
 Encamped among them, talking with their  
   chief,  
 Leading them in the pillar of the cloud  
 And watching o'er them in the shaft of fire,  
 They still must have an image ; still they  
   longed  
 For somewhat of substantial, solid form  
 Whereon to hang their garlands, and to fix  
 Their wandering thoughts, and gain a  
   stronger hold  
 For their uncertain faith, not yet assured  
 If those same meteors of the day and night  
 Were not mere exhalations of the soil.

Are we less earthly than the chosen race ?  
 Are we more neighbors of the living God  
 Than they who gathered manna every  
   morn,  
 Reaping where none had sown, and heard  
   the voice  
 Of him who met the Highest in the mount,  
 And brought them tables, graven with His  
   hand ?  
 Yet these must have their idol, brought  
   their gold,  
 That star-browed Apis might be god again ;  
 Yea, from their ears the women brake the  
   rings  
 That lent such splendors to the gypsy brown  
 Of sunburnt cheeks, — what more could wo-  
   man do  
 To show her pious zeal ? They went astray,

But nature led them as it leads us all.

We too, who mock at Israel's golden calf  
 And scoff at Egypt's sacred scarabee,  
 Would have our amulets to clasp and kiss,  
 And flood with rapturous tears, and bear  
   with us  
 To be our dear companions in the dust,  
 Such magic works an image in our souls !

Man is an embryo ; see at twenty years  
 His bones, the columns that uphold his  
   frame  
 Not yet cemented, shaft and capital,  
 Mere fragments of the temple incomplete.  
 At twoscore, threescore, is he then full  
   grown ?

Nay, still a child, and as the little maids  
 Dress and undress their puppets, so he tries  
 To dress a lifeless creed, as if it lived,  
 And change its raiment when the world  
   cries shame !

We smile to see our little ones at play  
 So grave, so thoughtful, with maternal care  
 Nursing the wisps of rags they call their  
   babes ; —

Does He not smile who sees us with the toys  
 We call by sacred names, and idly feign  
 To be what we have called them ? He is still  
 The Father of this helpless nursery-brood,  
 Whose second childhood joins so close its  
   first,

That in the crowding, hurrying years be-  
   tween

We scarce have trained our senses to their  
   task

Before the gathering mist has dimmed our  
   eyes,

And with our hollowed palm we help our ear,  
 And trace with trembling hand our wrinkled  
   names,

And then begin to tell our stories o'er,  
 And see — not hear — the whispering lips  
   that say,

"You know — ? Your father knew him.  
   — This is he,

Tottering and leaning on the hireling's  
   arm," —

And so, at length, disrobed of all that clad  
 The simple life we share with weed and  
   worm,

Go to our cradles, naked as we came.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



## A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

## XXIV.

## A RESCUE.

CARROL had been seized and led away at the beginning of the disturbance consequent upon Mrs. Lovell's arrest, and had not therefore been an eye-witness of the distressing incidents connected with it. Upon him, the impression that was produced by this event was slightly different from the actual fact. When the soldiers entered, his only idea was that it was Maud, and not Mrs. Lovell, for whom they were come; and when he was dragged away the same idea was in his mind.

Such an idea was perfectly natural under the circumstances. In the first place, Carrol, as a matter of course, was morally incapable at that time of bringing his mind to bear upon any other thought than that of Maud. In the second place, a large part of their conversation that afternoon had referred to Du Potiron, for Maud had once more to explain the misdirected letters, and she had also much to tell about Du Potiron's persecution of her in Paris. She herself only knew this from Mrs. Lovell's narrative, but Carrol's idea was that she had been personally annoyed by it all along. She had aluded with some uneasiness to Du Potiron's threats, and they had discussed the possibility of his carrying those threats into execution.

Now, all was lost. Maud was seized. She would be in the power of this vile scoundrel, and no effort of his could possibly save her. This thought created an anguish of soul which could not indeed be greater than that which he had suffered from other causes during the last few weeks, but was certainly quite as great. His guards were too numerous for resistance to be possible. He was dragged along helplessly, almost mad with the emotions that had been wrought within him by this

fearful revulsion from the highest bliss to the profoundest misery.

But Carrol, in spite of his highly emotional nature, was essentially a man of action, and wherever there was the faintest hope of doing anything he caught at it. It occurred to him that his only chance of escape now lay in winning over some one of his captors. But how was this to be done? He could not speak French, and besides there were too many of them; for even if any one should be willing to help him, he could not do so in the presence of the others. Under these circumstances a thought occurred to Carrol as a last resort, and he at once acted upon it. It was a very natural thought. He could not speak French, but some one of them might possibly speak English. This accomplishment was not uncommon in Paris. Any knowledge of English, however slight, would serve his purposes.

So he asked the soldiers nearest him, one after the other, if they spoke English. They shook their heads with the usual *comprend pas*. "Does any one speak English?" he said in a voice loud enough to be heard by all. At this one of those in front turned. As he was the only one of all of them that took any notice of this question, it seemed quite evident that he alone understood it.

"Do you speak English?" said Carrol.

"Oui, monsieur. Yes, I spik Inglis."

Carrol was much encouraged by the face of this man. It was not a heightened face: it was the face of one who was corruptible, such a face as one often sees among the great population of couriers, cicerones, landlords, waiters, and policemen on the Continent, — the face that is associated with the crafty soul and the itching palm.

"I will give a thousand francs, any-



thing, if you will help me and the lady to escape."

The man's eyes flashed, his countenance lighted up. He hesitated for a moment, and then said in a dry, business-like voice, "Oui, monsieur."

"What does he say?" asked one of the men, walking with him.

"O, nothing; he asked if his lodgings had been searched, and I told him yes. I don't know, were they searched?"

"I don't know," said the other, "but it's as well to make him think so."

"So I supposed," said the first speaker.

Carrol said no more. This little incident took some of the load of anxiety off his mind. It was a small enough incident in itself, and a rascal like this was but a broken reed; yet Carrol could not avoid relying upon this rascal's fortunate rascality, and hoping much from it.

Not long after they reached their destination, which was not far from Mrs. Lovell's. The vast number of *quasi*-military men who now filled Paris rendered necessary a large number of depots for their accommodation, and for the reception of arms and stores. It was to one of these places that Carrol was taken. It was a large edifice, with a court-yard which was filled with baggage-wagons. As Carrol was taken up stairs, he noticed that there were few men to be seen, and from appearances he conjectured that the place was used as a storehouse for commissariat purposes. A single light was burning on each of the stairways which he ascended, and the long halls were dark and gloomy. Boxes and bundles of a miscellaneous description lay around, and other collections of the same kind could be seen in some of the rooms whose doors happened to be open. It was evidently not a regular prison, but merely used by his captors for that purpose, to save themselves trouble. This was a discovery which went still further to encourage him, for it led to the hope that he might not be very closely guarded.

In the mean time Mrs. Lovell had also been arrested in the way above described, and had been led away by her captors. Paralyzed by the suddenness of the event, and by the terror that lay before her, she was for some time almost in a state of unconsciousness. The despairing cry of Maud kept ringing in her ears, and added to her own despair. In her agitation she addressed the most frantic words to her captors, — expostulations, prayers, entreaties, — but all this met with no response of any kind. They did not treat her with any incivility; they led her along as considerably as was possible under such circumstances, but no effort was made to console her, or to alleviate her distress. About ten minutes after Carrol had been safely deposited in his allotted prison, Mrs. Lovell was conducted into the same house, and put into another room. Then the lock was turned, and she was left to her own meditations.

Gloomy and despairing indeed were those meditations. The room was perfectly dark, and she had not the remotest idea where she was. At first, the horror of her situation overwhelmed her, and she stood motionless; her heart beating wildly, and her brain filled with a thousand ideas of terror.

But at length other and better thoughts came; for, after all, she had a buoyant nature and a sanguine disposition, and now, in spite of the terrors of her position, these began slowly to assert themselves. First, she thought of Maud, and it was with a feeling of immense relief that she thought of her sister's not being arrested. Then her thoughts reverted to Mr. Grimes.

The moment that the stalwart figure of Mr. Grimes stood revealed to her mind's eye, that very moment a thousand hopeful considerations, a thousand encouraging ideas presented themselves. It was the time for Mr. Grimes to come. He would not be late. He must, she thought, even by this time have arrived. He would come there, he would see Maud, and would learn all that had happened. A smile of trust and



hopefulness crossed her face as she thought of the eager and energetic way in which Grimes would fly to her rescue. First of all, he would convey Maud to a place of safety, where she would be altogether out of the reach of Du Potiron. Then he would institute a search after her. He would fly to her relief. He would come, and without delay. It surely would not be difficult for him to learn where she had been taken. He would not leave her here to suffer in imprisonment and in anguish. He would surely come, — yes, even this night, and soon, before many hours, — yes, at any moment. At length, confident and expectant, she felt about the room in the dark till she found a chair, and, drawing this close to the door, she sat there, and watched, and listened, and waited for the appearance of Mr. Grimes.

Meanwhile Carrol had been securely deposited in his room, and had striven with the difficulties of his situation as he best could. There was, of course, only one ray of hope left, and that ray beamed from the rather villanous-looking eye of the man that was able to “spik Inglis.” It was, naturally enough, rather a feeble ray; but feeble as it was, it served to throw a little light into the gloom of Carrol’s prospects, and all his thoughts and hopes centred upon the possible appearance of this man. That appearance ought to take place on this night if it was going to occur at all; and so while Mrs. Lovell sat waiting for Mr. Grimes, Carrol was waiting with far less confidence, but with equal impatience, for his deliverer.

The thoughts of expectation were mingled with others. His mind constantly reverted to Maud. Where was she now, he thought. Perhaps she is in this very building, confined in a room like this, in the dark, full of despair. O, what bliss it would be if I could but appear to her at such a time as this, and save her from such a fate! This thought was so sweet, that he could scarce lose sight of it. To him it seemed inexpressibly pleasant. To save Maud now would be something

that might atone for the anguish that she had endured on his account. What a glorious recompense! How the darkness of that old memory would be swallowed up in the sunlight of this new joy! So he sat there, and he brooded over this thought, and he longed with longing inexpressible that he might be able to do all this for Maud.

And Mrs. Lovell sat, and she listened, and she waited for Grimes full of trust.

And the hours slowly passed, the hours of night.

Midnight came.

The peal of bells from the tower of a neighboring church announced this fact to both of the watchers. Mrs. Lovell gave a sigh of distress. Carrol gave a half-groan.

But scarce had the last stroke died away on the still night air, when Carrol’s acute senses, which had been sharpened to an intense degree by his long watch, became aware of a soft shuffling sound along the hall outside.

He listened, breathless!

The sounds approached his room. They were low, shuffling, and regular.

They were footsteps.

As Carrol ascertained this fact, his heart stopped beating, and in the intensity of his anxiety he seemed turned to stone.

The footsteps drew nearer.

Then they reached the door.

Then there was a pause for a time, after which a key was noiselessly inserted, the bolt was drawn back, the door opened, and a voice said in a whisper, “Are you wake?”

“Yes,” said Carrol in a low voice, scarce able to speak in the intensity of his excitement.

“S-s-s-s-st!” said the other in a low voice.

He now came softly, in and shut the door behind him, turning the key again.

“I can save you,” said he in a whisper.

“The lady —” said Carrol in the same tone.



"She is here."

"In this house?" asked Carrol, as his heart gave a fierce throb of joy.

"Yes."

"She must be saved too."

"Yes, we sall safe her too," said the man.

"When? when?" asked Carrol, whose impatience was now intolerable.

"Now,—toute suite," said the other.

"Make haste, then; don't keep me waiting any longer," said Carrol feverishly, in a scarce articulate whisper.

"Wait," said the man. "How mooch you gif me for dis?"

"Anything; anything, if you only save me—"

"But how mooch?"

"Anything," said Carrol hurriedly. "A thousand francs."

"You make him a tousand dollar," said the Frenchman.

"I will, I swear I will. Come."

"Mais, wait. How I know dat you sall gif it?"

"I'm rich. I've got plenty."

"When you gif him?"

"O, as soon as I can get it! To-morrow. Come, make haste."

"O, oui; plenty time. Mais, how I know I sall get him? Can you gif him dis night?"

"To-night; no, I must get it from my banker."

"Mais, eet ees too long to wait."

Carrol ground his teeth in rage and impatience.

"Here," he said, snatching his purse from his pocket, and thrusting it into the man's hand, "there are about a thousand francs in this. I swear to you, by all that's holy, I'll give you the rest the first thing to-morrow. You may stay with me till then, if you're afraid."

The man took it, then he went to a corner of the room and knelt down. Then he drew a match, and, holding this in one hand, he looked over the contents of the purse by the light of the match, with a quick and practised glance. A few moments were enough. He extinguished the match and came back to Carrol.

"Dees sall do for de present," he said. "And now we sall go. But you mus take off your boots."

Carrol tore off his boots as quickly as he could.

"Gif me your hand," said the Frenchman. "I sall lead you to the lady, and den we sall all go together."

Carrol grasped the outstretched hand of the other, and in this way they left the room.

Mrs. Lovell listened and waited.

The midnight hour had tolled.

Time still went on.

At last she heard sounds outside, — shuffling sounds.

They approached her door!

"At last! O, at last!" she murmured. "O, how faithful! I knew he'd come!"

The key was inserted, the door gently opened. Mrs. Lovell rose to her feet, and, trembling in every limb, she tottered forward, scarce able to stand, and utterly unable to speak, holding out her cold and tremulous hands eagerly and longingly.

Carrol's heart throbbed with wild and furious agitation. As the door opened he rushed forward. One step inside, and he encountered Mrs. Lovell.

He flung his arms around her in a fervid embrace. He pressed her again and again to his throbbing heart. For a few moments he was utterly unable to articulate one single sound. At last, as he held her once more to his heart, he murmured, "O my darling! O my darling!"

"I knew — you'd come," sighed Mrs. Lovell in a scarce audible whisper.

"O my own dar —"

"S-s-s-s-st!" said the Frenchman in a low voice. "Make haste. We mus haste. Der is no time. Come, take my hand again, and I sall lead de way."

Carrol grasped Mrs. Lovell's hand and seized the Frenchman's. They went along the hall and down a flight of steps and into a long hall which went to the other end of the court-yard. Here they descended and reached a



gate. But Mrs. Lovell was weak, and though she clung to Carrol she could not walk well. The intense excitement of that night had unnerved her.

Carrol murmured in her ear words of love and encouragement, and then raised her in his arms. She was a little woman, and not so heavy but that Carrol was able to carry her. But his own natural strength was increased by his enthusiasm and joy; and Mrs. Lovell, utterly overcome by contending emotions, twined her arms about his neck, while her head sank upon his shoulder.

## XXV.

## AN OVERWHELMING DISCOVERY.

THE Frenchman now opened a door at the back of the house, and Carrol passed out into a street.

It was quite dark. The moon, which had been shining bright in the early part of the night, had gone down, and the sky was overcast. There were no lights burning in the street, nor were any visible in any of the houses. The siege had extinguished the one, and the lateness of the hour had extinguished the other.

Into this dark street Carrol passed, bearing his burden. Mrs. Lovell clung to him as though she were afraid that something might still occur to separate them; while Carrol, in his rapturous joy, forgot all danger, and had it not been for his sober, practical, and matter-of-fact guide, would have wandered at random, carrying his burden anywhere as long as he could move. But his sober, matter-of-fact guide had made other preparations so as to complete their escape, and thereby make his own reward the more sure.

"I haf a cab," said he. "Eet ees not far. You carre de lady some time yet, but not mooch. All araight. De next cornaire."

By this Carrol understood that his guide had given to his own performance a completeness that made it positively artistic. This allusion to a cab at once aroused him to the dangers around him

and the excellence of the cab as a means of escape from it.

At the next corner they found a cab standing. The guide went forward and spoke mysteriously to the cabman. Then, as Carrol came up, he asked him where he wanted to go. Carrol hesitated for a moment. He thought of Mrs. Lovell's lodgings; but being still possessed with the idea that danger might be lurking there, and anxious above all to secure the safety of his dear companion, he mentioned the Hotel du Louvre. His idea was to drive there first, and on the following day to send word to Mrs. Lovell about the safety of Maud.

Giving this brief direction, he put down his precious burden, and tenderly lifted her into the cab. Then he followed himself. The door was shut. The guide took his seat beside the driver, and the cab drove off.

Carrol was now once more alone with his dear care. Her silence and her weakness excited his tenderest pity, while the rapturous thought that he had achieved her deliverance filled his whole soul. He flung his arms around her, and drew her close to him and held her there. Mrs. Lovell made no resistance. It was her deliverer who was thus lavishing his tenderness upon her. Her heart was filled with a sense of his devotion to her; and he had a way of appropriating her which she was unable and unwilling to resist.

Thus the cab drove on, and the two sat there, quite silent, each lost in the thoughts that were most natural to each mind. It was a moment of infinite tenderness, of mutual self-devotion, of soft and tranquil thoughts of bliss; in short, a supreme moment that only comes but once in a whole life.

"This is bliss unspeakable," thought Carrol. "What a wonderful life I have had all crowded into a few weeks! The most unutterable misery, and the most exalted happiness; the alternations of utter despair and seraphic joy. Now the darkness is lost in light, and Maud will lose the recollection of the grief that I have caused her in the re-



membrance of the joy that I have given her."

These were the thoughts that he had as he held her to his heart.

"How faithful and how true he is!" thought Mrs. Lovell; "and what a heart must I have had to have played so recklessly with such a Glorious Being! I knew he would come. I sat there, and waited, and I knew it. And he came. But how it was that he could have ever managed to come, is something that I never shall understand. And there never was such another man in all the world. O, he is such an utter —" A sigh ended the unspoken sentence.

It was Carrol who first broke the silence.

He thought that his direction to go to the Hotel du Louvre ought to be announced to his companion. He had not thought of it since he gave it. He now thought that she ought to know, so as to have some idea of where she was. He also began now to remember the existence of Mrs. Lovell, and the idea occurred to him that some measures ought to be taken as soon as possible to effect a communication with her, so as to let her know the joyful event that had occurred.

This communication was destined to be effected much more quickly than he had supposed to be possible. With the motive that had just been explained, Carrol gave a long sigh, that was elicited simply and solely by utter happiness, and then for the first time began to speak aloud and in his ordinary voice.

"You know, darling," said he, "I ordered the driver to take us to the Hotel du Louvre, but I've just thought that you might feel anxious about your sister, and would like to go to her first to let her know about your safety. Do you feel inclined to do so, or are you afraid?"

At the first sound of his voice thus audibly expressed, in his natural tones, Mrs. Lovell gave a little start, and then listened with a confused expression. The voice did not seem altogether familiar; she felt puzzled. The thing alarmed her; she did not say one

word for some few moments. But as the voice ceased, her fears died out. She began to think that her brain must be affected. These wild suspicions seemed like delirium or madness. But the arms of her preserver were around her, and thus reassured her.

"O dear," she sighed, "I really think that I must be almost insane! I'm not quite myself yet, I suppose. O yes, do let us first go and see Maudie! O, I want to see poor, poor Maudie! I know that Maudie will be frightened almost to death! Poor, poor Maudie. O yes, let us drive as fast as possible to Maudie!"

This time it was Carrol's turn. He it was who gave the start. The sensation was his. That voice! It was not the voice of Maud. Who was this that spoke of "Maudie"? What did it mean?

Carrol's blood turned cold within his veins, a shudder passed through him, his heart stopped beating, his nerves tingled, his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and finally all the hairs of his head simultaneously and quite spontaneously rose up and stood on end.

His arms relaxed. He made an effort to withdraw them, and would have done so had he not been almost paralyzed by this new sensation.

What did it mean? Who could it be? Was there a mistake, or was he mad? Had the Frenchman taken him to the wrong woman? What a frightful and abhorrent and abominable idea! And where was Maud? And who in Heaven's name was this woman who talked about "Maudie"? A mistake? How could there be a mistake? He would not, could not believe it. But there must be a mistake. Could such things be?

Mrs. Lovell noticed the shudder that passed through her companion, and felt his arms relax, and observed his astonishing silence. She wondered at first, and then grew alarmed, thinking that the excitement of the search, for her, and the long anxiety, and the final rescue had at last overcome him.



"O," she cried in intense anxiety, "what's the matter? You seem ill? Are you not well? O, why are you so silent? Why do you tremble so? Why do you shudder? O, you are ill? O heavens! you have done so much for me that you are sinking under it. And O, how unhappy I am! And O, what *can* I do?"

The sound of this voice was enough for Carrol. There could no longer be any possibility of doubt. His worst suspicions were confirmed. The terrible fact appeared, full and undeniable.

*It was not Maud!*

This confirmation of his worst fears broke the spell that had fallen upon him. He tore himself away. He started back, and in a wild voice that was almost a yell shouted out, "What's all this? Who are you? What do you want?"

This act, and the sound of his voice, a second time sent a cold thrill of horror through Mrs. Lovell. She recoiled with a repugnance and an abhorrence as strong as that which animated Carrol, while a terror more dire and more dark took possession of her soul, quite overwhelming her.

"Who are you?" she said in a low moan, and with a wail of anguish, — the utter anguish of intensest fear.

"O great Heaven!" cried Carrol with an anguish as deep as hers.

"Who are you?" wailed Mrs. Lovell again, in the last extremity of her terror, — "who are you? O, who are you? What do you want? O, what do you want?"

These wails of anguish showed plainly to Carrol that this woman, whoever she was, had not intended to deceive him, but had been herself deceived. Strangely enough, he had not yet thought of the truth; for so entirely had the idea taken possession of his mind that it was Maud who had been arrested, and that Mrs. Lovell was safe from all danger, that he did not think of her. As to who it was he was not able to give a thought, so confused, so bewildered, and so overwhelmed was he. That

poor brain of his had been sorely tried for many eventful weeks, and could not now be expected to be equal to the sudden demand that was made upon its overtaken energies.

He had but one thought, that of knowing the truth at once. On this he acted instantaneously.

He stopped the cab.

He tore open the door.

He jumped out.

He told Mrs. Lovell to get out.

She got out.

The Frenchman also got down from the box, animated by the one idea that had now become his ruling motive, — the idea of securing his pay.

It was dark. There were no lights in the streets or in the houses. Carrol and Mrs. Lovell remained undistinguishable to one another, though each stared hard at the other. Carrol now seemed to Mrs. Lovell to be not quite so tall as Grimes, but Carrol himself could make nothing out of Mrs. Lovell's appearance.

"Who are you?" asked Carrol, at length, in an excited voice. "This is all a terrible mistake."

At this question Mrs. Lovell was on the point of mentioning her name; but a sudden recollection of the events of her escape, the mutual endearments, and all that sort of thing, effectually deterred her.

"I — I — you — I —" she stammered, "that is, O dear! I thought you were somebody else. I thought you were Mr. — Mr. — Mr. Grimes."

"Mr. Grimes!"

At the mention of that name a flood of light poured into Carrol's soul. In a moment he understood it all. This lady was Mrs. Lovell. He saw the whole truth. Mrs. Lovell had been arrested also. He had stumbled upon her, and she had mistaken him for Mr. Grimes. About the naturalness of such a mistake he did not stop to think, for his thoughts were turned to his own affairs. If this was Mrs. Lovell, where was Maud? She was still in prison! In his wild excitement he took no further notice of Mrs. Lovell,



but turned furiously upon his benefactor, the Frenchman.

"This is the wrong lady," said he, and his words remained fixed in Mrs. Lovell's memory afterwards; "where is the other one?"

"De oder one?"

"Yes, the other lady."

"De oder lady? Dere is no oder lady."

"There were two ladies arrested: I want the other. You must take me back, and rescue her, or I swear I won't pay you anything more. I swear I'll give myself up again and inform about you."

"Mon Dieu!" cried the other, "I say dere is no oder. Dere vas only one lady took. Dis is de one. De oder lady faint. She stay in de house. No one touch her. You go to de house, and ask. She dere now, eef she haf not ron away."

"What is this?" cried Mrs. Lovell, who at last begun herself to understand the state of the case. "You are Mr. Carrol, are you not?"

She spoke rather coldly.

"I am," said Carrol stiffly.

Mrs. Lovell turned to the Frenchman.

"The other lady was not arrested, I think you said?"

"No, madame. I vas back to de house, she vas faint."

"Fainted? Poor darling Maudie!" cried Mrs. Lovell, who now became absorbed in that which had been so long the chief feeling of her heart,—her love for her sister,—"poor darling Maudie! O Mr. Carrol!" she continued, "we must go there at once; she may be there now alone, and in despair. O, come! I must go there at once."

She told the driver her address, and hurried back into the cab.

Mrs. Lovell's belief in the Frenchman's information changed the current of Carrol's thoughts. He now saw that Maud had not been arrested, and that Mrs. Lovell was the one. He saw that the only course left was to hasten without delay to the lodgings;

and accordingly, after one or two more questions of the Frenchman, he reiterated Mrs. Lovell's directions and got back into the cab alone.

The door was once more closed, and again the cab drove off.

The very same people now occupied the interior of the cab who had occupied it a short time before, but between their former relations and their present ones there was an infinite difference. In that short time a revelation had taken place which had completely revolutionized their mutual attitudes and turned their thoughts into a totally different channel. They sat now as far as possible away from one another. They felt an unspeakable mutual repugnance and repulsion, and by the intensity of their longing after the absent they measured their abhorrence of the present. Not a word was spoken. It was a situation in which words were a mockery.

Of the two, Mrs. Lovell's case was perhaps the worst. The thoughts of Carrol had reference to one alone, but her thoughts vibrated between two different beings, the one Mr. Grimes, the other Maud. About each she felt an equal anxiety. What had become of Mr. Grimes? How did it happen that this man Carrol,—a man for whom she never had felt any particular respect, a man whose influence over Maud only excited her wonder,—how did it happen that a man like this should surpass the glorious Grimes in daring and in devotion? How did it happen that he should have penetrated to her dungeon, while glorious Grimes had stood aloof? It was a thing which she found inexplicable, and the more she thought of it the more unable she felt to account for it.

In the midst of her anxieties she could not help feeling the bitterest mortification about the events of her escape. First of all, she detested this Carrol, nor could the thought that he had saved her disarm that resentment. Secondly, she felt a resentment against Grimes for the deep disappointment which he had caused her, and for the



horrible mortification to which his delinquency had exposed her. The only thing which at this moment saved poor Grimes from sinking forever into the unfathomable depths of contempt in her estimation was the idea that he also might have fallen a victim to the vengeance of Du Potiron.

Carrol drew himself back as far as possible into one corner of the cab, shrinking from even the slightest contact with his companion, and Mrs. Lovell did the same with an aversion which was, if possible, more intense and persistent. And yet these two but a short time before had been clinging to one another with feelings of illimitable tenderness!

The cab drove on as it had driven before, and at length reached its destination. Carrol flung open the door and sprang out. A gentlemanly instinct came to him in the midst of his excitement, and he turned after two or three steps, with the intention of assisting Mrs. Lovell out. The magnanimous thought occurred to him that, in spite of all her faults and offences, she was, after all, Maud's sister. But Mrs. Lovell took no notice of him. To her Carrol was now a detestable being, — detestable, and that utterly. She quitted the cab unassisted, and hurried toward the house. Carrol hurried there also.

The aspect of the house struck them as being strange and drear and suspicious. What was stranger and more suspicious was the fact that the door was wide open. Mrs. Lovell entered first. The *concierge* was gone. The way was clear. It was dark inside, but Mrs. Lovell knew the way well enough to go in in the dark. Carrol followed her, guided by the sound of her footsteps, and keeping as close to her as possible.

On reaching the door of her apartments, Mrs. Lovell found it wide open. All was still; she faltered for a moment upon the threshold, as a terrible apprehension came to her mind; then overcoming this, she entered.

She said not a word, but walked on. The door leading into the room be-

yond was also wide open. It was the ordinary sitting-room, and beyond this was the bedroom. Mrs. Lovell walked on with a quaking heart till she reached the bedroom door. Then she stopped, quite overcome. Then she called, "Maudie!"

No answer!

"Maudie!" she cried again; "are you here?"

There was no answer.

Mrs. Lovell could endure her suspense no longer, she entered the room, and passed her hand over the bed. No one was there. Then she lighted a lamp. The room was empty. Then taking the lamp in her hand, she came back with white face and staring eyes to the outer apartment, where Carrol had been waiting in a state of inexpressible anxiety.

"Where is Maud?" he asked.

"She is not here," said Mrs. Lovell, in a low and tremulous voice; "and I — I am — awfully afraid."

"Let us search the house," said Carrol in a hoarse voice; "she may be somewhere about"

With these words he took the lamp from Mrs. Lovell, and the two walked away, searching for Maud. To their consternation they found all the rooms open. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere. No servants were to be found. All had gone. Madame Guimarin had gone; and as for Maud, there was not the slightest sign of her.

## XXVI.

### ANXIOUS INQUIRIES.

THE discovery that the house was absolutely deserted, and left thus with all the doors open and no occupants, filled both Mrs. Lovell and Carrol with equal terror. They went all through the house as though they still conceived it possible that Maud might lie concealed in some remote apartment. Faint indeed was their hope as they thus pursued their examination, but still such an examination was not so bad as utter and



open despair; and so they continued it, even after all hope of finding her here had left them. During this search there was not the slightest thoughts of their own safety in the mind of either of them. So engrossed were they in their anxiety about Maud, that the idea of personal security was utterly forgotten, and they kept up their business of exploring the house just as though neither of them had ever been arrested.

But Mrs. Lovell, while she thought about Maud, had thoughts also of a similar nature about Grimes. With her fresh remembrance of Du Potiron's threats, and also of Du Potiron's sufferings, she could not help wondering whether he had not fallen a victim to that vengeance. Against him Du Potiron had a double cause of anger; for in the first place he was connected with her, and in the second place he had done an unpardonable wrong in the personal assault that he had made. All these thoughts came to her as she searched wearily, fearfully, and hopelessly about the house; till at length their weight oppressed her. She could not endure them. The hopeless search grew irksome, and finally she sat down in the hall, and gave herself up to the despairing thoughts that now took complete possession of her. As for Carrol, his state of mind was very similar. The resentment which he had felt against Mrs. Lovell for being the innocent cause of his disappointment had died away, and the one feeling left in his mind was that of inexpressible anxiety about Maud. In this feeling the two found a common bond of union and a common ground of sympathy, so that they were once more drawn together, in spite of the mutual aversion which recent events had created.

As Mrs. Lovell thus sank despairingly into her seat, Carrol stood in equal despair by her side, and for a long time not a word was spoken by either of them. Of the two Carrol was the first to rouse himself.

"Well," said he, "it seems to me

that there is no need for us to remain here any longer. I think that we had better do something. Will you allow me to take you to the Hotel du Louvre, while I continue the search elsewhere?"

"Elsewhere?" said Mrs. Lovell. "What do you mean? Where will you look? Have you any idea of any place where information can be gained?"

"Well, I don't know," said Carrol. "I've been thinking it over, and it seems to me that I ought to be making a general search, though I confess I hardly know where. My idea just now is to take you back to the Hotel du Louvre, and then start off and try and find something, — whatever I could, — and I would let you know the result in the morning."

"It is of course, very natural," said Mrs. Lovell, calmly, "that you should wish to get rid of me, but I assure you that you shall do nothing of the kind: for, in the first place, I mean to continue the search; in the second place, I shall keep this cab in my employ; and, in the third place, I shall insist on your accompanying me. For we have the same object in view, and so it seems to me that we had better pursue it together. You can be of service to me, and therefore I ask you to go with me. If you refuse, I shall have to go alone. But knowing what I do of your relations to poor dear Maudie, I do not anticipate a refusal."

Upon this Carrol assured her that his only thought had been for her comfort, and that, if she felt inclined to continue the search for Maud, he would of course go with her.

"Very well," said Mrs. Lovell, "and now I will tell you what I have been thinking of since I came to this house. It is — a — Mr. Grimes. You see he was to come here to meet us, to make our departure together. Now, you know, when the soldiers came, they came to arrest *me*. M. Du Potiron threatened that and that only; so they came and took *me*. They took you also, and I think the reason of that was that you were mistaken for Mr.



Grimes, who had, no doubt, been denounced along with me. I can account for your arrest in no other way.

"Well, you know, poor dear Maudie was not arrested; for this man, M. Du Potiron, you know, threatened to have me arrested, and to take poor dear Maudie himself. He may have been waiting outside for my arrest, and have taken away poor dear Maudie at once. Or he may have delayed; and this gives me the only hope I have. It is this. You see, Mr. Grimes was to have come here for us; well, you know, we were arrested. Well, it was about the right time for Mr. Grimes to come; and if poor dear Maudie was not taken away, Mr. Grimes must have found her and learned from her what happened, and then taken her away. So the only way to find Maudie is to search after Mr. Grimes."

"Well," said Carrol, "there seems to be something in what you say. As to Grimes, I don't know exactly where to look for him, for he left our lodgings this morning for good, and he does n't seem to me the kind of man who would go quietly back there to sleep when he knew his friends were in danger."

"No," said Mrs. Lovell, in a decided voice, "he certainly cannot be sleeping. He is awake somewhere and trying to help — to help — us."

"Yes," said Carrol, "that's a fact; and so it seems useless to hunt him up at our lodgings. The question then remains, where can we find him, or where can we find out about him."

Mrs. Lovell sat thinking now for some time. At last she spoke again. "Did Mr. Grimes say anything to you about what he intended to do to-day?"

"Well, yes, in a general way. He said positively that he was not coming back. He paid his bill and made some arrangements about his luggage, which was to be kept at the house till he should come for it at some future time, or send for it. Some of his valuables I know he had taken away the day before and left with M. Nadar, to be deposited by him in the balloon —"

"M. Nadar?"

"Yes. M. Nadar was to put this in the balloon in which Mr. Grimes was to go. It was something which was very light, yet very important to Mr. Grimes."

At this a strange thought occurred to Mrs. Lovell, a strange and to her at that moment a very affecting thought, opening up to her mind once more a fresh insight into the devotion of Grimes, and disarming to a great extent the hostile suspicions that had begun to come to her.

"What is that?" she asked somewhat anxiously; "something did you say that Mr. Grimes had intended to take with him in the balloon, — something did you say that was very light, and yet very important?"

"Yes," said Carrol, who knew perfectly well what this was of which he spoke, yet did not like to mention either the thing itself or his knowledge of it to Mrs. Lovell. "Yes, something of importance to him, you know, that he wished to take with him, you know, but which was not of sufficient weight, you know, to make any difference in a balloon, you know."

"O yes," said Mrs. Lovell, in an absent way.

"Well," said Carrol, "as I was saying, he had taken this away the day before to M. Nadar, leaving directions that this should be placed in his balloon."

"In his balloon?" repeated Mrs. Lovell, absently, but with some emotion.

"Yes," said Carrol, "that is, you know, in the balloon that he intended to travel by, you know."

"O yes," said Mrs. Lovell.

"Well," said Carrol, "and so, you know, he left this morning with the intention of seeing that the balloons were made ready. You see he had not sufficient confidence in M. Nadar, and therefore wanted to be on the spot himself."

"And so you think he went there?" said Mrs. Lovell, with some anxiety.

"I have no doubt about it," said



Carrol. "I know he went there, and I know too that he must have spent the whole day there; for you see, he felt that the whole responsibility of this balloon voyage rested upon him, and so, you see, he was, very naturally, quite anxious that everything should be safe, that is, as safe as possible."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lovell, "that is what he must have done."

"Yes," chimed in Carrol, "he must have been at M. Nadar's all the day, and has probably come here in the evening."

"And in that case," said Mrs. Lovell, "he must have found Maudie. So you see, it only proves what I said, that Mr. Grimes is the one whom we must first find. It seems to me that the best thing we can do is to drive to M. Nadar's and make inquiries."

"Yes," said Carrol, "but I suppose we may as well drive to my lodgings first, for it is just possible that he may be there."

To this Mrs. Lovell assented, and the two were soon seated in the cab again. On reaching his lodgings Carrol waked the *conceirge* with some difficulty, and learned that Grimes had not been there at all; so that now it only remained to drive to M. Nadar's.

On reaching M. Nadar's, they found all dark and still, and only obtained admission with extreme trouble. M. Nadar appeared after some delay, and Carrol made known his business as briefly as possible.

M. Nadar's information was full, complete, and final.

*First.* Monsieur Grimes had not been there at all that day.

*Secondly.* He had prepared the balloons according to promise, depositing M. Grimes's little package in his balloon, with other necessities, and had the balloons ready in the Place St. Pierre at the appointed time.

*Thirdly.* After a long delay M. Grimes at length reached the place with a lady who had fainted. M. Grimes was very anxious to resuscitate her before starting, and to wait for his friends.

*Fourthly.* At length a cab appeared, which they supposed to be M. Grimes's friends. M. Nadar told him the lady would recover in the upper air, and asked him if he was ready. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, M. Nadar had cast off the lines.

*Fifthly.* But the cab did not contain the friends of M. Grimes; and M. Nadar, after waiting for them a long time, had packed up his balloon and returned.

M. Nadar's visitors made suitable acknowledgments for this information, and returned to the cab and drove back to the Hotel du Louvre.

This information had been a crushing blow to both. Mrs. Lovell was speechless with indignation. It was bad enough that she should have suffered the humiliation of this disappointment, that her trust had been mocked and her holiest and tenderest feelings outraged. Bad enough this was; but to find that this had been done with such abominable accompaniments, and that Grimes, while vowing endless devotion to her, had coolly, calmly, and quietly taken some other woman with him and fled with her, — this was, indeed, an intolerable insult and wrong.

Who was this fainting lady about whom he had been so anxious, the one for whom he had given up good faith and truth and honor and all that is most esteemed by high-minded men? Who was she and what motive could Grimes have possibly had in devoting himself to herself, if another held so much power over him? To think of Grimes as a gay Lothario was absurd, yet from any other point of view his conduct was most inexplicable.

While Mrs. Lovell thus suffered the pangs of wrath and jealousy, Carrol was more than ever disturbed about Maud. Her disappearance was a terrible blow. He did not know where to search for her, or what to do. At length his thoughts reverted to one fact in the narrative of M. Nadar, and that was the mention of the lady who had fainted. Grimes had taken a lady in this state into the balloon, and Car-



rol now recollected what the guide had said of Maud. She too had fainted. Could the fainting lady of Grimes be Maud? The more he thought of it the more probable it seemed. He mentioned his suspicions to Mrs. Lovell.

But Mrs. Lovell scouted the idea.

"Maudie! Impossible! What would Mr. Grimes want of Maudie? and in a fainting fit too! The idea is absurd. Why, Mr. Grimes would wait till Maudie recovered, so as to find out what had happened. No," concluded Mrs. Lovell, bitterly, "it was some strange lady."

"But Grimes did n't know any ladies in Paris at all, except you and — and Miss Heathcote."

Mrs. Lovell shook her head obstinately, but said nothing.

At length the cab stopped, and Carrol once more questioned the guide about what he had seen in the house after the arrest.

The guide's story was the same as before, without any alteration.

To Carrol there now seemed no doubt about it. Grimes must have gone to the house and found Maud there. He must have taken her, not only away from the house, but into the balloon. Into the balloon! and if so, where were they now? Into what peril had he borne her in his wild flight. What did he mean? It seemed a thing so terrible, so hazardous, so frantic, and so unintelligible, that Carrol was bewildered.

He dismissed the cabman and took Mrs. Lovell to the hotel. But for neither of them was there any sleep. Mrs. Lovell in her drear solitude wailed for her lost sister, and thought with speechless indignation of the baseness of the man in whom she had trusted. He had deceived her, he had broken his faith and stained his honor. He now deserved only her limitless contempt.

*James DeMille.*

## THE FIRST PARTING.

"YES! I am off to-morrow morn!  
 Next week I sail for Indy!  
 And you'll be glad when I am gone, —  
 Say, sha'n't you be, Lucindy?"

A summer flower herself, the maid  
 Stood 'mid the sweet syringas,  
 A June pink in her hair's smooth braid,  
 A rosebud in her fingers,

Plucked from the tall bush in the yard,  
 Whose white flowers waved above her;  
 And parting never seemed so hard  
 As just then, to her lover.

Her lip began to grieve; the red  
 Upon her cheek grèw paler.  
 "It seems a strange choice, Tom," she said,  
 "For you to be a sailor;



"And when the wild, black clouds I see,  
And when the nights are windy,  
I—" "Bless your soul! you'll pray for me;  
I know you will, Lucindy!"

The rosebud from her hand he took.  
"This flower," he said, "I'll save it,  
And keep it pressed within a book,  
Remembering who gave it.

"I never cared, as women do,  
For garden beds and posies,  
But somehow—why, I never knew,—  
I always loved white roses.

"They seem just made for weddin's; when  
I come again from Indy,  
My bride, you'll wear white roses then;  
Come, wont you?—say, Lucindy!"

A sudden flame upon her cheek,  
Her eyes the quick tears filling,  
The answer gave she would not speak,  
Lest she might seem too willing.

For, "Tom," she asked, "how can it be?  
Here, all my life, you've known me;  
No word of love you've said to me,  
No sign you've ever shown me."

And he said, "True, but though I hain't,  
My love, I've wished you knew it,  
And tried to speak, and felt too faint  
At heart to dare to do it;

"But when my mind was fixed to go  
A sailor, out to Indy,  
I said, 'I'll have a Yes or No.'  
O say it's Yes, Lucindy!"

"Yes, Tom! it's yes!" she whispered; "when  
I learned that you were going,  
I found you had my heart; till then  
'T was yours without my knowing!"

Soft on her cheek fell, wet with dew,  
A rose-leaf from above her;  
A warmer touch her red lip knew,—  
The first kiss of her lover!

Though stilled the song and hushed the laugh,  
And hot the tears are starting,  
What joy, that life can give, is half  
So sweet as love's first parting?

*Marian Douglas.*



## HISTORY OF HAWTHORNE'S LAST ROMANCE.

IN reviewing a work like "Septimius Felton,"\* the latest of Hawthorne's more important productions which reached a tangible completeness before the author's death, it is necessary to assume a somewhat different attitude of mind from that into which criticism must usually throw itself. A final revision of the story would have undoubtedly fitted the different parts more perfectly to the scale of the whole, as well as pruned its pages of portions mainly experimental, — sentences, sometimes paragraphs, in which the writer seeks his thought through several modes of expression, as the sculptor approaches his outline by successive blows of the chisel, which in the result become invisible. Allowance for this will, of course, be made by readers who appreciate the peculiar value of the work, since they will recognize that it is to this very brokenness of surface we owe an insight into the author's literary processes. But there is another consideration of far greater importance in its effect upon our estimate of "Septimius," though one that, from its nature, will not occur to many without some explanation. This is the consideration of the place occupied by this work in the mind of its author. There is no evidence at hand that Hawthorne intended to publish the story as it existed in the manuscript to which we owe the present volume. On the contrary, I think we shall find that he had decisively abandoned this form of the story, and had sought for his idea a new embodiment in the "Dolliver Romance." The nature of the connection, therefore, between these two fragments — the one wrought out to a definite conclusion, but not retouched, the other finished with a fine point so far as it went — becomes

a topic which it seems desirable to discuss; since to determine the relation of the present story in the author's regard, and the extent of its maturity, measured by the history of the underlying idea, is very necessary to the attainment of truthful perceptions respecting it. Our attention, then, will be first required in an endeavor briefly to trace the origin and gradual development of the integral idea which these fragments partially and in different ways interpret.

Certain passages in the "English Note-Books" indicate that Hawthorne was in 1855, to a certainty, revolving the scheme of a new romance. Though the plan of this, so far as it had been definitely laid out, seems to have been radically different from that of "Septimius," several points of resemblance also present themselves. The first of these passages, dated April 12, 1855, and thrown in abruptly at the close of a day's narrative, refers to a project which would seem already to have become familiar to the writer's contemplation, though no previous mention of it occurs. "In my Romance," it runs, "the original emigrant to America may have carried away with him a family secret, by which it was in his power, had he so chosen, to have brought about the ruin of the family. This secret he transmitted to his American progeny, by whom it is inherited throughout all the intermediate generations. At last the hero of my Romance comes to England, and finds that, by means of this secret, he still has it in his power to procure the downfall of the family." The resemblance between this item of the proposed plot and that line of incident in "Septimius" which brings in the antique chest containing family papers, the estate in England waiting for an heir, and the subsequent rumored departure of Septimius, to claim this

\* *Septimius Felton*; or, *The Elixir of Life*. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.



estate, is at once evident. But in the later story all this forms a source of very subordinate interest, and the motives connected with the inheritance of the ancient property merely measure out the limits by which the action of the figures is somewhat controlled. It was on April 7, 1855, that Hawthorne set down apparently the first account which had reached him of the Smithell's Hall legend. This was only five days before he made the above-cited note for a main incident in his romance; and it is probable enough that he had already connected the two items in his mind, since, later, we find them inseparably woven together. In August of the same year he visited the Hall, and wrote a more detailed account of the strange phenomenon on its threshold, and the superstition to which it gave color. "The legend is a good one," he says. The parting request of the hostess was that he "should write a ghost-story for her house"; but the bloody footstep had already stamped itself strongly enough upon Hawthorne's mind to give the embryo romance its birthmark. The only other allusion in the Note-Books is a paragraph under date of August 21, 1856, referring to the story of a stone cross buried in Cromwell's time, to prevent its destruction, but which was dug up two hundred years afterward by the vicar of the parish, from the church of which it had been taken. Hawthorne suggests to himself that "an American might bring the tradition over the sea, and so discover the cross, which had been altogether forgotten." This seems to indicate that the direction which his story should take had again become uncertain, though this incident is simply a varied form of the transatlantic interest which it seems from an early period to have been his intention to introduce. That he subsequently threw it entirely aside appears from the next documentary evidence which comes to us.

This consists of a manuscript book written in 1858, in journal form, and

containing what must have been the earliest sketch of the story, as he then conceived it. It begins abruptly at some point comparatively early in the progress of the tale, and proceeds uncertainly, at the rate of a few pages each day, for about a month. Detached passages of narration alternate with abstracts of the proposed plot, and analysis of the characters. The chief interest seems to lie in the project which a young American has formed, during a visit to England, of tracing out and proving his inherited right to an old manor-house formerly the property of his ancestors. This old hall possesses that feature of the bloody footstep which "Septimius Felton" has made so real to us, and with this some mystery is connected, which the writer himself does not yet seem to have discovered. He takes a characteristic pleasure in waiting for this suggestive footstep to track the lurking interest of his story to its lair, and lingers on the threshold of the hall, gazing upon it, indulging himself with that tantalizing pleasure of vague anticipation which he intends his story shall bestow upon the reader. The perusal of this singular journal, in which the transactions recorded are but day-dreams, is absorbing beyond description. But though at times we seem to be rapidly approaching the heart of the story, yet at every point the subtle darkness and coming terror of the theme seem to baffle the author, and he retires, to await a more favorable moment. At its conclusion, though he appears now to have formed a clear picture enough of what his persons are to do, there is still wanting the underlying thought, which he at moments dimly feels but cannot bring to light, and without which he is unable to fuse the materials into a liquid state ready for the mould.

Our only information as to the course of the story between April, 1858, and the time of writing "Septimius," must be gathered from a sketch found among the author's papers, the date of which it is not possible to determine with precision, though both its matter and form



indicate that it must have been written subsequently to the journal above mentioned. Herein are found curiously mingled certain features of both "Septimius" and the "Dolliver Romance." So far as is consistent with the essential privacy of the manuscript, I shall give a general outline of its contents, in order to exhibit in proper sequence the successive stages by which the primary conception advanced to its ultimate phase. It consists of two sections, in the second of which the story is taken up after a lapse, apparently of some years. In the first of these chapters, for they hardly exceed the limit of such, the most prominent figure is that of a singular, morose old man, who inhabits a house overlooking a New England graveyard. But though his situation resembles in this particular that of Grandsir Dolliver, his characteristics resemble more those of Doctor Portsoaken. He is constantly accompanied, too, by brandy-and-water, and a cloud-compelling pipe; and his study, like the doctor's chamber in "Septimius," is tapestried with spider-webs, a particularly virulent spider which dangles over his head, as he sits at his writing-desk, being made to assume the aspect of a devilish familiar. On the other hand, his is a far richer nature than that of Portsoaken, and less debased. Hawthorne appears subsequently to have divided him, straining off from the rank sediments which settle into the character of Doctor Portsoaken the clear sweetness of good Grandsir Dolliver. This "grim doctor," as he is almost invariably styled in the manuscript, seems to have originated in Hawthorne's observation of a Mr. Kirkup, painter, spiritualist, and antiquarian of Florence,\* who also probably stood as a model for Grandsir Dolliver. Not that either of these personages is copied from Mr. Kirkup; but the personality and surroundings of this quaint old gentleman had some sort of affinity with the author's idea, which led him to maintain a certain likeness between

him and his own fictitious persons. Certain scenes or people which to others offer no especial attraction, an author will recognize as having some mysterious alliance with his own dreamy purposes, and he forthwith seizes upon them as a sort of pretext with himself, under cover of which he may shape forth his own proper creation. As in the case of the Florentine antiquary, a little girl dwells in the house of the doctor, her chief plaything being, like that of Mr. Kirkup's adopted daughter, a very beautiful Persian kitten. There is much about her like Pansie, of the "Dolliver" fragment, but she is still only dimly brought out. The boy is described as of superior nature, but strangely addicted to reverie. Though his traits are but slightly indicated, he suggests in general the character of Septimius, and may very easily have grown into him, at a later period. At first he is much neglected by the doctor, but afterwards, by resolute and manly behavior in questioning his mysterious guardian as to his own origin, and the connection subsisting between them, he secures greater consideration. The doctor gradually hints to him the fact of his descent from an old English family, and frequent mention is made of the old, ancestral hall, the threshold of which is stained by the imprint of a bloody footstep marking the scene of some dark tragedy which in the superstitious haze thrown over it by time assumes various and uncertain forms. At different times two strangers are introduced, who appear to have some strange knowledge of, and connection with the ghastly footstep; and finally a headstone is discovered in the neighboring cemetery, marking the spot where an old man had been buried many years since, and engraved with the likeness of a foot. The grave has been recently opened to admit a new occupant, and the children, in playing about it, discover a little silver key, which the doctor, so soon as it is shown him, pockets, with the declaration that it is of no value. After this, the boy's

\* French and Italian Note-Books, Vol. II. pp. 111-117 (Am. ed.).



education is taken in hand by his being sent to school; but presently the doctor sickens of life, and characteristically resolving to abandon brandy-drinking, and die, does so accordingly. Mention has been previously made of certain papers which he had kept in a secret place, and these the youth now secures. The second part describes his advent into England. He soon makes his way to the old hall, but just as his connection with it and its inmates begins, the manuscript terminates.

I have thought it worth while to dwell on these matters in detail, merely that the reader should observe how many of the same items which at this early period were destined to lead to quite a different end were afterwards welded into the substance of the present romance. Up to 1858, it appears from the journalized sketch, the writer had not struck the key-note of his story.

It is of course impossible to determine when he first combined with the materials already in his mind that "idea of a deathless man" which, as we learn from a letter published in Mr. J. T. Fields's chapter on the writer, in his "Yesterdays with Authors," he had received from Thoreau, through a tradition related by him concerning Hawthorne's residence of the Wayside. But, this junction of ideas once formed, everything became naturally accessory to the weird interest involved in the search for immortality. This cast at once a new light over all the field, and the surroundings took on unexpected aspects. The inheritance became an inferior motive-power, on which, however, the romantic action depends; the family papers and the silver key came well to hand, for the elucidation of the plot; the bloody footstep gained a new and deep significance; and a "purple everlasting flower," presented in 1854 to Mrs. Hawthorne by the gardener of Eaton Hall, blossomed out, with supernatural splendor, as a central point in the design.

But, symmetrical as this disposition appears, it was destined to give place

to another. The proof that "Septimius Felton" had been abandoned consists in the following facts. In the prefatory note, addressed to Franklin Pierce, which Hawthorne published with "Our Old Home," in 1863, occurs this explanatory statement: "These and other sketches with which, in a somewhat rougher form than I have given them here, my journals were copiously filled, were intended for the side-scenes and backgrounds and exterior adornments of a work of fiction, of which the plan had imperfectly developed itself in my mind, and into which I ambitiously proposed to convey more of various modes of truth than I could have grasped by a direct effort. Of course I should not mention this abortive project, only that it has been utterly thrown aside and will never now be accomplished." Now, this note having been written in July, and Hawthorne having begun, in November of the same year, to arrange for the publication of the "Dolliver Romance," the first chapter of which was to have appeared in the following January, had not his illness prevented, it is hardly possible that "Septimius" should not have already been completed. The "abortive project," therefore, would seem to have been the same dark tale which has now fortunately come to light; and we must conclude that its author regarded it as a still experimental form of the original English Romance, now growing to a very different expression, since the introduction of the immortality interest. But in the first page of the isolated opening scene from the "Dolliver Romance," published in the "Atlantic Monthly" for July, 1864, occurs the mention of a certain potent cordial, from which the good doctor had received great invigoration, and which we may well suppose was destined to tincture the whole story. Another point from which we may perhaps trace a connection with "Septimius Felton," if indeed other indication be necessary than the strong inferences suggested by our brief review of the growth of the romance, is



to be found in the passing mention of Grandsir Dolliver's grandson Cornelius, by whom this cordial had been compounded, and who had displayed a great efficiency with powerful drugs. Recalling that the author describes many nostrums as having been attributed to Septimius, which he had perhaps chanced upon in his unsuccessful attempts to distil the elixir of life, we shall perhaps find in this posthumous character of Cornelius, this mere memory, the remains of Septimius, who, as it would seem, was to have been buried by the author under the splendid monument of a still more highly wrought and more aspiring form of the romance. If such be truly the case, it is no wonder that the author's creations should appear as real beings. If he could create a whole ancestry, as it were, for each person in preliminary attempts after this manner, surely the veins of each should throb with actual inherited blood.

From these circumstances I infer that Hawthorne had returned to the execution of his long-cherished design. I have little doubt that the "*Dolliver Romance*" would have been as much a romance of immortality as "*Septimius Felton*," the motive in the former being somewhat differently accented, however, by the fact that it is an aged man, instead of a youth, who sets out to discover the elixir of life, or, rather, who is to profit by it. But whatever modification the design might have undergone, we possess in "*Septimius*" enough to justify the conclusion that the "*Dolliver Romance*" would have taken its place among the most robust and beautiful offspring of the author's genius. He wrote with a fountain-pen as it were, in which was locked the fluid thought of a lifetime; and during the nine years which elapsed between the first note for his romance and the completion of its initial chapter, this had deepened and sweetened still in hue and quality until it became indeed most fit to be poured out as a chrism upon the crowned work, in token of its consecration to the loftiest ends.

But let us for a moment examine the worth and beauty of this foundation-story, upon which the finished structure was to have been based. Coming from such sources, forming itself thus slowly, and made rich with the nutritive assimilations of many years, "*Septimius*" is rife with profound undertones of a suggested meaning,—such undertones as must accompany all art which intertwists the heart-strings of the artist with its fibre. Evident among these is the typification in the hero's case of that struggle which must always ensue between a man possessed by inspiring ambition and the stubborn circumstances of the human state. The poet and the painter are equally with *Septimius* seekers after immortality, though of a more ethereal kind. Their difficulties become his, in great measure; he finds "the whole of passing life impertinent" to his magnificent and solitary enterprise. And when he seeks to bury himself in the occult pursuit he has begun, "here was the troublesome day passing over him, and pestering and bewildering, and tripping him up, as the days will all of us, the moment we try to do anything that we flatter ourselves is of a little more importance than (what) others are doing." And again, when he returns from Boston, where he had felt himself strangely adrift in the city's multitudinous life, "the mist rose up about him, the pale mist-bow of ghostly promise curved before him; and he trod back again, poor boy, out of the clime of real effort, into the land of his dreams and shadowy enterprise." Moreover, the very unhealthiness and contortion of his aspirations make him peculiarly apt to the author's purpose, for it gives him a strong personal aspect of his own, which unseals the springs of tenderness and pity on his behalf, at the same time serving to intimate a subtle error into which artists and idealists may easily fall. The artist, namely, must preserve for himself a little circle of serene air, somewhere amid the troublesome noises of earth; but if he cannot somehow wrap himself about



with his peculiar atmosphere, in whatever surroundings, — if, while he clings to his high purpose, he cannot succeed in living generously towards his fellows, making the common light of day answer for the nimbus which perhaps he hopes posterity will see shining about his head, — if he fails in these things, his truest nobility as a man is apt to lose itself in this same treacherous pit in which Septimius's soul lies smothered. But these deep hints run through the tale in a dark undercurrent, like a shadowy forest-brook, throwing up light through momentary, curving breaks of surface; and it is as impossible to reproduce their fleeting lights here as it would be to preserve the moving brilliance of the stream by drawing a little of it into a pocket-flask. Indeed, the quality of the disclosures reminds one of that attributed to Septimius's manuscript, now blurred over by a deceptive sameness of appearance, and again raying forth luminous glimpses into the heart of things. The visions they excite swim before us, mystic and beautiful as those that glimmer on the golden brim of Tieck's enchanted goblet. But at least one ultimate moral we may seize, one which gives the work its unity, and in which all minor suggestions are included. This is the same which finds in the Faust legend and similar mediæval traditions a ruder embodiment, namely, that, in order to defraud Nature of her dues, we must enter into compact with the Devil. Both Faust and Septimius enter into the study of the black art, with the hope of securing results denied to their kind by a common destiny; but Faust proves infinitely the meaner of the two, since he desires only to restore his youth, that he may engage in the mere mad joy of a lusty existence for a few years, while Septimius seeks some mode, however austere and cheerless, of prolonging his life to centuries of world-wide beneficence. Yet the satanically refined egoism which lays hold of Septimius is the same spirit incarnated in Goethe's Mephistopheles, — *der Geist der stets verneint*. To Faust

he denies the existence of good in anything, primarily the good of that universal knowledge to the acquisition of which he has devoted his life, but through this scepticism mining his faith in all besides. To Septimius he denies the worth of so brief a life as ours, and the good of living to whatever end seems for the hour most needful and noble. Septimius might perhaps be not inadequately described as Faust at an earlier stage of development than that in which Goethe represents him. Indeed, these words, applied by Mephistopheles to Faust, suit Septimius equally well: —

“ Ihm hat das Schicksal einen Geist gegeben  
Der ungebündigt immer vorwärts dringt  
Und dessen übereiltes Streben  
Der Erde Freuden überspringt.”\*

As a further point of resemblance between the two cases, it may be noticed that the false dreams of both are dispelled by the exorcising touch of a woman. Both have fallen into error through perceiving only half of the truth which has hovered and glimmered before them; and that their errors should be thus corrected seems to intimate their origin in the exclusively masculine mood, the asceticism, which has prevailed in the minds of these two dark characters. It will be observed that, in the first relation of Rose to Septimius, Hawthorne takes pains to contrast with this mood, delicately but strongly, the gentle conservatism and wisely practical tendency of the woman to be satisfied with life, which make her influence so admirable a poisoning force to man. The subsequent alteration of the situation, by which he makes her the half-sister of his hero, must be attributed to the fact that he had proportioned the elements too strongly, at first, to permit of the story bringing away from their ferment a proper clearness and lucidity; and that the change sprang naturally from the necessities of the ad-

\* To him has destiny a spirit given  
That unrestrainedly still onward sweeps,  
To scale the skies long since hath striven  
And all earth's pleasures overleaps.

BROOKS'S Translation.



vancing plot, seems proved by the ease with which the new relation falls into our consciousness. But though the womanliness which is to frustrate Septimius's scheme must be materially subdued from the warmth with which it is depicted in Rose Garfield, yet it is a most feminine woman who accomplishes this result. A phase of character rich in interest, but which I can only mention in passing, is presented in the person of Sybil Dacy, who here occupies very much the same place, in some regards, as Roger Chillingworth in "The Scarlet Letter." The movement of the story is made largely to depend on a subtle scheme of revenge undertaken by her, as that of "The Scarlet Letter" hangs upon the mode of retribution sought by the physician; but her malice is directed, characteristically, against the slayer of the young officer who had despoiled her of her honor, and, again characteristically, she is unable to consummate her plan, from the very tenderness of her feminine heart, which leads her first to half sympathize with his dreams, then pity him for the deceit she practised on him, and at last rather love than hate him. But there is a consistent difference between the working of the womanly element in Faust and in Hawthorne's romance. In the former instance it is through the gratification of his infernal desire that the hero is awakened from his trance of error and restored to remorse; while Septimius's failure to accomplish his intended destiny appears to be owing to the inability of his aspiring nature to accommodate itself to that code of "moral dietetics" which is to assist his strange project. "Kiss no woman if her lips be red; look not upon her if she be very fair," is the maxim taught him. "If thou love her, all is over, and thy whole past and remaining labor and pains will be in vain." How pathetic a situation this, how much more terrible than that of Faust, when he has reached the turning-point in his career! A nature which could accept an earthly immortality on these terms, for the sake of his fellows, must indeed

have been a lofty one. But there is still too much of the heart in this lofty nature to admit of its being satisfied with so cruel an abstraction. On the verge of success, as he supposes, with the long-sought drink standing ready for his lips, he nevertheless seeks a companion. Half unawares, he has fallen in love with Sybil, and thenceforth, though in a way he had not anticipated, "all is over." Yet, saved from death by the poison in which he had hoped to find the spring of endless life, his fate appears admirably fitting. There is no picture of Mephisto hurrying him off to an apparently irrevocable doom. The wrongs he has committed against himself, his friends, humanity, — these, indeed, remain, and are remembered. He has undoubtedly fallen from his first purity and earnestness, and must hereafter be content to live a life of mere conventional comfort, full of mere conventional goodness, conventional charities, in that substantial English home of his. Could anything be more perfectly compensatory? Yet to this fate we may perhaps leave him without too deep a sigh.

What would have been the outcome of the "Dolliver Romance," where the incitement to an attempt at indefinite prolongations of existence was destined, conjecturally, to come from little Pansie, thus reversing the action of the feminine element, we shall, of course, never know. But the situation was thoroughly unique; and the fragment which the author left us offers us a prelude full of most silvery and resonant promise for what was to follow.

With subdominant interests of such insinuating power, it might be supposed that the author could not easily succeed in attracting us to the story of "Septimius," for itself. Yet precisely in the success with which he achieves this most difficult of all points does the complete balance of his powers become visible. The scene of the romance is laid in Concord, at the time of the Revolution, the period involved being that included between the outbreak of war and the battle of Mon-



mouth,—a space of a little more than three years. But the great national interests involved in this epoch take no important place in our regard. Hawthorne can afford, apparently, to sink into the background this rich pigment, on which another artist might have felt it becoming to throw the strongest lights; and with him it forms a field of lurid storm and gloom, against which the figures of his solemn tale stand out in impressive relief. With only one slight exception, the plot is worked out within the neighborhood of three houses, standing side by side along the Lexington turnpike, and sheltered by a line of low hills, one of the summits of which becomes the stage for most of the more important actions. This is the more easily effected, since the whole series of occurrences derive their interest from the construction put upon them by the hero, rather than from their intrinsic importance. For Septimius's character is nothing more nor less than a mood which occurs to many, but is transient with most, developed into a real person. This mood is his permanent constitution; and it is thus that a natural and sufficiently ordinary and probable set of incidents becomes imbued with an aspect suiting his disposition. So that throughout the book we enter into the brain of this half-crazy youth, and dwell there, taking these incidents just as he has colored them, until, despite the impossibility of the thing, and unheeding those turnings of the fabric by which the author occasionally hints a reverse side, showing the rude stitches which back his tapestry, we come to think and feel with the hero, and look forward with trembling eagerness to the anticipated consummation of his desire. In the execution of this story Hawthorne would appear to have realized the conditions he himself prescribes for the romancer, namely, that he should be always "careering upon the utmost verge of a precipitous absurdity," the skill lying in "coming as close as possible without tumbling over." At the

last, however, he lets in the daylight with a ruthless hand; and the acute sense of disappointment we feel in the event is perhaps the best proof of the success with which he has thrown us into Septimius's point of view. I need not recall those who have looked over the legend of Smithell's Hall as given in the Note-Books to a contemplation of the transforming power with which he has handled this item in the romance. But a point of equal interest in regard to it is the skill with which it is made to reflect in a wholly different scale of color the same idea which informs Aunt Keziah's legend. Had either of these minor tales—the one grotesque, sadly humorous, flavored with gentle satire; the other wild, moving, and terrible—been wrought out into a separate strain, it could have been made to echo, by itself, both widely and well. But, poised as they are in harmonious contrast, they form an illustration not otherwise obtainable of that versatility of vision by which the master could conceive with equal power two wholly different renderings of a single theme; while their implication with the superior movement of the same theme in the hero's mind gives to the whole the tumultuous richness of a fugue in music.

The characterization in this work I cannot pass, without remarking upon its connection with the author's style. In the development of the persons there is perceptible an adherence to the rough exteriors of real life, a reproduction of idiomatic and defective ways of speaking, as in Aunt Keziah, old Mrs. Hagburn, and Dr. Portsoaken, which gives them a verisimilitude, a color and rotundity, lacking in the characters introduced to our acquaintance by the earlier efforts of the author, noticeably his short tales. This would seem to be a direct consequence of that gradual mellowing, that thawing out of a nature oppressed with outward shyness, but full of tender juices at the core, which shows itself early in the "Custom-House," and the introductory chapter prefixed to the



"Mosses," later in the chapters made up of his English experience; and which would seem to have overspread his last years with the genial warmth of a rich maturity. After granting something to the untrimmed condition in which the work finds its way to us, I think there is still reason for believing that Hawthorne meant to leave about these figures more tangible vestiges of every-day wear than it had been usual with him to do; and there is enough in what is here given us to show how perfect might have been the union between his smooth refinements of style and a treatment of character heartily real in tone. Through the individuals thus brought before us, he has let fall the central radiance of his thought, until each has become a living and illuminated symbol of some one of its various phases. Observe how the life-giving mixture changes its nature in the hands of different persons. The witch-like aunt fancies she has found it in her nauseous and turbid mixture of herbs and "good West Injy." Doctor Portsoaken has merged all the aspirations of his youth in alcoholic liquor, and finds his water of life corked up in a brandy-bottle. On the other hand, Septimius appears to have refined himself away from such gross errors, and is likely to discover an elixir as pure as the current of his humanitarian aims. But the icy egoism which has stolen into heart and brain in the prosecution of his plans finds its material representative in the poisonous fungus which, resembling the flower whose bloody sap could impart life, would nevertheless have carried death into his veins, had he taken but a sip of the distillations from it.

I had designed only to give the reader a floating image of the idea the gradual expansion of which had cast its filmy beauty over Hawthorne's declining years; but the rays I have drawn together form but a thin, a tremulous and insufficient air-picture. Such, in the massive manifestation of the ripening plan which "Septimius" offers, is the accord of parts with the whole,

such the relation of incident to idea, of word to thought, and thought to thought again, that it is impossible to do reverence to its mystic unity by mere detached observations.

There is one consideration which disposes me to stifle any regret for the loss of the fairy structure which was to have rested on this so costly and substantial basement, and this is the observation of a certain gentle mood of confidences in the author, while preparing these pages, from which he might have been tempted to withdraw, in completing a new version. One fancies that he has drawn the reader's imagination into the hospitality of his own village and hill-top, in the hope of establishing a more direct and personal relation with him than he could effect, unaided by some such contrivance. Accepting the shy invitation, thus delicately offered, to share his privacy, we find ourselves fancying, in the progress of this sombre-sweet story, that an unusual and welcome temper of trustfulness is bringing us closer together. We are constantly tempted to look through the dark presence of Septimius, where he paces his hill-top, "brooding, brooding," with that deepening "chasm in his brow," to where we feel that the grave-smiling poet is standing, behind him. For we seem to behold Hawthorne looking down from the spiritual eminence of his last, lingering days upon the world, its neighbors and loved ones, — so close below him, so strangely removed, — and through the turbid medium of this imaginary enthusiast's reveries subtly infusing the essence of his concluding thoughts on art and existence. So genial and tender at times does this indirect revelation of himself become, that I feel persuaded he must intuitively have shaped his utterance to fit what proved to be his final opportunity for communion with men, before he should himself taste that elixir which could at once absolve and transfer him from all human imperfection to a lasting youthfulness, yet not deprive him of the immortality he won on earth.

*G. P. Lathrop.*



## IDEAL.

*(The artist speaks.)*

IDEAL, are they? Nay, they're true  
To very life. The tints, the flower-like grace,  
The swaying form, the poise of head sublime,  
The rapt expression of the dreaming face,  
Are hers; I've seen her look so, many a time.  
You've not? so much the worse for you.

And his; throw the light on that side.  
His own bright look just when about to speak, —  
A half-smile on the lips, the young man's joy  
In life, and strength, and youth; 't were vain to seek  
To make him handsome as he was, poor boy!  
Too young? But thirty when he died.

Why, blind man, what would you advise?  
Shall we paint in the cares that come and go,  
The pain with which this sickly world is curst,  
The little ills that hover to and fro, —  
Take every face and paint it at its worst?  
It's truth, say you? Half-truths are lies.

Each face has clear identity;  
And down beneath the dust and stains of earth,  
The lines and scars with which it seems o'ergrown,  
It shines as God intended at its birth,  
As it will shine before the great white throne  
When we are in eternity.

Sometimes we see this soul-face shine  
From out the mask which mortals here must wear,  
When youth counts back but few bright years of life;  
Sometimes when aged eyes, grown dim with care,  
Count forward but few years to end the strife,  
We catch the ideal light divine.

Let us still paint, then, the ideal, —  
Our God's ideal of us at our best;  
Paint it in heavenly hues, and fix it fast  
With prayer and earnest love within our breast,  
Strive hourly to grow like it, till, at last,  
The ideal shall become the real.

*Constance Fenimore Woolson.*



## L'ORE, THE SLAVE OF A SIAMESE QUEEN.

ONE morning in the early part of May, 1863, I went at the usual hour to my temple school-room, and found that all my pupils had gone to the Maha P'hra Sâât to attend a religious ceremony, at which I also was requested to be present.

Following the directions of one of the flower-girls, I turned into a long, dark alley, through which I hurried, passing into another, and keeping, as I thought, in the right direction. These alleys brought me at last into one of those gloomy walled streets, into which no sunlight ever penetrated, and which are to be found only in Bangkok, the farther end of which seemed lost in mist and darkness.

Stone benches, black with moss and fungi, lined it at intervals, and a sort of pale night-grass covered the pathway. There was not a soul to be seen throughout its whole length, which appeared very natural, for it did not seem as if the street were made for any one to walk in, but as if it were intended to be kept secluded from public use. I walked on, however, looking for some opening out of it, and hoping every moment to find an exit. But I suddenly came to the end. It was a *cul-de-sac*, and a high brick wall barred my further progress.

In the middle of this wall was set a door of polished brass. The shadow of a tall and grotesque façade rested upon the wall and on the narrow deserted street, like an immense black pall. The solitude of the place was very strange. With that frightful din and roar of the palace life so near, the silence seemed almost supernatural. It cast a shadow of distrust over me. I almost felt as if that wall, that roof with its towering front, were built of the deaf stones spoken of in Scripture. All at once the wind rattled the dry grass on the top of the wall, making a low, soft, mournful noise. I started

from my revery, hardly able to account for the feeling of dread that crept over me. Half ashamed of my idle fears, I pushed at the door with all my might. Slowly, noiselessly, the huge door swung back, and I stepped into a paved court-yard, with a garden on one side and a building suggestive of nocturnal mystery and gloom on the other.

The façade of this building was still more gloomy than that on the outside of the wall. All the windows were closed. On the upper story the shutters were like those used in prisons. No other house could be seen. The high wall ran all round and enclosed the garden. The walks were bordered with diminutive Chinese trees, planted in straight rows; grass covered half of them, and moss the rest.

Nothing could be imagined more wild and more deserted than this house and this garden. But the object that attracted my immediate attention was a woman, the only animate being then visible to me in the apparent solitude. She was seated beside a small pond of water, and I soon discovered that she was not alone, but was nursing a naked child about four years old.

The moment the woman became conscious of my presence, she raised her head with a quick, impetuous movement, clasped her bare arms around the nude form at her breast, and stared at me with fixed and defiant eyes. Her aspect was almost terrifying. She seemed as if hewn out of stone and set there to intimidate intruders. She was large, well made, and swarthy; her features were gaunt and fierce, but looked as if her face might once have been attractive. I relaxed my hold of the door; it swung back with a dull, ominous thud, and I stood half trembling beside the dark, defiant woman, whose eyes only gave any indication of vitality, hoping to prevail upon her to



show me my way out of that dismal solitude.

The moment I approached her, however, I was seized with inexpressible dismay; pity and astonishment, mingling with a sense of supreme indignation, held me speechless for a time. She was naked to the waist, and chained, — chained like a wild beast by one leg to a post driven into the ground, — and without the least shelter under that burning sky.

The chain was of cast-iron, and heavy, consisting of seven long double-links, attached to a ring, and fitted close to the right leg just above the ankle; it was secured to the post by a rivet. Under her lay a tattered fragment of matting, farther on a block of wood for a pillow, and on the other side were several broken Chinese umbrellas.

Growing more and more bewildered, I sat down and looked at the woman in a sort of helpless despair. The whole scene was startlingly impressive; the apathy, the deadness, and the barbarous cruelty of the palace life were never more strikingly brought before me face to face. Here there was no doubting, no denying, no questioning the fact that this unhappy creature was suffering under some cruel wrong, which no one cared to redress. Naked to the waist, her long filthy hair bound in dense masses around her brow, she sat calmly, uncomplainingly, under a burning tropical sun, such as we children of a more temperate clime can hardly imagine, fierce, lurid, and scorching, nursing at her breast a child full of health and begrimed with dirt, with a tenderness that would have graced the most high-born gentlewoman.

I remained long and indignantly silent, before I could find voice for the questions that rose to my lips. But at length I inquired her name. "*Pyesia*" (begone), was her fierce reply.

"Why art thou thus chained? Wilt thou not tell me?" I pleaded.

"*Pye*" (go), said the woman, snatching her breast impatiently from the

sucking child, and at the same time turning her back upon me.

The child set up a tremendous scream, which was re-echoed through the strange place. The woman turned and took him into her arms; and as if there were an in-dwelling persuasiveness about them, he was quieted in an instant.

Rocking him to and fro, with her face resting against his unwashed cheek, she was no longer repulsive, but glorious, clothed in the beauty and strength of a noble human love. I rose respectfully from the low wall of the pond, where I had seated myself, and took my place on the heated pavement beside the woman and her child; then as gently and as kindly as I could I asked his name and age.

"He is four years old," she replied, curtly.

"And his name?"

"His name is *Thook*" (Sorrow), said the woman, turning away her face.

"And why hast thou given him such a name?"

"What is that to thee, woman?" was the sharp rejoinder.

After this she relapsed into a grim silence, seeming to gaze intently into the empty air. But at length there came a sob, and she passed her bare arms slowly across her eyes. This served as a signal for the little fellow to begin to scream again, which he did most lustily; the woman, after quieting him, turned to me, and to my great surprise began to talk of her own accord, with but few questions on my part.

"Hast thou come here to seek me, lady? Has the *Naikodah*, my husband, sent thee? Tell me, is he well? Hast thou come to buy me? Ah! lady! wilt thou not buy me? Wilt thou not help me to get my pardon?"

"Tell me why thou art chained. What is thy crime?"

This seemed a terrible question for the poor woman. In vain she attempted to speak; her lips moved, but uttered no sound, her features quivered, and with one convulsive movement she threw up her arms and burst into an



agony of tears. She sobbed passionately for some time, then, passing into a quieter mood, turned to me and said, bitterly: "Do you want to know of what crime I am accused? It is the crime of loving my husband and seeking to be with him."

"But what induced you to become a slave?"

"I was born a slave, lady. It was the will of Allah."

"You are a Mohammedan then?"

"My parents were Mohammedans, slaves to the father of my mistress, Chow Chom Manda Ung. When we were yet young, my brother and I were sent as slaves to her daughter, the Princess P'hra Ong Brittry."

"If you can prove that your parents were Mohammedans, I can help you, I think; because all the Mohammedans here are under British protection, and no subject of Britain can be a slave."

"But, lady, my parents sold themselves to my mistress' grandfather."

"That was your father's debt, which your mother and father have paid over and over again by a life of faithful servitude. You can insist upon your mistress accepting your purchase-money."

"Insist," said the woman, her large, dark eyes glowing with the tears still glistening in them. "You do not know what you say. You do not know that my mistress, Chow Chom Manda Ung, is mother-in-law to the king, and that her daughter, Princess P'hra Ong Brittry, is his favorite half-sister and queen. My only hope lies in a special pardon from my mistress herself."

"And your friends," said I, "do they know nothing of your cruel captivity?"

"Nothing, indeed. I have no opportunity to speak even to the slave-woman whose duty it is to feed us daily. And her lot is too sad already for her to be willing to run any great risk for me. The secrecy and mystery of my sudden disappearance have been preserved so long because I am chained here. No one comes here but my mistress, and she only visits this place

occasionally, with the most tried and trusted of her slave-women."

Eleven o'clock boomed like a death-knell through the solitude. The woman laid herself down beside her sleeping boy to rest, apparently worn out with a sense of her misery. I placed my small umbrella over them; and this simple act of kindness so touched the poor thing, that she started up suddenly, and, before I could prevent her, passionately kissed my soiled and dusty shoes.

I was so sorry for the unhappy creature that tears filled my eyes. "My sister," said I, "tell me your whole story, and I will lay it before the king."

The woman started up and adjusted the umbrella over the sleeping child. Her eyes beamed with a fire as if from above, while with wonderful power, combined with sweetness and delicacy, she repeated her sad tale.

"Lady, as I told you, I and my brother were born slaves; and so faithful were we, that my brother obtained, as proof of the trust my lady reposed in him, the charge of a rice plantation at Ayudia, while I was promoted to be the chief attendant of the Princess P'hra Ong Brittry.

"One day my mistress intrusted to my care a bag of money, to purchase some Bombay silk of the Naikodah Ibrahim. We moored our boat by the bank of the river, and made our way to the shop of the Naikodah, which my companions entered, while I sat outside on the steps until the bargain should be completed. My companions and the merchant could come to no terms. I entered with the bag of money, hoping by the sight of the silver to induce him to sell the silk for the price offered; but on entering I seemed to be dazzled by something, I knew not what. The merchant's eyes flashed upon me, as it were, with a look of recollection, and by their expression reminded me of some face I had seen in my infancy, or, perhaps, in my dreams.

"After a great deal of talking and



bargaining about the silk, we came away without it, but the next day went again to the merchant and purchased it at his own price. I was surprised, however, to find that, when I paid him the money, he left five ticals in my hands. 'That is our kumrie' (perquisite), said the women, snatching the ticals out of my hand and pocketing them. Time after time we repeated our visits to the merchant, who was constantly kind and respectful in his manner towards me. He always left five ticals for us. My companions took the money, but I persistently refused to share in this pitiful kind of profit.

"The merchant began to observe me more closely, and, as I thought, to take an interest in me, and one day, after we had purchased some boxes of fragrant candles and wax-tapers, and I had paid him the full price for his goods, he left twenty ticals on the floor beside me. My companions called my attention to the money; when the merchant, observing my unwillingness to receive it, took up fifteen ticals, leaving the usual kumrie of five upon the floor, which my companions picked up and appropriated.

"We returned, as was our custom, by the river, slowly paddling our little canoe down the broad and beautiful stream, and enjoying every moment of our permitted freedom.

"One day a slave-woman came to my mistress with some new goods from the Naikodah, and on seeing me she begged for a drink of water and some cere (betel-leaf). As I handed her the water, she said to me in a low tone: 'Thou art a Moslem; free thyself from this bondage to an unbelieving race. Take from my master the price of thy freedom; come out of this Naiwang (palace) and be restored to the true people of God.'

"I listened in amazement, fearing to break the enchanting spell of her words, and hardly believing that I had heard aright. She quitted me suddenly, fearful of exciting suspicion, and left me in such a disturbed state of mind as I had never before experienced.

"When I saw the woman a second time I embraced the opportunity to say to her, 'Sister, tell me, how shall I obtain my purchase-money? Will not thy master hold me as his slave?'

"'He will give thee the money, and will never repent having freed a Moslem and the daughter of a believer from slavery.'

"'O thou angel of life!' said I, clasping her to my throbbing heart, 'I am already his slave.'

"She removed my arms from around her neck, and, taking some silver from her scarf, tied it firmly into mine without another word; and I, fearing lest I should be discovered with so much money in my possession, came here by night and hid it under this very pavement on which we are seated.

"Some weeks after we were sent again to the Naikodah to buy sandalwood tapers and flowers for the cremation of the young Princess P'hra Ong O'Dong. I never was so conscious of the shabbiness of my dress as when I entered the presence of the good merchant. We made our purchase, paid the money, and as I rose to depart, my friend D'hamni, the slave-woman who had been employed by the Naikodah to speak to me, beckoned me to come into an inner chamber. I was followed by her master, who addressed himself to me, and said, — I remember the words so well, — 'L'ore! thou art of form so beautiful, and of spirit so guileless, thou hast awakened all my love and pity. See, here is the money thou hast just paid me; double the price of thy freedom, and forget not thy deliverer.'

"'May Allah prosper thee!' said D'hamni.

"I was overwhelmed; my astonishment and my gratitude at his goodness knew no bounds. Thus I lived in bondage within and bondage without. Freedom within my grasp and slavery in my heart. 'I am more a slave than ever,' said I to myself; 'alas! the servitude of the heart, the sweet, feverish servitude of love, who will ransom me from this? Who can buy me free-



dom from these? Henceforth and forever I am the good merchant's slave.'

"One day my mistress, Chow Chom Manda Ung, was so kind and pleasant to me that I believed my opportunity had come. I seized it, threw myself at her feet, and said, 'Lady dear, be pitiful to thy child, hear but her prayer. It is the only desire of her heart, the dream of thy slave's life. As the thirsty traveller beholds afar off the everlasting springs of water, as the dying man has foretastes of immortality, even so thy slave L'ore has, through thy goodness, tasted of freedom, and would more fully drink of the cup, if thou in thy bountiful goodness wouldst but let her go free. Here is the price of my freedom, dear lady; be pitiful, and set me free.'

"'Thou wert born my slave,' said my lady, 'I will take no money for thee.'

"'Take double, lady dear, but O, let me go.'

"'If thou wishest to be married,' said my mistress, 'I will find thee a good and able husband, and thou shalt bear me children, even as thy mother did before thee; but I will not let thee go free.'

"In my despair I prayed, I entreated, with tears blinding my eyes. I promised that my children yet unborn should be her slaves, if she would only let me go.

"It was all in vain. I gathered up my silver and returned to my slave's life, hopelessly defeated. I soon recovered from my disappointment, however, because I was strengthened by the determination to escape at the first opportunity that offered itself to me. This enabled me to bear my captivity bravely. My mistress distrusted me for a long time; my companions, seeing that I had fallen into disgrace, pitied me, but I did my best to show myself willing, obedient, and cheerful, until, when nearly two whole years had passed away, my mistress gradually took me again into her confidence, and at last arranged a marriage for me with Nai Tim, one of her favorite men-

slaves. To all her plans I offered not a word of objection. I pretended that I was really pleased at the prospect of being free to spend six months of every year with my husband.

The day before my marriage I was sent to see Nai Tim's mother, with a small present from my mistress. Two strong women accompanied me. Hidden in my under-skirt was my purchase-money. As soon as we entered my future mother-in-law's house, I requested permission to speak with her alone. Supposing that I had some private communication to make to her from my mistress, she took me into the back part of the house, and I seated myself on the edge of the bamboo raft, which kept her little hut afloat on the Mènam, rushing by so strong and swift. Without giving her time to think, I told her my whole story from beginning to end, put the money into her hands, and, before the startled woman could refuse or remonstrate, I plunged with one sudden bound into the bosom of the broad river. I heard a shriek above me as I disappeared under the waters.

"How desperately I swam through the strong currents, coming up to the surface from time to time to draw a long breath, then diving back into its protecting shelter again! Finding my strength failing me, I made for the opposite bank, climbed its steep sides, and dried my clothes in the soft delicious breezes that came upon me as if just let free from the highest heavens. Filled with the inspiration of freedom and of love, I had accomplished that which had been the beginning and the ending of all my thoughts for so long a time. For one moment it seemed to me an impossibility, but on the next my joy was so excessive that I stooped down and kissed the earth, and then laughed outright.

"From day to day my soul had been slowly withering away, now it blossomed forth afresh as if it had never known a moment of sorrow. My glad laughter came back to me, and in very truth, lady, I shall never again rejoice



and sing in the desert places of my heart, or in the solitary places of my native land, as I did on that day.

"I had been dazzled with the idea of liberty, I had thought only of getting free. But now came the questions, Where shall I go? Who will employ me? And the answer was clear to me. There was no one in all this vast city to whom I could turn but the merchant and his slave-woman D'hamni, and to them I went. It was evening when I entered the hut of the slave D'hamni, footsore, hungry, and weary. D'hamni was overjoyed to see me; she gave me food and shelter and her best robe.

"Some days after the good merchant came to visit me. I felt dimly that the hardness of my heart would be complete if I resisted his kindness. To his celestial tenderness I opposed no word of doubt, yet I could not believe that the rich merchant would marry an outcast slave like me.

"One morning I found robes of pure white in my humble shed, in which D'hamni proceeded to array me. After which she brought me into the presence of the Moolah (Mohammedan priest), the merchant, and a few trusty friends.

"The Moolah quietly laid down his pipe, stood up, and putting his hands before his face uttered a short prayer. After this he took the end of my scarf and bound it securely to the end of the merchant's coat, gave us water in which had been dipped the myrtle and jessamine flower, placed a ring of gold on my finger, blessed us, and departed. That was our marriage ceremony.

"One day, about three or four months after my marriage, as I was seated on the steps of my home, I thought I heard a voice whisper in my ear. I had hardly time to turn when I was seized, gagged, bound hand and foot, and brought back to this place. As soon as I was taken into her presence, my mistress had me chained to this post, but caused me to be released when my time of delivery approached. A month after his birth," pointing to the sleeping boy, "I was chained here

again, and my child was brought to me to nurse; this was done until he could come to me alone. But they are not unkind; when it is very wet the slave-woman takes him to sleep under the shelter of her little shed.

"I could free myself from these chains if I would promise never to quit the palace. That I will never do." She said this in a feeble and almost inarticulate voice. It was her last effort to speak. Her head drooped upon her breast as if an invisible power had overwhelmed her at a blow; she fell exhausted upon the stones, her hands clasped, her face buried in the dust.

It was a strange sight, and possible only in Siam. Certainly great misfortunes as well as great affections develop the intelligence, else how had this slave-woman reached the elevation to which she had evidently attained?

But excess of sorrow had made her almost visionary. When I tried to comfort her, she turned her haggard face with its worn-out, weary look upon me, and asked if she had been dreaming. Her brain seemed to be in such an abnormal yet frightfully calm condition, that she half believed she was in a dream, and that her life was not a frightful reality. It was out of my power to comfort her, but I left her with a hope that grew brighter as I retraced my steps out of that weird place.

After some tiresome wanderings I found my way out of the place at last. When I reached the school-room it was twelve o'clock, and my pupils were waiting.

In the afternoon of the same day I went to the house of the Naikodah Ibrahim, and told him that I had seen his wife and child. He was much affected when he heard they were still alive, and was moved to tears when I told him of their sad condition.

That night a deputation of Mohammedans, headed by the Moolah Hâdjee Bâbâ, waited upon me; we drew up a petition to the king, after which I retired, thankful that I was not a Siamese subject.



On the second day after, I received the following little note from the king, in his own English:—

LADY LEONOWENS:—I have liberty to do an inquiry for the matter complained, to hear from the Princess P'hra Ong Brittry, the daughter of the Chow Chom Manda Ung, who is now absent from hence. The princess said that she knows nothing about the wife of Naidodah, but that certain children were sent her from her grandfather maternal, that they are the offspring of his maid-servant, and that these children shall be in her employment. So I ought to see the Chow Chom Manda Ung, and inquire from herself.

S. P. P. MAHA MONGKUT, RX.

His Majesty was as good as his word, and when the Chow Chom Manda Ung returned, he ordered the chief of the female judges of the palace, her ladyship Khoon Thow App, to investigate the matter.

Khoon Thow App was a tall, stout, dark woman, with soft eyes, but rather a heavy face, her only beauty being in her hands and arms, which were remarkably well formed. She was religious and scrupulously just, and had a serious and concentrated bearing. Everything she said or did was studied, not for effect, but from discretion. A certain air of preoccupation was natural to her. She knew everything that took place in the harem, and concealed everything within her own breast. By dint of attention and penetration she had attained to her high office, and she retained it by virtue of her supreme but unassuming fitness for the position. She was like a deaf person whose sight is quickened, and like one blind whose sense of hearing is intensified. That hideous symbolical Sphinx, with a sword drawn through her mouth, babbled all her secrets and sorrows in her ear. She inspired confidence, and she never decided a case in private. She lived alone, in a small house at the end of the street, with only four faithful female slaves. The rest she had freed. It was before this woman that, by

order of the king, I brought my complaint in behalf of L'ore; she raised her eyes from her book, or rather roll, and said, "Ah! it is you, mam. I wish to speak to you."

"And for my part," said I, with a boldness at which I was myself astonished, "I have something to say to your ladyship."

"O, I know that you have a communication to make, which has already been laid before his Majesty. Your petition is granted."

"How!" said I, "is L'ore really free to leave the palace?"

"O no; but his Majesty's letter is of such a character that we have the power to proceed in this matter against the Chow Chom Manda Ung. Though we are said to have the right to compel any woman in the palace to come before us, these great ladies will not appear personally, but send all manner of frivolous excuses, unless summoned by a royal mandate such as this."

After a delay of nearly two hours, Chow Chom Manda Ung and her daughter, the Princess P'hra Ong Brittry, made their appearance, accompanied by an immense retinue of female slaves, bearing a host of luxurious appendages for their royal mistresses' comfort during the trial, with the sheriff bending low, and following this grand procession at a respectful distance.

The great ladies took their places on the velvet cushions placed for them by their slaves, with an air of authority and rebellion combined, as if to say, "Who is there here to constrain us?"

The chief judge adjusted her spectacles, and as she looked fixedly at the great ladies she asked, "Where is the slave-woman L'ore?"

The old dowager cast a malicious glance at the judge; but there was still the same silence, the same air of defiance of authority.

Round the open sala, or hall, was collected a ragged rabble of slave women and children, crouching in all sorts of attitudes and all sorts of cos-



tumes, but with eyes fixed on the chief judge in startled astonishment and wonder at her calm, unmovable countenance. Superciliousness and apparent contempt prevailed among the great ladies, yet in the midst of all the consciousness of an austere and august presence was evident; and not one of those slave-women, lowly, untaught, and half clad as they were, but felt that in the heart of that dark, stern woman before them there was as great a respect for the rights of the meanest among them as for those of the queen dowager herself.

The chief judge then read aloud in a clear voice the letter she had received from the king, and, when it was finished, the dowager and her daughter saluted the letter by prostrating themselves three times before it.

Then the judge inquired if the august ladies had aught to say why the slave-woman L'ore should not have been emancipated when she offered to pay the full price of her freedom.

The attention of all was excited to the highest degree; every eye was turned upon the queen dowager.

She spoke with difficulty, and answered with some embarrassment, but from head to foot her whole person defied the judge.

"And what if every slave in my service should bring me the price of her freedom?"

All eyes turned again to the judge, seated so calmly there on her little strip of matting; every ear was strained to catch her reply.

"Then, lady, thou wouldst be bound to free ever one of them."

"And serve myself?"

"Even so, my august mistress," said the judge, bowing low.

The dowager turned very pale and trembled slightly as the judge declared that L'ore was no longer the slave of the Chow Chom Manda Ung, but the property of the Crue Yai (royal teacher).

"Let her purchase-money be paid down," said the dowager, angrily, "and she is freed forever from my service."

The judge then turned to me, and said, "You are now the mistress of L'ore. I will have the papers made out. Bring hither the money, forty ticals, and all shall be settled."

I thanked the judge, bowed to the great ladies, who simply ignored my existence, and returned perfectly happy for once in my life to my home in Bangkok. Next day, after school, I presented myself at the court-house. Only three of the female judges were present, with some of the p'ha khooms (sheriffs). Khoon Thow App handed me the dekah, or free paper, and bade one of the p'ha khooms go with me to see the money paid and L'ore liberated.

Never did my feet move so swiftly as when I threaded once more the narrow alley, and my heart beat quickly as I pushed open the ponderous brass door.

There was L'ore chained as before. In the piazza sat the Princess P'hra Ong Brittry and her mother, surrounded by their sympathizing women.

The p'ha khoom was so timid and hesitating, that I advanced and laid the money before the great ladies.

The queen dowager dashed the money away and sent it rolling hither and thither on the pavement, but gave orders at the same time to release L'ore and let her go.

This was done by a female blacksmith, a dark, heavy, ponderous-looking woman, who filed the rivet asunder.

In the mean time a crowd had collected in this solitary place, chiefly ladies of the harem, with some few slaves.

So L'ore was free at last; but what was my amazement to find that she refused to move; she persistently folded her hands and remained prostrate before her royal persecutors as if rooted to the spot. I was troubled. I turned to consult the p'ha khoom, but she did not dare to advise me, when one of the ladies—a mother, with a babe in her arms—whispered in my ear, "They have taken away the child."



Alas ! I had forgotten the child.

The faces of the crowd were marked with sympathy and sadness ; they exchanged glances, and the same woman whispered to me, " Go back, go back, and demand to buy the child." I turned away sorrowfully, hastened to Khoon Thow App, and stated my case. She opened a box, drew out a dark roll, and set out with me.

The scene was just as I had left it. There sat the august ladies, holding small jewelled hand-mirrors, and creaming their lips with the most sublime air of indifference. L'ore still lay prostrate before them, her face hidden on the pavement. The crowd of women pressed anxiously in, and all eyes were strained towards the judge. She bowed before the ladies, opened the dark roll, and read the law: " If any woman have children during her bondage, they shall be slaves also, and she is bound to pay for their freedom as well as her own. The price of an infant in arms is one tical, and for every year of his or her life shall be paid one tical." This declaration in terms so precise appeared to produce a strong impression on the crowd, and none whatever on the royal ladies. Ever so many betel-boxes were opened, and the price of the child pressed upon me.

I took four ticals and laid them down before the ladies. The judge, seeing that nothing was done to bring the child to the prostrate mother, despatched one of the p'ha khooms for

the boy. In half an hour he was in his mother's arms. She did not start with surprise or joy, but turned up to heaven a face that was joy itself. Both mother and child bowed before the great ladies. Then L'ore made strenuous efforts to stand up and walk, and, failing, began to laugh at her own awkwardness, as she limped and hobbled along, borne away by the exulting crowd, headed by the judge. Even this did not diminish her happiness. With her face pressed close to her boy's, she continued to talk to herself and to him.

The keepers of the gates handed flowers to the boy, saying, " P'hoodh thö, dee chai nak nah, dee chai nak nah " (pitiful Buddha ! we are very glad at heart, very, very glad).

The news had spread, and, before we reached the river, hosts of Malays, Mohammedans, and Siamese, with some few Chinese, had loosened their cumberbunds (scarfs) and converted them into flags.

Thus, with the many-colored flags flying, the men, women, and children running and shouting along the banks of the Mèinam, and spectators crowding into the fronts of their floating houses, L'ore and her boy sailed down the river and reached their home.

The next day her husband, Naikodah Ibrahim, refunded the money paid for his wife and child, whose name was changed from Thook (Sorrow) to Urbanâ (the Free).

*Mrs. Leonowens.*

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## PENN CALVIN.

SEARCH high and low, search up and down,  
 By light of stars or sun,  
 And of all the good folks of our town  
 There's like Penn Calvin none.  
 He lightly laughs when all condemn,  
 He smiles when others pray ;  
 And what is sorest truth to them  
 To him is idle play.



"Penn Calvin, lift, as duty bids,  
The load we all must bear!"  
He only lifts his languid lids,  
And says: "The morn is fair!"  
"Learn while you may! for Life is stern,  
And Art, alas! is long."  
He hums and answers: "Yes, I learn  
The cadence of a song."

"The world is dark with human woe;  
Man eats of bitter food."  
"The world," he says, "is all aglow  
With beauty, bliss, and good!"  
"To crush the senses you must strive,  
The beast of flesh destroy!"  
"God gave this body, all alive,  
And every sense is joy!"  
  
"Nay, these be heathen words we hear;  
The faith they teach is flown, —  
A mist that clings to temples drear  
And altars overthrown."  
"I reckon not how nor whence it came,"  
He answers; "I possess:  
If heathens felt and owned the same,  
How bright was heathenesse!"

"Though you be stubborn to believe,  
Yet learn to grasp and hold:  
There's power and honor to achieve,  
And royal rule of gold!"  
Penn Calvin plucked an open rose  
And carolled to the sky:  
"Shine, sun of Day, until its close, —  
They live, and so do I!"

His eyes are clear as they were kissed  
By some unrisen dawn;  
Our grave and stern philanthropist  
Looks sad, and passes on.  
Our pastor scowls; the pious flock  
Avert their heads, and flee;  
For pestilence or earthquake-shock  
Less dreadful seems than he.

But all the children round him cling,  
Depraved as they were born;  
And vicious men his praises sing,  
Whom he forgets to warn.  
Penn Calvin's strange indifference gives  
Our folks a grievous care:  
He's simply glad because he lives,  
And glad the world is fair!

*Bayard Taylor.*



## THE HASSLER GLACIER IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

WE had dipped our dredges in various ocean depths from the West Indies to the southernmost limits of the continent; we had examined the moraines of ancient glaciers and the craters of extinct volcanoes on Patagonian shores, and hunted guanacos and ostriches on the adjoining plains; we had roused the penguins and cormorants by hundreds in their breeding-places on the cliffs of Magdalena Island, and seen the sea-lions lying on the beaches below, and so through manifold adventures by flood and field had come at last on a fine day in March to be lying off Glacier Bay in the Straits of Magellan.

Glacier Bay has been reported by all explorers of the straits in the present century, from Fitzroy, King, and Darwin, down to the last English surveying expedition under Captain Mayne. It derives its name from an immense glacier (not, however, exceptionally large in this land of glaciers), which seems, as you see it from the main channel, to plunge sheer down into the waters of the bay. There being no good anchorage for vessels in its immediate proximity, we took a boat to row to the foot of this great ice sheet. In our absence, Captain Johnson proposed to make a reconnoissance in Notch Cove, an adjoining inlet, where he hoped to find harborage for the night.

Our boat party consisted of Mr. Agassiz, M. de Pourtales, Dr. Steindachner, Mr. Blake, Mr. Kennedy, Mrs. Johnson, and myself. We rowed to the head of the bay, the Professor pointing out, as we passed along, the modelling and furrowing of its rocky walls, showing everywhere the rounded knolls and ridges, called in Switzerland *roches moutonnées*. They mark the track of the glacier in past times, when it filled the bay and ploughed its way down to the entrance. This was by no means the first time that we had ob-

served them. Passing along the main channel of the straits, enclosed as it is between high rugged walls opening out on either hand into picturesque valleys which abut at their farther end against the loftier ranges of snow mountains, we had seen the same appearances. The sides of these valleys as well as the nearer cliffs in their lower portion, and sometimes, indeed, for their whole height, are *moutonné*, as the Swiss say of their Alpine surfaces; that is, the shoulders of the mountains are rounded as are all the inequalities on their lower slopes, forming sometimes long, softly swelling mounds, sometimes bulging knolls or protuberances, while above are the jagged peaks of the higher summits. In the Alps the action of the glaciers is going on in sight of all, and their immediate effects can be compared with the appearances produced by glaciers of past times in the same region. Even the ignorant Swiss peasant knows that his *roches moutonnées* have been produced by the masses of ice moving over the lower ridges of the mountains, while the upper peaks rising above the ice have not been subjected to any such contact, and therefore remain rough and abrupt. Here in the Straits of Magellan the aspect is the same. Looking up the lateral valleys or from base to summit of the nearer heights enclosing the channel, the softly moulded ridges and hummocks, the swelling shoulders, mounds, and knolls are exactly like those of the Alps, while the jagged peaks above stand out beyond the line of glacial action in the same strongly marked contrast. Indeed, upon comparing some of the plates from Mr. Agassiz's *Études sur les Glaciers* and *Système glaciaire*, taken in the Alps expressly to display this special feature, we have all agreed that the drawings might with very little change have been made in the Straits of Magellan. Upon reaching the beach at the head of the bay,



we found that the glacier did not come down to the water, as it had appeared to do from the ship, but that we were separated from it by a transverse belt of woods spanning the valley from side to side and growing, as we afterwards found, on an accumulation of ancient moraines.\* A glacial river poured through this wood and emptied into the bay, the water having the milky color so peculiar in the glacial streams of Switzerland. There was no time to lose, and we plunged at once into the forest. Mr. Agassiz, M. de Pourtalès, Dr. Steindachner, and Mr. Blake followed the stream as the shorter path. Mrs. Johnson and myself with Mr. Kennedy took our way (not path, for path there was none) to the left of the river, where Mr. Kennedy thought he might cut a trail through the trees, and save us the fatigue of wading or fording. We had not gone many yards before we almost forgot the glacier to which we were bound, in the beauty of the forest. On first reading Darwin's delightful narrative of his journey through the Straits of Magellan, I was struck with his frequent use of the words "*dusky forests*"; the phrase took hold of my imagination as at once vague and yet expressive, as if some dim mystery hung about these pathless woods. Being here, I understand its meaning. Looking upon the forests from without as one sees them clothing the face of the country or rising from the shore upon the rugged hillsides, there is something sombre in their character. They lack the tremulous, lighter, more yellow greens which checker the deeper shades of the woods with us. They are, on the whole, darker in their general aspect; and near the shore, for some reason, perhaps on account of the prevalent winds, are apt to have blighted trees along their outer edge. But once within the forest, this impression disappears in great degree. I have never been more surprised than

to find that this belt of wood separating us from the glacier, touching the ice on one side, the sea on the other, and situated in a region esteemed so dreary and wintry, held nevertheless as luxuriant a vegetation in its depths as any forest I had ever seen. In saying this I do not except even the forests of the Amazons, though the trees were neither so lofty nor so various. They did not perhaps exceed in height those of the temperate zone, and were chiefly the evergreen beech and the antarctic beech. But every trunk, every branch, every fallen log, every stone, was cushioned in deep, velvety moss and lichens, and these again overgrown by delicate ferns. Flowers were abundant. The lovely pink blossoms of the *Phylesia*, the closer and darker red bells of the holly-leaved *Desfontainia*, the small, white clusters of the *Arbutus*, and the rich crimson berries of the *Peunetia*, were brought out in bright relief against a background of mossy tree-trunks and rocks, often disposed with a picturesque effect which seemed intentional. It was not easy to force one's way through this overgrown wood, soggy with moisture, knee-deep in a soft verdure delicious to the eye but treacherous to the foot. Our indefatigable friend Mr. Kennedy preceded us with an axe, and cleared the way before us with untiring strength and patience. Still a single arm cannot hew an easy path through a primitive forest. The most he could do was to make the impossible possible, or rather the impassable passable. We climbed over and under great fallen trees, fell into holes and clambered out of them, and often took to the bed of the stream, wading through it where we could do no better. Where the river was too deep for us and very swift, we crossed on a fallen trunk. It would have been a perilous bridge, wet, slippery, and moss-grown as it was, had not Mr. Kennedy cut a smaller tree stem to serve as a hand-rail, he holding an end on one bank of the stream while the ship carpenter steadied it on the opposite side, and we crept cautiously across, one at a time. After

\* A moraine is the mass of loose materials, boulders, stones, pebbles, gravel, etc., collected along the sides, at the terminus, on the upper surface, or beneath the lower surface, of a glacier or of any moving sheet of ice.



about an hour of this walking we began to catch glimpses of the ice gleaming between the trees, and following the margin of the river, which assumed more and more the character of a cascade as we approached its source, we issued from the wood in front of an extensive wall of ice spanning the valley for its whole width, and broken at its terminus into numerous deep rifts, caves, and crevasses of that dark, transparent blue so well known to travellers in the ice caves of the Rosenlaui glacier.

I leave the reader to imagine, for it would be futile to describe, the feeling with which we found ourselves in face of this wonderful spectacle. A large glacier is always an impressive sight, but there was something in the loneliness of this one, so far removed from the haunts of men, rarely, if ever, visited before, that heightened the awe and admiration with which we looked upon it. The whole extent of the terminal wall is not seen at the spot where we came out from the forest. The glacier is about a mile in width, and near the centre the front wall makes an abrupt angle, so that the complete breadth is not presented at any one point of view. We found Mr. Agassiz, who had arrived half an hour before us, busily engaged in examining this end of the terminal wall, while his companions had followed the face of the glacier to its other extremity. We wandered about for a long time, enjoying the beauty of the scene and the fantastic forms assumed by the ice. We walked for a little distance up its surface; but as the glacier is very convex, the ascent is steep, and every step had to be cut with an axe, for the ice was smooth and shining as glass. The Swiss glaciers are usually broken and soiled at the terminus, and the surface so disintegrated towards the lower end that you can walk upon it as upon loose snow; but this was pure and spotless and hard as crystal to its very farthest extremity. We examined the many grottoes and niches cut into the face of the wall, and blue within as if they had bor-

rowed color from the deepest hues of sea and sky. We went into one of these caves. It was some thirty or forty feet high, about a hundred feet deep, and two or three yards wide at the entrance, while it narrowed at the farther end to a mere gallery a foot or two across. Here there was a circular window, quite symmetrical in form, pierced in the roof, through which you could see the sky and the clouds sweeping across.

While we were thus engaged, Mr. Kennedy remained with Mr. Agassiz, adjusting signals for the measurement of the movement of the glacier. There was not time enough on this occasion to determine the rate with accuracy, but the next day, when the working party returned for a more careful investigation, it was ascertained that the ice advanced during the middle of the day at the rate of two inches and a fraction in five hours. This would, no doubt, be less than its advance on a warm day in midsummer, in January or February for instance, which are the hot months here, and more than its advance in the late fall or winter. It is probably about double the rate of advance at the lower end of the glaciers. I may as well add here, the dimensions of the glacier and some details as to its structure, obtained on the second visit, when carefully systematized observations were made; the scientific corps then dividing into parties and pursuing their work independently. M. de Pourtalès and Dr. Steindachner, accompanied by Dr. Pitkin, United States surgeon on board the Hassler, followed the mountain to the left of the glacier, hoping to discover its source, but they could never reach a position from which its whole length could be seen.

It is, in truth, but one of a network of glaciers running back into a large *massif* of mountains, and fed by many a *névé* on their upper slopes. M. de Pourtalès estimated its length as far as he could see from any one point to be about three miles, beyond which it was lost in the higher range. Many lakes



of considerable size lie round it in various directions; he counted three or four. The depth as well as the length of this glacier remains somewhat problematical, and indeed all the estimates in so cursory a survey must be considered as approximations, rather than positive results. The glazed surface of the ice is an impediment to any examination from the upper side. It would be impossible to spring from brink to brink of a crevasse, as is so constantly done by explorers of Alpine glaciers, where the edges of the cracks are often snowy or granular. Here the edges of the crevasses are sharp and hard, and to spring across one of any size would be almost certain death. There is no hold for an Alpine-stock, no grappling-point for hands or feet. Any investigation from the upper surface side would therefore require special apparatus and much more time than we could give. Neither is an approach from the side very easy. The glacier arches so much in the centre, and slopes away so steeply, that when you are in the lateral depression between it and the mountain, you face an almost perpendicular wall of ice, which blocks your vision completely. M. de Pourtales measured one of the crevasses, in this wall, and found that it gave a depth of some seventy feet. From the remarkable convexity of the glacier, it can hardly be less in the centre than two or three times its thickness on the edges. Probably, however, none of these glaciers of the Straits of Magellan are so thick as those of Switzerland, though they are often much broader. The mountains are not so high, the valleys not so deep, as in the Alps; the ice is therefore not packed into such confined troughs. Indeed, the glaciers in this region often lie like broad fields of ice on open slopes of the mountains, or cap their summits in evenly rounded domes descending low upon their flanks. But while the general aspect differs in many respects from the Alpine glaciers, the action of the ice is the same. It has moulded its banks into the same

rounded and polished surfaces, and has left its tide-marks in the successive moraines marking the steps of its retreat.

On the second visit Mr. Agassiz reserved for himself the study of the bay, the ancient bed of the glacier in its former extension, accompanied by Captain Johnson, who is always ready to facilitate his researches by every means in his power. He passed the day in cruising about the bay in the steam launch, landing at any point he wished to investigate. His first care was to examine minutely the valley walls over which the glacier must have moved formerly. Every characteristic feature known in the Alps as the work of the glaciers was not only easily recognizable here, but as perfectly preserved as anywhere in Switzerland. The rounded knolls to which De Saussure first gave the name of *roches moutonnées* were smoothed, polished, scratched, and grooved in the direction of the ice movement, the marks running mostly from south to north, or nearly so. The scratches and furrows show by their general trend that they are continuous from one knoll to another. The furrows are of various dimensions, sometimes shallow and several inches broad, sometimes narrow with more defined limits gradually passing to mere lines on a very smoothly polished surface. Even the curious excavations scooped out of the even surfaces technically called *coups de gouge* are not wanting. Sometimes the seams of harder rock stood out for a quarter of an inch or so above, adjoining decomposed surfaces; in such instances the dike alone retained the glacial marks which had been worn away from the softer rock. In short, the whole story is identical here with that of glacial action in the Alps or in the more northern parts of Europe. Even did these ice-worn surfaces not exist, the distribution of loose materials along the sides of the valley and the remains of old moraines would show, independently of all other signs, that the glacier had once extended far beyond its present limits.



The moraines were admirably well preserved and numerous. Mr. Agassiz examined with especial care one colossal lateral moraine, standing about two miles below the present terminus of the ice, and five hundred feet above the sea level. It consisted of the same rock as those found in the present terminal moraine, part of them being rounded and worn, while large angular boulders rest above the smaller materials. This moraine forms a dam across a trough in the valley wall, and holds back the waters of a beautiful lake about a thousand feet in length and five hundred in width, shutting it in just as the Lake of Merrill in Switzerland is shut into its basin by the glacier of Aletsch. There are erratics some two or three hundred feet above this great moraine, showing that the glacier must have been more than five hundred feet thick when it left these loose materials at such a height. It then united, however, with a large glacier more to the west. Its greatest thickness as an independent glacier is no doubt marked, not by the boulders lying higher up, but by the large moraine which shuts in the lake. The direct connection of this moraine with the glacier in its former extension is still further shown by two other moraines on lower levels and less perfect, but bearing the same relation to the present terminus of the ice. The lower of these is only one hundred and fifty feet above the actual level of the glacier. These three moraines occur on the western slope of the bay. The eastern slope is more broken, and while the rounded knolls are quite as distinct and characteristic, the erratics are more loosely scattered over the surface. In mineralogical character, however, they agree with those at the present terminus of the glacier, and with those on the western wall of the bay. Upon the summits of small islands at the entrance of the bay there are some remnants of terminal moraines formed by the glacier when it reached the main channel, that is, when it was some three miles longer than now.

While Mr. Agassiz was studying the ancient glacier, and M. de Pourtalès was measuring the present one, Dr. Hill and Dr. White were photographing certain points of the internal structure of the ice and of its action upon surrounding surfaces; and Mr. Perry, one of the officers, with the assistance of the signals, adjusted on the previous day by Mr. Kennedy, ascertained the rate of actual movement.

The general progression of the glacier and its oscillations of advance and retreat within certain limits, are plainly shown by the successive moraines heaped up in advance of the present terminal wall. The central motion here, as in all the Swiss glaciers, is greater than the lateral, the ice being pushed forward in the middle faster than on the margins. But there would seem to be more than one axis of progression in this broad mass of ice; for though the centre is in advance of the rest, the terminal wall does not present one crescent-shaped face, but forms a number of more or less protruding angles or folds. A few feet in front of this wall is a ridge of loose materials, stones, pebbles, and boulders, repeating exactly the outline of the ice where it now stands; a few feet in advance of this is again another ridge precisely like it; a few feet beyond, another; and so on for four or five concentric zigzag crescent-shaped moraines, followed by two others more or less marked, till they fade into the larger morainic mass upon which stands the belt of woods we had crossed in order to reach the glacier. There are eight distinct moraines between the glacier and the belt of woods separating it from the beach. The belt of woods again rests, as Mr. Agassiz ascertained by examination, upon four concentric moraines.

On the spot it is easy to understand the process by which these moraines have been formed. Stooping down in any of the open rifts or caves in the ice, you can look between its lower surface and the ground and see the mass of materials, of all sorts and sizes,



carried along under the glacier and pushed forward by it. Thus shoved onward they are crowded up into a ridge, which is left when the melting ice retreats after a hot summer, lying on the ground and retaining exactly the outline received from the glacier itself. Wherever the motion has been most rapid, the morainic material has been driven outward; wherever it has been retarded, the morainic material has been delayed also. It has, in short, advanced just so far, and no farther, than the ice itself. Thus the moraines, until time and the gradual growth of vegetation upon them have remodelled them, represent the outline of the glacier by which they were built. From their appearance Mr. Agassiz thought that the moraines immediately in front of the glacier marked its oscillation within a comparatively short period. They are entirely destitute of vegetation. In advance of them is one both higher and broader than the rest, which must be considerably older, since mosses, lichens, and a few other plants are scattered over it. This moraine leans against trees, which are all blighted and bent toward the valley below, the whole green forest being bordered by a row of dead trees brought out in grim relief against the verdure behind. It is plain that the glacier has ploughed into the forest, loosening and half uprooting the trees along its margin, and this at a period not very remote, for the dead trees are not yet altogether rotten and decayed. A little lower down, separated by a small pool from the barren moraines, the fresh forest covers the whole ground. That this also, so far as it fills the bed of the valley, grows upon morainic accumulation is seen, not only by the mass of loose stones and boulders forming the floor of the forest and bound together by overgrowth of moss and a verdant soil, but also from the cuts made by the river, the banks of which are wholly morainic.

In the presence of the glacier you cease to wonder at the effects produced by so powerful an agent. This sheet

of ice in its present extension is, as we have seen, about a mile in width, several miles in length, and at least some two hundred feet in depth. Moving forward as it does ceaselessly, and armed below with a gigantic file consisting of stones, pebbles, and gravel firmly set in the ice, who can wonder that it should grind, furrow, round, and polish the surfaces over which it slowly drags its huge weight, fitting itself with anacconda-like flexibility to every inequality of the soil! At once destroyer and fertilizer, it uproots and blights hundreds of trees in its progress, yet feeds a forest at its foot with countless streams; it grinds the rocks to powder in its merciless mill, and then sends them down a fructifying soil to the valleys below. After we had wandered about till we were tired, the sailors, most of whom had by this time found their way up from the beach, built a fire on the moraine, near which Mrs. Johnson and I were glad to sit down and dry our feet, while we waited for the gentlemen to finish their work. We were beginning to discover that we were hungry, for the picturesque will not, after all, feed the carnal man or woman. We were making a mutual confession on this point, when we heard a shout from the woods, and saw the Captain, with several of the ship's company, issuing from the trees, followed by two men carrying a lunch-basket. By this time the other party had returned from the eastern end of the terminal wall, bringing a report that it was even more beautiful there, the ice being cut into very striking peaks and towers and other jagged, picturesque forms, while below were arches and caves pierced by windows. Mr. Agassiz had already gone on in this direction, but we had no time to follow him, even had our strength been equal to it. The Captain brought news that the Hassler could not safely cross the bar into Notch Cove, where he had hoped to anchor, and that we must return promptly in order to reach Playa Parda Cove, the nearest harbor, before nightfall. All stragglers were there-



fore recalled, and after a short rest, while we lunched around our fire, now a comfortable crackling blaze, we bade good by to the great, beautiful ice-sheet, and betook ourselves to the woods once more. Somewhat assisted by the tracks of the various parties who had followed each other through this labyrinth in the course of the day, we reached the beach in less time than we had spent in going to the glacier. The boat was pushed up into the little glacial river, and taking a parting draught from the icy cold water, which freshens the bay for a long distance, we stepped in and were off. Returning on board we dined gayly, not forgetting to christen the glacier in a glass of champagne. At Mr. Agassiz's suggestion it was called the "Hassler"

glacier, in memory of the United States Coast Survey and of the vessel in which our trip was made. Two hours later we were quietly anchored in Playa Parda Cove. This beautiful little harbor is formed by a deep narrow slit, cut into the mountains on the northern side of the straits, and widening out at its farther end into a kind of pocket or basin, sunk so deep between rocky walls that it seems like a sheltered lake. At ten o'clock at night I went on deck; there was not a cloud in the sky, and it was brilliant moonlight. Looking toward the opening of the cove, a snow mountain lay dim and pale like a white dream in the distance; around us rose dark rugged walls of rock, and the water, still as glass, held it all as in a picture.

*Elizabeth C. Agassiz.*

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## THE CHAUVINISME OF THE FRENCH.

THE democratic spirit of the French people is unique in its fierceness and its indiscipline. It is so deeply implanted in the popular heart, that ages of despotism would not uproot it; and at the same time it shows itself in ways which are almost brutal in their rudeness. The brown-fisted *ouvrier* crowds against the elegance of the fop with a self-assertion that makes one shudder. In all public places he is equal to a prince; and one is often tempted to believe that he thrusts himself forward in order to teach the select few a rude lesson in humility. At Paris, in the lowest haunts of Belleville, the stranger will be treated with great politeness; the men will uncover their shaggy heads and the women will salute. But neither men nor women will leave you in doubt whether their advances are only courtesies, and whether they know their equality before the law. They are generally civil, but always just. The French flunky acts his part so long as he is paid his salary; but the

day after his discharge he meets his old master with head erect and the independent air of a freeman.

I do not complain of the democratic brusqueness of the French working-man. It is on the whole rather an admirable quality. It is the manifestation of the spirit of 1789, of 1848, and of that firm popular resolution which was so skilfully courted by the government of Louis Napoleon. Moreover, the *ouvrier* though cruel is as brave as a lion. If he sends a queen to the guillotine, he storms the Bastille. If he tears down the monuments of Paris, he dies in the trenches before the foe. If he too often overlooks the mercy of charity, he seldom forgets the mercy of justice. He has a long memory, and seizes the hour of revenge with fierce exultation; but he loves his class better than himself, and the state better than either. He goes out to the fight as cheerfully as he goes out to his work, singing the airs of France, and glowing with hope, courage, and joy.



In many of his qualities the *ouvrier* may well be compared to the professor who lectures at the Sorbonne or the College of France. Indeed he has very many points of superiority. He is more steady in his habits of mind, he is more manly; and when difference of education is taken into view, he can reason more closely and logically. The model French scholar is a very peculiar character, often endowed with a rare erudition, and with the happy gift of clear and effective style, but he dilutes these merits with a vanity more than childish, and a peevishness absolutely absurd. The late war threw half the professors in France off their mental balance. One has only to drop in at a popular lecture in the Latin Quarter to hear men of superb abilities ruin their effectiveness by the way in which they mix politics and passion with what ought to be graver scholastic dissertations. Even men like Cousin and Guizot were never able to rise to that serene intellectual atmosphere which has given German scholarship such a just renown.

The mode of thought among the best educated Frenchmen is strictly in harmony with their nature. If there is one branch which the French conspicuously ignore, as well in their studies as in their practice, it is that of logic. They are much commended for the swiftness with which they leap to conclusions; but the swiftness is attained by contempt for intellectual processes, and often for truth itself. They reason from general propositions to specific facts. Take the case even of Montesquieu. In him the general truth usually precedes the particular examples; induction is quite ignored; and reduction is made from propositions which are false or have not been established. The division of powers is conducive to the welfare of a government; the ancient republics did not understand the division of powers; therefore they fell; this is the usual form of Montesquieu's arguments. The fallacy in this syllogism is obvious; and it would be just as obvious if the main proposi-

tion or all the propositions were true. But it is a characteristic piece of French logic. It shows fairly that peculiar mental defect which is often called acuteness, but which is really an incapacity for close consecutive thinking. It is this inherent, national illogicality which in matters of patriotic interest produces in the French people the condition of mind known as *chauvinisme*. The word itself is peculiar. It is not found in the older and smaller dictionaries; but if it wants the authority of elegance, it has the venial emphasis of slang. The chauvinisme of the French differs from the vanity of other peoples, not so much in kind as in depth and extent; but in these two points of comparison the difference is immense. The bombast of the Yankee is often extravagant, but it is good-natured and does not offend. One laughs, of course, at the itinerant Briton's failure to find anything quite equal to "that thoroughly English love of respectability." Every one knows the pugnacity with which the German will defend the fatherland. But these are masculine virtues by the side of that spiteful, puerile, and absurd vanity, which patriotism seems to exact of the French citizen, and which seems to glow most fiercely in the most ingenious minds. Victor Hugo is the worst victim of this sentiment, if his chauvinisme may be dignified by the name of a sentiment. There are two theories about the great poet's rhapsodies, the one ascribing them to a species of real insanity, the other treating them as cheap bids for notoriety. The one accuses his reason, the other his honesty, and the reader may choose between them. It is certain, however, that French chauvinisme is in general neither a trick nor a mania, except in the sense in which any marked national passion may be regarded as a willing or unwilling perversion of the mind. The French do not reason out all of their startling conceits, much less do they hold them insincerely. They thoroughly believe that France is the greatest nation in the world; that she stands



at the head of civilization ; that she has produced the greatest men in every department of life ; that she alone has a language, a literature, and an art ; that her soldiers are the best in the world, and in the late war were defeated only by treachery. I speak of the prevailing tone of thought in the French press, French literature, and French society, but without overlooking cases of rare and outspoken candor. It will be observed that here is nothing which a warm-hearted patriot might not believe, and yet retain his reason. To have a generous belief in the greatness of one's country is not chauvinisme. It is the character of the latter quality to be wildly extravagant, to be fretful and childish and silly, to resent a doubt as an insult, and to offend by its very frankness. These are some of the features of that national tendency which meet one at every point of contact with the French. Sometimes it amuses by its absurdity, sometimes it offends by its intolerance, sometimes it amazes by its extravagance, but always it is a serious evil from which the French themselves are the worst sufferers. It is superior only to that cold sceptical prudence, which degrades patriotism by robbing it of all its spontaneity. A fierce, popular egotism is not the best bulwark of a state ; but it is at least as admirable as that affectation of candor which always throws the burden of proof on one's own country, and is patriotic only on second thought.

This irrational spirit of chauvinisme is the cause of two grand defects — the one moral, the other temperamental — in French character. The first is wide-spread and is confined to no class ; but it need be here considered only as it appears in those minds which culture ought to lift above the petty tricks of national vanity. The most serious charge which can be brought against a scholar is that of dishonesty. *Noblesse oblige* is a maxim which the French themselves have given us ; and of all species of nobility there is none so high in itself, and

none which prescribes so high a standard of duty, as the nobility of scholarship. Now in what concerns the mere form of literary art, or the practical basis of culture, the wise men of France are equal to their brethren of any country. But when a higher test is applied, when there is question of that spiritual refinement, of which mental discipline ought to be at once the cause and the companion, when one looks for that intellectual integrity without which the profoundest learning is a sham and an evil, one turns away with the conviction that French scholars, with all their brilliant qualities, are lamentably wanting in a sense of their professional responsibility. Junius advises those who want sound maxims in the science of law to study Mr. Justice Blackstone's book, and those who want virtuous examples in the profession of law *not* to follow Mr. Justice Blackstone's practices. The same unfortunate distinction must be made in the case of a great many leading French writers. On topics purely scholastic and neutral, French literature adds the charms of a clear style and a fair erudition to an impartiality which has no motive to waver. Indeed the history of other countries has been treated by men like Guizot and Thierry with as much fairness as ability. But what student of the Napoleonic wars would rely on Thiers's glowing epic ? How many Frenchmen know that the English took part in the Crimean war ? Who can think without a smile of the future French historian of Bismarck, or of the late war ? The treatment of such subjects by a partisan is often, and perhaps pardonably, marked by a bias which the reader ascribes to errors of judgment or want of discipline ; but deliberate mutilation of the facts of history is an offence which may be too often brought home by irresistible proof to the first writers of France. They are good partisans but poor patriots.

It has been my fortune to spend some time amid the wrecks of French society, and to study with a sympathetic



eye the struggle for regeneration. I have seen a brave people bear without a murmur the burdens of taxation, and clamor for more that the day of deliverance might be hastened. I have seen a people demand almost with one voice a system of education which should be obligatory and universal. I have seen strong men shed tears over the faults of their country. But seldom in the history of national crises has the one class which ought to set the example of a dignified candor and a loyal energy — the scholars, the authors, the thinkers — shown itself so far below the occasion and its duties. To say that they have been active is to pay them a sorry compliment. They have studied the problem, and have filled the libraries with their solutions; but their incapacity is almost as marked as that at Sedan. They have even done but little to diffuse a more healthy public sentiment. Nothing is more evident than that the France of to-day needs the probe and lancet of the surgeon rather than the soothing potions of the nurse. She needs remedies and not excuses, the counsel of courage and not the flattery of weakness, the caustic severity of truth and not palliating doses of fiction. But this truth, obvious as it is, seems not to have entered the consciousness of the French thinker; or, if it has entered, it is guarded as a dangerous secret. Accordingly the books which have treated the misfortunes of France are full of flattery on the one side and falsehood on the other; they are shallow, superficial, and illogical. Most of them give too much credit to mere political forms, and too little to the graver social evils. They are timid in the statement of truths which reflect on the French, and bold only in the fabrication of libels upon the Germans. This manner of treatment too is not confined to those who use the pen. At the oldest and greatest French university I have heard grave professors make statements which I knew to be false, which they knew to be false, and which their auditors knew to be false. These men are honored with the high-

est social and professional positions, and as the chosen instructors of the youth of France wield a power which affects both the character of the French and the destinies of France. What admirable examples of integrity they set before the rising generation! Instead of the calm dignity which can bear misfortune, they show the fretful anger of a disappointed child; instead of severe deductions from the facts of defeat, they coin excuses which are insufficient or false; instead of courage, honesty, and logic, they bring to the treatment of the great problem nothing but egoism, shallowness, ill-temper, and mendacity.

If the spirit of French chauvinism corrupts the integrity of the few, it takes a most pernicious direction in the many. The glory of France has been largely won by her soldiers, and from this fact the untrained logicians easily draw the inference that military glory is the only true glory. This gives a martial tone to the whole nation. At the same time the military spirit in France is feudal or mediæval rather than modern. It delights in the dashing and the brilliant, rather than those more solid achievements which are the work of patience, time, and heavy battalions. The impetuous skill which made Napoleon master of Europe is the highest quality of the French soldier, while the dull method of Moltke's legions is held to be vulgar and unchivalrous. Hence the French can bear defeat with great difficulty, while they are rather fond of the *éclat* of successful campaigns. They love to read bulletins from their victorious armies, and to study the long roll of battles on the Arc de Triomphe. Peasants who never heard of Voltaire or Bossuet, and look with mute amazement on the literary record of their country, can describe with exact fidelity the wars of the first Republic, or the campaign in Italy. An original soldierly spirit has been fostered by unwise teachers, so that it seems to predominate throughout French life. The Emperor's declaration that the Empire meant peace was popular with the French, not be-



cause it insured them against war, but because it seemed to insure them against defeat. But the Emperor soon saw that he could not support an effective army on a peace establishment. Rome, Algeria, Mexico, were so many training fields for his soldiers, but even with the principle of rotation he could not keep up their discipline. They terrified the *gamins* of Belleville, and made brilliant conquests among the servant-girls of the Faubourg St. Germain; but one rude week of service against the Prussians taught them more than years of preliminary drill. The French nature resists discipline. When a whole nation would rise against a united continent, as France rose against Europe, the history of 1789 must be studied and followed. But when science takes the place of *élan*, when mechanical training supersedes a reckless daring, a methodical people like the Germans have a vast advantage over their gallant foes, and are pretty sure to win. The French passion for military glory is a great evil; but a military spirit which despises the drill-master is false to itself.

On the other hand, this very elasticity of the French is perhaps the cause of a warm national generosity which is not possessed in the same degree by any other people in Europe, except the Irish. They who are fond of such speculations may perhaps find that generosity is a trait of the Celtic character. Be that as it may, no one can study the history and the nature of the French without seeing that they are a people of warm sympathies and chivalrous impulses, — qualities which are in harmony with the national pride, but not often with the national interests. French writers themselves lay much stress on this fact. In contrast with the apparent ingratitude of those European states which calmly saw France crushed under the heel of Germany, these writers cite the sympathy and soldiers which France gave to Italian unity, her friendship for Poland, her defence of English interests in the

Crimea, her championship of the Pope, and more particular outbursts of a warm and uncalculating generosity. These souvenirs come with bad taste from French pens, but they are drawn from truth. Individually the French count their moral resources with admirable care; and as a nation their vision is narrow and often oblique. But they are warm-hearted and impressionable, and can make the most superb demonstrations of unselfish passion.

I have suggested that the want of discipline in the French people is a cause or condition of their impulsive sentiments. The suggestion may well be pushed further. It may be doubted whether generosity is a reflective passion at all, especially the generosity of a whole people, and whether it does not spring more often from qualities which the art of government is obliged to deplore. The two most sympathetic peoples in Europe are the French and the Irish, and they are the two peoples in whose political life judgment and reason play the smallest part. The English and the Germans, with many noble qualities which the French do not possess, show in this particular the cold, prudent, Teutonic spirit of selfishness. Who ever saw the English stirred by a high impulse of popular generosity? Who can find a single relenting moment of tenderness in the fifty years that Germany gave to the patient "study of revenge"? I wish to avoid sentimentality. A wise selfishness is still one of the first of national virtues; and the plaintive parallels drawn by Frenchmen who know no weapon but the pen are almost too silly for contempt. But even in this cynical age the liberal virtues ought not to be despised. It ought to be remembered that those swelling sentiments of chivalry, which have been extinguished except among the French, were honorable and victorious in an age when war was a pastime and not a profession, and when nature rather than education made the soldier.

Herbert Tuttle.



## A MODERN RELIGIOUS PAINTER.

IN the church of Saint-Germain des Prés, the oldest church in Paris, situated in the Rue Bonaparte, now a dense quarter of the most poetical part of the city, Flandrin has painted his frescos illustrative of the Old and New Testament. This church, to which artists and pietists wend their way, is the sacred jewel of the Catholic religion in France. Thanks to its ancient origin and Flandrin's art, it is more beautiful than the intense and florid Sainte-Chapelle, or the costly Saint-Denis. It shows its Roman origin; it is a work that antedates the Gothic; looking at it you behold the church architecture of France in the eleventh century. It is Norman-Roman, that is to say, a simple and grave structure, with a tower, characterized by the Roman column and early Gothic capital, full of grotesque and quaint carvings. The interior decoration, which is modern, gives lustre and beauty to it; the frescos make the Bible stories pictorially intelligible and persuasive to all but the blind. You enter, perhaps, at twelve o'clock. The gray and plain front, the dust-covered, time-eaten colonettes of the great door, scarcely attract your attention, and you have no expectation of anything rarely beautiful and uncommon. But the moment you pass the great door, you behold the most unique and celestial looking interior of any church in Paris. The color chants to the eye! As the old stained windows of cathedrals sing, these walls chant. The weight of human sadness and the soberness of sorrow is in the sense of the color as in the chant of male voices. A combination of all low, rich, and solemnly subdued tones, in the flat-tinted decoration of the walls and columns, makes this impression upon you. The gamut of color begins with low, strong, earthly red, and mounts up to the deep nocturnal blue of the ceiling, star-sprin-

kled; and on column and wall lines of pale, pure green and gold and gray are mingled with masses of red, black, and ochorous flat tints. While you look upon this novel interior, the soft, plaintive voice of the almost humanized bells strikes the fleeting hours. Amid the dying sounds chimed over your head, the processioned-step of pious nun or prayerful priest about you, by the chant of male voices in far-off chapel, struck into reverence by all revered things, — sacred vessels, the bent figures of silent old women, and memorial-stones half obliterated, — you seem to have passed out of the world and entered a probationary and preparatory temple to have your material and worldly mind attuned to all subdued and spiritual things.

Along the side of the nave just above the Roman arches, under the Gothic vault, you see the frescos of Flandrin, in flat and pale colors, in firm and pure lines, in simple and large forms, making a place like an illuminated margin to a beautiful book of religious sentiment. Here are all the episodes of Bible history, all the grand and beautiful figures such as a devout, spiritual, reverent, and reserved mind imagines them to be. Beside these designs Doré's illustrations of the Bible are the bold and brutal exaggerations of a genius sunk in low, childish, and physical things.

Flandrin's most remarkable works are the two large frescos on each side of the choir. High over the altar, almost in the centre of the church, seen against a gold-checked background, you behold Christ seated on a white ass. He is in the midst of a procession of men and women bearing palms, who express a holy and restrained joy. In front of Christ, at the gates of the city, men and women of Jerusalem, with uplifted arms, garlands of flowers, and expectant, gravely glad faces, wel-



come the august and placid Master. To me this is the one supreme picture of modern religious art. The Divine Master sits peacefully upon the ass, a benignant and serene man, lonely in the midst of friends, the companion of all, but familiar with none. The crowd, unlike a vulgar crowd, raise their hands and heads in a decorous and dignified manner. In Flandrin's work everything is separated from the domain of the common; it is separated as his arbitrary but logical faith separated the events and characters of the Bible from every-day and natural things. Flandrin's art is ideal, as his faith was ideal, and, to both alike, realism would be destructive.

The crowd, we repeat, is unlike a vulgar crowd. The folks express a holy joy not the tumult and gladness with which a conqueror was greeted at the gates of ancient cities. Everything about the work is reasoned and restrained; yet it has a lyric depth of emotion, a lyric fervor in its studied and simple composition. If you could care more for the artistic traits of such a work than for its spiritual meaning, I should call your attention to the noble shapes, the sure and firm lines, the classic symmetry of form, the thorough, yet unpedantic knowledge of the human figure, the remarkable dignity and grace of the draperies. The draperies are exceptionally fine; they have the beauty of Greek sculpture. I should ask you to observe the systematic and consistent use of color, and all that makes a perfect, but not dazzling expression of such a theme. It is a grave and beautiful work.

Flandrin's use of color is that of a man conscious of his limitations as a colorist. But he understood the intellectual sense of color. Yet like Scheffer, the clay of the soil, rather than the tint of flowers and the azure of the sky, ran through all his combinations. It is as if his spiritual sense was clouded in this direction, and he never knew the pure song, the gladness and exultation of vivid and intense colors; all *that* would have been

destructive to the renouncing and morbid spirit, the restraining piety, with which his serene but unexultant soul pleased itself. He had not the natural or artistic sense of color. You see that in his masses, in his flat tints, he was simply judicious, merely taking his work out of black and white. A great sense of color or of tone is not consistent with common theology or the meditations of the ascetic or pious mind. It belongs to joyous, strong men, who are content with this fair, natural inheritance of the world. Flandrin was not such a man, but a timid, pensive, aspiring man. Correctness and symmetry of form was the main article of his art-creed. His drawing was pure and correct, like Ingres's; his system of color logical and consistent, never once unexpected and magic in its results.

Flandrin, by dint of study and meditation, got outside of the real world with its glory and its shame, and devoted himself to express in a pictorial and studied form the precious and beautiful subjects of the Bible. He was more exclusively a religious painter than Ary Scheffer, for he was not embarrassed by anything modern and romantic. Passion had not clouded and moral suffering had not deepened his spiritual sense, as in Scheffer's case. By pure piety he attained spiritual clearness and spiritual depth. Without a great imagination, but with an inventive faculty disciplined by the study of classic and Roman art, and with a great knowledge of the expression of the human face, he was enabled to produce a series of works of great variety of design, not one showing any accidental beauty or chance felicity, but all alike the result of thoughtful consideration, all alike judiciously worked out. If ever a painter was born to express sincerely and beautifully a logical and arbitrary faith, if ever a man was penetrated with the truth of the expressive and far-reaching Hebraic fables, it was Hippolyte Flandrin.

Like a cloistered monk, but admitted



to more universal studies, he fervidly felt, as, with the hand of a master, he illustrated, the stories he believed. It is worthy of remark that, in his treatment of Adam and Eve, he keeps his hands pure from the sensual and pagan beauty which other painters would have illustrated in the painting of two nude figures; it is worthy of remark how habitual is the dignity and purity of his sentiment. Whether I look at the serene majesty of his fresco of "Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem," or at the dark and fatal "Procession to the Cross," at the "Birth of Jesus," or at "Moses," I am alike struck with the expressive and admirable form of his art, the gentle and persuasive temper of the painter, the pure and fervid piety of his sentiment. A man going from the feverish and fatal life of Paris to Flandrin's frescos in Saint-Germain des Prés, must be deeply moved and chastely admonished, as by the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, for he looks upon the artistic and pure illustration of its temper and faith. Given the stand-point of a devout Catholic, and Flandrin's pictures seem instinct with the tenderness, pathos, and solicitude of the Redeemer. The condescension and humility of a god are painted. The tenderness, the mute reproach of the suffering of a blameless man, all the ecstatic and oft-memorialized events of the life of Christ, as felt and understood by a pious soul, and are there to move you to tears.

In the fresco of the "Last Supper," the figure of Judas is presented in a very original shape. It is imagined as the simple and unworldly imagine it; it is a remarkable example of dramatic force and suggestion. Judas sits with his back to the spectator. *His face is not visible*, but the character of the man is as manifest as if the hand of Leonardo da Vinci had painted his visage turned full upon you in all its envious and malignant enormity of sin. "Ignoble and base," you say, as you look at the back of Judas. By exaggerating the backbone, articulating it through the drapery and arching it as in the dragon

form, Flandrin has made a strangely wicked-looking Judas. It is perfectly effective, and the exaggeration is done with so much artistic refinement, that you are compelled to admire it. Realism would never tolerate such portraiture, much less believe it.

Judas probably had the face of a politician. Being devoid of any spiritual sense, when he saw that Christ's kingdom was not of this world, and had no fat office, knowing the finances were low, he concluded to dispose of his "knowledge of persons" to a legitimate and powerful party! He betrayed his master and friend. The thing is often done, and by men without the dragon-back of Flandrin's Judas, which does very well as a physical deformity to express the moral monstrosity of the prudent disciple.

In the fresco of the "Birth of Christ" Flandrin has attained to something of Raphael's grace and beauty of design, Raphael's tender and womanly types, Raphael's perfect composition. The face of the Virgin mother shines luminous and sweet, over the cradle of the child, rapt, embracing, adoring,—assuredly one of the most lovely creations of modern art. In this work, as in most of Flandrin's productions, you remark that he has accepted all the traditional types and forms of which Raphael and Cimabue are the originators; by his personal force he has vitalized them and lifted them out of the domain of academic art.

Flandrin did for the Christian traditions and types what Ingres did for classic traditions and types, that is, he illustrated them with the science of a thorough artist; to Scheffer's sentiment he added Ingres's mastery of design and form. Flandrin's Christ strikes me as more justly conceived than Scheffer's. It is the Christ of the beloved disciple. In his designs illustrative of the Old Testament, Flandrin never is more than dignified, or grand after the fashion of academic grandeur. His Moses and Jehovah are fine senatorial figures. The figure of Job is the most realistic work of all. But Flan-



drin's mind and sentiment were foreign to the rude and barbaric grandeur of the Hebrew stories. Yet by pure force of study and intellect he reached a very noble pictorial expression of many of the events of the Old Testament. Moses and the children of Israel led by the column of smoke by day, and Moses on the shore of the Red Sea, are very grand, though not grand in the way that Michael Angelo's work is grand. You must respect the frescos illustrative of the Old Testament, you must be deeply moved by the beauty and piety of the designs of the New.

How intelligent is art patronage in France you may infer from the fact that the decoration of the church of Saint-Germain des Prés was given exclusively to a painter like Flandrin. By giving the whole church into the hands of one painter, and one so distinguished by his piety and ability as Flandrin was, the French Catholics have avoided the mixed and often incongruous character of ordinary church decoration. The frescos of Saint Germain des Prés make a harmonious impression: they are the emanation of one genius, not of many. The variety and completeness of the decoration, the expressive and unique arrangement of the pictures, the beautiful use of gold as in the specimens of Byzantine art, make it the most strange and attractive church in Paris. An hour spent in it would give you a most vivid appreciation of the grand and beautiful types of Judaism and Christianity. You could please your eye with a classic illustration of the sacred stories of your faith. The noble, radiant, and sad figures of prophets, priests, and kings; the august figure of Christ; the adoring and lovely Virgin, — such an array of figures evoke ideas that had no existence among the carved and painted gods and goddesses of Greece. The pale and patient Jesus seems more mighty than the calm and beautiful Olympian god. Flandrin has done more than make pictures of virgins and saints; he has illustrated the whole Christian mythology, and given

it an epic being in the painters' world. It is no longer a Madonna here, a Saviour there, an apostolic group here, a prophet there; but, brought under one roof, bound together in a harmonious *ensemble*, the whole procession of Biblical events is placed visibly before us with the science of a thorough artist and the sincerity of a truly believing mind.

Flandrin was celebrated as a portrait-painter, the peer of Ingres, but for him unrivalled in that department of art. His portrait of *Napoléon Législateur* is one of the most remarkable examples of modern portrait-painting. Flandrin also decorated the church of Saint-Vincent de Paul, and made thirty-six decorative figures for the château of the Duc de Luynes, at Dampierre. He was a native of Lyons, born in 1809; at Paris, he was the favorite pupil of Ingres, whose example he closely followed; he was less vigorous but more tender, less in his sense of beauty, but a better composer, and having more invention; he made works that are individual and complete, with all the charm that art can have without opulence of color and splendor of imagination. Flandrin's letters are said to express the piety and sweetness which please us in Eugénie de Guérin's. His life was withdrawn from all vulgar and exciting things; he was devoted to the ideal, and he habitually contemplated exalted and spiritual things. He has peopled the walls of churches with grand and benign figures, and he seems to have shared the experience of the saints that he painted. He was a great religious artist; he has done for the moral and spiritual side of the life of man what the Greek sculptors and Italian masters did for the physical and sensual side of the life of man. He was an idealist and an artist, as distinguished from a realist and a naturalistic painter. In his portraits only he adopted the realistic manner and painted with an intense and thorough purpose, following the example of Leonardo da Vinci and Ingres. But in his religious subjects everything is lifted out of the domain of realistic art, and, in color, even out of natural-



istic art. Not one of his frescos represents the natural colors of natural things. It is true that he makes sky blue, and ground ochre gray, and trees green; but the pitch of color is determined by his own arbitrary will. Not once does he try to get the quality or texture or tone of nature, which all the great colorists have tried to get. A shallow critic writing for an ignorant public could plausibly depreciate Flan-drin in view of this fact; but in France,

art and its correspondence with nature is so well understood that no one has had the effrontery to exclude him from the list of great artists because he had an arbitrary and unnatural but expressive system of color. Hippolyte Flan-drin will always hold a supreme place among great religious artists, because of his mastery of expression, of composition, of form, and because of the unfailing dignity, sincerity, and elevation of his sentiment.

*Eugene Benson.*

## RECENT LITERATURE.\*

GRADUALLY, but pretty surely, the whole varied field of American life is coming into view in American fiction; not the life of this moment, but that of half a score of years ago, or a generation or two generations since; and though we should like best to have the very present reproduced, we are grateful for what is done, and recognize the value of each sincere performance. Mr. Flagg's romance is the more welcome because it deals with scenes and people hitherto little known or not known to fiction, and which have something fresh and native in them. They are studied in a sufficiently realistic spirit, and yet there is a glamour of romance over all which gives the book a character and charm of its own, and with which the realism does not discord. Briefly, it is the story of a wild country boy in Southern Ohio, who goes out with the family rifle to have a shot at Morgan's men on their raid in 1863, and who finds among the spoil of the rebel he shoots the photograph of a beautiful child. When he quits the paternal cabin on Smoky

Creek to seek his fortune, Robert Hagan discovers the original of the photograph at the farm-house where he asks for work. She calls herself a prisoner of war, and is in fact a fair and bitterly rebellious young South-Carolinian, whose family is totally dispersed, and who has been sent North by General Damarin to find a home with his father till the war is over, and she can be restored to her own. It is Robert's fate to fall in love with her, but not to marry her; though how he and she are otherwise made happy we have scarcely the right to weaken the reader's interest in the plot by saying. It is, at best, rather a wandering plot, and the chief merit of the book as a story is the effectiveness with which the successive scenes are painted. One of the best of these is that very vivid scene of Robert lying in wait for Morgan's men, with all the tragedy of his attack on them, and his escape on the horse of the man he shoots. A lively dramatic force is felt in the scene before the Damarin family, between Bella, still rebellious, and her brother ex-

\* *A Good Investment.* A Story of the Upper Ohio. By WILLIAM FLAGG. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1872.

*"Pennsylvania Dutch," and other Essays.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

*The Oregon Trail.* Sketches of Prairie and Rocky-Mountain Life. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Fourth Edition, revised. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1872.

*Francis Parkman.* Par L'ABBÉ H. R. CASGRAIN. Québec: C. DARVEAU, Imprimeur-Editeur. 1872.

*Life of Henry Dunster, First President of Harvard College.* By REV. JEREMIAH CHAPLIN, D. D. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

*Thrown Together.* A Story. By FLORENCE MONTGOMERY, Author of "Misunderstood." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

*The Pastor of the Desert, Jean Faroussseau.* By EUGÈNE PELLETAN. Translated from the French. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1872.

*Goethe: his Life and Works.* An Essay. By GEORGE H. CALVERT. Boston: Lee and Shepard. *Joseph Mazzini; His Life and Political Principles.* With an Introduction by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1872.

*Scrambles amongst the Alps in the Years 1860-'69.* By EDWARD WHYMPER. With over one hundred Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.



rebel and acquiescent ; the whole after career of her brothers, in its downward course, being traced with admirable probability and impressiveness. All goes wrong with them in their efforts to regain some property of their father at the North, and they betake themselves to the Oil Regions in Virginia, where they set up a faro-bank. They are generous, not wrong-meaning young fellows at first, but fate and the fatal defects of a slaveholder's education are against them. One of them shoots a man, and they fly from the law, reaching the Ohio after nightfall with justice at their heels. There is a fight, and then a parley. "Major Johnston," calls out the sheriff, with high Southern courtesy, "I really think you'd better give yourself up, and go back with us. The doctor told me yesterday he thought the wounded gentleman would get well. I tell you the truth, upon my honor." The Johnstons will not hear reason and renew the fight ; one of them is shot dead ; the other gets the body into a boat, and, under cover of the darkness, pushes off. The dialogue that ensues is colored with a good feeling for Southern character :—

"Unheeding the few shots they fired at random, Charles Johnston remained for some minutes in convulsive emotion ; but presently, rising to his feet, he commanded Robert to hold the boat where she was, as he had something to say. Then, in a perfectly calm and distinct voice, he called across the water,—

" 'Sheriff Brown ! it is you, I believe, who shot my brother ?'

"A voice as calm, and almost bland in its tone, replied, 'I am very sorry, Captain Johnston, for this unpleasant occurrence ; but you and every other gentleman must know an officer is bound to make his arrests without fear or favor of any gentleman ; and if gentlemen will resist, I cannot be responsible for the consequences.'

" 'I think I must hold you responsible, however,' rejoined Johnston. 'With your own life, sheriff, you shall answer for this, so help me God ! I was about to quit your State for good ; but now I shall return to it, and never leave it while you live there. Wherever you go, I shall be on your track. You have killed my only brother, and I'll have your life, or—'

" '— Or else I must take yours : excuse the interruption,' said the sheriff, still calm and bland. 'Very well, captain ; and since you are so frank, allow me to give you notice, in return, that if you and I should ever

have the pleasure of meeting again, you must expect me to defend myself *Kaintuck* fashion, the same as any other gentleman would, without fear or favor, you know.' "

Sheriff Brown is somewhat better than his word ; he shoots Johnston on sight, afterwards, just as the latter, who has now become a horse-thief, is about to fire at the owner of a horse he has stolen,—the owner being Robert Hagan.

The life at the Damarin farm is sketched with an idyllic effect which harmonizes well with the soft beauty and richness of the Southern Ohio scenery. For a pendant to this picture the reader must turn to that of the Iowa farm of the Richardsons, where the acres are by thousands and the labor is like that of a vast manufactory, mostly done by machinery, and altogether non-individual. Nothing is better in Mr. Flagg's book than the way he has brought before us such widely differing phases of Western life, and nothing is truer than his study of the semi-savage existence of Robert Hagan's whiskey-drinking father and scolding, pipe-smoking mother in their cabin on Smoky Creek ; for such people are still common enough in the Virginia Military District of Ohio, in spite of the proximity of such neighbors as the Damarins and of all the cultivation of the cities and towns. Even if Mr. Flagg's book were not the interesting fiction it is, it would be worth reading for its local truth.

For one of the reasons of our pleasure in this romance we like also an anonymous author's essays on the "Pennsylvania Dutch" and some of the quaint religious sects in Pennsylvania. The principal paper was first published in this magazine, and though it has the faults common to the author's whole book, namely, incoherence and literary shapelessness, it has some compensating virtues, and tells more than had been told before of the daily life of a very curious population,—a population more wholly cut off than even the Canadian French from the mother country, but retaining as fully as they a national integrity in the midst of an alien race. This paper is followed by a pleasant sketch of "An Amish Meeting," the Amish being the sober and conscientious sectaries known also as Mennonites, among whom Miss Chesebro' found the characters of her exquisite story "The Foe in the Household"; and then there is some account of the Swiss Anabaptists who fled from the persecutions of the Calvinists soon after the foundation of Penn's



Colony, and whose descendants still help to people Lancaster County: "A Dunker Love-Feast," is simply and interestingly described, and there is something told of the Dunker persuasion, which is common in the older West, as well as Pennsylvania, and numbers in all a hundred thousand adherents; notices of the German Seventh-Day Baptist anchorites of both sexes at Ephrata follow, and then comes an excellent study of a most characteristic Quaker life, and after that a prettily managed little sketch or story about some other Quaker folk. The author's observation is not very philosophical, but it covers all the familiar and many of the significant traits of the peculiarly varied little world of rural Pennsylvania, and her literary faculty is sufficient to place some very interesting pictures of it before us, which are all the better perhaps for their real artlessness. What a glimpse of odd, un-American, Old-World figures and faces is this, for example:—

"Our neighbors wore the usual costume of the sect, which is a branch of the Mennonite Society, or nearly allied to it, the men having laid off their round-crowned and remarkably wide-brimmed hats. Their hair is usually cut square across the forehead, and hangs long behind; their coats are plainer than those of the plainest Quaker, and are fastened, except the overcoat, with hooks and eyes in place of buttons; whence they are sometimes called Hooker or Hook-and-Eye Mennists. The pantalons are worn without suspenders. Formerly, the Amish were often called Bearded Men, but since beards have become fashionable theirs are not so conspicuous. The women, whom I have sometimes seen with a bright purple apron, an orange neckerchief, or some other striking bit of color, were now more soberly arrayed in plain white caps without ruffle or border, and white neckerchiefs, though occasionally a cap or kerchief was black. They wear closely fitting waists, with a little basquine behind, which is probably a relic from the times of the short-gown and petticoat. Their gowns were of sober woollen stuff, frequently of flannel; and all wore aprons. But the most surprising figures among the Amish are the little children, dressed in garments like those of old persons. It has been my lot to see at the house of her parents a tender little dark-eyed Amish maiden of three years, old enough to begin to speak 'Dutch,' and as yet ignorant of English. Seated upon her father's lap,

sick and suffering, with that sweet little face encircled by the plain muslin cap, the little figure dressed in that plain gown, she was one not to be soon forgotten."

The sketch of the Dunker love-feast abounds in descriptions as simple and striking as this, and in the closing essay, "Cousin Jemima," a delicate sense of character is shown. Indeed, the book is an attractive and useful one, and we heartily wish it prosperity, with all its defects.

Of a kindred effect with these two books so far as concerns our knowledge of our own country, are Mr. Parkman's sketches of Prairie and Rocky-Mountain life as it was twenty-five years ago; though of course his book is in a wholly different key, and has a wholly different value, both as history and as the prelude to the works which have given at least one passage of American story its true place in the annals of civilization. It was in the spring of 1846 that Mr. Parkman and another young Bostonian set out from St. Louis, and crossed the great plains to the Rocky Mountains, where for several months the future historian domesticated himself—though that is hardly the phrase, we suppose, for living *en sauvage*—among a tribe of Sioux, and returned finally to the settlements by descending the Arkansas. A few forts and trading-posts were then the only holds of the white men in a desolation which is now traversed by the Pacific railways, and dotted with many cities and villages. The people that Mr. Parkman observed there were the savages and the half-savage Frenchmen trading and trapping among them, with an occasional emigrant train, Mormon or Gentile, and once a detachment of Missourians on their way to take part in the Mexican war. This life and the life of nature on the plains and in the mountains yield all their fascination to his page, which is never wanting in some stirring adventure, some sketch of local character, some proof of his singularly sincere and thorough study of the race whose strange inarticulate being he has best interpreted to the race before which it is vanishing. The reader of Mr. Parkman's histories, as we have hinted, will find here the proper prologue and the key to them all. At another time we hope to develop more fully the unity of his studies in the field he has chosen; and for the present we must only praise this delightful book for its absolute good qualities, for the un-failing interest of the narrative, for the vivid



pictures of such Indian life as rarely reveals itself to white men, for all its stories of the hunt and march and camp, for the calm observation brought to all these wild scenes and primitive personalities, — as quiet as that with which one notes people in the street or in society, yet touched with the imagination that gives lift and scope to philosophy. One after another the phases of savage existence are pictured to us with graphic yet truthful distinctness, characteristic of Mr. Parkman, who knew not only its public features, but the *vie intime* of the chief's lodge, in which he had his abode, together with all the chief's family. It is not easy, without leaving something that afterwards reproachfully seems better, to transfer any of these pictures, but here at a venture is one of breaking camp which is very animated and yet evidently not in the least "composed."

"At daybreak, as I was coming up from the river after my morning's ablutions, I saw that a movement was contemplated. Some of the lodges were reduced to nothing but bare skeletons of poles; the leather covering of others was flapping in the wind as the squaws were pulling it off. One or two chiefs of note had resolved, it seemed, on moving; and so having set their squaws at work, the example was tacitly followed by the rest of the village. One by one the lodges were sinking down in rapid succession, and where the great circle of the village had been only a moment before, nothing now remained but a ring of horses and Indians, crowded in confusion together. The ruins of the lodges were spread over the ground, together with kettles, stone mallets, great ladles of horn, buffalo-robcs, and cases of painted hide, filled with dried meat. Squaws bustled about in their busy preparations, the old hags screaming to one another at the stretch of their leathern lungs. The shaggy horses were patiently standing while the lodge-poles were lashed to their sides, and the baggage piled upon their backs. The dogs, with their tongues lolling out, lay lazily panting, and waiting for the time of departure. Each warrior sat on the ground by the decaying embers of his fire, unmoved amid all the confusion, while he held in his hand the long trail-rope of his horse.

"As their preparations were contemplated, each family moved off the ground. The crowd was rapidly melting away. I could see them crossing the river, and passing in quick succession along the profile of

the hill on the farther bank. When all were gone, I mounted and set out after them, followed by Raymond, and, as we gained the summit, the whole village came in view at once, straggling away for a mile or more over the barren plains before us. Everywhere the iron points of lances were glittering. The sun never shone upon a more strange array. Here were the heavily-laden pack-horses, some wretched old woman leading them, and two or three children clinging to their backs. Here were mules or ponies covered from head to tail with gaudy trappings, and mounted by some gay young squaw, grinning bashfulness and pleasure as the Meneaska looked at her. Boys with miniature bows and arrows were wandering over the plains, little naked children were running along on foot, and numberless dogs were scampering among the feet of the horses. The young braves, gaudy with paint and feathers were riding in groups among the crowd, and often galloping, two or three at once along the line, to try the speed of their horses. Here and there you might see a rank of sturdy pedestrians stalking along in their white buffalo-robcs. These were the dignitaries of the villages, the old men and warriors, to whose age and experience that wandering democracy yielded a silent deference. With the rough prairie and the broken hills for its background, the restless scene was striking and picturesque beyond description. Days and weeks made me familiar with it, but never impaired its effect upon my fancy.

"As we moved on, the broken column grew yet more scattered and disorderly, until, as we approached the foot of a hill, I saw the old men before mentioned seating themselves in a line upon the ground, in advance of the whole. They lighted a pipe and sat smoking, laughing, and telling stories, while the people, stopping as they successively came up, were soon gathered in a crowd behind them. Then the old men rose, drew their buffalo-robcs over their shoulders, and strode on as before. Gaining the top of the hill, we found a very steep declivity before us. There was not a minute's pause. The whole descended in a mass, amid dust and confusion. The horses braced their feet as they slid down, women and children were screaming, dogs yelping as they were trodden upon, while stones and earth went rolling to the bottom. In a few moments I could see the village from the summit, spread-



ing again far and wide over the plain below."

Mr. Parkman reproduces as interestingly the unpicturesque and even squalid facts of his observation, which seems not to have been interrupted by conditions that might well have disabled him altogether. During his sojourn with the Indians he suffered continually from a disorder that might any day have ended fatally, and that left him to accomplish the historical labors of after years amidst such pains and discouragements of broken health as make his books a double triumph. It is not possible but this fact should lend its personal interest to his histories, and such of his readers as care to learn something more of his career may gratify themselves in the Abbé Casgrain's biographical and critical notice of him. It is written in a half-colloquial style which the French hit better than we, and it is addressed now to the reader and now to Mr. Parkman himself, with an expansiveness, an effusion, which none but a Frenchman could gracefully indulge. Yet, despite its exuberance, the criticism is as just as it is cordial, except in those passages where the historian is taken to task for his delinquencies concerning the Jesuits and the Catholic faith generally, but even there it is so generous, so rather sorrowful than angry, that one's heart is still with the Abbé, wherever one's convictions may be. He expresses the feeling which French Canadians cherish towards the historian who has revived with a master touch the glories of their past, and in literature has perpetuated in its heroic aspect and proportion a national existence forever interrupted by the victory of Wolfe. "Although," he says, "from the Catholic point of view there is something to be reprehended in the books of Mr. Parkman, he has won from the gratitude of the Canadians a right that they will never forget. . . . We do not hesitate to say that Canada owes him a testimony of public gratitude. And if we were consulted upon the mode of its expression, we should suggest to the Federal government to cause his portrait to be painted and placed in the parliament library at Ottawa."

Yet another book of an interest in some sort common to those already mentioned is the life of Henry Dunster, first president of Harvard College, who was compelled to resign because of his views on Pædobaptism, — a question that we suppose would hardly affect President Eliot's tenure of his office

were he ten times as violent an Anti-Pædobaptist as poor Mr. Dunster was. It is, indeed, now so long since Pædobaptism agitated the overseers of Harvard, and the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, that perhaps some ignorant readers do not know that Mr. Dunster suffered for believing and declaring that it was unscriptural for infants to be baptized. He might have thought what he liked on this subject, said his friends then and since; but he must needs preach upon it. In this Dr. Chaplin rightfully defends him as a truly honest man; but such devotion to an idea is so foreign to the modern philosophy, that the reader may not agree with the author as to Mr. Dunster's obligation, till he reflects that it is not ten years since above a million Americans died for an idea. The book is very agreeably written, and will be found entertaining even by those who care for Anti-Pædobaptism as little as they know of it. Dunster's character as a scholar and a man takes hold of the imagination, and amidst the vague outlines of the past he appears a figure of much earnestness and devout erudition. He brought, like many others, all the learning and honors of English Cambridge into our wilderness; for fourteen years he ruled wisely and well our infant university (once expelling the Devil himself from its precincts by a very potent exorcism), he gently yielded to wrong in relinquishing his place, and his dust lies buried in the old churchyard in Cambridge, whither he desired it to be brought, — as if, suggests his biographer, in sign of his love of the place and his forgiveness of those who banished him thence.

We would defy the coldest cynic, the most experienced novel-reader, to read "Thrown Together" through with tranquillity. Many will remember "Misunderstood," by the same author, a work which was by no means a screaming farce, and this tale is quite as tearful as that one. The book simply narrates the struggles of a young girl of a sensitive disposition, who is snubbed by her cold-hearted mother and unappreciated by her careless father; she has a cousin, a boy, who is petted by a doting widowed mother; and these two children, being thrown together, work upon one another's characters and give the plot of the story as well as the name. Nina's reserve and sensitive pride are melted by Mervyn's — the boy's — frankness and simplicity; a series of domestic tragedies softens the flinty hearts of the



parents, and we see two peaceful households without any traces of flirtations which are apt to cloy upon the novel-reader, as much as they do in real life upon all except the parties concerned, and sometimes even upon them. The agonies, temptations, and bewilderments of these young people are told with really remarkable power, and when one remembers the widespread delusion of parents, that children have no characters of their own, but are to be manufactured into the resemblance of some favorite model, — which delusion is probably necessary to persuade parents to be unceasing in their care of their children, — it is easy to see that a book of this sort may be of great service. The sufferings of children are often, to our thinking, much greater than those of grown people, their reasons for grieving are so capricious, their reticence so singular, and, moreover, their woe is so total, so absolute, they have not the power of abstracting anything from their suffering which shall console them, and so their feelings are keener than than at any time of their life. That parents forget this and fail to understand their children, is well enough known, and to point this truth out is the design of the story. We hope it may be kept on a high shelf away from the children, who are ready enough of themselves to take morbid views of life, and that it may not turn out to be a sort of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to be used in the nursery for the propagation of a society for the abolition of parents.

As good a story in a certain way as we have lately read, is the "Pastor of the Desert," which is the record of facts in the life of a French minister of the Protestant religion in the times before the great revolution, and while yet the Protestants were denied all rights in France, — even marriage and burial, — and were still subject to the dragonnades. These facts, which are dressed in a little fiction and drama, are very touching, and the experiences of the rustic congregation, always persecuted and sometimes martyred, are affectingly grouped about them. They are full of a picturesqueness not too lavishly employed, and there are certain characters very finely treated, especially that of the simple-hearted heroic pastor himself. He has been a famished student of divinity at Geneva; for want of other rites he has been forced to marry himself to the excellent peasant girl of his choice; his children are not lawfully his; he has lived in continual

danger and hardship, and has suffered wounds and imprisonment for his religion. At last, he resolves to go to the king and implore relief for his people, and pawning one of his wife's narrow fields, he procures money enough to get to Paris, where he sees the king and prevails with him slightly to relax the rigor of the laws against the Protestants. All this adventure is charmingly narrated, and the interview with the hapless king, and the encounters with Franklin and Malesherbes and Malesherbes's niece, the fair Countess Pisani, — one of the lovely aristocrats, who sentimentalizes the revolution forward by their patronage of democratic ideas, — are pictures that commend themselves for truthfulness by the careful soberness of their tone. Here is a sketch of the countess which will at once bring her before us, and show us the author's agreeable art.

"The breakfast hour had now arrived, and their conversation was interrupted. They proceeded to Malesherbes's apartment. Either by chance or by design, the pastor found himself seated by the side of a beautiful young woman, a stranger to him, who shone in the double splendor of aristocracy and beauty, profusely adorned with jewels and laces; her white arms, bare to the elbow, in the classic style of the Homeric times. Pearls studded her powdered hair, and feathers fell back in gentle waves on each side of her head, throwing forth at every movement a faint perfume of violets and iris. The excitement of this proximity entirely took from the pastor whatever appetite he might have retained after the morning's emotions. He gathered himself into the smallest possible compass on his chair, for fear his elbow should touch even a ribbon of this majestic Olympian goddess. His fair neighbor, to put him at his ease, held her glass towards him with a request for water, accompanying her request with the expressive smile peculiar to the eighteenth century, which has vanished since the French revolution. This smile, in its effects on the pastor, was like the end of the world, and the confusion of the apocalypse. He took the *carafe* with a trembling hand, and poured half its contents over the table-cloth.

"I see, Monsieur Jarousseau," she kindly said, "that you would find it easier to die even than to serve me."

"Yes," the pastor bluntly answered, evading the dread necessity of replying, by uttering the first monosyllable that came



uppermost. Eternal mystery of humanity ! He had never trembled at the prospect of martyrdom, but now trembled for the first time in his life, at thought of the woman seated by his side in the overpowering magnificence of wealth. After breakfast he took up his hat, intending to take leave of Malesherbes, and return at once to Paris. As he advanced towards the minister, the merciless stranger placed herself in front of him, crossed her arms over her chest, and said, 'Have you read the confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau?'

"Yes," replied the pastor, although his puritan soul had never been able to get beyond the second volume.

"Then you must have there seen that a certain Arnide, a Genoese, aided by her friend, once stopped the young philosopher in the open country, and authoritatively led him away to gather cherries in her orchard. I intend to profit by the example and make you my prisoner on parole. So I engage you to supper this evening with Dr. Franklin and me. Do not be alarmed ; it will be a family party, for I am one of you ; I am a republican, and if you at all doubt it, I will cry aloud, "Vive la République !" I should like to try the effect of such a cry for the first time within the walls of this château.'

The author of the book is the grandson of the hero, and he writes with an earnestness and tenderness that give it a singular charm.

Mr. Calvert's essay on Goethe is a little book that ought to approve itself to the large circle of readers liking to be placidly interested and instructed, and not caring to be greatly heated or surprised on any subject. That is to say, the essay deals with Goethe in an earnest way, with a devout but not a blind admiration, and with here and there the fine discrimination that should mark a poet's study of a poet. Goethe's life in Weimar and his travels in Italy, his relations to poetry and science, his friendship with Schiller and his other friendships, his loves, his Faust, his character generally, are the points of Mr. Calvert's contemplation ; and though he cannot be said to set any of them in a new light, there is something on the whole that seems new in the result, or will seem so to such of us as have been wont to consider Goethe a grand, somewhat impassive, somewhat ruthless egoist. We do not say that Mr. Calvert succeeds in making us think otherwise of him ; but it is well to know

what can be said for a different conception of him. The chapter on his "Loves" is naturally the most attractive in the book, and is most characteristic of Mr. Calvert's view. The matter is delicately, yet freshly handled, and what is to be said in Goethe's favor is said very well, though not always. We do not conceive, for example, that his breaking with Frederika, whom he loved and who loved him so tenderly, is fortunately dealt with : "How many a Frederika, before and since, has bloomed and loved in rural retirement (or in urban privacy), her love serving only to unfold the girl into the woman, its warm prophecies doomed to exhale in sighs, she living unwedded, her story unbruited and unknown, while the pangs of the pastor of Sesenheim's daughter have ever the sympathy of the most cultivated hearts in Christendom, a sympathy so close that many have to brace them with the divine precept, *Judge not*, to keep off hard thoughts about him to whose genius we solely owe our tender, purifying participation in her tears." It is just to Mr. Calvert to say that he does not often indulge in this strain of heartless sentimentality. In the more strictly literary passages of his essay he is more satisfactory. His observations on the Second Part of Faust we think particularly good and true, as opposed to Mr. Taylor's view of that wearisome intellectual juggle.

Mazzini's "Life" has, in the first place, the interest of every autobiography, which must be in great part due to the better understanding the writer has of himself than he might have of outside topics. But in this autobiography Mazzini tells us directly very little about his feelings, reasons, etc., though a great deal about what he did ; and from this we get our impression of the man ; and it is valuable, besides, for the light it gives us on the earlier steps of Italy towards liberty. It was certainly an interesting time when Mazzini determined to devote his life to the freedom of his country. He tells us the way in which he was brought to this step, the secret combinations in its behalf, the treachery which so endangered them, the outbreak of insurrections, the cruelty with which they were put down ; he draws a vivid picture of yearning, struggle, defeat, and manly endurance. He speaks thus of the defeat of the ill-fated expedition of Savoy :—

"Ours was not an enterprise of mere reaction ; nor like the movement of the sick man who strives to ease his sufferings by



changing his position. We sought liberty, not as an end, but as a means by which to achieve a higher and more positive aim. We had inscribed the words "Republican Unity" upon our banner. We sought to found a nation, to create a people. What was a defeat to men with such an aim as this in view? Was it not a part of our educational duty to teach our party a lesson of calm endurance in adversity? Could we teach this lesson better than by our own example? And would not our renunciation have been received as a new argument proving the impossibility of unity? The fundamental vice of Italy, by which she was condemned to impotence, was clearly no lack of desire of freedom: it was a want of confidence in her own strength, a tendency to discouragement, and the want of that constancy of purpose, without which even virtue is fruitless. It was a fatal want of harmony between thought and action. . . . A living apostolate was necessary; a nucleus of men strong in determination and constancy, and inaccessible to discouragement; men capable of defying persecution, and meeting defeat with the smile of faith, in the name of a great idea; of succumbing one day but to rise again the next; men ever ready to do battle, and, spite of time or adverse fortune, ever full of faith in the final victory. Ours was not a sect, but a religion of patriotism."

Of the nobleness and simplicity and steadfastness of Mazzini's character no doubt can be felt. He suffered long and much, but he endured everything with dignity. No one can help admiring him. As to his judgment, however, opinions may well vary. One can easily see that he was relentless in his views; and having made up his mind that Italy should be a republic, he could not look with patience upon the establishment of a monarchy, though whether Italy is fîpe for a republic is a question about which grave doubts may still be held. We warmly recommend this book to our readers. They will find in it an eloquent record of a noble life.

We have found Mr. Whympers book almost hopelessly defiant of well-meant endeavors to read it in any sort of course; but this may have been owing to something in us like that antipathetic influence which defeats so many experiments in spiritualism, our sphere in respect to the desirability of scrambling among Alps being, we will own, in the last degree one of suspicion. From Mr. Whympers efforts we cannot perceive

any general result, and his style lacks that charm, that fresh life which made Mr. Clarence Kings "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" a joy even to those who devoutly hope never to see anything from mountaintops for themselves. It is perhaps owing to a constant effort for simplicity that Mr. Whympers rehearsal of his adventures is so dry; but it is certain that he imparts a full sense of their fatigue and little of their exhilaration, whereas Mr. King did exactly the reverse. He left the reader eager for the next climb; but at the end of one of Mr. Whympers excursions you swear never to look at an Alp again. The book closes with the story of the dreadful accident by which a few years since three comrades of the author — Lord Douglass, Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Hadow — were, with their guide, hurled from the author's sight, down four thousand feet of precipices in the Matterhorn; but a more vivid passage, we think, is that describing a fall of Mr. Whympers himself, who slipped in trying to pass the edge of a jutting rock: —

"The knapsack brought my head down first, and I pitched into some rocks about a dozen feet below: they caught something and tumbled me off the edge, head over heels, into the gully. The bâton was dashed from my hands, and I whirled downward in a series of bounds, each longer than the last, — now over ice, now into rocks, — striking my head four or five times, each time with increased force. The last bound sent me spinning through the air, in a leap of fifty or sixty feet, from one side of the gully to the other, and I struck the rocks, luckily, with the whole of my left side. They caught my clothes for a moment, and I fell back on to the snow with motion arrested; my head fortunately came the right side up, and a few frantic catches brought me to a halt in the neck of the gully and on the verge of the precipice. . . . I fell nearly two hundred feet in seven or eight bounds. Ten feet more would have taken me in one gigantic leap of eight hundred feet on to the glacier below. . . . I was perfectly conscious of what was happening, and felt each blow, but, like a patient under chloroform, experienced no pain. Each blow was, naturally, more severe than that which preceded it, and I distinctly remember thinking, 'Well, if the next is harder still, that will be the end!' Like persons who have been rescued from drowning, I remember that the recollection of a multitude of things rushed through my head, many of them



trivialities or absurdities which had been forgotten long before ; and, more remarkable, this bounding through space did not feel disagreeable. But I think that in no very great distance more consciousness as well as sensation would have been lost, and upon that I base my belief, improbable as it seems, that death by a fall from a great height is as painless an end as can be experienced."

The poetry, the spirit, of the book, however, is really in the pictures, which are chiefly Mr. Whymper's own designs, and which for fineness and force are beyond all praise. In them the humor of the author abundantly appears, as well his feeling for the sublimities of the Alps, and both of these qualities are pretty successfully excluded from the text. Mr. Whymper as an artist is so good, that if you do not read him too much you can almost praise him as an author.

#### FRENCH AND GERMAN.\*

MANY of our readers will doubtless remember Gustave Droz's *Autour d'une Source*, a novel which was translated into English a few years ago. It was highly praised and widely read, but, we imagine, not very much liked. Of its cleverness there could be but little doubt, but to most of us on this side of the ocean there was a certain dulness in the book, owing, in great measure, to our unfamiliarity with the persons, places, and incidents of the story. A new novel, *Babolain*, by the same author, has just appeared, and we gladly recommend it to those of our readers who care for French novels. We are sure that this objection of unfamiliarity will not be made against it. The scene is laid in Paris, but while the other novel concerns itself with mercantile intrigue and a social complication which are both foreign to us, or at least to our literature, *Babolain* simply tells a story of human suffering which may be as true in Prescott, Arizona, as in the "centre of civilization."

It might be called the story of a sensitive

\* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.  
*Babolain*. Par. GUSTAVE DROZ. Paris. 1872.

*Les jeunes années de C. A. Sainte-Beuve*. Par FRANÇOIS MORAND. Paris. 1872.

*Lamarzine. Sa Vie littéraire et politique*. Par CH. DE MAZADE. Paris. 1872.

*Ueber Indogermanen und Semitenthum. Eine völkerpsychologische Studie*. Von JOHANNES RÖNTSCH. Leipzig. 1872.

*Frühlingsfuthen*. Roman. Von IVAN TURGENJEW. Wien. Pest. Leipzig. 1872.

man, who has not force enough to hide his sensitiveness under an armor of indifference, and who, by his ignorance of the world, falls into those snares and troubles that most people think themselves peculiarly able to avoid. He marries a worthless woman, his child treats him cruelly, his few friends are cold, and his life makes a pitiable story. If this were all, if the novel were a mere morbid study of suffering, there would be a host of objections raised by those readers who are spoiled by sugary endings of most novels, or who feel a fair dislike to tormenting their hearts by wilfully invented misery ; but this story is more than this, it is the study of a complicated character, one honorable, but physically timid, courageous in the way of perseverance and endurance, humble, and sensitive. His troubles are not thrust upon him, — it is that which makes so much of the suffering in fiction distasteful, the fact that the author aims all his poisoned arrows at his victims, as if he were a wanton boy, — but they follow from his nature, which is one ill-fitted for struggling with the great world of society into which he enters of himself. Then when he is suffering in this way, the author does not take occasion to point out our superiority to such chicken-hearted people, who deserve nothing better, but he lets us see the superiority of what is noble in his hero's character to the sufferings he endures. In short, it is, if we may use the phrase, a book of lofty emotions. It is a sad story, but it is not needlessly sad ; it is redeemed by the poor man's dignity and unconscious faith from being a mere ingenious device to rack our feelings.

For readers who dread this novel, which certainly will not be read by the young, we can recommend Mme. Craven's *Fleurange*, a book that is as innocent as need be, and which wholly escapes any namby-pamby dulness. Indeed it is full of incident, and very well worth reading.

*Les jeunes années de C. A. Sainte-Beuve* is hardly a fitting title of the small volume of M. Morand, which contains about a hundred of Sainte-Beuve's letters, most of which were written after he had grown up. But whatever fault may be found with the title, less will be found with the book ; to be fair, one can only regret that it is of so small compass. The books about this great critic which we have had occasion to notice in these pages tell us much less about him than one might have expected. A great deal more light is thrown upon



him by these letters, some written to a life-long friend the Abbé Barbe, others, apparently, to the compiler of the book. Of these, the letters to the Abbé are by far the most interesting. In many of them the writer states his feelings about religion. In 1830 he writes as follows:—

" . . . . Literary opinions have a very small place in my life and in my thoughts. What really occupies me is life itself, its aim, the mystery of our own heart, happiness, holiness; and, sometimes, when I feel a sincere inspiration, the desire of expressing these ideas and sentiments according to the remote type of eternal beauty. If I had more ardor for things above, it would be of great service to me to be detached, as I am, from all the turmoil of the world about me; to this I am indifferent at all times and places."

In 1865 he writes to the Abbé, who had just sent him a volume that he had written on the immortality of the soul:—

"If you remember our long talks on the ramparts or on the sea-shore, I will confess to you that, after more than forty years, I am still at the same point. I understand, I listen, *je me laisse dire*; I answer gently, rather by doubts than by strong arguments; but in a word, I have never been able to succeed in forming a faith, a belief on this solemn subject, not even a conviction which lasts without falling to pieces the next moment. Your book takes me methodically over the same ground."

In 1844 he writes about his election to the Academy:—

"At last, as you see, I have arrived at the point at which I had aimed but very little; I ought to be very happy and content, at the same time that I ought to feel honored. I say I *ought* to be, for this only changes the outside of things, true happiness does not lie there: only to take the literary side, it lies in study, in producing such works as one has conceived. . . . Official literary positions with all their advantages bring duties, subjections, and continual losses of time; when one reaches them the happy time of free, modest, obscure study is generally over."

We cannot forbear quoting this little anecdote of his visit to the Tuileries to announce to the Emperor the election to the Academy of M. Prévost-Paradol. The Emperor asked, "But has M. Prévost-Paradol written anything beside newspaper-articles? has he written a book?" I was

on the point of answering, "Sir, no one writes books nowadays"; but I fortunately remembered that the Emperor was writing one; so I answered, "Sir, we academicians do not write books any more."

While this book gives us but brief glimpses of Sainte-Beuve, they will be found interesting in lack of more material; for a fuller treatment we shall probably have to wait until another like him appears.

Not so complicated a character is Lamartine, about whom M. Charles de Mazade has just published an interesting book. It is when the English-speaking person comes across a Frenchman like Lamartine, that he especially recalls Waterloo; the Pilgrim Fathers; the wonderful power of colonization that the Anglo-Saxon race possesses, so different from that of the flippant Gaul; Shakespeare; roast-beef, and all the phenomena by which Mr. Taine explains the peculiarities of our race; he is apt, too, to recall the universal French habit of eating frogs, of chattering in the market-place, of weeping in public, inferior stature, ignorance of boxing, etc. We need not go on, the feeling is familiar. Lamartine was certainly the spoiled child of the century, vain, self-conscious, weak, theatrical, like others of his fellow-countrymen,—for instance, Victor Hugo; there is scarcely a Frenchman whom we can recall who is so little likely to have justice done him by a foreigner, especially in these days of reaction from all that he most zealously upheld. Besides, his great fault, his unbounded, colossal conceit, is one that justifies contempt, in that an observer feels as if he had been deprived of what is peculiarly his, the power of awarding praise, and as if by his contempt he not only asserted his own right, but would bring to a greater equality the real position of the man. Still, this justifies no one in remaining in scornful ignorance of Lamartine's life; and M. de Mazade's book will be found exceedingly entertaining. Even conceit does not blot out every quality of merit.

Our German books this month are few in number. Those who have just finished the "Reader" and "Don Carlos," will not be properly grateful for the recommendation of Röntsch's *Indogermanen und Semitenenthum*, which is a very interesting discussion of the differences between the Semitic and our own, or, more exactly, our ancestors' theology, poetry, and philosophy. His referring the monotheism of the Semitic nations to the uniformity of the desert



will not be universally received as a satisfactory explanation, but there is much more in the book than that. We feel confident that many who will be frightened by the title will find this a very interesting volume.

*Frühlingsfluthen* is the title of the German translation of the last of Tourguénieff's novels. It is, it goes without saying, very well worth reading. The story we will not abridge, but we will content ourselves with simply recommending it to older readers. As for others, we fancy that opinions might be divided as to its suitableness. Tourguénieff's treatment is always clean, but occasionally he takes a subject that would not be chosen by one who wrote, as most English novelists do, or are supposed to do, for innocent, inexperienced readers. No one can be harmed by it, there is a solemn note of morality in it, but it may perhaps be distasteful for general reading.

#### NORWEGIAN.\*

IT was but natural that the political and literary dependence on Denmark should, after the separation in 1814, call forth a strong reaction in Norwegian literature in the ultra national direction, and in fact the whole literary history of the nation since that year presents an uninterrupted struggle, in which the various fiercer and gentler aspects of this "national idea" have been contending for the supremacy. The question was naturally raised, whether the foreign modes of thought and speech, the foreign traditions, and foreign civilization, which during the union with Denmark had gained a certain naturalization among the so-called "better classes," but really never penetrated into the heart of the people, were at all a safe foundation whereupon to build, or even the proper material wherewith to build up a national literature. The question was soon settled in the negative; and during the following decades we find the poets of the land vainly groping for this national idea, while its existence is still clearly felt, but its character only vaguely comprehended. With Welhaven's clear-thoughted lyrics, and perhaps still more by his descriptive poems, redolent of the pine forest, the vista is opened inward to the Norse fjord and valley; and when Björnson, Landstad, and others took the next step and pointed to the Saga and the old popular ballad as the true embodiments of Norse spirit and poetry, the victory seemed

already won, and the brightest promise to be given for the future. There were some, however, who thought differently; not because they disapproved of Björnson's innovations, but because they believed that he had not gone far enough. His writings, although dealing with the life and traditions of the *people*, were still addressed to the higher classes, and spoke their language, which is not Norwegian, but, at least in writing, nearly identical with the Danish. The popular dialects, on the contrary, have to a great extent preserved the vigor and richness of form of the old Norse or Icelandic tongue; and in order to be truly national, the poet ought not only to avail himself of the poetic material, found in the national life and traditions, but also adopt the modes of speech and thought peculiar to the people, and descend to the level of their comprehension. These views were first propagated by the talented satirist, Osmund Vinje, and found their full practical realization in Kristofer Janson, the author of "Sigmund Bresteson."

The fact that Kristofer Janson writes in a language which is but very imperfectly understood by the majority of the book-reading public, will sufficiently account for the indifferent success of his later writings. As long as his books were regarded in the light of novel experiments, there was no lack of those who, from very curiosity, favored his project; but there were probably few who dreamed at the time when "Fraa Bygdom" (From the Parishes) was the literary sensation of the day in Scandinavia, that it was to be the predecessor of a long series of works, the object of which should, in a certain manner, be a protest against the existing order of society, nay, against the very mother-tongue itself.

"Sigmund Bresteson" is an heroic tale from the Saga, told in forty poems of different form and metre. It unfortunately suggests comparison with Tegnér's "Frithjof's Saga" to which it is, if not in truthfulness, then at least both in theme and treatment, greatly inferior. The author has shown very little discrimination in the selection of his material, and, without successful transfusion of the heroic spirit of the Saga, has painted the old barbarous age in all its harshness and crudity. Mr. Janson has evidently not comprehended what Tegnér never for a moment lost sight of, and what he so clearly expresses in his well-known letter to the poet Franzén.

"My object," he writes, "was to draw a

\* *Sigmund Bresteson*. By KRISTOFER JANSON. Bergen. 1872.



poetic picture of the old Norse heroic life ; it was not Frithjof as an individual, but the age of which he may be regarded as a representative, I wished to paint. Therefore I retained the fundamental plan and drawing of the Saga, but deemed it my right to make my own additions and to cut away what was not suitable to my purpose. In the Saga there is found much which will appear grand and heroic to all ages, but also some rudeness, wildness, and barbarism, which would either have to be altogether left out, or, at least, considerably tempered."

If Kristofer Janson had looked upon the Sagas in the same spirit, thus with the eyes of the poet rather than the historian's, he would surely, without much loss of truthfulness, have succeeded in giving us a more attractive, or at all events a more harmonious picture of the old Saga life in the North. Tegnér produced a finished poem, which, in spite of a prevailing tone of romantic chivalry, totally foreign to Frithjof's age, will always maintain its place in literature, even when the Scandinavian peninsula shall boast a truer interpreter of its heroic past ; while a work like "Sigmund Bresteson," in which artistic regards are sacrificed to an unnecessarily rigid sense of historical fidelity, will stand a decidedly poorer chance in comparison.

The poem opens with a delightful little prelude, which very aptly introduces you to endlessly varying scenes of battle, and nightly affrays and snow-drift and ocean-spray. You breathe the fresh, bracing atmosphere of the Faroe Islands ; the sea-gulls scream round the naked rocks ; the dolphins play in the lucid waves, and shoot high columns of water up into the morning air. Sigmund and Tore, the sons of two chiefs of the islands, are sold as slaves by the slayers of their fathers, and are brought to Norway, where they regain their liberty. On the mountains of Dovre they are fostered by a peasant, Torkel Turr-frost, between whose daughter, Turid, and Sigmund an attachment springs up. He grows to manhood, but the thought of vengeance on his father's murderers leave him no rest night or day, and he abandons Turid, after having confessed his love for her to his foster-father. Having reached the court of Haakon Jarl, who was then the ruler of the country, he enters his service, gathers men and ships, and with Tore, his foster-brother, returns to the Faroe Island, where he finds his foes ; but, instead of

craving blood for blood, agrees to abide in the judgment of the Jarl, and finally has the matter peaceably arranged. It may be, that Sigmund here acts very judiciously, but his wrangling and trading with Trond in Gote is decidedly inartistic in its effect upon the *ensemble* of the poem.

Turid, in the mean while, spends her days wearily with the child he has left her, longing for him, loving him and hating him, as the changing moods come and go. This is very prettily expressed in the wayward, rambling melody of her lullaby, a few verses of which we translate :—

"Hush, hush, my baby dear,  
Thoughts of vengeance I pour in thine ear,  
Vengeance, babe, for my spotless name ;  
Vengeance, too, for my blush of shame ;  
Vengeance for tears and vengeance for hate,  
Vengeance for hunger and low estate,  
Vengeance for the nights of waking  
When weeping in bed I sate.

Hush, hush, my baby dear,  
Thy father kisses away thy tear ;  
Wait but a little, and I will tell  
The deeds of thy father, I know so well ;  
How he scorned both hunger and cold,  
How he used to kiss thy mother of old ;  
And tell thee how he was loving,  
Yea, matchless and good as gold."

While Sigmund looks to his own affairs on the Faroe Island, establishing himself in the new earldom he has lately received from Haakon Jarl, Christianity is first introduced into Norway by Olaf Trygvesson, who soon after the murder of the Jarl succeeds him on the throne.

The dramatic motive in Sigmund's conversion to Christianity, as it appears to us, might have been turned to better account. Had Sigmund before been a zealous heathen, and had he through abhorrence of Haakon Jarl's faithlessness and unnatural cruelty been led to doubt the divinity of a religion which not only permitted but even required such inhumanities, or, still better, had his conversion been psychologically grounded in some soul-felt experience of his own, the reader would have had an assurance of his sincerity, and the monotonous march of the plot would have been enriched with a strong dramatic motive, around which the minor complications would have grouped themselves, like the spires and buttresses round the dome of a cathedral. Any such central idea we have been unable to discover. In "Frithjof's Saga" the love-intrigue binds the tale firmly together ; and whether we find the hero roaming among the isles of Greece, burning the temple at



Systrand, or coming in disguise to King Ring's court, we never for a moment doubt his purpose or question its propriety. Sigmund's love for Turid has no such vital element in it, and is evidently by the author himself intended as a half-accessory interlude between two natural divisions of the poem, rather than the varied theme or keynote of his composition.

Regarded, however, as a collection of unconnected lyric and descriptive poems, "Sigmund Bresteson" contains enough of local beauty and admirable situations am-

ply to repay the reader to whom the language is not an insurmountable barrier. The song "Trond and Havgrim" has in its quaint laconic refrain and a certain naïve straightforwardness caught one of the most characteristic tones of the old Norse ballad.

It may be needless to add, that Sigmund in the days of his prosperity returns to Turid, whom he brings home to the Faroe Islands as his wife, that he Christianizes his native country, and that he makes a brave and wise ruler.

## A R T.

"WHEN I go to see any great house," says Charles Lamb, "I inquire for the china-closet, and then for the picture-gallery." But in the collection of objects belonging or loaned to the Museum of Fine Arts, and now on exhibition at the Athenæum, the china-closet and picture-gallery may almost be found in one. That is, the collection of pottery and porcelain is by far in advance of the pictures; and at the same time the potter's art carries with it a certain reflection of the art of design. For both in Greece and in Italy it has been the custom to produce upon fictile wares more or less freely the compositions of distinguished masters of painting. The earliest specimens interest simply as examples of plastic art; but whether adorned with designs or not, the mere variety of forms exhibited in the vases here gathered together may be made to play no mean part in the education of the eye. If we regard points of ethnological interest, it would seem a matter for regret that the collection should include no examples of the early South American pottery, the delicate ware of the Mexican Cholulans, highly praised by the historian Herrera, or of the polished jars from Ohio and the gourd-like vessels found in New York. Something relating to the early history of the art on this continent would find a peculiarly fitting place in an American museum, where it might be contrasted with similar products of Asia and Italy. In respect to these last, the museum is well provided; and some fine pieces of Majolica and of Japanese porcelain go far to complete a universality desirable

in such collections. But we miss also any adequate representation of the Sèvres porcelain, or the flower-encrusted and beautiful shapes of Dresden, — two manufactures whose historical importance alone gives them a valid claim upon the best efforts of the committee to supply so serious a gap in their gallery. A most curious and valuable acquisition, however, they have, in the shape of three small Lacustrian vases of black earth, remains of the stone age. Produced without the aid of the potter's wheel, they are rudely and irregularly formed, though directed by good taste; and despite their crudity we recognize in them a dim prophecy of the future, realized in the Græco-Etrurian vases which we must consider later on. The pottery from the tombs of Cyprus is next to these in point of time, and comprises Phœnician and early Greek work in unglazed clay. First in order, though probably not in antiquity, occur two or three of the common egg-shaped amphoræ; but a more pleasing vessel to the sight than one of these long jars, with its pointed end stuck into the ground, and the aperture capped by the conical cover with central boss, in use for the purpose, it would perhaps be difficult to imagine, were not this other Greek amphora at hand, the cannellated body of which, and its twisted handles set akimbo to a slender neck, place it beyond competition. The use of pottery in the daily life of the ancients included the widest range of application. When it is considered that terra-cotta figured not only in the building of walls, as in the glazed brick walls of Babylon, but that it



also furnished the material for large gilded statues, and for various architectural ornament, and that the records of the Assyrian monarchy, as well as the title-deeds and bills of exchange used among the people, were inscribed upon cylinders, tablets, and hexagonal prisms of the same material, it becomes possible to estimate its value to them. It would seem to have stood with them much in the relation of paper to the Japanese at the present day. The latter refine upon the uses of paper from its adaptation to a remarkable number of practical purposes, for which we consider more durable material necessary, until they apply it to the fans now common in this country, the decoration of which is often based on very excellent principles; and with the ancients, vessels of earthenware, at first unpainted, were gradually decorated with incised lines, then zigzag, vertical, or horizontal lines painted in red and black, and finally became purely ornamental, greater skill being required in the designer of the compositions depicted, than in the modeller of the vase itself. This process is well displayed in the present collection. We soon become aware of life and color creeping into the objects, as we trace them in the order of the periods to which they belong. A pair of *œnochoæ*, or jugs, from Cyprus, show the lips of the opening compressed into a rude trefoil shape, the suggestion of a blossom being then curiously stimulated in quite another direction by the rough painting of a circle with the centre dotted, a bird's eye, in fact, on either side of the nozzle. On another jug the handle mounts into an indefinite semblance of an animal's head, with black horns, which gnaws perpetually into the edge of the opening. Here the painting on the body is probably taken from an Assyrian bas-relief. The introduction of figures marks a considerable advance, but they are still depicted with their eyes all askew, these being in profile faces just the same as if viewed from the front. The later pieces among the Cyprus pottery lead us over to the earlier ones among those loaned by Messrs. T. G. Appleton, Edward Austin, and G. W. Wales. Mr. Wales sends a small vase of black ware, with a gilded relief, which may not improbably represent the original Etruscan manufacture, in which, vases of metal being imitated in clay, relief frequently occurs. The singularity of the specimen gives it additional value. The loan collections illustrate the four epochs by which ceramic

art is marked from the period of its first decorative eminence when introduced by the Ionian Greeks, until the first century before the Christian era. Here we pass through the Asiatic epoch, where the gaunt figures with queer eyes still stalk through multitudinous lotus-flowers, or strange animals, with slender wings recurved, make procession primly around the vase, to the second period, distinguished by black figures on a red ground which are more in accord with nature. These yield to the red on black of the third and best epoch. Vase-painting is here no longer simply decorative, but has become graphic. The subjects of the designs are now wholly Greek, and both the drawings and the shapes of the vessels themselves are most pleasing and worthy of study. Next, the compositions fall into disorder and unreality, and white and yellow tints creep into the figures, marking a defection from simplicity of taste. Masks, leaves, and women's heads sprouting out of wreaths of flowers abound. Under the influence of moulds, now in general use (200-100 B. C.), the art declines rapidly. Instead of the natural shapes which once reigned, with their fruit-like curves and chaste designs, we find a pleasure-palled taste embodying its feverish longing for novelty in exaggerated shapes and greater variety of coloring in the figures. Scared by these portentous appearances, beauty and grace shrink out of sight.

After the decline of the Roman Empire, pottery in its decorative aspect nearly disappeared from Europe. In the eighth century, however, the Arabs adorned the Alhambra with tiles of terra-cotta, one of which may be seen here, and practised a very beautiful pottery in some of the Mediterranean islands. In 1115 the Pisans successfully crusaded against Majorca, and brought home specimens of this ware, a brilliant piece of which (No. 406) is displayed here, a deep blue dish with arabesque design in copper-color and covered with a dazzling glaze. This wonderful iridescence did not fully extend its illumination to the imitative Italian manufacture until the sixteenth century. Then was produced in perfection the "*Majolica*" ware of which such excellent examples are to be seen in the museum. One fancies that he may find in the coloring a trace of the sea-origin of the fabric, the marine or pale blues, the lilac tints, the reddish and greenish yellows, all strongly resembling in effect those of the sea and its



adjacent reedy marshes. A good Palissy dish, and two platters and bowls of Japanese porcelain, complete the list of beauties in this collection. Japanese porcelain presents one of the richest decorative phases of the art, but has never become graphic, save in rare instances. Nor is it perhaps desirable that it should. Ancient fictile ware passed on to this, and declined; nor do we think that modern porcelain reaches its truest successes in representation, but rather in decoration. This, then, would seem to be its natural scope, as defined by the history of the art.

The name of Gilbert Stuart, usually relegated to the honorable retracy of such collections as are fortunate enough to possess some of his work, has been brought into the records of contemporaneous picture-buying, through the purchase by a gentleman of this city of five portraits by Stuart, representing the first five Presidents of the United States, which were on exhibition last month at Messrs. Williams and Everett's. It is, at first, difficult to choose among this resplendent show of heads that upon which one would bestow the premium. The sympathies of the larger portion of spectators will doubtless at once have been drawn to the portrait of Washington, for obvious reasons. But, indeed, the critic may safely give this the preference over its companions of the present series. Its completeness at once renders it more satisfactory to the eye than the original head in the Athenæum, while all the features are developed with a force and feeling quite equal to those of the former. The present portrait, too, is treated with a solidity of material and a more punctilious finish than are bestowed on the remaining pictures of the series. These are about equal in point of artistic merit; but as a character-study the portrait of John Adams ranks next to the Washington. He is depicted in an ample coat of maroon velvet, which accords happily with the large broad face, smooth, open forehead, and full eyelids, marking the generous and sanguine, but also somewhat lymphatic, temperament of the second President. On exhibition with the Presidential portraits was an unfinished picture of Daniel Webster, when comparatively a young man. The head alone is executed, being relieved from the bare canvas only by a few dashes of brown. To our mind this takes its place beside the Washington and Adams for personal inter-

est, and is very wonderfully painted as well. The grave, smooth-shaven, kindly face, with lightly and evenly colored cheeks, the lustrous and thoughtful eyes, and the pure, high forehead with deep black hair above, sink deep through the vision into our inmost consciousness.

These works are all marked by that fresh and vivid color which distinguishes the portrait of Washington and Martha Washington, in the Athenæum. The artist's method of coloring is supposed to be explained by his remark that "good flesh-coloring partakes of all colors, not mixed so as to be combined in one tint, but shining through each other, like the blood through the natural skin." This word "shining," taken apart from any suggestion it may have of glossiness or varnish, is descriptive of the quality of color in these portraits. So blooming is the hue, so penetrable to the eye, yet so firm and resisting, that it suggests the mysterious renewals of life in actual faces. It would seem that the painter had instilled into the pigments some invigorating principle, which, tingling ever freshly beneath the surface, should keep their exterior lifelike and beautiful. There are painters whose pictures achieve at their birth a ripe autumnal splendor that reminds one of the dusk and golden twilight in which Titian's portraits steal upon us, after three hundred years. But though Stuart's coloring might be made more soothing, the hale vigor which it has preserved through wellnigh a century may perhaps furnish the material best fitted to improve with age.

A writer in "The Nation" newspaper noticing our allusion to his criticism of Mr. Quincy Ward's statues, says of the Indian Hunter:—

"What we have said about the character of its flesh, to the dissatisfaction of the 'Atlantic's' critic, was principally from our remembrance of how it compared, in 1867, with a crowd of the best modern statues of Europe. We discussed in that year with an artist out of one of the foremost ateliers in Paris the peculiar adipose look of its flesh, each muscle being well enough defined, but indicating in its separate body corpulence rather than fibre, a distinction plain enough to a student of anatomy. The treatment seemed to forbid the supposition that the flesh had been studied from an Indian model at all. The skin of Indians, as we believe, very much hides the play of



the muscles, suggesting to sculpture a treatment like that of the Dying Gladiator, where the heavy cuticle covers the muscular system like canvas; the limbs, too, are surprisingly slender in every case that we have examined."

We have not now the time or space to enter into the discussion of this matter, and we have the less disposition to do so because "The Nation" in this case is the best answer to "The Nation." In its criticism of the Indian Hunter when first exhibited, that journal said:

"A finely made young man, slender, but solid and powerful, . . . rather a gymnast than a boxer. His hands and feet are small, the feet especially beautiful, delicate as a woman's, well arched up underneath. *The limbs are rather slender in proportion to the trunk; the legs, indeed, are as well strung and as well adapted to their uses as the tireless hind legs of his dog. Look at the face; if that mask were shown you, fished up out of the Nile, you would say it was certainly the mask of an American Indian.* . . . The formation of flesh [on Indians] is very slight and slow, the muscles

appear to be different in *quality* from ours of the white race, and act without showing their action through the surface, except by the corded tendons of which every motion is visible. This . . . *is singularly confirmed by the statue before us.* The extremities, of course, will show the difference most forcibly, and the right leg alone will demonstrate the whole matter to one who will take the trouble to compare it with models of established excellence of Greek or other work of a pure Caucasian type."

It might be interesting to know which of its opinions of Mr. Ward's statue "The Nation" prefers. Perhaps it is the temper of its own earlier notice that the newspaper means to describe as the "sort of good-nature which is the bane of Anglo-Saxon art-criticism in general, and keeps that criticism in the unfortunate place it occupies among other more tractable and studious nations, — turning hand-springs and exhibiting its heels at the windows of the judgment-hall, where the legislation of art is going on by a patient study of old codes and comparison of lasting truths," — a very extraordinary bit of contortionist's English, by the way.

## MUSIC.\*

WHEN a composer whose reputation is founded on a song like "When the Swallows homeward fly," and whose chief merit has been that he could give easy and clever expression to such musical commonplaces as the average amateur songster can appreciate at the first hear-

ing, falls into his musical dotage and composes entirely by routine; when from being a clever appropriator of other men's ideas he becomes a mere composing-machine, a wholesale purveyor of sentimental ballads for the million, — he may be safely looked upon as one whose career has already

\* *Moonlight Sonnet*, words by DR. CHARLES MACKAY, music by FRANZ ABT. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

*A Rose in Heaven*, words by E. D. JACKSON, music by FRANZ ABT. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

*Rest thee on this mossy Pillow*, trio for female voices, words by BISHOP HEBER, music by HENRY SMART. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

*Martinella*, canzone by ALBERTO RANDEGGER. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

*Saper vorrei se m'ami*, for two soprano voices, by JOSEPH HAYDN. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

*O tell me, little Birdie mine*, by ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 27, No. 1. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

*To thee, O Country*, National Hymn for male voices, words by MISS ANNA P. EICHBERG, music by JULIUS EICHBERG. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

*Seven Preludes for Piano*, by FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTOLDY. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

*Menuetto* from Schubert's first string quartette, Op. 29, transcribed for the piano-forte by ERNST PERABO. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

*Gavotte in A-major* by R. V. GLUCK, transcribed for the piano-forte by JOHANNES BRAHMS. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

*Menuet in G-minor* by CH. GOUNOD, transcribed for the piano-forte by ERNST PERABO. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

*Marche Célèbre*, from Franz Lachner's first orchestral suite, Op. 113, transcribed for the piano-forte by CHARLES WACHTMANN. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

*The Little Wanderer*, Idyl for the piano-forte, by G. D. WILSON, Op. 35. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.  
*Vier Character-Stücke für Piano-forte*, composit von J. K. PAINE, Op. 11. Leipzig: Rob. Forberg. Boston: Kopitz, Prüfer, & Co.



closed, and from whom nothing more of importance, either good or bad, can be expected. Franz Abt, founding his style upon Franz Schubert, has been, since his first recognition by the public, the leading composer of sentimental ballads in Europe. In his whole career he has never given to the world a musical thought that was one jot in advance of the least cultivated of his public. His immense popularity, like the ephemeral popularity of many other men, has been in a great measure owing to this very fact. Society is always willing to be amused, — by which term we do not merely mean, be made to laugh, but to have its emotional nature pleasantly excited without the accompanying exertion of too much brain-work, — and Abt has succeeded in furnishing society with acceptable sentimental amusement. His skill in writing easily and gracefully for the human voice — a quality in which many German song-writers of infinitely greater genius and intellectual calibre have been, it must be confessed, greatly deficient — has brought his songs within the executive scope of almost every amateur, while his simple, perspicuous style and smoothly flowing, though too languid harmonies have not failed to win the heart of every lackadaisically æsthetic nature, so delicately poised as to be set pleasantly vibrating by cheap commonplace and sham sentimentality, whereas original thoughts and genuine sentiment would have roughly unhinged it. We would not say that his songs have been entirely vapid and worthless, — far from it. Nothing can come of nothing, not even ephemeral popularity. The tritest commonplace must have a dash of truth in it, nay, must have once itself been a great and striking truth, or it would never have become a commonplace; and the poorest, most uninspiring sentimentality proclaims its common parentage with true sentiment. But, at the same time, we must say that, of all sentimentalities, the German is the worst and weakest. True German sentiment and enthusiasm are indeed sublime and most inspiring; but when a German descends to mere sentimentalism, he sinks below the lowest æsthetic level of either the Italian or the Frenchman.

The vivifying essence in Abt's earlier songs was a much diluted drop from that great fountain of German melody, the National Volkslied. Schubert drew much of his melodic inspiration from the same pure source, and his glowing genius and

inexhaustible, rich, poetic fancy developed the vigorous, often *naïf* and tender song of the people into those grand tone-poems whose beneficent and quickening influence is felt, wherever music holds its sway, as the truest language of the emotions. Already, before Schubert's day, polite society had admired the people's song at a distance, as it had gone into sentimental raptures over almost everything that was out of its own immediate sphere and over which distance cast a veil of romance, and would no doubt have been only too ready to receive the child of the mountains into its salons and assemblies, and to refresh its spent enthusiasm with its piquant *naïveté*, had not the direct naturalness and freedom from conventional restraint of the new-comer been at times as disconcerting as it was *naïf* and piquant. Abt was quick to see the fascinations of the Volkslied, and how it would be prized by society, could it but be shorn of its unconventional asperities and above all be made as much as possible to resemble the romantic ideal which society had so long sighed after. Schubert had by no means done this; he had presented to the world the people's song in all too vigorous reality, not abating one jot of its rough strength and healthy sentiment. He had only added to it, but taken from it nothing. But if Schubert had incorporated the Volkslied into his writings and appropriated the inspirations which he drew from among the mountains to his own private intellectual and transcendental purposes, with which polite society had evidently nothing to do, why should not Abt in like manner draw inspiration from the same springs for the romantic amusement of society? — as who should deck out a young girl in red-cloaked silk stockings and satin short petticoats, put some healthy red upon her cheeks (which by candle-light looks quite as well as if it were genuine), teach her some innocent little Suabian ditties about love and dove, let her learn by heart some romantic small-talk in rustic dialect (as it is talked in novels) about butter-churning, rose-colored mountain-tops, and Vaterland, and then present her to the polite world as the realization of its romantic dream of rustic simplicity and *naïveté*! No sooner thought than done! Society sang, listened, and applauded. The new musical dish was exactly to its taste. It was simple, not too stimulating, and, when once enjoyed, left no bitter aftertaste behind, no headache, in fact, no anything. The ques-



tion may be asked, What musicians thought and said about it? We very much doubt whether *musicians* have ever given Herr Abt's compositions much notice of any sort, probably not as much as they deserved; for with all his weakness and flimsy sentimentality, with all his catering to the sham-romantic foppery of amusement-seeking society, he built better than he knew. He has filled a place in the history of song-writing which a stronger man might not have filled so well. Although, as a man of ideas, he is inferior to Kücken, Curschmann, and some others, and is not to be mentioned in the same breath with men like Reissiger and Lindpaintner, his songs have probably done more for the advancement of all semi-musical publics than theirs have. To compare small things with great, Abt has, by that one drop of Volkslied essence which he infused into his songs, been the stepping-stone by which the general mass of uncultivated music-lovers have risen to the appreciation of Franz Schubert, and through him of Schumann and Robert Franz, somewhat as Mendelssohn in a much higher sphere stood interpreter between Sebastian Bach and the outer world.

But as Abt continued composing, often too carelessly, no doubt, to satisfy the demands of eager publishers, the Volkslied essence in his songs become more and more diluted, until at last he has become the veriest shadow of his former self. Something of his easy refinement of style remains, but his later compositions show that he has absolutely nothing left to say, and that even his stock of sentimental-romantic musical small-talk is exhausted.

We have before us two songs taken at random from among his later works. Were they the productions of a musical tyro, of some lovelorn amateur, they might be passed by with perhaps a word or two of encouraging commendation as not wholly uncredit-able efforts. But Abt occupies, in a certain sense, a position of authority, and his works must be judged by the standard which his prestige as a popular favorite warrants, although their intrinsic insignificance might under other circumstances claim the critic's lenient indulgence. Concerning the two songs in question, "A Moonlight Sonnet" and "A Rose in Heaven," we can only say that the music is worthy of the words and the words of the music. As we have no musical types at our command, a quotation from the words will perhaps give a better

idea of the music than anything else we could do. One begins:—

"Shiplike, full-breasted, travels the moon,  
Swift as a gondola in a lagoon."

The other:—

"I walked one day along a garden bright,  
And spied a rose, steeped in the morning dew;  
Fresh from the balmy slumbers of the night,  
Not Solomon himself could boast such hues."

Poor Abt! That he should have come to this! He has done much good in the world, besides giving enjoyment to thousands upon thousands of people; but he is now and henceforth nothing more than a milestone in the history of the musical culture of our time.

Henry Smart's "Rest thee on this mossy Pillow" is a beautiful *terzetto* for female voices, written in the Rossini manner, but thoroughly English in character. It is extremely well written for the voice and is not difficult. We regret that the better class of English concerted music for voices is not more generally known and sung than it is at present. We are always glad to see an amateur singing-club take hold of Mendelssohn's four-part songs. Rightly understood, they are of greater educational value than almost anything else that we can think of; but the gusto with which many of our singers turn from these gems of part-writing to vastly inferior songs by Kücken, Abt, and others forces upon us the conviction that, however much Mendelssohn is enjoyed, he is rarely appreciated for what is best in him. Kücken, Curschmann, Abt *et hoc genus omne* write well for the voices; their four-part harmony is full, rich, and effective, their melody pleasing, and we know of no music fitter than theirs for serenades, evening excursions on the water, comings home from picnics, in short, for every occasion where moonlight, the open air, waving trees, and other poetical accessories, not to speak of the gracious presence of the fairer sex, combine to make almost any sentimental music welcome. But this music has an enervating, cloying character that does no one any good beyond furnishing a few minutes' languid enjoyment. Some of the glees by Bishop, Callcott, and others, would furnish much better stuff for practice, and we doubt not would be quite as keenly enjoyed as the more sentimental German part-songs, could they but become fashionable.

Randegger's *Marinella* is a sprightly *canzone* thoroughly Italian in manner and matter, more trivial and commonplace than



one would have expected from the composer, who has done far better things, but not wanting in a certain airy charm.

Haydn's *Saper vorrei se m'ami* is a fascinating duet for two soprani in the master's Italian style. The canon in the allegro, where the lovers engage in a sort of musical battledore and shuttlecock with terms of endearment, is skilfully written without being dry or studied. Why are not things of this sort more sung at miscellaneous concerts?

Schumann's "O tell me, little Birdie mine," is a good example of the master's more familiar style, easily fascinating in its unstudied simplicity. These songs cannot be too widely known, they are gems of the first water. Messrs. Russell & Co. have published several of them in a very attractive form with English and German text, and we heartily recommend them to all singers who would know the German Lied in its perfection.

Julius Eichberg's National Hymn, "To thee, O Country," is one of the best of recent compositions of the class that we have seen. The harmony is rich, full, at times positively gorgeous, albeit rather sensuous, after the modern (what some call the "future") fashion. But the composition is full of fire, and must be wonderfully effective when sung.

In piano-forte music we notice a set of seven Preludes by Mendelssohn, published by Messrs. Russell & Co. The edition is a fine specimen of music-engraving, and will bear comparison with any but the very handsomest of German and English publications. If it have a fault, it is that the notes are somewhat crowded. The compositions themselves are piano-forte classics, and are too well known to need any comment from us. Mr. Carl Prüfer (late Kopitz, Prüfer, & Co.) is publishing a second series of pieces for the piano-forte, "arranged, transcribed, and selected" by Mr. Ernst Perabo. In this set we notice particularly the Menuetto from Franz Schubert's first string quartette Op. 29, transcribed by Mr. Perabo himself, and a Gavotte by Gluck transcribed by Johannes Brahms. The menuetto is one of those delightful, moody movements, very common in Schubert's chamber music, which, if not so remarkable for well-rounded form and highly

finished style as are similar movements in Mendelssohn and some other composers, are nevertheless charming from the fresh, wholesome beauty of the themes and a certain poetic atmosphere in which Schubert seems peculiarly at home. The transcription is very well done and playable. The Gluck Gavotte is thoroughly fascinating with its quasi-mediæval quaintness of accent, and Herr Brahms has been happier in the arrangement than he has been in some other transcriptions from the old masters which he has attempted. Mr. Perabo's arrangement of a Menuet in G-minor by Charles Gounod will be gladly welcomed by all pianists. The Menuet is in Gounod's best manner, strong, healthy in melody, and masterly in form. The trio, in G-major, is full of sunshine and happiness.

Charles Wachtmann's transcription of the favorite march from Franz Lachner's first orchestral suite is rather a clumsy affair, and by no means worthy of the very brilliant original. It is badly put upon the instrument, and, as a piece of piano-forte writing, has only the doubtful merit of being easy to play.

G. D. Wilson's "Little Wanderer" is an unpretentious and rather insignificant little piece, but gains much by the manner in which it is written for the piano, and its sonorous, dispersed harmony.

We rejoice to be able to give Mr. Paine's four "Character-pieces" almost unqualified praise. We know of very few men in this country who could have written anything so good. Although they are most free in form and full of genuine, unforced, at times almost startling originality, they show how thoroughly the composer has mastered the technical details of composition and musical form. The second piece, marked "Feierlich,"—solemn,—shows also great depth of feeling and true sentiment, and the bubbling-over animal spirits and genial joyousness of the final "Welcome" cannot fail to fascinate even those who might possibly find the other movements somewhat obscure at first. The only point at which we can take exception is that they do not lie quite so easily under the fingers as might be desired, though where there is so much genuine merit, such a consideration becomes of secondary importance.



## SCIENCE.

OUR scientific chat is usually devoted to the mention of such comparatively new suggestions and discoveries as are of especial interest, and it was not designed for the regular instruction of our readers in the rudiments of the various sciences to which we may have occasion to refer. A communication lately received has, however, determined us to vary our general plan and impart to at least one of our readers a slight modicum of instruction in elementary physiology. In a letter which came to us the other day, all the way from England, we are asked to correct the "preposterous error" which we "put into circulation" in our number for August, in saying that when we drink wine, some of the alcohol passes off unchanged through the lungs, and in so doing becomes perceptible in the breath. "Your contributor," says our correspondent, "appears to believe that some of the wine drunk passes from the stomach into the blood and thence into the lungs unchanged! Permit me to tell him that wine does nothing of the kind, and that the phenomenon he notices does not proceed from the cause he imagines. Wine is . . . very odorous: its bouquet hangs about the mouth and palate a long time after the wine itself has been consumed. Exhalations from the stomach may also betray the presence of wine when it has been taken in undue quantity. Those persons who have eaten cheese may be detected some time afterwards by the smell of their breath; but surely your contributor would not argue that therefore the cheese was 'eliminated unchanged' from the lungs!"

So earnest an appeal for instruction ought not to pass unnoticed, especially as it reminds us that it may not be wholly superfluous to state explicitly, for the benefit of the general reader, the precise question at issue between those who assert and those who deny that alcohol is food. First, however, let us observe that what our correspondent says about the bouquet of wine lingering in the mouth is true, but was not included in our remarks because wholly irrelevant to our purpose, which was not to give a complete explanation of the presence of vinous odor in the breath, but to consider the assertion of sundry eminent French physicians, that *all* the alcohol

taken into the system passes out unchanged through the lungs, skin, and kidneys. Let us also observe that we did not say that *wine* passes from the stomach into the blood and thence into the lungs unchanged. And finally, let us state what actually does happen when wine is drunk.

The solid food which is eaten passes into the stomach and anon into the small intestine, where it undergoes sundry changes which result, speaking roughly, into the separation of it into two parts. The one part is eliminated through the large intestine, the other part is absorbed by the lacteals and becomes transformed into venous blood, which on entering the lungs gives forth carbonic acid and water through the nostrils. On the other hand, the water which we drink undergoes no chemical change whatever in the system, but is absorbed unchanged into the blood, of which it forms a main physical constituent: it percolates untransformed through the tissues, and leaves the system through the lungs, skin, and kidneys, all the while remaining simple water; that is to say, while it is physically *mixed* with other substances, it does not form a chemical *combination* with any of them whereby it loses any of its oxygen or hydrogen and ceases to be water. Now when wine or brandy is drunk, several things happen. Some of the ænanthic ether, to which the bouquet is due, lingers in the mouth or passes straight out through the nostrils; whatever fruity or saccharine matter is present undergoes digestive changes which it is not necessary for us now to consider; but as for the alcohol, *some* of it is, like water, absorbed unchanged into the bloodvessels, passes mixed with blood into the lungs, and is breathed out through the nose, always remaining simple alcohol. *Some* of it, in like manner, finds its way to the sweat-glands, from which it is exuded in perspiration; and yet again, *some* of it passes away unchanged through the kidneys. When a man has taken too much wine or brandy overnight, the alcoholic odor of his breath next morning may still be partially due to the presence of ænanthic ether about the mouth, and to "exhalations from the stomach"; but it is mainly due to the fact that minute particles of alcoholic vapor are constantly



rushing out from the lungs in quantity quite sufficient to produce a chemical reaction when the requisite chemical test is applied. Accordingly, when we incidentally observed that *some* alcohol passes unchanged through the lungs, we were by no means "putting into circulation a preposterous error," but were stating an elementary truth which is known to every one at all conversant with standard text-books on the physiology of digestion.

Now the great question at issue between those who assert and those who deny that alcohol can properly be called a food is just this :—does *all* the alcohol imbibed in our beer, wine, and spirits pass out of the system unchanged, or does *some* of it undergo chemical transformation? In the former case, it behaves like the water we drink; in the latter case, it behaves like the solid food we eat. For this reason it has always seemed to "our contributor" a matter of small moment as regards the practical inquiry of the usefulness or harmfulness of wine-drinking. If we are to deny that alcohol is food because it is not transformed within the system, we must also deny that water is food; so that we thus get but little way toward determining whether alcohol is good for us. Considered on its own merits, however, the problem of the elimination of alcohol is one of great interest and importance, and during the past twelve years many experiments have been directed toward the solution of it, though with indifferent success. While MM. Lallemand, Duroy, and Perrin regard their own experiments as showing conclusively that *no* alcohol is transformed within the system, it is maintained on the other hand by M. Baudot and Dr. Anstie that these experiments are not decisive. For our own part, while equally willing to see either alternative established, we hold that M. Lallemand and his *confrères* have thus far proved merely that when a *great deal* of alcohol is imbibed, the *larger portion* of it escapes without change.

We are glad to see that the unseemly troubles at Kew Gardens have at last ended in the snubbing of Mr. Ayrton and the vindication of Dr. Hooker. In 1840 the Botanic Gardens at Kew were virtually created by the late Sir William Hooker, at the sacrifice of more than half his income. During twenty-five years, under the management of this noble friend of science, the library and collections of specimens at these gardens were increased to such an extent that

in the recent memorial addressed to Mr. Gladstone it was said that "in no particular does England stand more conspicuously superior to all other countries than in the possession of Kew: the establishment is not only without a rival, but there is no approach to rivalry as regards the extent, importance, or scientific results of its operations." In 1855 Dr. Joseph Hooker, who had for nearly twenty years been employed in the faithful service of science and of the government, and who had obtained for himself that rank among living botanists which Lyell holds among geologists, was appointed Assistant-Director to his father; and in 1865, he became chief Director of the establishment. It is needless to say that such a man in such a place is a possession for which any nation had reason to be grateful, the more so, where, as in Dr. Hooker's case, administrative ability is added to scientific pre-eminence. But in 1871, if our memory serves us, the office of First Commissioner of Works became occupied by one Mr. Ayrton, who appears to be some one of the numerous relations of Mr. Podsnap, or what Matthew Arnold would call a "Philistine." Thinking it high time to take the administration of such a great establishment as Kew Gardens out of the hands of an unpractical man of science, this Mr. Ayrton began by depriving Dr. Hooker of the supervision of the heating of hot-houses, whereby the lives of thousands of valuable plants were of course endangered, and continued by addressing orders on various matters to the Director's subordinate officials, replying to his just remonstrances with words of coarse and vulgar insolence. Several letters exchanged between Dr. Hooker and the government went but little way toward mending the matter, until lately the case was taken up by Darwin, Lyell, Rawlinson, Tyndall, Huxley, and others, the scientific papers gave vent to their just indignation, and so the other day Mr. Gladstone felt it necessary to tell his First Commissioner to mind his own business in the future. The whole case affords a good illustration of the dislike and distrust with which the ignorant so often regard men of learning and genius.

We have now got into a sufficiently capacious and grumbling mood to make some fit mention of the verdict of stupidity which the French Academy of Sciences has for the second time passed upon itself *in re* Darwin. We learn from *Nature* that the



choice of a foreign correspondent of the society "has resulted in the defeat of Mr. Darwin and the election of M. Loewen, of Stockholm, who received thirty-two votes, against fifteen given to the English naturalist." M. Quatrefages was again Mr. Darwin's chief advocate, while M. Blanchard was most conspicuous on the other side. An eminent academician observes that none of Mr. Darwin's advocates espoused his theory of the origin of species (which we can easily credit, as we have thus far found but few French naturalists who clearly understand what "natural selection" means), and that none of his opponents assigned their dissent from this doctrine as the ground of their opposition. "What has closed the door of the Academy to Mr. Darwin is that the science of those of his books which have made his chief title to fame—the 'Origin of Species,' and still more the 'Descent of Man'—is not science, but a mass of assertions and absolutely gratuitous hypotheses, often evidently fallacious. This kind of publication and these theories are a bad example, which a body that respects itself cannot encourage." In view of this statement we need not observe that even if Mr. Darwin had never indulged in "this kind of publication," he would still have sent down to posterity a name quite as illustrious as that of any contemporary member of the French Academy, his explanation of coral-building having been a scientific achievement of the highest eminence. We need only call attention to a curious coincidence. On the one hand,

while the doctrine of natural selection has quite won the day in Germany and England, and very nearly won it in America, it has made but little headway in France. On the other hand, leaving out such questions as this, in original scientific thinking in the department of natural history the achievements of the French during the past twenty years have been about on a par with their recent achievements in warfare. And the remarks of the academician just quoted show wherein their central deficiency has consisted. They have allowed the commentatorial, weighing-and-measuring, and herb-collecting tendency to get the upperhand of them. It is a common mistake of scientific specialists to suppose that sound science can be made of observations and experiments alone, without the aid of philosophizing; and among scientific specialists none have been of late years so prone to this kind of error as the French. But in its "three long sittings in secret committee," the Academy should not have failed to remember that Mr. Darwin is no less remarkable as an industrious collector of facts than as a bold theorizer. His works are immense arsenals of facts which it will take a whole generation of speculators to do justice to in the way of interpretation. And if the highest type of the scientific mind be that which unites the power of originating grand generalizations with endless patience and caution in verifying them, then it is not too much to say that since the death of Newton this type has been in no one more perfectly realized than in Mr. Darwin.

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## POLITICS.

SINCE the Apostle Paul accounted to the liberal Corinthians for the contrast between the magnitude of the work of converting the world, and the insignificance of the appointed instrumentalities, by saying that "God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise," we may not despise the agents presented to us by the allied Democrats and Liberal Republicans for elevating the character of our government; although a convention which originated in a crusade against the protective-tariff system nominated the extremest advocate of protection,

and although the acquiescing convention, which adopted for its motto "Reconciliation," accepted for its candidate the extremest promoter of all those legislative measures and administrative acts to emancipate and enfranchise and protect, which constitute the burden of the complaint of the irreconcilables.

These things seem foolish to the wise; and if none but the wise are confounded, there is political confusion enough to show a general prevalence of wisdom. Mr. Greeley as the candidate of the Democratic party makes a situation that exceeds all



rational calculations, and has a stupefying effect on the public mind; men, principles, emblems, and campaign ammunition stores are confounded. We behold Republican journals and speakers laboring to persuade the Democrats that Mr. Greeley has so hated and reviled their party, that it is morally impossible for them to vote for him. We behold on the other side journals and public speakers of the most malignant type of Democratic partisanship embracing the sudden conviction that Mr. Greeley has always been in sympathy with the Democratic party, and is the real Moses to lead it from captivity to dominion, and to smite the rock of public patronage in its behalf.

Is this conversion or stratagem? Is it that childlike simplicity which the Scripture says must attend the new birth, or is it a gigantic fraud? Is it a revolution, or is a new shuffle for the spoils of power? Has a great principle just appeared above the horizon, to overwhelm all the disputes that have divided mankind, or is this but the transformation scene of the spectacle plays, a mere matter of managerial business, and a thing worked by cranks and levers and pullies of the rudest construction?

The movement creating the Cincinnati Convention began upon a material and economical question; but it gathered round it the sentiment of lifting the civil service above party considerations, and the vague aspiration for an elevation of the administration to a purer atmosphere. Of course, human governments will be perfect about the time when humanity shall be perfected. Even in those governments where wisdom should be assured by the divine right through which they exist, enough error can be found to make a chronic need of reform and a frequent one of revolution. Perfection is not to be looked for in a government which by its conditions cannot rise higher than the average intelligence and morality of the people. But aspirations for a higher administration and a higher state of public morality are natural and desirable, and they certainly appeared in the rise of the Cincinnati Convention. There were political idealists who thought these aspirations for better government would result in the nomination of a statesman to whose substantial qualities they had added all their fancy could draw; whose transcendent merits would be recognized by the whole country. They fancied that all selfish and partizan motives were to be left behind, and that

this convention would lift itself into a purer sphere. But even before the convention came together, the desire for a combination that should promise immediate success in the election, had overcome both the moving causes of tariff reform and the sentiment of political purity, and had brought into it the same elements and motives that constitute all party nominating conventions.

For tariff reform it produced a Presidential candidate who called himself a rabid protectionist, but who nevertheless consented to suspend the office of the President in legislation, in the matter of all bills relating to the tariff. As the greater part of our revenue comes from the tariff, this embraces the foundation of our finances, the public faith, and the means of carrying on government. So the beginning of a higher administration was to compromise the constitutional functions of the President, and to tie his hands in affairs involving not only the economical question of protection, but the public faith and public solvency. The higher regard for the Constitution was to begin by an abandonment of a constitutional duty, by a desertion of convictions of public welfare, and by a taking of the oath of office with a mental reservation.

For the elevation of administration in wisdom, purity, and impartiality, the convention chose a candidate famous as an intolerant partisan, with garments smelling of the battle over the dispensation of the public offices in New York, and with a personal grievance which had turned him against President Grant, after he had taken a conspicuous occasion to declare for his renomination. And we have the testimony of some of the foremost men in that convention, — some of whom are supporting Mr. Greeley under this protest, — that his peculiar promoters in that body were of a character most unpromising for the elevation of administration.

Yet the Cincinnati Convention presented a collection of sentiments, and the Baltimore Democratic Convention has adopted the same with the Cincinnati candidate, and they invite the people to shut their eyes and memories and reason to all other things, and to judge them by these sentiments alone. The vaunted merit of their platform is that it indorses what the Republican party has done, and repeats the glittering generalities that are well worn in Republican platforms. The only important difference is in the resolution substantially declaring local government sufficient and final for



the protection of citizens; and this Mr. Greeley has virtually repudiated in his letter of acceptance, in which he says that this is "subject to our solemn constitutional obligations to maintain equal rights to all citizens,"—which is what the Republican party hold as to the matter of protecting persons by the national authority. The State governments should give adequate protection; but the national government will not abandon its right and duty to see that it is given, nor allow the State governments to deprive persons of the franchises it has conferred.

We can recognize the beauty of these sentiments. The Republican party has made them familiar and popular in the face of inveterate Democratic hostility. But is the adoption of them by the Democratic party a change of nature? And if it were, is the adoption of Republican sentiments and the indorsement of Republican acts, by the Democratic party, a reason for condemning the Republican as unfit to be trusted, and exalting the Democratic as alone worthy to administer the government?

But it is likely that the matters of platform professions and of personal inconsistencies and unfaithfulness and of party stultification will have less effect in governing men's minds than they have prominence in the literature of the campaign, and that the reflecting will think on the chances of real administrative reform through the success of this queer coalition. It is to be noted that the original objects of reform have sunk out of sight as the party strategy has gone forward. The question of tariff reform is relegated to a place where it makes no sign. Civil-service reform is treated as if incongruous in a coalition of Mr. Greeley and the Democratic party. The cause which is now put to the front is conciliation or reconciliation. Since the professions of the coalition indorse as finalities all that the Republican party has done to establish the conditions of peace, the new terms of conciliation seem to be that the Republican party shall be put out of the government, and the Democratic party, with Mr. Greeley as its President, shall be put in. Then reconciliation will be perfected. Yet how will this reconcile the Republican party? It is natural that Mr. Greeley, accepted by the Southern Democratic party as its candidate, should believe that reconciliation has come; but what kind of a reconciliation is that which

demand as its preliminary condition that the unreconciled shall bear sway? It has always been found that human nature and human prejudices are very persistent. They are peculiarly so in such a peculiar civilization as that of the late slave States. Mr. Greeley has many supporters in the South, but as yet they are reconciled after a fashion entirely their own. Their hatred of all the means of their subjugation is as fierce as ever. Service in the Confederate Army continues to be the all-prevailing qualification for office, and service in the National Army is still the cause of social ostracism and of lawless hostility. The immigrant from the North, though of eight years' residence, continues to be stigmatized as a carpet-bagger, if he is a Republican, and the native Republican is a "scallawag" in the conciliation vocabulary.

The protective-tariff question, with the affairs of revenue and finance and public faith, is to be left to the tender mercies of a Democratic majority in Congress, which the success of this coalition in the matter of the Presidency is expected to bring in. It is a party which has no definite ideas on the tariff question, but which has made a deceptive pretence of favoring the poor by throwing off the chief revenue duties,—a party with which the true revenue reformers should most dread to leave their cause. If it is a requisite to conciliation, that the party which kept the Republic from dissolution shall be politically disqualified, and the party which tried to dissolve it shall be set over us, it will seem but a moderate demand that all obligations and claims growing out of the war shall be placed on an equality. And into the control of a majority, whose Southern managers will be instigated by hostility to all revenue for paying the debt contracted in their conquest, or for paying any war-claims without embracing theirs, our revenue and entire finances must be flung to take their chances, with the constitutional power of the President for their protection abandoned. Evidently, the success of the coalition is not promising to tariff reform, but is full of danger to our finances and to the general welfare.

We now come to the sentiment of civil service reform. It arose in the Republican party. It has caused earnest efforts to throw off a degrading official system entailed by Democratic administrations. It is to the credit of the Republican party that during its own possession of power it



originated the cause of civil service reform and made the sentiment popular ; whereas, when General Grant came into the administration, a Liberal Republican and Democratic coalition under Johnson had left our civil service the most corrupt and degraded on earth. The existing system of parcelling out official appointments in the States to the Congressmen is very hard to overthrow. It may be too great for any President to cope with. But it was in the Republican party that the aspiration for a higher civil service began, and that party has given it whatever of force it has in the public mind. What prospect, on the other hand, does the election of Mr. Greeley and a Democratic Congress hold out for civil-service reform? There is an absence of any change in the character of the Democratic party on this subject, and there is the present evidence that to get possession of office was the sole reason why the Democrats submitted to the humiliation of taking Mr. Greeley for their candidate and of adopting his platform.

Mr. Greeley's life does not show any scrupulousness about using the public patronage as means of party warfare, nor any desire to lessen the means. He has freely assented to the practice which makes the public offices the spoils of victory and the means of continuing party supremacy. Mr. Greeley's public justification for leaving the Republican party and entering into a Democratic coalition to put it out of the government, was that the office-holders would control the Republican Convention, and that they had fixed the renomination of Grant. The gravest charge made by his supporters generally against the administration is that it controls the Republican party and the country by means of its official retainers. He has thus committed himself to the necessity of a general turning out of Republican officers in order to purify the government and remove his enemies and the enemies of reconciliation ; and he has promised that in his appointments to office he will not regard the previous party relations of those who now support him. Here are the conditions for a wholesale removal of office-holders, and the installing of a fresh horde, taken from the elements of this coalition in proportion to their respective numbers. Is Mr. Greeley the man who could resist the demands of the political managers that have nominated him, or who could break up the custom which has given Congressmen the ap-

pointing power? It is a task which a man of the firmest character might hesitate to undertake. The circumstances would be most unfavorable for attempting such a contest against the claims of Congressmen and the hunger of the long-excluded party. And if he should attempt the work, to him morally impossible, of rejecting the nominations or the advice of members of Congress, whose recommendations would he take? His election would make inevitable a fiercer scramble for the offices than has ever disgraced our government, with all its disorganization and demoralization of the official service. The conditions would make the reform of civil service impossible under Horace Greeley, and would make its degradation sure. But if it were possible that this man of fickle character could be made of iron will, so as to refuse the claims of Senators and Representatives, the administration would at once be without a supporting majority in Congress ; and the country has learned by several experiences that a conflict between President and Congress drops the responsibility of government between them, and is more corrupting than the sole government of any party can be.

Before plunging into such a sea of troubles it may be well to examine the ills we have, to see if they can be cured by the desperate remedy proposed. We have no intention of retracting our own censures of the President, or of assuming the defence of mistakes which we have condemned ; but in the face of far worse evils impending, it is time to acknowledge that his errors are venial compared with the excesses we have to apprehend from the ascendancy of his Democratic opponents.

He has shown bad taste in the appointment of his relations to office, and has associated himself with certain corrupt and shabby politicians, and is not a profound statesman ; but we see in these facts no reason for displacing him by a man of worse taste, worse companionship, and less statesmanship.

The New York Custom-House is and has been a great scandal, but we shall not turn it into a school of virtue by giving it to the control of the Tammany Democrats and the Fenton Republicans.

In seeking to acquire San Domingo Grant followed the traditional policy and "manifest destiny" of the Democratic party, but his action throughout that affair has been scrupulous compared with the Democratic method of annexing Mexican territory. Any



former Democratic administration would eagerly have seized such an occasion, and its party would have cowed all opposition.

If he has lacked a radical policy on currency reform, are we to look for a better from the statesman who would solve the problem of making convertible seven hundred millions of paper money with one hundred and seventy-five millions of coin by a placard over the door of the public treasury?

If he has presented the indirect claims to the Geneva Tribunal, swelled by the cost of the prolongation of the war, who was so mad in this amplification of our injuries as a certain great editor who vehemently urged that we should make them a ground for requiring the cession of Canada? Has not Grant also resisted the recklessness and criminal purposes which sought to plunge the country into a war for the annexation of Cuba, while the editor-statesman helped the filibustering agitation?

The President has been reluctant to advise the conferring or to use the extraordinary military power conferred upon him in the government of the South, while the reconciling candidate was crying out for it. The soldier was slow to use military power, while the man of peace fiercely

demanded it. In his military and presidential administration, his leniency toward the South has caused sharp jealousy and ill-concealed enmity in many of those who now assume to be the apostles of reconciliation.

With President Grant the country has at least an assurance of tranquillity. It will not be lifted to a state of perfection, but it will incur no new peril. The administration of Grant will make no rash experiments on our finances and our dangerously expanded currency. The public credit will be safe. The country will have security from foreign wars, filibustering attempts, and domestic violence. The constitutional office of the President will remain intact, to be used to protect the public credit and treasury from hostile legislation and the boundless Southern claims growing out of the war. Reconciliation will be established on the only possible terms, submission to equal laws. There will be that public confidence which is requisite to the expanded trade and credit of civilization, and which is a vital need in our financial currency and banking situation; and the country will have as much currency reform, tariff reform, and civil-service reform as Congress and popular opinion will support.



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THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

XI.

I SUPPOSE there would have been even more remarks upon the growing intimacy of the Young Astronomer and his pupil, if the curiosity of the boarders had not in the mean time been so much excited at the apparently close relation which had sprung up between the Register of Deeds and the Lady. It was really hard to tell what to make of it. The Register appeared at the table in a new coat. Suspicious. The Lady was evidently deeply interested in him, if we could judge by the frequency and the length of their interviews. On at least one occasion he has brought a lawyer with him, which naturally suggested the idea that there were some property arrangements to be attended to, in case, as seems probable against all reasons to the contrary, these two estimable persons, so utterly unfitted, as one would say, to each other, contemplated an alliance. It is no pleasure to me to record an arrangement of this kind. I frankly confess I do not know what to make of it. With her tastes and breeding, it is the last thing that I should have thought of, — her uniting herself with this most common-

place and mechanical person, who cannot even offer her the elegances and luxuries to which she might seem entitled on changing her condition.

While I was thus interested and puzzled I received an unexpected visit from our Landlady. She was evidently excited, and by some event which was of a happy nature, for her countenance was beaming and she seemed impatient to communicate what she had to tell. Impatient or not, she must wait a moment, while I say a word about her. Our Landlady is as good a creature as ever lived. She is a little negligent of grammar at times, and will get a wrong word now and then; she is garrulous, circumstantial, associates facts by their accidental cohesion rather than by their vital affinities, is given to choking and tears on slight occasions, but she has a warm heart, and feels to her boarders as if they were her blood-relations.

She began her conversation abruptly. — I expect I'm a going to lose one of my boarders, — she said.

— You don't seem very unhappy about it, madam, — I answered. — We all took it easily when the person who



sat on our side of the table quitted us in such a hurry, but I do not think there is anybody left that either you or the boarders want to get rid of — unless it is myself, — I added modestly.

— You! said the Landlady — you! No indeed. When I have a quiet boarder that's a small eater, I don't want to lose him. You don't make trouble, you don't find fault with your vit — (Dr. Benjamin had schooled his parent on this point and she altered the word) with your food, and you know when you've had enough.

— I really felt proud of this eulogy, which embraces the most desirable excellences of a human being in the capacity of boarder.

The Landlady began again. — I'm going to lose — at least, I suppose I shall — one of the best boarders I ever had, — that Lady that's been with me so long.

— I thought there was something going on between her and the Register, — I said.

— Something! I should think there was! About three months ago he began making her acquaintance. I thought there was something particular. I did n't quite like to watch 'em very close, but I could n't help overhearing some of the things he said to her, for, you see, he used to follow her up into the parlor, — they talked pretty low, but I could catch a word now and then. I heard him say something to her one day about "bettering her condition," and she seemed to be thinking very hard about it, and turning of it over in her mind, and I said to myself, She does n't want to take up with him, but she feels dreadful poor, and perhaps he has been saving and has got money in the bank, and she does n't want to throw away a chance of bettering herself without thinking it over. But dear me, — says I to myself, — to think of her walking up the broad aisle into meeting alongside of such a homely, rusty-looking creatur' as that! But there's no telling what folks will do when poverty has got hold of 'em.

— Well, so I thought she was wait-

ing to make up her mind, and he was hanging on in hopes she'd come round at last, as women do half the time, for they don't know their own minds and the wind blows both ways at once with 'em as the smoke blows out of the tall chimlies, — east out of this one and west out of that, — so it's no use looking at 'em to know what the weather is.

— But yesterday she comes up to me after breakfast, and asks me to go up with her into her little room. Now, says I to myself, I shall hear all about it. I saw she looked as if she'd got some of her trouble off her mind, and I guessed that it was settled, and so, says I to myself, I must wish her joy and hope it's all for the best, whatever I think about it.

— Well, she asked me to set down, and then she begun. She said that she was expecting to have a change in her condition of life, and had asked me up so that I might have the first news of it. I am sure — says I — I wish you both joy. Merriage is a blessed thing when folks is well sorted, and it is an honorable thing, and the first meracle was at the merriage in Canaan. It brings a great sight of happiness with it, as I've had a chance of knowing, for my — hus —

The Landlady showed her usual tendency to "break" from the conversational pace just at this point, but managed to rein in the rebellious diaphragm, and resumed her narrative.

— Merriage! — says she, — pray who has said anything about merriage? —

— I beg your pardon, ma'am, — says I, — I thought you had spoke of changing your condition, and I — She looked so I stopped right short.

— Don't say another word, says she, but jest listen to what I am going to tell you.

— My friend, says she, that you have seen with me so often lately, was hunting among his old Record books, when all at once he come across an old deed that was made by somebody that had my family name. He took it into his head to read it over, and he found there



was some kind of a condition that if it was n't kept, the property would all go back to them that was the heirs of the one that gave the deed, and that he found out was me. Something or other put it into his head, says she, that the company that owned the property — it was ever so rich a company and owned land all round everywhere — had n't kept to the conditions. So he went to work, says she, and hunted through his books and he enquired all round, and he found out pretty much all about it, and at last he come to me — it's my boarder, you know, that says all this, — and says he, Ma'am, says he, if you have any kind of fancy for being a rich woman you've only got to say so. I did n't know what he meant, and I began to think, says she, he must be crazy. But he explained it all to me, how I'd nothing to do but go to court and I could get a sight of property back. Well, so she went on telling me — there was ever so much more that I suppose was all plain enough, but I don't remember it all — only I know my boarder was a good deal worried at first at the thought of taking money that other people thought was theirs, and the Register he had to talk to her, and he brought a lawyer and *he* talked to her, and her friends *they* talked to her, and the upshot of it all was that the company agreed to settle the business by paying her, well, I don't know just how much, but enough to make her one of the rich folks again.

— I may as well add here that, as I have since learned, this is one of the most important cases of releasing right of re-entry for condition broken which has been settled by arbitration for a considerable period. If I am not mistaken the Register of Deeds will get something more than a new coat out of this business, for the Lady very justly attributes her change of fortunes to his sagacity and his activity in following up the hint he had come across by mere accident.

So my supernumerary fellow-boarder, whom I would have dispensed

with as a cumberer of the table, has proved a ministering angel to one of the personages whom I most cared for.

One would have thought that the most scrupulous person need not have hesitated in asserting an unquestioned legal and equitable claim simply because it had lain a certain number of years in abeyance. But before the Lady could make up her mind to accept her good fortune she had been kept awake many nights in doubt and inward debate whether she should avail herself of her rights. If it had been private property, so that another person must be made poor that she should become rich, she would have lived and died in want rather than claim her own. I do not think any of us would like to turn out the possessor of a fine estate enjoyed for two or three generations on the faith of unquestioned ownership by making use of some old forgotten instrument, which accident had thrown in our way.

But it was all nonsense to indulge in any sentiment in a case like this, where it was not only a right, but a duty which she owed herself and others in relation with her, to accept what Providence, as it appeared, had thrust upon her, and when no suffering would be occasioned to anybody. Common sense told her not to refuse it. So did several of her rich friends, who remembered about this time that they had not called upon her for a good while, and among them Mrs. Midas Goldenrod.

Never had that lady's carriage stood before the door of our boarding-house so long, never had it stopped so often, as since the revelation which had come from the Registry of Deeds. Mrs. Midas Goldenrod was not a bad woman, but she loved and hated in too exclusive and fastidious a way to allow us to consider her as representing the highest ideal of womanhood. She hated narrow ill-ventilated courts, where there was nothing to see if one looked out of window but old men in dressing-gowns and old women in caps; she



hated little dark rooms with air-tight stoves in them ; she hated rusty bombazine gowns and last year's bonnets ; she hated gloves that were not as fresh as new-laid eggs, and shoes that had grown bulgy and wrinkled in service ; she hated common crockery-ware and teaspoons of slight constitution ; she hated second appearances on the dinner-table ; she hated coarse napkins and table-cloths ; she hated to ride in the horse-cars ; she hated to walk except for short distances, when she was tired of sitting in her carriage. She loved with sincere and undisguised affection a spacious city mansion and a charming country villa, with a seaside cottage for a couple of months or so ; she loved a perfectly appointed household, a cook who was up to all kinds of *salmis* and *vol-au-vents*, a French maid, and a stylish-looking coachman, and the rest of the people necessary to help one live in a decent manner ; she loved pictures that other people said were first-rate, and which had at least cost first-rate prices ; she loved books with handsome backs, in showy cases ; she loved heavy and richly wrought plate ; fine linen and plenty of it ; dresses from Paris frequently, and as many as could be got in without troubling the custom-house ; Russia sables and Venetian point-lace ; diamonds, and good big ones ; and speaking generally, she loved dear things in distinction from cheap ones, the real article and not the economical substitute.

For the life of me I cannot see anything Satanic in all this. Tell me, Beloved, only between ourselves, if some of these things are not desirable enough in their way, and if you and I could not make up our minds to put up with some of the least objectionable of them without any great inward struggle ? Even in the matter of ornaments there is something to be said. Why should we be told that the New Jerusalem is paved with gold, and that its twelve gates are each of them a pearl, and that its foundations are garnished with sapphires and em-

eralds and all manner of precious stones, if these are not among the most desirable of objects ? And is there anything very strange in the fact that many a daughter of earth finds it a sweet foretaste of heaven to wear about her frail earthly tabernacle these glittering reminders of the celestial city ?

Mrs. Midas Goldenrod was not so entirely peculiar and anomalous in her likes and dislikes ; the only trouble was that she mixed up these accidents of life too much with life itself, which is so often serenely or actively noble and happy without reference to them. She valued persons chiefly according to their external conditions, and of course the very moment her relative, the Lady of our breakfast-table, began to find herself in a streak of sunshine she came forward with a lighted candle to show her which way her path lay before her.

The Lady saw all this, how plainly, how painfully ! yet she exercised a true charity for the weakness of her relative. Sensible people have as much consideration for the frailties of the rich as for those of the poor. There is a good deal of excuse for them. Even you and I, philosophers and philanthropists as we may think ourselves, have a dislike for the enforced economies, proper and honorable though they certainly are, of those who are two or three degrees below us in the scale of agreeable living.

— These are very worthy persons you have been living with, my dear, — said Mrs. Midas — (the “ My dear ” was an expression which had flowered out more luxuriantly than ever before in the new streak of sunshine) — eminently respectable parties, I have no question, but then we shall want you to move as soon as possible to our quarter of the town, where we can see more of you than we have been able to in this queer place.

It was not very pleasant to listen to this kind of talk, but the Lady remembered her annual bouquet, and her occasional visits from the rich lady, and restrained the inclination to re-



mind her of the humble sphere from which she herself, the rich and patronizing personage, had worked her way up (if it was up) into that world which she seemed to think was the only one where a human being could find life worth having. Her cheek flushed a little, however, as she said to Mrs. Midas that she felt attached to the place where she had been living so long. She doubted, she was pleased to say, whether she should find better company in any circle she was like to move in than she left behind her at our boarding-house. I give the Old Master the credit of this compliment. If one does not agree with half of what he says, at any rate he always has something to say, and entertains and lets out opinions and whims and notions of one kind and another that one can quarrel with if he is out of humor, or carry away to think about if he happens to be in the receptive mood.

But the Lady expressed still more strongly the regret she should feel at leaving her young friend, our Scheherazade. I cannot wonder at this. The Young Girl has lost what little playfulness she had in the earlier months of my acquaintance with her. I often read her stories partly from my interest in her, and partly because I find merit enough in them to deserve something better than the rough handling they got from her coarse-fibred critic, whoever he was. I see evidence that her thoughts are wandering from her task, that she has fits of melancholy, and bursts of tremulous excitement, and that she has as much as she can do to keep herself at all to her stated, inevitable and sometimes almost despairing literary labor. I have had some acquaintance with vital phenomena of this kind, and know something of the nervous nature of young women and its "magnetic storms," if I may borrow an expression from the physicists, to indicate the perturbations to which they are liable. She is more in need of friendship and counsel now than ever before, it seems to me, and I cannot bear to

think that the Lady, who has become like a mother to her, is to leave her to her own guidance.

It is plain enough what is at the bottom of this disturbance. The astronomical lessons she has been taking have become interesting enough to absorb too much of her thoughts, and she finds them wandering to the stars or elsewhere, when they should be working quietly in the editor's harness.

The Landlady has her own views on this matter which she communicated to me something as follows :

— I don't quite like to tell folks what a lucky place my boarding-house is, for fear I should have all sorts of people crowding in to be my boarders for the sake of their chances. Folks come here poor and they go away rich. Young women come here without a friend in the world, and the next thing that happens is a gentleman steps up to 'em and says, "If you'll take me for your pardner for life, I'll give you a good home and love you ever so much besides"; and off goes my young lady-boarder into a fine three-story house, as grand as the governor's wife, with everything to make her comfortable, and a husband to care for her into the bargain. That's the way it is with the young ladies that comes to board with me, ever since the gentleman that wrote the first book that advertised my establishment (and never charged me a cent for it neither) married the Schoolma'am. And I think — but that's between you and me — that it's going to be the same thing right over again between that young gentleman and this young girl here — if she doos n't kill herself with writing for them newspapers, — it's too bad they don't pay her more for writing her stories, for I read one of 'em that made me cry so the Doctor — my Doctor Benjamin — said, "Ma, what makes your eyes look so?" and wanted to rig a machine up and look at 'em, but I told him what the matter was, and that he need n't fix up his peeking contrivances on my account, — anyhow she's a nice young woman as ever



lived, and as industrious with that pen of hers as if she was at work with a sewing-machine, — and there ain't much difference, for that matter, between sewing on shirts and writing on stories, — one way you work with your foot, and the other way you work with your fingers, but I rather guess there's more headache in the stories than there is in the stitches, because you don't have to think quite so hard while your foot's going as you do when your fingers is at work, scratch, scratch, scratch, scribble, scribble, scribble.

It occurred to me that this last suggestion of the Landlady was worth considering by the soft-handed, broad-cloth-clad spouters to the laboring classes, — so called in distinction from the idle people who only contrive the machinery and discover the processes and lay out the work and draw the charts and organize the various movements which keep the world going and make it tolerable. The organ-blower works harder with his muscles, for that matter, than the organ-player, and may perhaps be exasperated into thinking himself a downtrodden martyr because he does not receive the same pay for his services.

I will not pretend that it needed the Landlady's sagacious guess about the Young Astronomer and his pupil to open my eyes to certain possibilities, if not probabilities, in that direction. Our Scheherazade kept on writing her stories according to agreement, so many pages for so many dollars, but some of her readers began to complain that they could not always follow her quite so well as in her earlier efforts. It seemed as if she must have fits of absence. In one instance her heroine began as a blonde and finished as a brunette; not in consequence of the use of any cosmetic, but through simple inadvertence. At last it happened in one of her stories that a prominent character who had been killed in an early page, not equivocally, but mortally, definitively killed, done for, and disposed of, reappeared as if nothing had happened towards the close of her nar-

rative. Her mind was on something else, and she had got two stories mixed up and sent her manuscript without having looked it over. She told this mishap to the Lady, as something she was dreadfully ashamed of and could not possibly account for. It had cost her a sharp note from the publisher, and would be as good as a dinner to some half-starved Bohemian of the critical press.

The Lady listened to all this very thoughtfully, looking at her with great tenderness, and said, "My poor child!" Not another word then, but her silence meant a good deal.

When a *man* holds his tongue it does not signify much. But when a *woman* dispenses with the office of that mighty member, when she sheathes her natural weapon at a trying moment, it means that she trusts to still more formidable engineering; to tears it may be, a solvent more powerful than that with which Hannibal softened the Alpine rocks, or to the heaving bosom, the sight of which has subdued so many stout natures, or, it may be, to a sympathizing, quieting look which says "Peace, be still!" to the winds and waves of the little inland ocean, in a language that means more than speech.

While these matters were going on the Master and I had many talks on many subjects. He had found me a pretty good listener, for I had learned that the best way of getting at what was worth having from him was to wind him up with a question and let him run down all of himself. It is easy to turn a good talker into an insufferable bore by contradicting him, and putting questions for him to stumble over, — that is if he is not a bore already, as "good talkers" are apt to be, except now and then.

We had been discussing some knotty points one morning when he said all at once:

— Come into my library with me. I want to read you some new passages from an interleaved copy of my book. You have n't read the printed part yet.



I gave you a copy of it, but nobody reads a book that is given to him. Of course not. Nobody but a fool expects him to. He reads a little in it here and there, perhaps, and he cuts all the leaves if he cares enough about the writer, who will be sure to call on him some day, and if he is left alone in his library for five minutes will have hunted every corner of it until he has found the book he sent, — if it is to be found at all, which does n't always happen, if there's a penal colony anywhere in a garret or closet for typographical offenders and vagrants.

— What do you do when you receive a book you don't want, from the author ? — said I.

— Give him a good-natured adjective or two if I can, and thank him, and tell him I am lying under a sense of obligation to him.

— That is as good an excuse for lying as almost any, — I said.

— Yes, but look out for the fellows that send you a copy of their book to trap you into writing a bookseller's advertisement for it. I got caught so once, and never heard the end of it and never shall hear it. — He took down an elegantly bound volume, on opening which appeared a flourishing and eminently flattering dedication to himself. — There, — said he, — what could I do less than acknowledge such a compliment in polite terms, and hope and expect the book would prove successful, and so forth and so forth ? Well, I get a letter every few months from some new locality where the man that made that book is covering the fences with his placards, asking me whether I wrote that letter which he keeps in stereotype and has kept so any time these dozen or fifteen years. *Animus tuus oculus*, as the freshmen used to say. If her Majesty, the Queen of England, sends you a copy of her "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," be sure you mark your letter of thanks for it *Private* !

We had got comfortably seated in his library in the mean time, and the Master had taken up his book. I no-

ticed that every other page was left blank, and that he had written in a good deal of new matter.

— I tell you what, — he said, — there's so much intelligence about nowadays in books and newspapers and talk that it's mighty hard to write without getting something or other worth listening to into your essay or your volume. The foolishness of a book is a kind of leaky boat on a sea of wisdom ; some of the wisdom will get in anyhow. Every now and then I find something in my book that seems so good to me, I can't help thinking it must have leaked in. I suppose other people discover that it came through a leak, full as soon as I do. You must write a book or two to find out how much and how little you know and have to say. Then you must read some notices of it by somebody that loves you and one or two by somebody that hates you. You'll find yourself a very odd piece of property after you've been through these experiences. They're trying to the constitution ; I'm always glad to hear that a friend is as well as can be expected after he's had a book.

— You must n't think there are no better things in these pages of mine than the ones I'm going to read you, but you may come across something here that I forgot to say when we were talking over these matters.

He began, reading from the manuscript portion of his book :

— We find it hard to get and to keep any private property in thought. Other people are all the time saying the same things we are hoarding to say when we get ready. (He looked up from his book just here and said, "Don't be afraid, I am not going to quote *Pereant*.") One of our old boarders — the one that called himself "The Professor," I think it was — said some pretty audacious things about what he called "pathological piety," as I remember, in one of his papers. And here comes along Mr. Galton, and shows in detail from religious biographies that "there is a frequent correlation between an unusually devout dis-



position and a weak constitution." Neither of them appeared to know that John Bunyan had got at the same fact long before them. He tells us, "The more healthy the lusty man is, the more prone he is unto evil." If the converse is true, no wonder that good people, according to Bunyan, are always in trouble and terror, for he says,

"A Christian man is never long at ease ;

When one fright 's gone, another doth him seize."

If invalidism and the nervous timidity which is apt to go with it are elements of spiritual superiority, it follows that pathology and toxicology should form a most important part of a theological education, so that a divine might know how to keep a parish in a state of chronic bad health in order that it might be virtuous.

— It is a great mistake to think that a man's religion is going to rid him of his natural qualities. "Bishop Hall" (as you may remember to have seen quoted elsewhere) "prefers Nature before Grace in the Election of a wife, because, saith he, it will be a hard Task, where the Nature is peevish and forward, for Grace to make an entire conquest while Life lasteth."

"Nature" and "Grace" have been contrasted with each other in a way not very respectful to the Divine omnipotence. Kings and queens reign "by the Grace of God," but a sweet, docile, pious disposition, such as is born in some children and grows up with them, — that congenital gift which good Bishop Hall would look for in a wife, — is attributed to "Nature." In fact "Nature" and "Grace," as handled by the scholastics, are nothing more nor less than two hostile Divinities in the Pantheon of post-classical polytheism.

What is the secret of the profound interest which "Darwinism" has excited in the minds and hearts of more persons than dare to confess their doubts and hopes? It is because it restores "Nature" to its place as a true divine manifestation. It is that it removes the traditional curse from that helpless infant lying in its mother's

arms. It is that it lifts from the shoulders of man the responsibility for the fact of death. It is that, if it is true, woman can no longer be taunted with having brought down on herself the pangs which make her sex a martyrdom. If development upward is the general law of the race; if we have grown by natural evolution out of the cave-man, and even less human forms of life, we have everything to hope from the future. That the question can be discussed without offence shows that we are entering on a new era, a Revival greater than that of Letters, the Revival of Humanity.

The prevalent view of "Nature" has been akin to that which long reigned with reference to disease. This used to be considered as a distinct entity apart from the processes of life, of which it is one of the manifestations. It was a kind of demon to be attacked with things of evil taste and smell; to be fumigated out of the system as the evil spirit was driven from the bridal-chamber in the story of Tobit. The Doctor of earlier days, even as I can remember him, used to exorcise the demon of disease with recipes of odor as potent as that of the angel's diabolifuge, — the smoke from a fish's heart and liver, duly burned, — "the which smell when the evil spirit had smelled he fled into the uttermost parts of Egypt." The very moment that disease passes into the category of vital processes, and is recognized as an occurrence absolutely necessary, inevitable, and as one may say, normal under certain given conditions of constitution and circumstance, the medicine-man loses his half-miraculous endowments. The mythical serpent is untwined from the staff of Esculapius, which thenceforth becomes a useful walking-stick, and does not pretend to be anything more.

Sin, like disease, is a vital process. It is a function, and not an entity. It must be studied as a section of anthropology. No preconceived idea must be allowed to interfere with our investigation of the deranged spiritual func-



tion, any more than the old ideas of demoniacal possession must be allowed to interfere with our study of epilepsy. Spiritual pathology is a proper subject for direct observation and analysis, like any other subject involving a series of living actions.

In these living actions everything is progressive. There are sudden changes of character in what is called "conversion" which, at first, hardly seem to come into line with the common laws of evolution. But these changes have been long preparing, and it is just as much in the order of nature that certain characters should burst all at once from the rule of evil propensities, as it is that the evening primrose should explode, as it were, into bloom with audible sound, as you may read in Keats's *Endymion*, or observe in your own garden.

There is a continual tendency in men to fence in themselves and a few of their neighbors who agree with them in their ideas, as if they were an exception to their race. We must not allow any creed or religion whatsoever to confiscate to its own private use and benefit the virtues which belong to our common humanity. The Good Samaritan helped his wounded neighbor simply because he was a suffering fellow-creature. Do you think your charitable act is more acceptable than the Good Samaritan's, because you do it in the name of Him who made the memory of that kind man immortal? Do you mean that you would not give the cup of cold water for the sake simply and solely of the poor, suffering fellow-mortal, as willingly as you now do, professing to give it for the sake of Him who is not thirsty or in need of any help of yours? We must ask questions like this, if we are to claim for our common nature what belongs to it.

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge. It requires, in the first place, an entire new terminology to get rid of that enormous load of prejudices with which every term applied to the mal-

formations, the functional disturbances, and the organic diseases of the moral nature is at present burdened. Take that one word *Sin*, for instance: all those who have studied the subject from nature and not from books know perfectly well that a certain fraction of what is so called is nothing more or less than a symptom of hysteria; that another fraction is the index of a limited degree of insanity; that still another is the result of a congenital tendency which removes the act we sit in judgment upon from the sphere of self-determination, if not entirely, at least to such an extent that the subject of the tendency cannot be judged by any normal standard.

To study nature without fear is possible, but without reproach, impossible. The man who worships in the temple of knowledge must carry his arms with him as our Puritan fathers had to do when they gathered in their first rude meeting-houses. It is a fearful thing to meddle with the ark which holds the mysteries of creation. I remember that when I was a child the tradition was whispered round among us little folks that if we tried to count the stars we should drop down dead. Nevertheless, the stars have been counted and the astronomer has survived. This nursery legend is the child's version of those superstitions which would have strangled in their cradles the young sciences now adolescent and able to take care of themselves, and which, having been driven from their nursery, are watching with hostile aspect the rapid growth of the comparatively new science of man.

The real difficulty of the student of nature at this time is to reconcile absolute freedom and perfect fearlessness with that respect for the past, that reverence for the spirit of reverence wherever we find it, that tenderness for the weakest fibres by which the hearts of our fellow-creatures hold to their religious convictions, which will make the transition from old belief to a larger light and liberty an interstitial change and not a violent mutilation.



I remember once going into a little church in a small village some miles from a great European capital. The special object of adoration in this humblest of places of worship was a *bambino*, a holy infant, done in wax, and covered with cheap ornaments such as a little girl would like to beautify her doll with. Many a good protestant of the old puritan type would have felt a strong impulse to seize this "idolatrous" figure and dash it to pieces on the stone floor of the little church. But one must have lived awhile among simple-minded pious Catholics to know what this poor waxen image and the whole baby-house of *bambinos* mean for a humble, unlettered, unimaginative peasantry. He will find that the true office of this *eidolon* is to fix the mind of the worshipper, and that in virtue of the devotional thoughts it has called forth so often for so many years in the mind of that poor old woman who is kneeling before it, it is no longer a wax doll for her, but has undergone a transubstantiation quite as real as that of the Eucharist. The moral is that we must not roughly smash other people's idols because we know, or think we know, that they are of cheap human manufacture.

— Do you think cheap manufactures encourage idleness? — said I.

The Master stared. Well he might, for I had been getting a little drowsy, and wishing to show that I had been awake and attentive, asked a question suggested by some words I had caught, but which showed that I had not been taking the slightest idea from what he was reading me. He stared, shook his head slowly, smiled good-humoredly, took off his great round spectacles, and shut up his book.

— *Sat prata biberunt*, — he said. A sick man that gets talking about himself, a woman that gets talking about her baby, and an author that begins reading out of his own book, never know when to stop. You'll think of some of these things you've been getting half asleep over by and by. I don't want you to believe any-

thing I say, I only want you to try to see what makes me believe it.

My young friend, the Astronomer, has, I suspect, been making some addition to his manuscript. At any rate some of the lines he read us in the afternoon of this same day had never enjoyed the benefit of my revision, and I think they had but just been written. I noticed that his manner was somewhat more excited than usual, and his voice just towards the close a little tremulous. Perhaps I may attribute his improvement to the effect of my criticisms, but whatever the reason, I think these lines are very nearly as correct as they would have been if I had looked them over.

#### WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

##### VII.

What if a soul redeemed, a spirit that loved

While yet on earth and was beloved in turn,  
And still remembered every look and tone  
Of that dear earthly sister who was left  
Among the unwise virgins at the gate, —  
Itself admitted with the bridegroom's train, —

What if this spirit redeemed, amid the host  
Of chanting angels, in some transient lull  
Of the eternal anthem, heard the cry  
Of its lost darling, whom in evil hour  
Some wilder pulse of nature led astray  
And left an outcast in a world of fire,  
Condemned to be the sport of cruel fiends,  
Sleepless, un pitying, masters of the skill  
To wring the maddest ecstasies of pain  
From worn-out souls that only ask to die, —  
Would it not long to leave the bliss of Heaven,

Bearing a little water in its hand  
To moisten those poor lips that plead in vain

With Him we call our Father? Or is all  
So changed in such as taste celestial joy  
They hear unmoved the endless wail of woe,

The daughter in the same dear tones that hushed

Her cradled slumbers; she who once had held

A babe upon her bosom from its voice  
Hoarse with its cry of anguish, yet the same?



No ! not in ages when the Dreadful Bird  
Stamped his huge footprints, and the Fear-  
ful Beast

Strode with the flesh about those fossil  
bones

We build to mimic life with pigmy hands, —  
Not in those earliest days when men ran  
wild

And gashed each other with their knives  
of stone,

When their low foreheads bulged in ridgy  
brows

And their flat hands were callous in the  
palm

With walking in the fashion of their sires,  
Grove as they might to find a cruel god  
To work their will on such as human wrath  
Had wrought its worst to torture, and had  
left

With rage unsated, white and stark and  
cold,

Could hate have shaped a demon more ma-  
lign

Than him the dead men mummied in their  
creed

And taught their trembling children to  
adore !

Made in *his* image ! Sweet and gracious  
souls

Dear to my heart by nature's fondest names,  
Is not your memory still the precious mould  
That lends its form to Him who hears my  
prayer ?

Thus only I behold him, like to them,  
Long-suffering, gentle, ever slow to wrath,  
If wrath it be that only wounds to heal,  
Ready to meet the wanderer ere he reach  
The door he seeks, forgetful of his sin,  
Longing to clasp him in a father's arms,  
And seal his pardon with a mother's tear !

Four gospels tell their story to mankind,  
And none so full of soft, caressing words  
That bring the Maid of Bethlehem and her  
Babe

Before our tear-dimmed eyes, as his who  
learned

In the meek service of his gracious art  
The tones which like the medicinal balms  
That calm the sufferer's anguish, soothe  
our souls.

— O that the loving woman, she who sat  
So long a listener at her Master's feet,  
Had left us Mary's Gospel, — all she heard  
Too sweet, too subtle for the ear of man !  
Mark how the tender-hearted mothers read  
The messages of love between the lines  
Of the same page that loads the bitter  
tongue

Of him who deals in terror as his trade  
With threatening words of wrath that scorch  
like flame !

They tell of angels whispering round the  
bed

Of the sweet infant smiling in its dream,  
Of lambs enfolded in the Shepherd's arms,  
Of Him who blessed the children; of the  
land

Where crystal rivers feed unfading flowers,  
Of cities golden-paved with streets of pearl,  
Of the white robes the winged creatures  
wear,

The crowns and harps from whose melodi-  
ous strings

One long, sweet anthem flows forevermore !  
— We too had human mothers, even as  
Thou,

Whom we have learned to worship as re-  
mote

From mortal kindred, wast a cradled babe.  
The milk of woman filled our branching  
veins,

She lulled us with her tender nursery-song,  
And folded round us her untiring arms,  
While the first unremembered twilight year  
Shaped us to conscious being ; still we feel  
Her pulses in our own, — too faintly feel ;  
Would that the heart of woman warmed  
our creeds !

Not from the sad-eyed hermit's lonely  
cell,

Not from the conclave where the holy men  
Glare on each other, as with angry eyes  
They battle for God's glory and their own,  
Till, sick of wordy strife, a show of hands  
Fixes the faith of ages yet unborn, —  
Ah, not from these the listening soul can  
hear

The Father's voice that speaks itself divine !  
Love must be still our Master ; till we learn  
What he can teach us of a woman's heart,  
We know not His, whose love embraces  
all.

There are certain nervous conditions  
peculiar to women in which the com-  
mon effects of poetry and of music  
upon their sensibilities are strangely  
exaggerated. It was not perhaps to be  
wondered at that Octavia fainted when  
Virgil in reading from his great poem  
came to the line beginning *Tu Marcellus*  
*eris*. It is not hard to believe the  
story told of one of the two Davidson  
sisters, that the singing of some of  
Moore's plaintive melodies would so  
impress her as almost to take away the



faculties of sense and motion. But there must have been some special cause for the singular nervous state into which this reading threw the young girl, our Scheherazade. She was doubtless tired with overwork and troubled with the thought that she was not doing herself justice, and that she was doomed to be the helpless prey of some of those corbies who not only pick out corbies' eyes, but find no other diet so nutritious and agreeable.

Whatever the cause may have been, her heart heaved tumultuously, her color came and went, and though she managed to avoid a scene by the exercise of all her self-control, I watched her very anxiously, for I was afraid she would have had a hysteric turn, or in one of her pallid moments that she would have fainted and fallen like one dead before us.

I was very glad, therefore, when evening came, to find that she was going out for a lesson on the stars. I knew the open air was what she needed, and I thought the walk would do her good, whether she made any new astronomical acquisitions or not.

It was now late in the autumn, and the trees were pretty nearly stripped of their leaves. There was no place so favorable as the Common for the study of the heavens. The skies were brilliant with stars, and the air was just keen enough to remind our young friends that the cold season was at hand. They wandered round for a while, and at last found themselves under the Great Elm, drawn thither, no doubt, by the magnetism it is so well known to exert over the natives of its own soil and those who have often been under the shadow of its outstretched arms. The venerable survivor of its contemporaries that flourished in the days when Blackstone rode beneath it on his bull was now a good deal broken by age, yet not without marks of lusty vitality. It had been wrenched and twisted and battered by so many scores of winters that some of its limbs were crippled and many of its joints were

shaky, and but for the support of the iron braces that lent their strong sinews to its more infirm members it would have gone to pieces in the first strenuous northeaster or the first sudden and violent gale from the southwest. But there it stood, and there it stands as yet,—though its obituary was long ago written after one of the terrible storms that tore its branches,—leafing out hopefully in April as if it were trying in its dumb language to lisp “Our Father,” and dropping its slender burden of foliage in October as softly as if it were whispering Amen!

Not far from the ancient and monumental tree lay a small sheet of water, once agile with life and vocal with evening melodies, but now stirred only by the swallow as he dips his wing, or by the morning bath of the English sparrows, those high-headed, thick-bodied, full-feeding, hot-tempered little John Bulls that keep up such a swashing and swabbing and spattering round all the water basins, one might think from the fuss they make about it that a bird never took a bath before, and that they were the missionaries of ablution to the unwashed Western world.

There are those who speak lightly of this small aqueous expanse, the eye of the sacred enclosure, which has looked unwinking on the happy faces of so many natives and the curious features of so many strangers. The music of its twilight minstrels has long ceased, but their memory lingers like an echo in the name it bears. Cherish it, inhabitants of the two-hilled city, once three-hilled; ye who have said to the mountain, ‘Remove hence,’ and turned the sea into dry land! May no contractor fill his pockets by undertaking to fill thee, thou granite-girdled lakelet, or drain the civic purse by drawing off thy waters! For art thou not the Palladium of our Troy? Didst thou not, like the divine image which was the safeguard of Ilium, fall from the skies, and if the Trojan could look with pride upon the heaven-descended form of the Goddess of Wisdom, cannot he who



dwells by thy shining oval look in that mirror and contemplate Himself, — the Native of Boston ?

There must be some fatality which carries our young men and maidens in the direction of the Common when they have anything very particular to exchange their views about. At any rate I remember two of our young friends brought up here a good many years ago, and I understand that there is one path across the enclosure which a young man must not ask a young woman to take with him unless he means business, for an action will hold for breach of promise, if she consents to accompany him, and he chooses to forget his obligations.

Our two young people stood at the western edge of the little pool, studying astronomy in the reflected firmament. The Pleiades were trembling in the wave before them, and the three great stars of Orion, — for these constellations were both glittering in the eastern sky.

"There is no place too humble for the glories of heaven to shine in," she said.

"And their splendor makes even this little pool beautiful and noble," he answered. "Where is the light to come from that is to do as much for our poor human lives ?"

A simple question enough, but the young girl felt her color change as she answered, "From friendship, I think."

"Gazing only as yet, — not striking full, — hardly hitting at all, — but there are questions and answers that come so very near, the wind of them alone almost takes the breath away.

There was an interval of silence. Two young persons can stand looking at water for a long time without feeling the necessity of speaking. Especially when the water is alive with stars and the young persons are thoughtful and impressible. The water seems to do half the thinking while one is looking at it; its movements are felt in the brain very much like thought. When I was in

full training as a *flaneur*, I could stand on the Pont Neuf with the other experts in the great science of passive cerebration and look at the river for half an hour with so little mental articulation that when I moved on it seemed as if my thinking-marrow had been asleep and was just waking up refreshed after its nap.

So the reader can easily account for the interval of silence. It is hard to tell how long it would have lasted, but just then a lubberly intrusive boy threw a great stone, which convulsed the firmament, — the one at their feet, I mean. The six Pleiads disappeared as if in search of their lost sister; the belt of Orion was broken asunder, and a hundred worlds dissolved back into chaos. They turned away and strayed off into one of the more open paths, where the view of the sky over them was unobstructed. For some reason or other the astronomical lesson did not get on very fast this evening.

Presently the young man asked his pupil :

— Do you know what the constellation directly over our heads is ?

— Is it not Cassiopea ? — she asked a little hesitatingly.

— No, it is Andromeda. You ought not to have forgotten her, for I remember showing you a double star, the one in her right foot, through the equatorial telescope. You have not forgotten the double star, — the two that shone for each other and made a little world by themselves ?

— No, indeed, — she answered, and blushed, and felt ashamed because she had said *indeed*, as if it had been an emotional recollection.

The double-star allusion struck another dead silence. She would have given a week's pay to any invisible attendant that would have cut her stay-lace.

At last : Do you know the story of Andromeda ? — he said.

— Perhaps I did once, but suppose I don't remember it.

He told her the story of the unfortunate maiden chained to a rock



and waiting for a sea-beast that was coming to devour her, and how Perseus came and set her free, and won her love with her life. And then he began something about a young man chained to *his* rock, which was a star-gazer's tower, a prey by turns to ambition, and lonely self-contempt and unwholesome scorn of the life he looked down upon after the serenity of the firmament, and endless questionings that led him nowhere, — and now he had only one more question to ask. He loved her. Would she break his chain? — He held both his hands out towards her, the palms together, as if

they were fettered at the wrists. She took hold of them very gently; parted them a little; then wider — wider — and found herself all at once folded, unresisting, in her lover's arms.

So there was a new double-star in the living firmament. The constellations seemed to kindle with new splendors as the student and the story-teller walked homeward in their light; Alioth and Algol looked down on them as on the first pair of lovers they shone over, and the autumn air seemed full of harmonies as when the morning stars sang together.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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## NOCTURNE.

IN the soft, starless summer night  
 No murmur swims along the air,  
 Wrapped in her dim and dusky veil  
 Earth seems to slumber everywhere.

All the still dews in hiding lie,  
 With unrobbed sweetness droops the rose,  
 Nor up nor down the garden walks.  
 A slight or stealthy zephyr blows.

Darkness and hush, profoundest peace;  
 The falling leaf forgets to float;  
 When with one deep and mighty throb  
 Along the headland strikes the rote! —

Strikes with the awful undertone  
 Of some great storm's tremendous blast,  
 That far through white mid-seas ploughs on  
 To scream around a broken mast!

But here the swell shall heave to shore  
 A muffled music, till it seem  
 The trouble of the sea become  
 Only the burden of a dream!

*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*



## A DINNER-PARTY.

## WAS IT A SUCCESS?

"The work of feeding, you must understand,  
Was but a fraction of the work in hand."

IN the year of grace 1855 there resided at the fashionable end of one of the largest of our Eastern cities, a person who will be called for the purpose of this article Bernon Burchard. He is not a myth, but a veritable person. For fifteen years he had been a practising lawyer, and had risen to eminence in his profession. His personal appearance was fine and prepossessing. His mind was clear, vigorous, and well stored with varied learning. His sense of honor was pure and discriminating, and like the president of the Jewish Sanhedrim in the days of Caius Cæsar, he "was had in reputation of all the people." He was blessed with a capacious soul, and seemed naturally inclined to acts of benevolence and generosity. In society he held the foremost rank, and was fitted by birthright, education, and taste for the highest social position. His noble nature, his wit and learning and generous flow of spirits, united to complete a most pleasing and model gentleman.

At this time upon the old estate in Lancashire, England, from which the first of the Burchards in this country emigrated in 1630, there resided Winfield Burchard, who dispensed generous hospitality to all the American kindred who made pilgrimage to fatherland. Mr. Bernon Burchard in particular, of all the name, had special occasion for holding the said Winfield in lasting remembrance and esteem for the many and great favors bestowed upon him and his immediate family during a series of years, — favors which were rendered doubly pleasing because it was nearly certain from the age and infirmities of the host that the branch of the family on this side of the Atlantic would never have

the opportunity of reciprocating the favors in kind.

At a certain period in the year first mentioned, when Bernon Burchard's enthusiasm was all aglow for his English namesake, there called upon him the Rev. Mr. Malcolm of Oxford, with a letter of introduction from Winfield, wherein he commended his nephew to the attention of Mr. Bernon for his many virtues and acquirements.

He was cordially received, and Mr. Bernon Burchard at once determined to show his new cousin every mark of consideration and attention, as some slight token of the regard in which he held the writer of the letter.

In personal appearance the Rev. Mr. Malcolm was of average height, of a lymphatic temperament, and of modest and retiring manners. His brown hair shaded bright hazel eyes, which under embarrassment or surprise flew about with remarkable rapidity, and occasionally gave his countenance a wildness of expression. He showed at least a smattering of a variety of knowledge; he had evidently enjoyed the acquaintance of many of the conspicuous men in Europe, and had the air of a man who had seen much of the world.

Among other efforts for the entertainment of the Rev. Mr. Malcolm, and the only one pertinent to the object of this article, was a grand dinner-party which surpassed all others that had ever been given in the city, both for the elegance and sumptuousness of the feast and the wit and learning displayed by the distinguished guests, as well as in another particular which it is our purpose to unfold.

There were present, besides the Rev. Mr. Malcolm, a learned Doctor of Divinity, famous for his proficiency in

Bion Bradbury.

Rev. John Eddy.



the Hebrew language and in Rabbinical lore, and who was at times greatly embarrassed because of his inability to hold what he deemed a proper restraint over his risibles. There was also a professor of Greek literature, who delighted in the tragedies, especially of Euripides and Sophocles, but who had, nevertheless, a keen relish for the humorous. He was accustomed among scholars to quote certain old Latin and Greek authors who were seldom read, and it was a frequent remark among the learned, with a sly wink of the eye, that our professor had access to some books which other less favored literati had never seen. There was present a brace of literary gentlemen of ready memories and wits, who contributed largely to the enjoyment of the occasion, besides several lawyers of distinction, who as a class are always to be relied upon when festivity offers them a retainer; a Senator, who was grave and dignified; a Right Reverend, who was quite the contrary; a physiognomist and expert in handwriting, who was the gravest of all, and naturally so as he was intent on taking rather than making observations; and several others, who, to say the least, were good listeners.

In Vespasian's time entertainments were first given *præcise*, and Mr. Burchard's guests arrived at almost the same moment. As the physiognomist paid his respects to the host the Rev. Mr. Malcolm stood upon his right, and at the same moment the man who had the ordering of the feast, formerly called the butler, stood upon his left offering him a rolled up napkin, which was the mode of announcing the readiness of the repast in the days of the Cæsars. This man with a napkin under his arm led the way to the dining-room, and Mr. Burchard brought up the rear, also an invariable rule for an "amphitriton" in the times of the gourmands.

While the *convives* were passing through the hall, Mr. Sidney, the physiognomist and expert, seemed disinclined to proceed. Mr. Burchard, sup-

posing him to feel somewhat overawed in the presence of so wise a conclave, hurried him along, while Mr. Sidney whispered in his ear, "With all respect, sir, you are more blind than Bartimeus."

Mr. Sidney has been heretofore described in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly\* in these words, "His counterpart in personal appearance you may find in the thoroughfares at any hour of the day. There is nothing about him to attract attention. He is nearly forty-five years of age, and weighs perhaps two hundred pounds. His face is florid and his hair sandy. His eyes are small, piercing, and gray. His motions are slow, and none are made without a purpose. The wrinkles in his lips are at right angles with his mouth, and a close observer might detect in his countenance self-reliance, and tenacity of will and purpose."

One of the most important personages present, and one who contributed largely to the success or non-success of the feast, was Mr. Burchard's majordomo Maguire, the same who handed the napkin to Mr. Burchard when Mr. Sidney entered the drawing-room. For eight years he had resided in the family, and had endeared himself to the whole household by the kindness of his heart, his devotion to the interests of his employer, and by his perfection of knowledge in every art which relates to an entertainment and the customs which prevail in refined society. He was small in stature, of dark complexion, smooth face, subdued expression of countenance, very quiet in his manners, and aged about forty-five.

The Rev. Mr. Malcolm, most tastefully attired, was seated on the right of the host, and said grace in the most approved English formula and with distinct enunciation. The Doctor of Divinity sat on the left. Beside his plate was a bill of fare beautifully executed in Hebrew (much to the surprise of the host and to the credit of Maguire). The doctor's attempt at

\* No. 62, page 657.



translating the same into English afforded not a little amusement, he being not particularly successful in the effort. Indeed, he was so perplexed thereby when pressed by the Professor of Greek, that he could not conceal his annoyance, and the whole company were equally excited lest the professor should press the Rabbis so far as to mar the harmony of the occasion. It was beginning to be painfully embarrassing when the doctor discovered beside the professor's plate a similar bill of fare equally well executed in Greek, and the doctor begged leave to inquire of him, "What is the difference between *artos* (bread) and *azumos* (biscuit), and in what respect do the *tyrontes* and *dolyres* and *typhes* and *placites* and *melitutes* differ?"

The professor became at once so confused as to put the whole company and the Rabbis in particular in the best of humor and indeed in almost uncontrollable laughter.

"And what, if you please," further inquired the great Hebrew, "were those highly flavored *arto laganos* and the *escarites* which the Epicureans are said to have relished so highly that they could devour them even after the operation had become distressing?"

The professor's pale face had changed to the color of a lobster's back, and those who had been so painfully perplexed by the discomfiture of the doctor were now carried to the other extreme by beholding him tear the weapon from his own flesh and hurl it with such effect against the attacking party. Again the excitement was becoming too exquisite for enjoyment. Nothing could have been more graceful than the turn that was given to the conversation by the Rev. Mr. Malcolm in sliding it off into a description of the Athenian matrons and maidens vying with each other in the markets in the sale of their seventy-two different kinds of bread and the conventional phrases which they were accustomed to use. As Mr. Malcolm repeated the calls with graceful and descriptive action, and the professor,

who had recovered his equanimity, interpreted readily, the whole company could see in their mind's eye the girls and the matrons in the market of Athens who more than seventeen hundred years ago had called aloud their "*melitutes* sweetened with the delicious honey of Mount Hymettus and *tyrontes* made of flour baked with cheese." If there was any lack of dignity in the reverend gentleman in his vivacious description, or in the change of his voice to distinguish the girl from the woman, it was credited to his sagacity and readiness to turn a bold corner in order to efface the fear and apprehension that had preceded. It also gave our professor an opportunity to translate what a few moments before he had been too much confused to do.

Then came a glowing description of the venders of bread in ancient Rome and of the manners of the *Ædiles* in their daily round among the bakers and bread-stands. Here again Mr. Malcolm was exceedingly happy in his imitations both of the manners of the *Ædiles* and their remarks as they passed along, giving a *tableau vivant* that was quite unique and very descriptive and enjoyable.

The Right Reverend who was present made a historical reference to King Numa, and in the same connection declared that bread-making was as old as the human race. Malcolm smiled, and looked about so queerly that one of our literary friends offered him a penny. He was evidently confused, and seemed in doubt when another offered to make it twopence.

"I have always supposed," said Malcolm very modestly, "that the Romans for five centuries were pultiphagists, and that Megalarte and Megalomanze were the first bread-makers," and then, not a little to the gratification of the professor, he quoted from an author whom the professor had before then enjoyed alone, and whom some of the company had thought to have been fictitious. He added that in Numa's time no bread had been made, and he



quoted again from some unheard-of philosopher who declared that "invalids would become numerous in Rome should they cease to be pultiphagists and become eaters of bread."

The countenance of the Right Reverend fell somewhat, and Malcolm and the professor drew closer together, and for a while took the lead of the conversation and in the entertainment of the company. The professor seemed enraptured at finding so proficient a Latin and Greek scholar, and one so familiar with the characters he had hitherto monopolized. Archilus, Aces-tius, Stephanus, and Phisistion were superb. Mithaceus on Hotch-potch, Agis on Pickled Broom-buds, Hege-sippus on Black-pudding, Crito on Soused Mackerel, were joyously hit off in turn, after which Malcolm began a description of the luxury of living in Trajan's reign.

The greatest of all cooks, Apicius, was introduced as the author of several of the dishes which had so graced the pending feast. Then followed the brilliant kitcheners of Rome when foreign luxury was introduced into the empire from Asia, and as the procession passed along in grand review some of the *bon mots* of each were repeated, followed by the hearty laugh of the guests. Of these Pantaleon, Epiricus, Epene-tus, Zophon, Chius, and Tyndaricus whom Pliny styled "the gulf of all youth," received the most attention.

Paulus Æmilius, whose three days' triumph in Rome was graced by the captive monarch of Macedonia, came in for his share of honor for his declaration that "there is equal skill in bringing an army into the field and the setting forth of a feast, inasmuch as one is to annoy your enemy and the other to please your friend."

Many instances of the great men of antiquity being engaged in cooking were recited: the cook of Charlemagne was the leader of his armies, — Patrocles, the geographer and governor of Syria, under Seleucus and Antiochus, peeled onions, — the heroic Ulysses roasted a sirloin of beef, — the god-

like Achilles washed cabbages, — Cincinnatus boiled the turnips upon which he dined, — the great Condé fried pancakes, — Curius Dentatus, who twice enjoyed the honors of a triumph, was found cooking peas in an earthen pot.

Then followed a description of the luxury brought to Rome after the conquest of Asia, with talk of the edicts of Archian, Faunian, Didian, and others for its suppression, — the expense of a single meal being limited by imperial mandate to *centenos asses*, — of the resistance offered to these decrees by Durenus and others, and of bills of fare (first introduced by Vitellius). Most of the company had heard enough of this kind of conversation, and had turned their attention to the professor, who seemed transported with delight, especially when Malcolm quoted from Diocles on sweet-breads, Hic-sius on potted pigeons, and Dionysius on sugar sops.

From that day to the present time the professor has not ceased to inquire with profound admiration for that accomplished gentleman and ripe scholar and antiquarian, confidently expecting that he is yet to honor some of the great universities of the Old World, or that he is to be raised to some exalted position in the Church of England.

It would be very agreeable to the writer to be allowed to communicate some of the hits and repartees which were tossed about the table, and which are omitted because unnecessary to the question in hand. There was, however, one other subject discussed which awakened a lively interest and is appropriate to the sequence.

Mr. Malcolm started the inquiry whether it was consistent with the highest virtue and religion for a lawyer to accept a retainer and to act as counsel for a man accused of crime when he knew or had reasonable cause to believe his client guilty of the offence charged. The lawyers, one and all, responded in the affirmative. Mr. Malcolm, as if in doubt, contented himself with inquiries. The Right



Reverend and the Rabbin were decidedly opposed to the opinion of the bar. The subject was well discussed, and the lawyers carried all before them. All had given up the contest except the doctor when Mr. Burchard inquired of him if he believed in capital punishment, and, receiving an affirmative nod, he proceeded: "You are aware that our laws require of every practitioner before he becomes a member of the legal profession that he shall take an oath that he will be faithful to his client?"

"Yes."

"And that our statutes provide that the court shall assign counsel to a criminal when he has not made that provision for himself?"

"Yes."

"And that the state at its own expense compels the attendance of the witnesses for the accused; and you approve these laws?"

"Yes."

"And once more, would you prefer that the court should hang a man accused of murder under a plea of guilty, or that the extreme penalty of the law should be enforced after a full hearing, and proof to the satisfaction of the jury beyond a reasonable doubt?"

After a moment's reflection the doctor replied that he should prefer that the death penalty should be carried into effect *only* after a verdict of guilty and upon the fullest investigation, for, said he, "it may be that the accused has a very imperfect knowledge as to what constitutes the offence charged; or he may be mistaken as to his duties and obligations; or, indeed, he may be laboring under a morbid condition of mind, so as to desire that his life may be legally taken, and I think I have known at least one such."

"Then," said Mr. Burchard, "have you not admitted so much as to make untenable your position, namely, that you approve the law which requires an attorney to be faithful to his client, the law which assigns counsel to the accused, the law which compels the attendance of the witnesses for the crim-

inal at the expense of the state, and provides that the accused shall be executed *only* after the fullest investigation? What is the object of these enactments? Undoubtedly the interest of the state and not primarily of the criminal. The state in its wisdom requires for its own safety, and lest it should commit the crime and the blunder of hanging an innocent man, that the whole truth should be known. How greatly would the government and jurisprudence suffer if a guiltless man should be executed? When, therefore, a lawyer assumes the defence of a known murderer he is complying with the commands of the statutes and is serving the best interests of the government when he compels the prosecuting officer to the proof of the offence; and not only so, he is serving justice itself and not the criminal only. Even the judges have no authority to punish, except these provisions of law are complied with and the offence be proved. Who has not heard of the indictment of the two Bourges in Vermont, and of their having pleaded guilty to the crime of murder, for which they were on the eve of being executed, when the supposed murdered man put in his appearance? How much better would justice have appeared had the defence been conducted by a tenacious, faithful, and conscientious lawyer instead of being conducted in such a bungling manner that the bones of a horse did duty for the bones of the supposed murdered man! That case has done better duty as a bugbear for a century than any other legal decision."

Mr. Burchard became quite warm, and made the assertion that he would never take a retainer, and afterwards, no matter what knowledge he should subsequently acquire, desert a client; and he doubted if a conscientious lawyer had a moral right to refuse to defend a brother mortal accused of crime. "For the refusal," said he, "proceeds upon the ground taken by the doctor, which substantially is that no defence ought to be made but that sentence should be passed upon a real criminal whether the crime



can be proved or not. And I am at a loss to discover how my friend the doctor can approve of the requirements of the statutes which have been referred to, and yet assert that honest, conscientious lawyers alone cannot comply with them."

Mr. Burchard, feeling that he had been somewhat more enthusiastic than the occasion demanded, changed the subject in this wise :—

"You all remember that a certain firm in Philadelphia made a special deposit of eighteen thousand dollars in gold in the Trust Company, and some expert thieves by means of a forged check obtained possession of the money. The manner of accomplishing the feat was peculiar and was most adroitly carried out. The thief drove so sharp a bargain for funds current in New Orleans that the cashier's mind was diverted from the genuineness of the check to the percentage of exchange to be realized by the operation. Many propositions were made on both sides which were not mutually satisfactory. At last the rogue told the cashier that rather than submit to imposition he would take the gold, and the eighteen thousand dollars were handed over to him in twenty-dollar gold-pieces. The forgery was not discovered till thirteen days after, when the depositor called for his special deposit. Immediately detectives were employed. One of them you have all seen. He is a personal friend of mine, and his ability in this department surpasses Vidocq's as much as Vidocq's was superior to that of an ordinary country constable. He judged, by an intuition that none of us can comprehend, that these rogues had carried their plunder to Baltimore, and thither he proceeded. For three months he prowled about that city by night and by day, his mind intent upon the one object of ascertaining some clew that should direct him to the discovery of the robber. At the end of twelve weeks he had made no progress, and returned to Philadelphia. There he continued some ten days, and became discontented and vexed at being

baffled. Asserting that he felt certain that the thieves made Baltimore their head-quarters, he proceeded thither again. After ten days' further search, one evening, as he was walking slowly past a newspaper-stand on the corner of a street, he observed a boy who wore no hat purchase a New York Herald and give in exchange a twenty-dollar gold-piece. He followed the lad into a drinking saloon in the rear of which was a gambling room. He soon ascertained the proprietor's name, and learned that his family occupied the upper part of the house. He became acquainted with the proprietor's wife, and found that she was sister to the wife of C. B., who was that year the president of the association of rogues, he having been elected to that position at M. in the State of Indiana in the month of August. He also learned that her father resided about fifty miles from Baltimore. The detective was aware that this close corporation of rascals had nine directors, and, knowing the position of C. B. in the association and his connection with the proprietor of the saloon, and understanding also the method of distribution, he concluded that two thousand dollars fell in the division to C. B., and a like amount to the proprietor of the saloon. He left the saloon at midnight, and drove immediately to the residence of the father of the proprietor's wife, and arrived there between nine and ten o'clock on the following morning, meeting the old gentleman in his wagon between his house and the main road, from which it was distant about half a mile. The detective was also aware of a rule among these robbers, that any considerable sum of money stolen, less ten per cent, should be buried for two years ; and, having ascertained only what has been above related, he felt sure of the fact that the old gentleman was the keeper of one ninth, at least, of the money stolen. He also felt confident that he had gathered enough of the truth to make a powerful impression upon the man he had gone so far to see, and that if he was



not altogether given over to the service of this band of bad men, he could state facts enough, which the old gentleman knew were profound secrets, to stagger his mind and arouse his conscience. After an interview of less than an hour this detective, by an art of which we cannot conceive, and by a magnetism and eloquence that no other man of my acquaintance ever possessed a tithe of, actually induced the father of these two women to dig up out of his garden two thousand dollars in twenty-dollar gold-pieces and hand them over to — my friend Mr. Sidney, *who sits at the other end of the table.* And not only so, but he prevailed upon the old gentleman to go with him to Baltimore in order to get possession of other two thousand dollars held by the proprietor of the aforesaid saloon, which he also actually accomplished at a little inn about six miles from Baltimore, where the saloon-keeper and his wife met her father and my friend.

“Yesterday in the Supreme Court I had occasion to avail myself of Mr. Sidney’s marvellous ability as an expert in handwriting. The case turned entirely upon his testimony, although some twenty witnesses testified on each side, that they had seen the defendant write and that, in their opinion, the signature was or was not genuine. Mr. Sidney did not arrive till the moment the case was about to be given to the jury, and I had no opportunity of conversing with him, except to ascertain that in his judgment the signature was not a forgery.

“After he took the witness stand and had qualified himself as an expert in handwriting, the note in suit was handed him, and he was requested to state whether or not in his opinion the signature was genuine. It was some minutes before he responded. During the latter portion of the time of his silence his mind seemed intent upon something else. The presiding judge inquired of him if he intended to answer, when he replied: —

“I was considering the matter, not whether the signature was genuine, but

how I could convince the jury of the truth of what I have to say. This signature is genuine. The man who wrote it is a moral and religious man, and has therefore forgotten that he executed it. He is aged forty-seven, stands five feet ten, is broad-shouldered, full-favored, with muscular hands, thick, hard, and small; he is a merchant and a bachelor, and finds it hard to give up when he has been mistaken. I judge that the man who sits at the other end of the table wrote his name to this note, and I think I can convince him of it, for his honest face corresponds to the morality of the signature. The jury will observe that the first letter of the name is written while the quill pen was full of ink which was almost exhausted on the second letter and replenished on the third, and the operation is repeated five times. I think, also, that the writer was in poor health and his muscles relaxed when he wrote his name. I am of the opinion, therefore, that the signature was made while the writer was on his back and the nib of the pen was higher than the tip.”

“At this point of the testimony the face of the defendant against whose interest the witness was testifying became luminous and he at once rose and declared that the statement of the expert was the truth, and that it had altogether passed from his mind till that moment.

“I hope now I shall have the pleasure of giving you such an entertainment that you will remember it for your lifetime; and I know whereof I affirm when I state that my friend here present will, one hundred times in succession and without a mistake, from a single specimen of the handwriting of an individual, give his age within two years, his height within an inch, his weight within ten pounds, his profession, whether married or single, his temperament and peculiarities, his moral character, whether —”

Mr. Sidney was here observed to shake his head in a most determined manner.

“Or if my friend,” proceeded Mr.



Burchard, "will give us the characteristics of some of our neighbors who may be passing, this company will be equally delighted and astonished, for I assert that he will invariably hit off the peculiarity of a man from a single glance better than any of us after ten years of intercourse and acquaintance."

Again Mr. Sidney shook his head, and the subject was not again referred to.

At a late hour the company separated, each asserting that he had never passed a more enjoyable evening.

The reader will understand that only fragments of the conversation are here given, and only such and so much as bear upon the question at the head of the article. The sparkle of the remainder might be somewhat dimmed by a repetition, but so agreeable was the flow of soul, so entertaining the wit, so electric the repartees, and so graceful the turns in the conversation when the joke began to be too practical, that the whole company, without reference to the compliment of the host, declared to each other, as they met for months and years after, that in their lifetime they had never realized such elegant luxury and such unmitigated pleasure in an entertainment.

Mr. Sidney again and again endeavored to speak a word confidentially to Mr. Burchard, but circumstances, and especially his devotion to Malcolm, prevented.

Both Malcolm and Sidney were to take the night train for New York, and the time of its departure was near at hand. At last Mr. Sidney bade the host good night, saying he should see him again before many days, but hoped he would soon recover from the infirmity in his eyes. Mr. Malcolm was the last to leave.

Early on the following morning, while Mr. Burchard was at breakfast, he received the following note.

BERNON BURCHARD, ESQ. :—

MY DEAR SIR,— After leaving your hospitable mansion last night, and while

I was hastening to the station to take the night train for New York, I was accosted by two watchmen who arrested me, as they say, for burglary and have detained me at the police station till now. In order that I may keep my appointment in New York, I have waived a preliminary examination before the magistrate, and desire you will become my bail, that I may be immediately released to the important duties devolving upon me elsewhere. Before many days the occasion of my haste will be ascertained, and that it had no reference to the watchmen; and the prosecution will be voluntarily *not prosed*.

Your friend and servant,

MALCOLM.

Mr. Burchard dropped his cup, and without communicating with his wife, hastened to the assistance of his relative, gave the required bail and released his friend to proceed on his journey, all the while delighted with the thought that Winfield Burchard would sooner or later be informed that his letter of introduction was of some real value to his nephew.

Before his departure, Malcolm handed to Mr. Burchard a draft for one thousand dollars, not to secure him as his bail, as he said, but as a retainer for his defence should such a necessity ever arise, and Mr. Malcolm added with a forced smile, "It is most singular that I, who doubted the propriety, should so soon claim the benefit of your declaration of your duty made last evening, to which I have so suddenly become a convert, but I most devoutly trust that I may rely upon your assistance at a time of so great humiliation and perplexity."

To which Mr. Burchard replied that he should most gladly, to the utmost of his ability, labor incessantly for his guest and relative, but must insist that he should be left to do so of his own free will, without reference to any pecuniary compensation, and out of the high regard in which he held his friend and benefactor Winfield Burchard.

To which Malcolm responded, "It



would be an accommodation to me if you would take charge of the draft and collect the same and pass it to my credit, for I prefer not to carry about my person so large an amount of money."

The result was that Mr. Burchard retained the draft. He then proceeded to the offices of the several daily newspapers and suppressed the report of the arrest, "for," said he to the editors, "by allowing it to appear you will greatly injure the reputation of one of the most pious and accomplished clergymen in the English church, and I am fully aware of the reason of his haste when overtaken by the watchmen, for he had left my house but a few minutes before and was hastening to the train when the real rogues ran past him."

There was one scurrilous little journal among the newspapers at whose office Mr. Burchard neglected to call. In their next issue the following appeared:—

"*Another Robbery.* About two o'clock last night the dwelling of W\*\*\*\*\* H. B\*\*\*\* on B—— Street was burglariously entered, and a considerable amount of silver plate, jewelry, and other valuables taken and carried away. The loss is estimated at two thousand five hundred dollars. The daughter of Mrs. B—— heard the noise of the robbers as they left the house and gave the alarm. Two watchmen, who were in the immediate vicinity, gave chase, and one of the robbers, who gave his name as George Lathrop, not so swift of foot as the others, was overtaken and carried to the police station, where he waived an examination, gave the required bail of twelve thousand dollars, and is now at large. There were two other participators in the crime who outran the watchmen. Lathrop was observed to throw away something in his flight. A subsequent search discovered it to be a finely wrought mat of curious construction, the handiwork of Miss B——, which sufficiently identifies this one of the thieves with the transaction. The other two were subsequently arrested and held to bail in

like amounts, but no part of the booty has yet been recovered. From the promptness with which bail was given, and the standing of the sureties, it would seem that these burglars are not only men of property, but are protected by men in high social position."

On reading the foregoing Mr. Burchard's indignation knew no bounds. He blamed himself for not having recollected the existence of that scurrilous journal, which now seemed more mean and contemptible than ever. Those persons who understood how great a control Mr. Burchard had over his passions could nevertheless see that an earthquake was pent up in his bosom. He was almost beside himself with rage. When his indignation had somewhat subsided his pride and high sense of honor became equally disturbed. He feared that his guests of the previous evening might hear of the matter, and identify Malcolm with George Lathrop. Vexed almost beyond endurance, dejected and tormented almost beyond the rallying point, he went to his house bewildered, and threw himself upon a lounge, and overcome by exhaustion fell asleep. When he awoke it was evening. He rose from his couch, seated himself before a bright wood fire, and looked intently into the coals. Snow was falling softly upon the pavements till the tramp of passing travellers became muffled and hushed. Maguire came into the library, and entered into conversation with Mr. Burchard concerning the entertainment of the previous evening, and finding that it was considered by him eminently successful, begged Mr. Burchard to give him a certificate which would secure him a similar place should anything ever occur by reason of which he should relinquish his present position. Whereupon Mr. Burchard turned to his writing-table and wrote as follows:—

December, 1855.

This is to certify that M. Maguire has resided in my family for eight years



last past, and during all that period has conducted himself with the most perfect propriety, and has shown consummate skill as a kitchener, and in all matters pertaining to the order and etiquette of a feast has no superior, and I do cordially recommend him, in case he shall ever leave my employment, as an honest, upright, and faithful man, and worthy of my regard,

BERNON BURCHARD.

This he handed to Maguire with the remark that if it was not sufficiently comprehensive he might dictate such an one as he desired and he would sign it. Maguire, perceiving that his employer was not in a talkative mood, quietly left the room. As he left, Mrs. Burchard came into the library and sat down to talk over the dinner-party. Both agreed that it was a great success, and that Maguire was a jewel. Mrs. Burchard began to laugh, and then asked, "Did you observe that pickle, my dear?"

"What about the pickle?"

"Why, the pickle which Mr. Malcolm took happened to have a cut nail extending the full length of it. Now, my dear, do you suppose that nail could have grown in the cucumber? Ha, ha! What an entertaining man he is, and what a fund of anecdote, and how well he tells a story; and yet I don't fancy him. Those bills of fare in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, how did —"

The door-bell rang and Mr. Sidney was announced. "Thank God," exclaimed Mr. Burchard. So rejoiced was he that his whole frame trembled with emotion and tears trickled down his face. Grasping his hand with both his own, he asked, "You received my telegram, then?"

"No."

"Then what brought you here so soon?"

Mrs. Burchard, perceiving the conversation was not free in her presence, quietly left the room, when Mr. Sidney assumed a grave demeanor and said: "Mr. Burchard, I have always believed you eminently an honorable and honest

man, and do so still. Do you grant this of me?"

"Yes, but if you did not receive my telegram, what brought you here tonight, for I am aware of the necessity you are under to be elsewhere?"

"I told you I should soon return," said Mr. Sidney, "for I feared that you might compromise yourself to an unpardonable degree with the scamps by whom you have been surrounded, and the thought of it so weighed upon my mind that when I met the train at New Haven bound eastward I determined to come again to you and inform you of your peril."

"I am not aware that I am in any peril."

"If you were aware of it you would be safe, and your lack of knowledge is the reason of my return."

"Have you any information of what has transpired since last evening?" inquired Mr. Burchard.

"None, whatever."

"Then unburden yourself with the least possible delay, for I have been so harassed and tormented during this day as almost to be overwhelmed; and as you are aware that I hold your judgment in these matters akin to prophecy, I beg you will proceed, for I have pondered over and over again your meaning when you compared me, both at the beginning and ending of the company, to Bartimeus."

"First," said Mr. Sidney, "I wish you to understand that I have never before last night seen or heard of the two or three persons concerning whom I propose to speak, and I feel that I ought first to have your permission to say all that is in my mind for it comes nearer home to you than you suppose."

"You have it; go on."

"If it be true that the heart of a man changeth his countenance, then it is absolutely certain to my mind that your clergyman is a most unmitigated scamp, and it may, with propriety, be said that he has no conscience at all, so perverted has it become. He is a gambler by profession, and a passer of counterfeit money, but his business is



burglary. He has followed it for years, and had his mind not been on it for years, he could not have become so perfect in his craft. The one great quality demanded by his business is *patience*, and he has attained it. The most remarkable thing about him is his assurance. I never knew an instance of so bad a man having the audacity to appear in the company of gentlemen of refinement, and to say grace with a voice that had no heart in it. It is usually the last place that those of his craft seek, and I cannot yet comprehend how he wheedled you."

Mr. Burchard explained, as has been previously stated.

"And that Maguire of yours is as bad a woman as walks the earth."

"Woman!" exclaimed Mr. Burchard; "for eight years he has been one of the most faithful servants and upright men I ever knew."

"Now, Mr. Burchard!" said Mr. Sidney, looking him straight in the eye, "do you mean to tell me that you don't know Maguire is a woman!"

"I surely do not so suspect even."

"Then the blindness of Bartimeus was nothing to yours. Has she any beard? Has she a man's voice? Has she the figure of a man? Does she make any motions of body or limb like a man? Surely not. She is a woman, and has consummate art, more than any woman I ever saw save one. She consorts continually with thieves and robbers, and if you do not suspect it you ought to know it, and that is what has brought me here. Your house is on fire of hell, and you do not seem to apprehend it. Did you not notice at the table that she spilled some wine on the Reverend (?) Mr. Malcolm's head and white cravat, and do you suppose it was accidental? No, sir, they are better acquainted than you and I, for he did not start when it was done, but was conscious who did it. When I entered your drawing-room and saw you standing between these two graceless villains, I looked around me in order to ascertain how many of that

stripe were present, and finding but one other, I concluded you had been imposed upon and that I would improve the opportunity to study human nature. I *should* like to be informed how it came to pass that that reverend state-prison bird obtained an invitation from you."

Mr. Burchard explained the method of the introduction by a letter from his kinsman in England as before stated.

"Have you the letter?"

The letter being produced, after a moment's examination he said: "Very well done. *Very* well done. He is better at that than I supposed, yet many of the letters show more than one stroke of the pen. He is an Englishman, but learned to write in Germany. He was once a cook. He does not write Malcolm as if used to it, and that is an assumed name. Great nerve, assurance, self-reliance, and patience. Is fond of children. Has more conceit than his manners indicate, kind-hearted man and even generous in his way, but has no notion of truth or morals. Should say he had spent much of his time in Baden Baden and other like places. Is good at gambling, but burglary is his *forte*. Ah! yes, this specimen of his handwriting, if it is disguised, tells the whole story of his life. That was a pretty crowd, was it not? for me to show off, too, that I could read their characters in their faces."

"Is it possible?" soliloquized Mr. Burchard, "and my admirable Maguire his accomplice!"

Mr. Sidney asked for the last letters which he had received from Winfield Burchard in order to compare the two, but examining his portfolio, all were gone.

Mr. Burchard then stated to Mr. Sidney what had transpired during the day, — Malcolm's arrest, the giving of bail, the suppression of the report in the newspapers, and the report which appeared in one of the journals, his acceptance of the draft of one thousand dollars, and some other particulars, when Mr. Sidney said, —

"Why were your eyes not opened



by the fact that Malcolm did not give the same name to the watchmen as to you? That is an offence against the statute, and you know it, and an honest man, whether clergyman or boot-black, never descends to that. Besides, the robbery was committed, according to this account, more than an hour after the night train had gone to which your supposed relative was hastening. That mat also should have convinced you; and what an adept he was to have known enough of the forms of law to have waived a preliminary examination and to have secured you as bail before you had recovered from your dream! He managed well to get your opinion last night of the duty of lawyers to defend rogues. Mr. Burchard, you are harnessed. You must now defend that rascal. Your mouth is closed, you have pocketed a retainer. A thousand dollars' fee does not indicate light work, but seems to imply a strain upon your conscience. I once heard the ex-secretary of President Harrison's Cabinet decline a like amount because it implied too much for his honor."

Mr. Sidney touched a sensitive place. If Mr. Burchard had any reputation or quality as a lawyer, it was for his unsullied integrity and keen sense of honor. The ability of Mr. Sidney in his department had not brought that comfort which Mr. Burchard had hoped for. His distress of mind was so great, that Mr. Sidney judged he had gone beyond the limit of safety, and he quoted, "'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.' As your friend, I open to your view the peril from which it is your duty to escape. If you are involved, extricate yourself with honor if you can, and if you cannot, then do no more than honor requires."

A long pause ensued. At length Mr. Burchard broke the silence by inquiring what evidence there was that Maguire was criminal.

"Because she gets the information for Malcolm, and draws plans of the houses which he intends to rob, and locates every piece of furniture in them so that he can enter the house and go

through darkness to his objective point. He passes half his nights in her room. There the schemes are matured, and if you think her less criminal than Malcolm, you are welcome to your opinion."

"But what information can you give me upon which I can act?"

"She has deceived you in passing herself off as a man. She is in fellowship with Malcolm, while it is for her interest to be faithful to you, for by reason of being your man she has access to those houses which may be presumed to be profitable in the plundering. I cannot tell you any particular thing she has done, but I can send a message to the back door by reason of which she will fly from your house and never again show you her face."

"What message will you send?"

"I will write on a card these words, 'All is known, detectives are approaching.'"

"Do it," said Mr. Burchard, "and if he is honest he will show it to me and ask advice, and we will see if he will fly."

The card was delivered, no commotion followed. She was not seen to escape, though watch was set for the purpose. Search was made for her in vain. From the appearance of her room it was evident she had fled. It was months before she was heard from, and then the inquiry came from the chief of police in a Western city, "Did Mary Maguire, alias Sonsie Jane, alias Wily Mary, ever reside with Bernon Burchard? Is his certificate genuine!"

In the mean time Mr. Burchard was intensely excited by conflicting emotions and the discussion within himself concerning his duty. Could he retain the money and give information to the police? No. Did the fraud of Malcolm vitiate his obligation to him? In some particulars, but not in all. Did his oath to be faithful to his client prevent him from withdrawing from the case till at least he had returned what he had received? Yes; but how could he return it, since it was doubtful if Malcolm would ever again appear?



Before Mr. Sidney left town it was arranged that he should ascertain the whereabouts of Malcolm if possible, and, as the attorney of Mr. Burchard as bail, bring him hither at all hazards and confine him in jail to await his trial or till he should procure other sureties. Mr. Sidney stipulated that Mr. Burchard should not on any account telegraph to him or any other person upon the subject, because that the telegram would certainly reach Malcolm, if he was a chief member of the gang of villains, before it did him or the person to whom it should be addressed. This injunction, however, escaped the mind of Mr. Burchard. As the time for Malcolm's trial drew near, he, Mr. Burchard, became nervous and careworn. Learning through a New York detective that Malcolm was in that city, he at once telegraphed to his attorney there to seek out the detective and have Malcolm arrested.

The writer of this article, who was then aware that some great trouble shrouded the mind of Mr. Burchard, without knowing what it was, happened to be conversing with him on the street near his office door when the answer to the telegram arrived, and had the opportunity of reading it all except the signature. Before the message had been delivered to the attorney in New York the answer came from Malcolm at New Orleans, printed upon a long strip of paper as follows:—

“NEW ORLEANS, March—, 1856.

“I never disappoint my bail. My thoughts on awful subjects roll, damnation and the dead, what horrors seize the guilty soul upon a dying bed. Linger about these mortal shores she makes a long delay, till like a flood with rapid force, death sweeps the wretch away. Good for Doctor Watts. I have three weeks yet to spare.”

How it was signed I am not aware. The envelope was marked “paid \$32.75.”

On the afternoon previous to the sitting of the court at which Malcolm was

under bail to appear, he unexpectedly presented himself at Mr. Burchard's office. The conflicting emotions in Mr. Burchard's breast upon beholding him can well be imagined. Indignation for the imposition and forgery was most apparent. Vengeance was secondary, tempered by the fact that he had made his appearance, although not yet safe in jail. His soul burst forth in a holy horror of a man apparently incapable of entertaining a moral sentiment, and so brazen as not to appreciate his guilt. His presence so exasperated Mr. Burchard that he rushed toward the door without any definite intention but to be rid of his visitor. Malcolm calmly placed his back against the closed door and said very coolly:—“All this indignation is well enough before a jury, Mr. Burchard, and I read in your countenance what is passing in your mind, but it is wise to take men as they are and the world as it is and not as it should be. I meet you to-day on equal terms. You claim something of me, and I of you. If you are a man of honor, fulfil your contract. If you are a sneak, do as I should have done had I forfeited my bail. I have shown the estimate I put upon my duty by appearing to discharge you as my bail in the face of the indignity I have put upon you and knowing full well what I was to encounter. Show half my pluck, and it will serve you well. I am not yet your prisoner, and by the Eternal! I will not be till to-morrow when I shall be content with that position. On your peril answer me, Will you fulfil your agreement? Will you be a man or a knave?”

Mr. Burchard answered not, but saw the desperate nature of the man with whom he had to deal, and that he was provided with weapons with which to enforce his argument. Malcolm proceeded, “I never was and never will be a sneak. I am bound by honor as well as you. You are a lawyer and a good one. I am a burglar, sir, and am not ashamed of my jobs. You exalt your profession, and so do I mine. Business is business, and mine



is as honorable as yours. Think you I am less public-spirited than you? Think you I love my wife and children less than you? Come, come, Mr. Burchard; down from your perch! You are a man of principle. I am no sardine. You have taken my money, and you cannot return it if you would, for the bankers upon whom it was drawn have failed, and the draft has not been presented and is your loss. I know what you would like to say. It is true I used dissimulation and procured an invitation to your dinner-party, and here is Winfield Burchard's letter to you (presenting it), whose handwriting I imitated; but it was all in my line. I laid a bet I could do it, and that draft was just the sum I won. Bristol Bill pays up like gentle folks, but then he did n't know my opportunities. What possessed you to dismiss Maguire? but no matter; that is all gone by. During the last eight years I have passed at least six hundred nights in your house, and have been very frequently in your sleeping-room, and have heard your confidential talk with your wife. Doubt it, do you? Yes, your door *was* always bolted on the inside, and no other one opened into your chamber, but I can tell you conversations you had with your wife which will convince you. Do you remember one night when your wife became nervous and fell to crying lest the pain she felt in her breast should prove to be a cancer, and you told her that you would go to Boston with her and consult Dr. Jackson and ask Dr. P. to go with you? Do, eh? And do you remember one night when your niece slept upon the sofa in your room? I had no idea she was there, and needlessly waked her. She screamed, and while you was attending to her fright I slipped out and did n't leave your door bolted. I heard you tell her she was dreaming.

"And do you remember one night telling your wife that you could not imagine how three cigars got out of a new box you had opened the night before? Those cigars were the only

things that either Maguire or I ever took from your house.

"I will make you this proposition, and if you accept it you will do well. By the night train my two accomplices in that job will arrive. I don't intend to be shut up till they come. I will pay for six men to sit up with me here to-night in this office, and you shall select them, and in the morning I will pay their fees and go to jail."

The proposition was accepted, and the chief of police furnished the keepers.

During that night Mr. Burchard's office was the scene of strange revelations. Malcolm furnished money to one of the officers, who brought in a basket of champagne and ordered a supper at one o'clock in the morning, to be the most complete that money could buy and the city furnish. The officers were at liberty to invite in their friends who were reliable. Malcolm distributed to each of his keepers five times the sum of money agreed upon for their wages, and demanded of them a faithful performance of their duty. Some thirty had entered the office, and the door was closed and not to be opened on any account till supper was announced. Malcolm had sent to a neighboring bookstore, and obtained one pack of every edition of playing cards there kept for sale. Some forty packs with different backs were piled up at one end of the table. Malcolm invited some one to take a hand of euchre with him. The captain, who was considered the most expert player, took a chair at the corner of the table, and the rest were to observe the game, but say nothing which they should discover till the game was over. Malcolm took one of the packs from the envelope, and said, "This edition was gotten up by Count—— at——, and with it he played twenty-one nights and won—— thousand dollars before the markings were discovered. Cut the cards if you please, and mind, if you can, that the ten of spades is not turned." The cards were dealt and the ten of spades was turned.



The two bowers and two aces were given to the captain, who ordered up the ten.

"Now, captain, I have given you the bowers and two aces, and yet you are euchred." And so it was. Malcolm inquired if any one perceived how it was done, and, receiving a negative reply, said, "Very well, he shall do precisely the same thing, and see then if you detect the method. I will cut for a ten to be turned and order it up, and you will observe."

Almost the same cards were put into Malcolm's hand as had been put into the captain's.

"Now," said Malcolm, "I order it up and will make one," and so it was.

"Did any of you see how that was done?"

None could detect. The cards were again shuffled by a looker-on. It was Malcolm's deal. "I must not make too often. This time you shall march. You see I have given you three trumps and a king and an ace of another suit." And so it was.

The cards were shuffled again. "You must make one this time." And so it was.

"Now," said Malcolm, "please say whether I shall make one, or lose one, or go out."

It was the captain's deal, and the company requested Malcolm to go out if he could.

"Very well then, I cut a bower; the left is next above it as they fell in the last hand, and so will not be out."

Malcolm ordered up a queen, took it out with a king, and made three low clubs and won the game.

"Let's take another pack while these gimlet-eyed fellows hunt up the markings. This edition was gotten up by Sunderland for a high-low-jack pack, and was read the first night. The profession never use it, the marks are so apparent. Try it once at all-fours."

The cards were dealt by the captain, and Malcolm said, "I will stand, although I have but one trump, for you have none." And Malcolm made three points.

"Had you detected the manipulation, I should have lost and you would have made three."

"Try another pack. This had a run of three months before it was detected. It is well executed, and only the most sagacious and quick-sighted are never mistaken in the cards. There is not an edition of cards that I cannot read as well by seeing one side as the other. No pack was ever edited in fairness to both parties. A man is a fool who will get out such an edition. I carried two new ones to the B—house in London, and won thirteen nights with them."

One of the company, who had been out and returned, produced a pack with plain backs, and asked triumphantly if Mr. Malcolm would please to read them by the backs.

"This edition," said Malcolm, "was gotten up in Edinburgh by an Irishman named Mulligan, and was popular for a while, but when he won every night with it suspicions were aroused, and finally a boy twelve years old deciphered it. I can tell each card across the room." And he did.

And so the entertainment went on, Malcolm winning every game till supper was served; not one of the company detecting how it was done.

"Now, boys," said Malcolm, "this is my treat, and please enjoy yourselves, for I shall expect you all to be in court when my case is tried, to laugh on my side. Lawyers don't understand the value of a chuckle in swaying a jury in a doubtful case. Lay to. 'The art of cookery,' says Henry Cornelius Agrippa, 'is very useful if not dishonest.' My appetite is good, and I trust you are all likewise minded, for Beaumont and Fletcher say, 'What an excellent thing God did bestow upon man when he gave him a good appetite.' Mine is almost equal to that of Erisichthon described by Ovid, —

"Thus Erisichthon's profane chops devour  
All sorts of food : in him food is the cause  
Of hunger : and he will employ his jaws  
To whet his appetite."

"T is said that Maximus, the Em-



peror who succeeded Alexander Memneaus, consumed forty pounds of flesh in one day, and drank an amphora of wine containing forty-eight quarts.

"Waiter, pass your wines. No blue ruin or heavy wet. In the days of the great Cæsar all feasts began with eggs and ended with fruits, cream, and apples; hence the proverb, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, and the man who did not crush his eggshell, or put his folded napkin on his left knee, was considered a fool. As we have not the eggs, we will do our best with the napkins. No melancholy subjects at this table. So here's luck." And all drank a bumper.

"Did you ever hear how Pope Julius III. became enraged against his cook for not having saved him a cold peacock for supper, and how he began to blaspheme? Whereupon one of his cardinals said to him, 'Let not your Holiness be so moved with a matter of so little weight.' 'What!' said the pope, 'if God was so angry for one apple that he cast our first parents out of Paradise, why may not I, his vicar, be angry for a peacock, sithers a peacock is greater than an apple?'"

"The oysters from Tarentum, so prized by one of the Cæsars, I forget which, were not to be compared to these. Captain, take a hand at them. Let me give you a song."

And with a sweet melodious voice and a Scotch accent, he sang Burns's Ode on the Haggis.

"'Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,  
Great chieftain o' the pudding race:  
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,  
Paunch, tripe, or thairm;  
Weel are ye worthy o' a grace  
As lang's my arm.'"

"This bird is excellent; whoever cooked it,

'His name should be enrolled  
In Estcourt's book, whose gridiron's framed of gold.'

"Help yourselves, gentlemen, digestion is the business of the stomach and indigestion that of the physicians. It is better to dine late, for one can then concentrate all his thoughts upon his plate, forget business, and only think of eating and drinking and going to

bed. Ha, ha! I should have omitted the bed in quoting from the gourmands, for they would rather fast than be obliged to eat a good dinner in a hurry. Five hours is little enough, provided Mr. Burchard shall not in the mean time appear and drive us away.

"This venison is delicious; none was ever better served. The Roman Senators debated the question how a turbot should be cooked, and the author of this dish deserves a place among such.

"Montmaur is reported to have said that Easter and Christmas were the two best days in the year. Easter because it was farthest from Lent, and Christmas because then you breakfasted at midnight. Who says this is not equal to Montmaur's Christmas breakfast?"

This sort of banter, interspersed with songs and stories, was kept up till a late hour, when all of a sudden the keepers awoke to the fact that Malcolm had flown. The visitors laughed heartily. The company dispersed, not standing upon the order of their going. The table was cleared, and the office put in order. Only one of the keepers remained, who resembled in appearance a cat that had played with her mouse and lost it; the others were out looking for Malcolm. At an early hour in the morning he returned, and seating himself at Mr. Burchard's desk, wrote him this note:—

MR. BUCHARD,—I trust I did not disturb your repose. I found, this morning, in your safe in your house this pretty little casket sent you from your English namesake. I have seen it often before, but wanted another squint at it, and I have brought it to your office lest some burglar might steal it from your house. I noticed your wife's watch lying around loose in your sleeping-room, which is of no great value—to me,—and I contented myself with the charms, which I will put into your steel chest, here in the office, for safe keeping against the time of my need. The putting a yoke on the keys of



your door, so I could not turn them with the nippers, was all useless. The chair poised against your sleeping-room door gave me a deal of trouble, and I could not put it back as I found it. Please excuse me. The thread on the stairs attached to an alarm-bell might as well have been omitted. The old-fashioned fork against the bolt I put back as I found it, and came out by the dining-room window. Your portfolio you will find between the beds on which you were sleeping. It took me half an hour to make you turn over so I could do it. George Waters is my counsel, to whom I have committed my case. He will arrange the evidence. Unless you eat your own words, you will sit beside him and ask the jury if they believe the case is made out beyond a reasonable doubt, for I know better than you the weight of your character. I shall be in jail by break-fast-time.

MALCOLM.

At the bottom of the note was a well-drawn hand with spread fingers at the end of a man's nose.

When all the officers had returned, dropping in one by one, towards morning, they were somewhat surprised and relieved upon beholding Malcolm. He informed them that it would be all right if they would all appear at his trial and laugh for him.

At the trial, Mr. Burchard, careworn and nervous, made his appearance. Mr. Waters conducted the testimony for the defence. Mr. Burchard inquired of him what testimony Malcolm relied upon, and was answered that no testimony whatever was to be introduced, but he would rely altogether upon the lack of testimony on the part of the government. A cold shiver ran down Burchard's backbone. The question of guilty or not guilty turned upon the identity of the mat previously spoken of, which, it was asserted, Malcolm threw away as he ran. The watchman testified positively to the fact, but it was in the night, and he might have been mistaken. Mr. W. H. B. testi-

fied generally as to the robbery, and recognized the mat as probably the one made by his daughter, although he could not positively make oath to the fact. As the case turned upon the testimony of Miss B., I give the whole of the cross-examination.

*Question by Mr. Waters.* You have said that you *know* this mat to have been the work of your own hands, and that you made it for a particular purpose. If you please, what was that purpose?

*Answer.* I had presented me on Christmas a fine statuette of Samuel, which I admired so much that I worked this mat with great care upon which to place it.

*Q.* And did you work it from a pattern?

*A.* Yes, sir.

*Q.* And have you ever seen others like it?

*A.* Yes, sir, three, but not in this city.

*Q.* And where did you get the pattern?

*A.* From a friend in Philadelphia.

*Q.* Now, if you have seen other mats like this, how do you know, of your own knowledge, that this is not some other lady's work?

*A.* I know it is my work because the centre portion of the mat was left plain, which centre is exactly the size of the base of my statuette.

*Q.* Is there any other reason which you can give?

*A.* I know it looks like my mat.

*Q.* Certainly, but would it not look like your mat if it had been wrought by another lady?

*A.* Perhaps so.

*Q.* You say *perhaps* so; would it not certainly so look?

*A.* I think it would.

*Q.* Have you the statuette now?

*A.* Yes, sir, it is at our house.

At this point of the trial the statuette was sent for and brought into court by the father of the witness. Mr. Waters took it into his possession. Considerable discussion arose when the prosecuting attorney insisted upon being



allowed to examine it. Mr. Waters became almost violent, and declared he would smash the image rather than be so imposed upon. He was cross-examining the witness with no testimony for the accused, and he insisted upon his rights without interruption. The court ruled in Mr. Waters's favor. He, holding the statuette by the base, walked up to Miss B., and inquired of her if she recognized it as her own.

*A.* I certainly do.

*Q.* And how do you know it is certainly your own?

*A.* It is just like mine.

*Q.* But are there not other copies so like it as that you cannot tell the difference, nor one from the others?

*A.* Yes.

*Q.* How then can you say for a certainty that this is yours?

*A.* Because my father has just brought it from our house, and I saw him go for it and return with it. I can give no better reason.

*Q.* Can you say of your own knowledge, from an examination of the image, that it is yours?

*A.* No, sir.

*Q.* Have you any more reliable knowledge concerning the mat being yours?

*A.* Yes, for the space in the middle was made expressly to fit the base of the statuette.

*Q.* And are you willing to risk your testimony upon that fact alone?

*A.* I am.

The mat and the statuette were then shown the witness and the jury, and the base of the statuette overlapped the plain surface in the centre of the mat half an inch. The witness became faint, and was carried into the lobby. The jury, without leaving their seats, rendered a verdict of NOT GUILTY.

The captain feasted Malcolm that night, and obtained from him the secret of his defence. Maguire, as a woman, had procured the situation of cook in the house of Mr. W. H. B., and had substituted for the original Samuel another, altogether similar except that its base was half an inch larger.

The captain further inquired what had been Malcolm's occupation in early life, and how he had acquired so much knowledge of the gourmands and feasts.

"I was cook at Baden Baden," said Malcolm, "at the B—— House. There I met Count S., who took a fancy to me. I served also at the tables, after that as waiter in the house, and keeping an eye open I was a great help to the Count. He knew everything about the table, kitchen, and the larder, and I remembered what he used to repeat night after night, when a year or two ago I found Dick Humelbergius's book upon the art of never breakfasting at home and always dining abroad. I found everything recorded there, and that is pretty much the only book I ever read. I can quote Latin, and know where to put it in, but what the —— the meaning of it is, I have no notion."

"Allow me further to inquire by what process or contrivance you can slide a bolt on the opposite side of the door?"

"I paid \$3,500 for that information, and don't propose to part with it."

"Then advise me what is best for me to do when I find a burglar in my sleeping-room in the night time?"

"Do nothing, sir, unless you are hunting up a graveyard. We never desire to maim or kill, but we can. I should be poorly provided or skilled if I was not ready for such emergencies. As soon as the burglar leaves your room, rise and light the gas, and he will trouble you no more."

"One other question. Did you rob and then burn the Jenks house?"

"That is not a question to be answered, but I will say that I have a drawing of the house and the location of every piece of furniture in it, which is perfect."

To this day, only two of the persons who were present at the dinner-party are aware of the history of the two worthies, the Reverend Mr. Malcolm of Oxford and Maguire the butler of Mr. Bernon Burchard.



## ORIOLE.

ORIOLE on the willow-tree !  
 Singing such melodious measures,  
 Singest thou of summer pleasures, —  
 Crimson fields of honeyed clover,  
 Sweet to smell in flying over,  
 Nests on breezy branches swinging,  
 Carols in the soft air ringing,  
 Bluest sky with cloud fleets sailing,  
 Food and shelter never failing,  
 Life so rapturous in its living,  
 Nature never scant of giving,  
 Love, or sorrow, or such gladness,  
 As is most akin to madness ?  
 Or for singing, singest thou,  
 Swayed on yonder slender bough, —  
 In thy song itself delighting  
 Sweet beyond all poet's writing,  
 Clear and liquid as the river  
 Flowing to the sea forever,  
 Glad as south-winds come in June  
 To the rose asleep at noon ?  
 Nothing wistful, no way tender,  
 Voice of Nature's soulless splendor,  
 Some outpouring of the flame  
 Burning in thy wing and name,  
 Song that doth to heaven aspire  
 Even as leaping, quivering fire,  
 Oriole on the willow-tree,  
 Tell thy fairy tale to me !

Then the oriole laughed again,  
 Laughing at my question vain,  
 As the brook laughs down the mountain,  
 Like the laughter of a fountain ;  
 Flashing through the willow-tree  
 Thus the oriole sang to me : —  
 " Restless, sorrowing, weak, and human,  
 Most of all a weary woman,  
 Can a bird-song on a tree  
 Utter any speech to thee ?  
 Can thy soul receive the gladness  
 Of a thing that knows not sadness ?  
 Canst thou know, insatiate creature,  
 All this mighty joy of Nature ?  
 Joy so rich, so full, so fleeting,  
 Scarce it lives beyond the greeting ;



Joy the dancing leaves adorning,  
 Glittering in the dewy morning,  
 In the soft winds gayly blowing,  
 In the sparkling waters flowing,  
 Utterly intact of sorrow,  
 Careless for the distant morrow;  
 Joy that burns in grace and beauty,  
 Darkened with no ghost of duty,  
 Rapture bright beyond all loving,  
 Gladness all dismay reproving;  
 Now a flame through verdure flying,  
 Now like any swift spark dying;  
 Nothing tossed by hope or fear,  
 Shadowed not by smile or tear;  
 Questioner beneath the tree,  
 Wouldst thou not an oriole be?"

Underneath the willow-tree  
 Thus the oriole sang to me.  
 Ah! what could I give for answer  
 To this gay and glad romancer?  
 Dreams that round me love to linger  
 On my hot lips laid a finger,  
 Dreams that held me all unwilling,  
 Dreams most sad in their fulfilling;  
 Yet I knew them dear and tender  
 More than all this spong of splendor;  
 Dear as thorns are to the roses,  
 Dear as graves where love reposes;  
 Could I lose them out of living,  
 I, who asked not for thy giving?  
 I, who on a weary day  
 Threw my dreaming soul away,  
 Would I take it back again,  
 Pure of joy and pure of pain,  
 Nevermore to thrill or languish,  
 Nevermore to throb with anguish,  
 Ne'er earth's dread delight to prove,  
 Nevermore to live, — or love?  
 Oriole on the willow-tree,  
 Still I must a woman be!

Rose Terry. *Copied*



## JEFFERSON'S RETURN FROM FRANCE IN 1789.

MAN proposes, woman disposes. Such is often the way of this world.

In the summer of 1789, James Madison, who was the man of all others most solicitous for the success of the new Constitution of the United States, wrote to Jefferson asking him if he would accept an appointment at home in General Washington's administration. "You know," Jefferson replied, "the circumstances which led me from retirement, step by step, and from one nomination to another up to the present. My object is a return to the same retirement; whenever, therefore, I quit the present, it will not be to engage in any other office, and most especially any one which would require a constant residence from home." A few months after these words were written, he was in New York, Secretary of State; and it was a maiden of seventeen that brought him to it.

His situation in Paris had become too interesting to leave, too pleasant to last. What man was ever more happily placed? In the most delightful city of the earth, he held a post which put all its noblest resources at his command. His mind was occupied with honorable duties which practice had made easy to him; and the circle of his friends was among the most agreeable the world has known since human beings first learned to converse politely with one another. In the houses which he most frequented, — that of the Lafayettes, for example, — he found all that was truly elegant and refined in the ancient manners, joined to the interest in knowledge and in the welfare of man that distinguished the new period. High thinking was, as it were, in vogue. Every man, woman, and child in Paris, Jefferson said, had become a politician; so that wherever he went he met people ardently desirous to listen to him as a master in the science

of human rights. Nobles caught something of the new spirit and rose superior to their rank. Simplicity and sincerity were recognized as the true elevation of manner. Jefferson, without thinking of it, was quite in the fashion when he finished a letter to Lafayette by saying that in America people did not permit themselves to utter even truths when they had the air of flattery, and, therefore, he would say, once for all, "I love you, your wife and children."

He was on happy terms, too, with the diplomatic corps. Little as he had cause to love the realm of Britain, it was nevertheless with the British ambassador, the Duke of Dorset, that he was most intimate; and his daughter struck up a girl's friendship with the Duke's daughter, that lasted beyond the term of their residence in Paris. The officers who had served in America were among the favorites in Paris society, and Jefferson's house was their natural rendezvous. That prince of gossips and story-tellers, Baron Grimm, was among his familiar acquaintances. Madame de Staël, who was married during Jefferson's second year in Paris, he knew only as the daughter of Necker and the brilliant young wife of the Swedish ambassador. Among the lions who flourished in Paris at the time was De la Tude, who had been confined thirty-five years for writing an epigram upon Pompadour. "He comes sometimes," writes Jefferson, "to take a family soup with me, and entertains me with anecdotes of his five-and-thirty years' imprisonment. How fertile is the mind of man, which can make the Bastille and the dungeon of Vincennes yield interesting anecdotes!" That "family soup" of his played a great part in his social life. He lived in the easy, liberal style of Virginia, that harmonized as well with the humor of the time as with his own character and



habits. Few set dinners, but a well-spread table always open and generally filled; no grand parties, but an evening circle that lured and detained the people fullest of the prevalent spirit. He had already the habit of mitigating business with dinner. If he had a difficult matter to conclude or discuss, it was usual with him to invite the parties interested to one of his light, rational, refreshing "family dinners," and, afterwards, under its humanizing influence, introduce the troublesome topic.

There were plenty of Americans in Paris even at that early day; that is, there were perhaps as many individuals as there are thousands now. "I endeavor to show civilities," he once wrote, "to *all* the Americans who come here!" There might have been three or four in a month. Gouverneur Morris was there during the later ferments, shaking his knowing head at the French dream of a millennium, and arguing with Jefferson by the hour against everything that the plenipotentiary most believed; full of talk, self-confidence, and good-humor; apt to be right in his predictions because exempt from the longings to which the heavy-laden and anxious portion of the human race are subject. Hence, all his life, as often as the millennium failed to come to time, he had the noble satisfaction of saying, "I told you so." Poor Mazzei was much in Paris at this time, ruined by his endeavor to serve Virginia with Tuscan crowns during the Revolutionary War, and now often compelled to figure in Jefferson's memorandum-book for French francs borrowed to supply his own necessities. Ledyard, the born traveller of Connecticut, came to the legation, poor and disappointed, incapable of remaining long in a place, plagued even from his boyhood with a mania to roam over the earth. He had sailed with Cook and revealed the tactless barbarity of that navigator; had seen in the western coast of North America the richest of all fur-bearing regions; and had come to Paris to set on foot the enterprise which Astor attempted

twenty-five years after, when Astoria was founded. "But for the war of 1812," Astor used to say, "I should have been the richest man that ever lived"; thus confirming Ledyard's view. Failing in his object, he was helpless in Paris, and Jefferson chalked out a bold scheme for him worthy of his singular genius for travelling.

From his youth up, Jefferson had gazed westward from Monticello, wondering what there might be between his mountain-top and the Pacific Ocean. 'It was an inherited curiosity; for his own father had felt it, and, indeed, all intelligent Virginians, from the time when Captain John Smith sailed up the Chickahominy in quest of the South Sea. He now proposed to Ledyard to make his way through Russia to Kamtchatka; thence by some chance vessel to Nootka Sound; and so, by one means or another, to what we now call Oregon; and then strike into the wilderness, explore that vast unknown region, and endeavor to reach the western settlements of the United States.

It was an audacious scheme, only fit for Ledyard, only possible to just such a man. He jumped at it. Through Baron Grimm, who was Own Correspondent in Paris to the Empress Catherine, Jefferson tried to obtain the requisite permission, which she, knowing the perils of the route, humanely refused; and Ledyard started without it. Ragged, penniless, hungry, gaunt, undaunted, he kept on, "kicked," as he wrote to Jefferson, "from town to town," and hoping "to be kicked round the world"; until he was within two hundred miles of Kamtchatka, where an order from Catherine arrested him. He was brought back and turned loose in Poland. It was reserved for President Jefferson to get our first knowledge of the boundless prairie world, through the explorations of his neighbor, friend, and secretary, Captain Meriwether Lewis.

Mr. Hawthorne has told us, in his sly, humorous way, something of the odd projects and eccentric characters



that solicit the notice of American representatives in Europe. Jefferson had his share of both. He saw, too, while living in Paris, how far-reaching the influence of the American Revolution was likely to be. He was among the first to hear of the agitation in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies of America, that has since led to their deliverance from all their oppressors, except those twin despots of the tropical world, Indolence and Appetite. A mysterious note reached him in October, 1786, from which he only learned that the writer was a foreigner, who had "a matter of very great consequence" to communicate, and wished him to indicate a safe channel. The plenipotentiary complied with the request. The letter arrived. "I am a native of Brazil," it began. "You are not ignorant of the frightful slavery under which my country groans. This continually becomes more insupportable since the epoch of your glorious independence." The Brazilians meant to *rise*, the writer continued, and they looked to the United States for support; he had come to France on purpose to say so to the plenipotentiary of the United States, because in America he could not act in the matter without exciting suspicion. If Mr. Jefferson desired further information, the writer could give it him.

Meet me at Nismes, Mr. Jefferson replied, in substance, whither he would go "under the pretext of seeing the antiquities of that place." They met and conversed long. Jefferson reminded the Brazilian that he could only give him his ideas on the subject as an individual, having no authority to utter a word on behalf of Congress. Those ideas were, that the United States were not in a condition to take part in any war, and that they particularly wished to cultivate the friendship of Portugal, a country with which they had an advantageous commerce. "But," he added, "a successful revolution in Brazil could not be uninteresting to us"; and "prospects of lucre might possibly draw numbers of

individuals to their aid, and purer motives our officers"; and citizens of the United States were free to leave their country whenever they wished. With this cold comfort the Brazilian was obliged to depart from Nismes, and leave Mr. Jefferson free to gaze with rapture upon the *Maison Quarrée*.

A similar series of mysterious approaches brought him, about the same time, face to face with a Mexican, whose country was also preparing to rise against its oppressors. In dealing with this gentleman, the minister showed that he had picked up in Paris or elsewhere a little of the diplomatist's craft. "I was more cautious," he reports, "with the Mexican than with the Brazilian"; and he threw cold water upon his hopes by saying that he "feared they must begin by enlightening and emancipating the minds of their people." No revolutionist likes to be met with an observation of that nature. "I was led into this caution," Jefferson explains, "by observing that this gentleman was intimate at the Spanish ambassador's," and that he was in the service of the Spanish government at the very time of making the communication. "He had much the air of candor," adds the suddenly formed diplomatist; "but that can be borrowed, so that I was not able to decide about him in my own mind."

All of which was reported at great length to Congress, with the additional intelligence that Peru, which had already lost two hundred thousand men in a failure to eject the hated Spaniards, could easily be roused to rebellion again. In one way, if in no other, Mr. Jefferson served Congress well; he provided them by every packet with long letters which, at that period, when journalism was but an infant art, must have been more interesting than we can now conceive, close packed as they were with information, curious, important, and new.

It was not in far-off Peru, Mexico, or Brazil that he saw the most memorable proofs of the mighty influence of the "glorious Revolution" of which he



had been a part. He witnessed the "glorious" part of the French Revolution, having been present at the Assembly of the Notables in 1787, and at the destruction of the Bastille in 1789. His sympathy with that supreme effort of France to escape the oppression of outgrown institutions was entire and profound, but it was also considerate and wise. Living in the most familiar intimacy with Lafayette and the other leaders of the preliminary movements, he knew everything and influenced everything they did; for, at first, while as yet the king and the nation seemed in harmony, his official position was no restraint upon him; and, to the last, his constant advice was, Save the monarchy; France is not ripe for a republic; get a constitution that will secure substantial liberty and essential rights, and wait for the rest.

I suppose a good many of Mr. Carlyle's readers were a little offended at Buckle's sweeping assertion that no history of the French Revolution exists, and that no man had yet appeared who possessed the knowledge requisite for writing such a work. Mr. Carlyle's French Revolution seems only to lack the form and cadence of poetry to rank with the great poems of all time, the "*Iliad*," the "*Inferno*," "*Paradise Lost*," and "*Faust*." Dickens might well call it a "wonderful work." Its brevity and pictorial power are wonderful indeed, and a young reader who rises from its perusal penetrated and awe-struck may be pardoned for thinking that among his other acquisitions he has gained some insight into the French Revolution. He has gained everything *but* insight. Mr. Carlyle does not sacrifice the true to the picturesque: he gives us picture in lieu of truth. He has all a poet's love for the picturesque, and is more guided in his selection of events for relation by their effectiveness than by their importance. Hence, as the antidotal Buckle remarks, we have a series of thrilling pictures, instead of that noblest and most difficult of all the

products of the mind, a genuine history.

The narrative of events written by Jefferson in extreme old age, brief, cold, and colorless as it is, taken in connection with his numerous letters, official and private, written at the time, will be prized by the individual who will, at length, evolve the French Revolution from the chaos of material in which it is now involved. Unfortunately, Jefferson went too far in extirpating his egotism. He was not vain enough; he was curiously reticent concerning his own part in important events; he instinctively veiled and hid his personality. But for this, he might have found time, in his busy retirement, to compose a history of the Revolution down to the taking of the Bastille, which would have been of imperishable interest. It was not merely that he knew the men and witnessed the events, but he preserved his incredulity, accepted nothing upon mere rumor, and personally investigated occurrences. If a rumor reached him that "three thousand people had fallen in the streets," he and his secretary, Mr. Short, would go to the spot, and, after minute inquiry, reduce the number to "three." He was unwearied in sitting out the interminable sessions of the various assemblies, and thought little of riding to Versailles "to satisfy myself what has passed there, for nothing can be believed but what one sees or has from an eye-witness."

Occasionally his part in events was conspicuous, usually it was unseen, always it was such as became the representative of the United States. On the gathering of the Notables in 1787, his advice to Lafayette was, Not to attempt too much; to aim at securing a recurrence of the Assembly; to vote the king ample supplies in return for irreclaimable concessions; to make the English constitution their model, not as the best conceivable, but the best attainable. "If every advance," said he, "is to be purchased by filling the royal coffers with gold, it will be gold well employed." In the interval be-



tween the Assembly of the Notables of 1787, and the National Assembly of 1789, he was guide, philosopher, and friend to the liberal leaders; giving them numberless dinners and sound instruction in constitutional government; furnishing them with American precedents and English law-books, as well as with summaries and elucidations of his own. One darling object of the Lafayette party was to introduce trial by jury. It was Jefferson who supplied them with a list of works on the subject, and added a brief discourse, in which juries were justified on two grounds: 1. Because in every branch of government, legislative, executive, and judicial, an infusion of the people was necessary to the preservation of purity; 2. The chance of getting justice from a biassed judge was not as good as from a cast of the dice, but from a jury the chance was something better than from a cast of the dice. Hence, trial by jury was a good thing.

The frightful winter of 1788-89, when the mercury in Paris fell to twenty below zero, and the government was obliged to keep vast fires burning in the streets to preserve the poor from freezing, and every family that had anything to spare was called upon for a weekly contribution for the purchase of food, and long *queues* of hunger-stricken women and children besieged every baker's shop, and on cards of invitation to dinner guests were requested to bring their own bread, and the king himself was self-limited to his proper number of ounces, — this fearful season Jefferson was so happy as to be the means of mitigating to the people of France. In the autumn of 1787 it became known to the government that the supply of food was insufficient, and M. Necker asked the American minister to make the fact known in the United States, in order to stimulate the exportation of grain to France. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Jay on the subject, and Mr. Jay caused the letter to be inserted in the newspapers. The result was that France received from America many thousand barrels of flour, —

about thirty-five thousand, as it appears, — enough sensibly to lessen the distress, because the bulk of it arrived late, when the scarcity was extreme.

Wild Mirabeau, acting upon imperfect information, and eager to make a point against the Ministry, charged M. Necker, in one of his harangues, with having refused an *offer* of American flour made by the American minister. Jefferson hastened to defend the government, and contrived to set M. Necker right with the public, without offending Mirabeau. The orator read Jefferson's exculpatory letter to the Assembly, and apologized for the error.

We have seen how susceptible Jefferson was to the spell of oratory, from the time when as a boy he had listened in rapture to the moonlight oration of an Indian chief in the Virginia woods, to the period when the eloquence of Patrick Henry charmed and amazed him in the House of Burgesses. And now in Paris he owned the resistless power of Mirabeau, of whose singular fascination he retained the liveliest recollection as long as he lived. William Wirt and Henry Clay both testified to having heard Mr. Jefferson speak of the peerless sway of that strange being over the minds of men of every class. "He spoke of him," says Wirt, "as uniting two distinct and perfect characters in himself, whenever he pleased: the mere logician, with a mind apparently as sterile and desolate as the sands of Arabia, but reasoning at such times with a Herculean force which nothing could resist; at other times, bursting out with a flood of eloquence more sublime than Milton ever imputed to the cherubim and seraphim, and bearing all before him."

At the supreme moment of the Revolution in July, 1789, the National Assembly paid unique homage, at once to the American people and to their representative. They appointed a committee to draft a constitution, the chairman being the Archbishop of Bordeaux; and this committee formally invited the American minister



to assist at their sessions and favor them with his advice. But, as it was to the king that the plenipotentiary was accredited, he was obliged to decline. He was not, however, to escape so easily. When the constitution was under discussion in the Assembly, article by article, differences of opinion arose which debate could not reconcile, because the opinion of one powerful faction was prompted and supported by interest. Two questions rent the Assembly, at length, into hostile parties: 1. Shall the king have a veto? 2. Shall there be hereditary legislators in France? The nobility put forth all their energies and used all their arts to have both these vital questions answered affirmatively. The popular party were not united on either question; and hence there was widespread fear that the solid, small phalanx of the aristocracy would wrest the constitution to the perpetuation of their power.

In the midst of this alarm, Jefferson received a note from Lafayette, informing him that he should, the next day, bring a party of six or eight friends to dine with him. The hospitable Virginian replied that they would be welcome; and at the time named the party arrived, — just eight in all, including Lafayette. They proved to be leaders on the popular side, devoted to the cause, but unable to agree on the two dividing questions; and Lafayette, taking a hint from the usual tactics of Jefferson, and forgetting his official character, had brought them together in this way for a friendly conference. The dinner passed. The cloth being removed, wine, according to the custom of old Virginia, was for the first time placed upon the table. First eat, then drink, appears to have been the Virginian order. Lafayette introduced the subjects upon which an interchange of opinion was desired, reminded them of the state of things in the Assembly, and dwelt upon the deadly peril of the new-born liberty of France so long as the enemies of liberty were united and its friends

divided. "I have my opinion," said he, "but I am ready to sacrifice it to that of my brethren in the same cause." Some common conclusion, he said, they *must* reach and stand to, or the nobility would carry all before them; and whatever they might now agree upon, he pledged himself to maintain at the head of the National Guard.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Lafayette ceased to speak, and it was ten in the evening when the conference ended. During those six hours, Jefferson says, "I was a silent witness to a coolness and candor of argument unusual in the conflicts of political opinion; to a logical reasoning and chaste eloquence, disfigured by no gaudy tinsel of rhetoric or declamation, and truly worthy of being placed in parallel with the finest dialogues of antiquity." The expedient was successful. Under the happy influence of Jefferson's early, rational dinner, not wholly vitiated by the light wines which he had personally sought among the vineyards of France and Italy, and with minds at once calmed and exalted by his silent, sympathetic presence, the deputies, at last, discovered ground upon which they could all stand. They agreed that the king should have a suspensive veto, and that there should be no hereditary legislators. France should be governed, thenceforth, by a constitutional king, and by one legislative body; the latter elected by the people. Rallying upon these two principles, the liberal party presented a solid front to the aristocrats, and thus controlled the Revolution as long as it was controllable.

During this conference the plenipotentiary had sat "silent" at the head of his table; nor had he had any part in causing the meeting to be held in his house. Nevertheless, he felt that the etiquette of his position had been violated; and, consequently, the next morning, he went to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and explained the circumstances. The information was superfluous. The minister, who, as Jefferson intimates, was in the confidence



of the patriots, had already learned what had passed, and had approved the conference before it was held. He said that, so far from taking umbrage at the use to which Jefferson's house had been put, he earnestly wished that he would habitually attend such conferences, because he was sure he would moderate the warmer spirits and promote attainable reforms only. Jefferson replied that he knew too well the duties he owed to the king, to France, and to the United States to meddle with the internal affairs of the country, and he should preserve carefully the attitude of a neutral and passive spectator, except that his heart's desire would ever be for the prevalence of measures most beneficial to the nation.

During these intense weeks, Jefferson had a foretaste of what he was to experience soon in New York and Philadelphia. He discovered that a man might be an American, a patriot, and a person of great ability and worth, and yet not sympathize at all with this mighty and hopeful movement. Almost every day or two Gouverneur Morris dropped in at the legation for a dinner and a chat with the minister; differing from him in opinion, in sentiment, in sympathy, yet glad of the information he obtained from him, and well affected toward him personally. Mark the difference between the humane and the tory mind! Morris instinctively took sides with the hated aristocrats, associated chiefly with them, lamented their downfall, sympathized deeply with them in all their alarms and sorrows. When he saw the queen of France pass unsaluted by a single voice, he could not help calling upon the bystanders to give her a cheer, and only refrained himself from raising the cry because he remembered in time that he was not a Frenchman. He honestly bewailed the spectacle of the "high Austrian spirit" abased to the point of the queen's bowing low in acknowledgment of one faint cheer. He exulted when the king showed for a moment the *fierté*

which he deemed proper to "the Bourbon blood." He sent a letter of advice to the queen; and, at a later day, pressed upon the exiled Duke of Orleans a loan of fifteen hundred pounds. Such men as he are so constituted that the brief and shallow distress of a wealthy and picturesque family brings tears to their eyes, while they can calmly accept as inevitable doom the desolation and hopeless anguish of whole provinces of unornamental people. Their sympathies are genuine and acute, but limited. Burke, doubtless, was sorry that France was unhappy; but the downfall and death of one picturesque woman tore his heart and unsettled his mind.

"What is the queen disposed to do in the present situation of things?" Jefferson supposes some one to ask in this same summer of 1789. He answers the question thus: "Whatever rage, pride, and fear can dictate in a breast which never knew the presence of one moral restraint." Again he writes: "The queen cries and sins on." That is, as Madame Campan explains, she had a woman's passion for deep play, and there was no one in France who could stay her hand, no one who could keep her from squandering thousands at a sitting. Ministers lamented that, at such a crisis, France for the first time in ages should be cursed with a king who had the mania to live without a mistress, — a thing extremely inconvenient in a despotic court, because it makes the queen king. A virtuous man has no chance whatever with such a wife as that. Let him be neglectful, contemptuous, dissolute; let him put upon her the ignominy of an avowed mistress; let him be a Louis XV., instead of a Louis XVI.; and she is as submissive as a lamb. "This angel, as gaudily painted in the rhapsodies of Burke," wrote Jefferson, forty years after, "with some smartness of fancy, but no sound sense, was proud, disdainful of restraint, indignant at all obstacles to her will, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and firm enough to hold to her



desires, or perish in their wreck. Her inordinate gambling and dissipations, with those of the Count d'Artois, and others of her *clique*, had been a sensible item in the exhaustion of the treasury, which called into action the reforming hand of the nation; and her opposition to it, her inflexible perverseness and dauntless spirit, led herself to the guillotine, drew the king on with her, and plunged the world into crimes and calamities which will forever stain the pages of modern history. I have ever believed that, had there been no queen, there would have been no Revolution. No force would have been provoked or exercised." He adds that he would not have voted for the execution of the sovereign. He would have shut the queen up in a convent, and deprived the king only of irresponsible and arbitrary power.

Morris, on the contrary, throws the blame of the subsequent horrors — including both Robespierre and Bonaparte — upon the destruction of the nobility; and in this opinion he lived and died. He wrote thus in his diary, after getting home one evening from Jefferson's house: "Mr. Jefferson and I differ in our systems of politics. He, with all the leaders of liberty here, is desirous of annihilating distinctions of order. How far such views may be right respecting mankind in general is, I think, extremely problematical. But with respect to this nation, I am sure it is wrong, and cannot eventuate well." On the 4th of July, Mr. Jefferson entertained a large party of Americans at dinner, among whom and of whom were M. and Madame de Lafayette. Morris, after dinner, urged Lafayette to preserve, if possible, some constitutional power to the body of nobles, "as the only means of preserving any liberty for the people." Happy the Morris who records in his diary such a remark as this, on the eve of such a period as France was entering in the summer of 1789!

Placed in the midst of all this stir and effervescence, while as yet every-

thing wore a hopeful aspect, — the Bastille in ruins, the people easily triumphant everywhere, and the aristocrats acquiescent, submissive, or in flight, — we cannot wonder that Jefferson found his situation, as he said, too interesting to abandon. He had no thought of abandoning it. Nevertheless, an event had occurred in his household which made it necessary for him to visit Virginia for a short time; and while the Bastille was tumbling, he was impatiently waiting for the arrival of a six months' leave of absence for which he had applied. And there was a member of his family who was waiting for it, perhaps, more impatiently than himself.

When he left Virginia, in 1784, he had three children, — Martha, twelve years of age; Mary, six; and Lucy, two. The eldest he took with him to Paris, where he placed her at a convent school; and the two others he left in Virginia under the care of their aunt, Mrs. Eppes. A few weeks after his arrival in Paris, the intelligence reached him that his youngest daughter, Lucy, a strangely interesting child, had died of whooping-cough, after a week of acute suffering. After this cutting stroke he began to long for the coming of her sister, whom he wished to have educated in Paris. But she was one of the most clingingly affectionate of all children; resembling those vines that we sometimes find in the woods, which cast adhesive tendrils round every object they touch, and can scarcely be disengaged without breaking. She could not hear of leaving her Virginia home without such distress as made her aunt shudder at the thought of sending her away. Her father tried to accustom her mind to the idea of leaving; telling her that he and her sister Martha could not live without her, and that he would soon bring her back to her uncle, aunt, and cousins, whom she was so sorry to leave. "You shall be taught here," he wrote, "to play on the harpsichord, to draw, to dance, to read and talk French, and such other things as will make you more worthy of



the love of your friends." To this he added a temptation more alluring: "You shall have as many dolls and playthings as you want for yourself, or to send to your cousins." He concludes with all the good advice that tender and thoughtful fathers give, with some items less usual: "Never beg for anything," and, "Remember, too, as a constant charge not to go out without your bonnet, because it will make you very ugly, and then we shall not love you so much."

The little girl could not be tempted. She scrawled a brief reply, in which she said that she longed to see her father and her sister, but, "I am sorry you have sent for me. I don't want to go to France; I had rather stay with Aunt Eppes." In two postscripts she strove to impress the same lesson upon her father's mind: "I want to see you and sister Patsy, but you must come to Uncle Eppes's house." The father, however, insisted, because, as he said, his reason told him that the dangers were not great, and the advantages to the child would be considerable. But she must not sail till just the right vessel offered, a good ship, not too new and not too old; nor until the right person was found to take charge of her. "A careful negro woman, as Isabel, for instance, if she has had the small-pox, would suffice under the patronage of a gentleman." When he had mentioned every precaution that the most anxious fondness could suggest, he was still tormented with visions of new dangers. His long and fruitless negotiations with the Algerines called up the most horrible of all his numberless apprehensions. Suppose she were taken into captivity by those pirates, who had already driven the American flag from the Mediterranean, and menaced American commerce in every part of the ocean! The thought preyed upon his mind to such a degree, that he wrote one letter to Mr. Eppes for no other purpose than to beg him once more not to confide the child to an American ship, but "to a French or English vessel having a Mediterranean pass." The possible

peril of his daughter was a stimulant to his diplomatic exertions, and he told Mr. Eppes that if a peace were concluded with the Algerines, *he* should be among the first to hear it. "I pray you," he added, "to believe it from nobody else."

These precautions were not needless; for while the child was upon the ocean, in the spring of 1787, a Virginia ship going to Spain was attacked by a corsair. After an action of an hour and a quarter, the Virginians boarded and took her, bound the pirates with the shackles themselves would have worn if the battle had gone the other way, and so carried them to Virginia. Well might the father say, when he knew that she had sailed, "I shall try not to think of Polly till I hear that she has landed."

He did think of her, however, constantly, and he endeavored to prepare his elder daughter for the duties which the coming of so young a sister would devolve upon her. "She will become," he wrote to her, "a precious charge upon your hands. The difference of your age, and your common loss of a mother, will put that office upon you. Teach her, above all things, to be good, because without that we can neither be valued by others, nor set any value on ourselves." In his advice to his children and nephews, this truth is often repeated: "If ever you find yourself in any difficulty, and doubt how to extricate yourself, *do what is right*, and you will find it the easiest way of getting out of the difficulty." And, again, to his nephew, Peter Carr: "Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give the earth itself, and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act. And never suppose that, in any possible situation or any circumstances, it is best for you to do a dishonorable thing."

She was really coming at length, though to the last moment she clung with all her little heart to her home. No promises, no stratagems, availed to reconcile her to going away. The ship lay at anchor in the river. Her cousins all went on board with her, and re-



mained a day or two, playing about the deck and cabins, and making the ship seem like another home. Then, using the device by which Pocahontas had been taken prisoner in the same waters a hundred and seventy years before, they all left the ship one day while she was asleep; and she awoke to find the sails spread, the familiar shore vanished, her cousins gone, and only her negro maid left of the circle of her home. Her affections then gathered about the captain of the vessel, to whom she became so attached that parting with him, too, was agony. Mrs. Adams received her in London, where she remained two weeks, and won the heart of that estimable lady. "A finer child of her age I never saw," wrote Mrs. Adams. "So mature an understanding, so womanly a behavior, and so much sensibility united, are rarely to be met with. I grew so fond of her, and she was so much attached to me, that, when Mr. Jefferson sent for her, they were obliged to force the little creature away."

It was a strange meeting in Paris between father and child, and between sister and sister. Martha, then a tall and elegant girl of fifteen, had a week's holiday from the convent to meet her sister. The little girl did not know either of them, nor would they have known her. But they were both enchanted with her. Besides being a girl of singular and bewitching beauty both of form and face, she was one of the most artless, unselfish, and loving creatures that ever blessed and charmed a home. Her father was abundantly satisfied with "her reading, her writing, and her manners in general"; and he poured forth eloquent gratitude to Mrs. Eppes for the patient goodness which had borne such fruit in the character and mind of his child. During the week's holiday, Martha took her sister occasionally to the convent, showed her its pleasant gardens and inviting apartments, familiarized her with the place which, as they all thought, was to be her abode for some years. At the end of the week the new-comer went

to the convent to reside, where as "Mademoiselle Polie" she soon became a universal favorite.

Both sisters learned to speak French almost immediately, and soon spoke it as easily as they did English; while the three adult members of the family, Humphries, Short, and Jefferson, when they had been two years in Paris, got on in speaking French not much better than when they landed. So, at least, Jefferson says in one of his letters. It *does* require about two years to begin to be at home in a foreign language; but when you have reached a certain point, familiarity seems to come all at once.

The parent who keeps a daughter at a good specimen of a convent school for more than two years, may count upon her having a fit of desire to become a nun; unless, indeed, the girl has much more or much less understanding than the average. These daughters of Mr. Jefferson were conscientious, affectionate, and sympathetic, lovers of tranquillity, of strong local attachments; but they were not exceptionally endowed with intellect. One day in the spring of 1789, he received a letter from Martha, in which she informed him of her wish to pass her days in the convent in the service of religion. At any time this would have been a startling announcement to such a father; but particular circumstances greatly increased its effect upon him.

Among the young Americans who had been studying in European universities during Jefferson's residence in Paris, was a cousin of his own, Thomas Mann Randolph, known to the public in later years as member of Congress and governor of Virginia. In 1788 he left the University of Edinburgh, and, before returning to Virginia, made the usual tour of Europe, lingering several weeks at the legation in Paris, where he renewed his acquaintance with Martha Jefferson. The little playmate of his boyhood had grown to be a beautiful girl of sixteen; and she, on her part, saw the black-haired boy of her



early recollections transformed into a tall, alert young man, fluent in conversation, and of distinguished bearing. From slight indications in Jefferson's letters of this year, I infer that the youth proposed to the father for the hand of the daughter, and that Jefferson, while approving the match and consenting to it, had not disturbed the school-girl's mind by making the offer known to her. Young Randolph sailed for Virginia in the fall of 1788, and the plenipotentiary, a few weeks after, applied for leave of absence, for the purpose of taking his daughters home. But at home the old government was going out and a new government was coming in; and this was the reason why the leave asked for in November, 1788, did not reach Paris till late in the summer of 1789. During this interval it was that Mr. Jefferson received the letter from his daughter which notified him of her desire to espouse the Church.

He managed this difficult case with prompt and successful tact. He allowed a day or two to pass without noticing the letter. He drove to the convent on the third morning, and after explaining and arranging the matter with the Abbess, asked for his daughters. He received them with somewhat more warmth and tenderness than usual. Without uttering a word of explanation, he simply told them that he had come to take them away from school. As soon as they were ready, they entered the carriage, and were driven home, where they continued their education under masters; and neither then nor ever did a word pass between father and daughter on the subject of her letter. The dream of romantic and picturesque self-annihilation was soon dissipated in the healthy air and honest light of her father's house. She accepted her destiny with the joyous blindness of youth; and instead of the self-abnegation of the convent, so easy and so flattering, she led a life of self-denial which was not romantic nor picturesque, but homely and most real.

Late in August, 1789, the tardy leave of absence arrived, and the family hastened to conclude their preparations for the voyage. There was not much to do. Everything at the legation was to be left unchanged, in the care of Mr. Short, who was to be the official *chargé* till Mr. Jefferson returned. To the last hour of his stay, this most zealous, faithful, and vigilant of ministers continued to render timely and fortunate services to his country's commerce with France, which had grown under his fostering touch from next to nothing to something considerable. It had been happy for him, perhaps, if he had not gone to America then. In Paris, he was in harmony with the prevailing tone. In Paris, his fitness for his place was curiously complete. In Paris, he was sole of his kind; admired, believed in, trusted, liked, beloved. In Paris, with an ocean between him and New York, he might have said *Adieu* to the invitation the acceptance of which changed the current of his life. But it was in his destiny to go, and go he must.

His five years' life in Paris had done much for his general culture, and more for his particular training as a public man. He had become a swift, cool, adroit, thoroughly trained, and perfectly accomplished minister; and this, without ceasing to be a man and a citizen, without hardening and narrowing into the professional diplomatist, without losing his interest or his faith in mankind. We have seen how deeply he was moved, on his arrival in Europe, by the condition of the people; nineteen twentieths of the whole population, as he rashly computed, being more wretched and more hopeless than the most miserable being who could be found in all the length and breadth of America. These first impressions were never effaced. When he had spent years in Europe, his disapproval of its political system — hereditary rank and irresponsible power — remained passionate and unspeakable. Whenever, in his letters or other writings of the time, he touches *that* theme, his style



risers, intensifies, warms ; his words become short and simple, his similes homely and familiar, every phrase betrays heart-felt conviction.

In his numerous contributions of material for the *Encyclopédie* and similar works, he had evidently tried to get into them as much of the genuine republican essence as the censor could be expected to admit. It had been his delight to explain the state of things in America, where, as he said, no distinction between man and man had ever been known, except that conferred by office ; where "the poorest laborer stood on equal ground with the wealthiest millionaire, and generally on a favored one whenever their rights seemed to jar" ; where "a shoemaker or other artisan, removed by the voice of his country into a chair of office, instantly commanded all the respect and obedience which the laws ascribe to his office" ; where, "of distinction by birth or badge, the people had no more idea than they had of the mode of existence in the moon or planets" ; having merely heard there were such, and knowing they must be wrong. Hence, he said, that due horror of the evils flowing from that barbaric system could only be excited in Europe, where "the dignity of man is lost in arbitrary distinctions, where the human species is classed into several stages of degradation, where the many are crushed under the weight of the few, and where the order established can present no other picture than that of God Almighty and his angels trampling under foot the host of the damned."

Such utterances as these — and they abound in his Paris letters — were penned before Buncombe County in North Carolina had been "laid off." They grew from the native elevation of his mind. They attest his high-breeding, as well as his humanity and good sense. The gentleman speaks in them, as well as the citizen ; for to be an American citizen and not feel so, is to be of the Vulgar.

But, in those days, no American could boast of his country's freedom,

without laying himself open to a taunt. Did Jefferson forget that the laborers of his own State were slaves, when he vaunted the equality of its people ? Not always. He confessed the shame of it ; he foretold the ruin enclosed within it. "What an incomprehensible machine is man!" he exclaims, "who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and, the next moment, be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose!" But, then, he threw the burden of delivering the slaves of Virginia upon that convenient resource of self-indulgent mortals, "Providence." An "overruling Providence," he thought, would at length effect what the masters of Virginia ought at once to do. When the measure of the slaves' tears should be full, then, "a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or, at length, by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to the things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality."

To the moment of his departure from Europe, we find him still a warm lover of France, and devoted to the alliance between the two countries. The last letter which he wrote to Madison in Paris contains a passage on the alliance which, coming from the placid Jefferson, we may almost call fiery : —

"When, of two nations, the one has engaged herself in a ruinous war for us, has spent her blood and money to save us, has opened her bosom to us in peace, and received us almost on the footing of her own citizens ; while the other has moved heaven, earth, and hell to exterminate us in war, has insulted us in all her councils in peace, shut her doors to us in every port where her interests would admit it, libelled us in foreign nations, endeavored to poison them against the recep-



tion of our most precious commodities, —to place these two nations on a footing is to give a great deal *more* to one than to the other, if the maxim be true that to make unequal quantities equal, you must add more to one than to the other. To say, in excuse, that gratitude is never to enter into the motives of national conduct, is to revive a principle which has been buried for centuries with the kindred principles of the lawfulness of assassination, poison, and perjury. . . . I know but one code of morality for men, whether acting singly or collectively."

Such was his feeling with regard to France and England in 1789, before there were "Gallicans" or "Anglicans," still less "Gallomaniacs" or "Anglomaniacs," among his countrymen.

And since I am endeavoring to show what manner of mind Thomas Jefferson brought back with him to his native land in 1789, I must allude to another matter. He carried his view of the rights of the individual mind to an extreme which, in that age, had few supporters in his own country. His moral system was strict; his "doxy" was startlingly lax. The advice he gave his nephews on these points when they were college students might be summed up in words like these: Perfect freedom of thinking, but no other freedom! To do right and feel humanely, we are *bound*; it is an honorable bondage, and he is noblest who is most submissive to it; but in matters of opinion it is infamy not to be free. These sentences, among others, he addressed to Peter Carr in college in 1787: —

"Religion. In the first place, divest yourself of all bias in favor of novelty and singularity of opinion. Indulge them on any other subject rather than that of religion. On the other hand, shake off all the fears and servile prejudices under which weak minds are servilely crouched. Fix Reason firmly in her seat, and call to her tribunal every fact, every opinion. Question with boldness even the existence of a God; because,

if there be one, he must more approve of the homage of reason than of blindfolded fear. You will naturally examine, first, the religion of your own country. Read the Bible, then, as you would Livy or Tacitus. For example, in the Book of Joshua we are told the sun stood still for several hours. Were we to read that fact in Livy or Tacitus, we should class it with their showers of blood, speaking of statues, beasts, etc. But it is said that the writer of that book was inspired. Examine, therefore, candidly, what evidence there is of his having been inspired. The pretension is entitled to your inquiry, because millions believe it. On the other hand, you are astronomer enough to know how contrary it is to the law of nature. You will next read the New Testament. It is the history of a personage called Jesus. Keep in your eye the opposite pretensions: 1. Of those who say he was begotten by God, born of a virgin, suspended and reversed the laws of nature at will, and ascended bodily into heaven; and, 2. Of those who say he was a man of illegitimate birth, of a benevolent heart, enthusiastic mind, who set out with pretensions to divinity, ended in believing them, and was punished capitally for sedition by being gibbeted, according to the Roman law, which punished the first commission of that offence by whipping, and the second by exile, or death *in furea*. See this law in Digest, lib. 48, tit. 19, ¶ 28, 3, and Lipsius, lib. 2, de cruce, cap. 2. Do not be frightened from this inquiry by any fear of its consequences. If it ends in a belief that there is no God, you will find incitements to virtue in the comfort and pleasantness you will feel in its exercise, and the love of others which it will procure you. If you find reason to believe there is a God, a consciousness that you are acting under his eye, and that he approves you, will be a vast additional incitement; if that Jesus was also a God, you will be comforted by a belief of his aid and love. Your own reason is the only oracle given you by Heaven, and you are an-



swerable, not for the rightness, but uprightness, of the decision."

Such sentiments as these, which he cherished as long as he lived, were familiar enough then to the educated class of the United States, as of Christendom generally, but they were seldom stated with such uncompromising bluntness as in the passage from which these sentences are selected. He disposed of subtler questions in the same letter with equal abruptness: "Conscience is as much a part of a man as his leg or arm. It is given to all human beings in a stronger or weaker degree, as force of members is given them in a greater or less degree. It may be strengthened by exercise, as may any particular limb of the body."

His long residence in a metropolis had not freed his mind from some provincial prejudices. He shared the common opinion of that age, that virtue was a product of the country, rather than the town, and that farmers were better citizens than mechanics or merchants. He spoke occasionally of mechanics as a class disposed to turbulence, as if he had derived his knowledge of them from Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, rather than from the workshops of his own time. He hoped the period was remote when many of his countrymen would be employed in manufactures; which he evidently regarded, with Franklin, as a kind of necessary evil, or last resource of an over-populated country. But his special aversion was merchants. "Merchants," he wrote, "are the least virtuous citizens, and possess the least *amor patriæ*." The reason why Rhode Island was so difficult, and Connecticut so easy, to be brought to consent to reasonable measures, he thought was this: In Connecticut there was scarcely a man who was not a farmer, and in Rhode Island almost every one was a merchant. All this, which savors of the country gentleman, seems to us of the present day crude and erroneous. Rhode Island might well pause, in 1787, before surrendering control over the business to which she owed her

whole subsistence. Observe a one-eyed man, when splinters are flying, with what anxious vigilance he guards the organ which alone saves him from a lifetime's darkness. Rhode Island's commerce was like that last charge in David Crocket's rifle, when he and the bear were eying one another across the brook.

Such a man was Thomas Jefferson on his departure from France. He had his limits, of course; he had his foibles; he had his faults. But the sum of his worth as a human being was very great, and he had more in him of that which makes the glory and hope of America than any other living creature known to us. American principles he more than believed in: he loved them, and he deemed their prevalence essential to the welfare of man.

What a plague it was to get across the sea eighty years ago! With trunks packed (and their trunks, as Jefferson intimates, were of American number and magnitude), the little family sat at home waiting a whole month for a ship; and, after all, they could do no better than charter one in London to take them in at the Isle of Wight. It was a month of alarm in Paris. The harvest had not relieved the scarcity of food; long *queues* of hungry people streamed still from every baker's shop; and the government itself, perishing of inanition, was obliged to spare a million a week to keep down the price of bread in Paris. Even in that dire extremity, the Protective System shut the ports of France against the food for want of which Frenchmen were dying; and Jefferson spent his last days, and even his last hours, in Paris, in trying to persuade the Ministry to *permit* the importation of salted provisions from the United States! Salt beef, objected the Count de Montmorin, will give people the scurvy. No, replied Jefferson; we eat it in America, and don't have the scurvy. The salt tax will fall off, said the minister. Jefferson could not deny that it might a little; but, on the other hand, it would relieve the government from the ne-



cessity of keeping the price of bread below its value. But, resumed the Count, the people of France will not buy salt meat. Then, replied Jefferson, the merchants won't import it, and no harm will be done. And you cannot make a good soup of it, urged the Count. True, said Jefferson, but it gives a delightful flavor to vegetables. Besides, it will cost only half the price of fresh meat. He convinced the Count de Montmorin, who requested him to propose the measure to M. Necker. But, as he was summoned to join the ship, he could only argue it briefly in a letter to M. Necker, which he left for Mr. Short to deliver and enforce. August 26th, the day on which this letter was written, he and his daughters left Paris for Havre.

He might as well have waited awhile longer. They were detained at Havre ten days, during which he was so fortunate as to effect another practicable breach in the Protective System. American ships bringing cargoes to Havre found nothing to take from France, sometimes, except salt; but salt could only be bought "at a mercantile price," at places on the Loire and Garonne, away round on the Biscay side of France, involving six or eight hundred miles of difficult and perilous coasting. He now obtained from the farmers-general a concession by which American ships could load with salt at Honfleur, opposite Havre, paying only mercantile rates. It made a nice finish to his diplomatic career, this valuable service to the merchants and mariners of his country.

Ten days' further detention at Cowes gave the young ladies an opportunity to ride about the Isle of Wight, to peep into the deep well at Carisbrooke Castle, and stare at the window in the ruins out of which Charles I. looked when he was a prisoner there; perhaps, with comments on the character of the decapitated from their father. Mr. Pitt, it appears, had the politeness to send an order to Cowes exempting the baggage of the voyagers from search; an attention which Miss Jefferson re-

membered with gratitude, she being the member of the party who was most obliged.

Twenty-three days of swift sailing and perfect autumn weather brought the ship into a dense fog off the coast of Virginia. For three days the thick November mist clung to the shore, preventing the captain from getting a glimpse of either cape. At length, trusting only to his calculations, in which, doubtless, a mathematical plenipotentiary had taken part, he stood in boldly, and escaped into Chesapeake Bay, with only a graze and a scare, just in time to avoid a storm that kept some companion vessels a month longer at sea. This, however, was but the beginning of mishaps. In beating up to Norfolk against the rising gale, they were run into by a vessel rushing seaward before the wind, and lost part of their rigging. At Norfolk, two hours after the passengers had landed, and before any of their effects had been taken ashore, the ship caught fire. The flames gained such headway, that the captain was on the point of scuttling the vessel. But, at last, through the exertions of every sailor in port, the fire was got under, without damage to the papers of the minister or the daintier effects of his daughters. Nothing saved them but the thickness of the trunks, for the heat was so great in the state-rooms that the powder in a musket standing in one of them was silently consumed.

Norfolk, which had been burned to the last house during the war, was little more than a village of shanties, when Jefferson and his daughters landed there, November 18, 1789. They would have been puzzled to find shelter, as the only inn in the town was full, but for the generosity of its inmates, who insisted on giving up their rooms to them. On the very day of his landing Jefferson read in a newspaper that President Washington had appointed him Secretary of State. "I made light of it," he wrote soon after to a lady in Paris, "supposing I had only to say *No*, and there would be an end of it."



In all Virginia, there was scarcely such a thing at that time as a public conveyance. Friends, however, lent the party horses, and they journeyed homeward in the delightfully slow, easy, social manner of the time, stopping at every friend's house on and near their road. They were ten days or more in getting as far as Richmond. The Legislature was in session, many of Jefferson's old colleagues being present. They could not let him pass through the capital of his native State without some mark of their regard. On the 7th of December, 1789, the House of Delegates appointed a committee of THIRTEEN members,—sacred number!—with Patrick Henry for chairman, to congratulate him on his return, and to assure him of their esteem for “his character and public services.” The committee waited upon him and communicated the resolution of the House. His reply was in the taste of the period:—

“I RECEIVE, with humble gratitude, gentlemen, the congratulations of the Honorable the House of Delegates on my return; and I beg leave, through you, to present them my thanks and dutiful respects. Could any circumstance heighten my affection to my native country, it would be the indulgence with which they view my feeble efforts to serve it, and the esteem with which they are pleased to honor me. I shall hope to merit a continuance of their goodness, by obeying the impulse of a zeal of which public good is the first object, and public esteem the highest reward. Permit me, gentlemen, for a moment, to separate from my general thanks the special ones I owe to you, the organs of so flattering a communication.”

Resuming their journey, they arrived early in December at the mansion of Uncle Eppes in Chesterfield County, the happy home of Mary Jefferson's childhood. Here they halted for many days. It was at this place that Jefferson received the official announcement of his appointment as Secretary of State. A gentleman from New York

overtook him at Eppington, bearing his commission signed by the President; also a letter from the President cordially inviting him to accept the place, yet giving him his choice to return to Paris if he preferred to do so. It was evident that General Washington expected him to accept. Mr. Jefferson's reply was such as became the citizen of a Republic. He told the President that he preferred to remain in the office he then held, the duties of which he knew and felt equal to, rather than undertake a place the duties of which were more difficult and much more extensive. “But,” he added, “it is not for an individual to choose his post. You are to marshal us as may be best for the public good.” Therefore, if the President, after learning his decided preference to return to France, still thought it best to transfer him to New York, “my inclination must be no obstacle.”

They were six weeks in reaching home. Two days before Christmas—a joyful time of year everywhere, but nowhere, perhaps, quite so hilarious as in the Virginia of that generation—all was expectation at Monticello. The house had been made ready. The negroes, to whom a holiday had been given, all came in from the various farms of the estate, dressed in their cleanest attire, and the women wearing their brightest turbans, and gathered early in the day about the house. Their first thought was to meet the returning family at the foot of the mountain, and thither they moved in a body, men, women, and children, long before there was any reason to expect them. As the tedious hours passed, the more eager of the crowd walked on, and these being followed by the rest, there was a straggling line of them a mile or two in length. Late in the afternoon, the most advanced descried a carriage at Shadwell, drawn by four horses, with postilions, in the fashion of the time. The exulting shout was raised. All ran forward, and soon the whole crowd huddled round the vehicle, pulling, pushing, crying, cheering,



until it reached the steep ascent of the mountain, where the slackened pace gave them the opportunity they desired. In spite of the master's entreaties and commands, they took off the horses and drew the carriage at a run up the mountain, and round the lawn to the door of the house.

It was no easy matter to alight. Mr. Jefferson swam in a tumultuous sea of black arms and faces from the carriage to the steps of the portico. Some kissed his hands, others his feet; some cried, others laughed; all tried at least to touch him. Not a word could be heard above the din. But when the young ladies appeared, when Martha, whom they had last seen a child of eleven, stepped forth a woman grown, in all the glorious lustre of youth, beauty, and joy, and when Mary followed, a sylph in form, face, and step, they all fell apart, and made a lane for them to pass, holding up their children to see them, and uttering many a cry of rapturous approval. The father and daughters entered the house at length; the carriage rolled away; the negroes went off chattering to their quarters; and there was quiet again at Monticello. "Such a scene," wrote Martha Jefferson, long after, "I never witnessed in my life." As late as 1851, Mr. Randall heard a vivid description of it at Monticello from an aged negro who was one of the boys of the joyful crowd.

The merry Christmas passed. One of the first visitors from beyond the immediate neighborhood was James Madison, who was about starting for New York to attend Congress. General Washington, it seems, had requested him to call at Monticello and ascertain more exactly the state of Mr. Jefferson's mind with regard to the appointment. "I was sorry," Madison wrote to the President, January 4, 1790, "to find him so little biassed in favor of the domestic service allotted him, but was glad that his difficulties seemed to result chiefly from what I take to be an erroneous view of the kind and quantity of business." To

the foreign department alone he felt equal; but he dreaded the new and unknown duties which had been annexed to that. Upon receiving this information, the President wrote again to Jefferson. The new business he thought, would not be arduous, and if it should prove so, doubtless Congress would apply a remedy. The office, in the President's opinion, was very important on many accounts, and he knew of no one who could better execute it. He added a remark sure to have great weight with Jefferson, as, indeed, it ought: "In order that you may be better prepared to make your ultimate decision on good grounds, I think it necessary to add one fact, which is this, that your late appointment has given very extensive and very great satisfaction to the public." Still the President would not urge acceptance. He merely said, with regard to his own feelings, "My original opinion and wish may be collected from my nomination." Jefferson yielded without further parley. "I no longer hesitate," he wrote, February 11, "to undertake the office to which you are pleased to call me." So Mr. Short had to break up the establishment at Paris, and send home the accumulated treasures of five years' haunting of Paris bookstalls and curiosity-shops.

The day after accepting office, a committee of his old constituents of Albemarle arrived at Monticello, and presented an address of congratulation and commendation. It was unusually cordial and interesting. They sketched his whole public career with approval, and felicitated themselves upon the fact that it was they who had introduced him to public life. Above all his other services they extolled "the strong attachment he had always shown to the rights of mankind, and to those institutions that were best calculated to preserve them." Much as they should like to enjoy his services again, they assured him that they were too much attached to the common interests of their country, and too sensible of his



merit, not to unite with the general voice that called him "to continue in her councils." In his reply, he again seized the opportunity to recall attention to first principles. The favor of his neighbors, he said, was indeed "the door through which he had been ushered on the stage of public life"; and, after becoming reference to this circumstance, he added these words, which contain the chief article of his political creed:—

"We have been fellow-laborers and fellow-sufferers; and Heaven has rewarded us with a happy issue from our struggles. It rests now with ourselves alone to enjoy in peace and concord the blessings of self-government, so long denied to mankind; to show by example the sufficiency of human reason for the care of human affairs; and that the will of the majority, the natural law of every society, is the only sure guardian of the rights of man. Perhaps even this may sometimes err; but its errors are honest, solitary, and short-lived. Let us then, my dear friends, forever bow down to the general reason of the society. We are safe with that, even in its deviations, for it soon returns again to the right way."

The lovers, meanwhile, were improving their time. February 23, 1790, the wedding occurred at Monticello. The clergyman who performed the ceremony was Mr. Maury, son of Jefferson's schoolmaster. Young Randolph was heir to large estates, and the pair, after living awhile at Monticello, settled on land in the neighborhood. For a single week Jefferson witnessed and shared the happiness of his children; and then, in obedience to General Washington's urgent desire, he set out for New York. The President had already kept the office six months for him; business was accumulating; he might well be a little impatient to see his Secretary of State.

What a journey Jefferson had of it in the wet and stormy March of 1790! Twenty-one days of hard travel, including brief rests at Richmond, Alexan-

dria, Baltimore, and Philadelphia! Delightful as old-fashioned travel may have been to a home-returning plenipotentiary, leisure being abundant and the season propitious, it was misery to a Secretary of State overdue, in chill and oozy March, at a point four hundred miles distant. He sent his carriage round to Alexandria in advance, intending to go in it the rest of the way. At that ancient and flourishing port, where he paused one day, he received an address from the mayor and citizens; from which we learn that his labors in behalf of commerce had become known to parties interested. The Alexandrians, besides approving his exertions in "the sacred cause of freedom," had a word of thanks for "the indulgences which his enlightened representations to the court of France had secured to their trade"; adding these words: "You have freed commerce from its shackles, and destroyed the first essay made in this country towards establishing a monopoly." The last remark was aimed, probably, at British merchants and their resident agents, who still had a tight grip upon Virginia estates, and did not want any Virginia ships to go to Havre. Jefferson waived this compliment with his usual excess of modesty, but did not refrain from a sentence or two upon general politics:—

"Convinced that the republican is the only form of government which is not eternally at open or secret war with the rights of mankind, my prayers and efforts shall be cordially contributed to the support of that we have so happily established. . . . It is, indeed, an animating thought that, while we are securing the rights of ourselves and our posterity, we are pointing out the way to struggling nations, who wish, like us, to emerge from their tyrannies also. Heaven help their struggles, and lead them, as it has done us, triumphantly through them!"

All this was cordial to the people of that day, who had scarcely heard, as yet, that there were Americans who felt otherwise. No one could say, in



March, 1790, that it was the partisan who spoke such words.

During the night of his stay at Alexandria, a late winter storm covered the ground with snow to the depth of eighteen inches. He therefore left his carriage to be sent round by sea, and took a place in the stage, his horses being led and ridden after him by his servants. So bad were the roads that the lumbering vehicle, as he wrote back to his son-in-law, "could never go more than three miles an hour, sometimes not more than two, and in the night but one." During the few hours of his stay at Philadelphia, he had his last interview with Dr. Franklin, who was then on the bed from which he was to be borne, a month after, to his coffin. The old man, whose mental faculties seemed to remain undiminished to the last, listened with flushed face to Jefferson's narrative of all that had occurred lately in France. He asked eagerly what part his friends there had taken, what had been their course amid the torrent of events, and what their fate. Jefferson had volumes to impart to him, and Franklin was almost exhausted by the

intensity of his interest in what he heard.

Sunday, March 21, 1790, "after as laborious a journey as I ever went through," Jefferson reached New York. A paragraph of a line and a half in the principal newspaper of the town announced his arrival; but, as he attacked immediately the accumulated business of his office, his name soon begins to appear at the end of public documents below that of "G. Washington." The amount of work in prospect was a little alarming. Finding no suitable house vacant in "the Broadway," he hired a small one, No. 57 Maiden Lane, while he could look about him; for it was his habit and intention to keep house in comfortable style. Hamilton lived in Pine Street, where so many lawyers still labor, but not live; and Colonel Aaron Burr was plodding at the law in Nassau Street, near Wall, where he had a large garden and grapery. Jefferson appears to have startled mankind by continuing at first to wear his French clothes, even red breeches and red waistcoat, the fashion in Paris.

*James Parton.*

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## IDLENESS.

AND slow and slower still, day after day,  
 Come the sad hours with beauteous upturned eyes  
 Gleaming with hopes I may not realize,  
 And seeming in their earnestness to say  
 Entreatingly: "O send us not away  
 All empty-handed as we came: arise,  
 Give us at least, some promise we shall prize  
 To be fulfilled though after long delay."  
 And I, although I weep to see them pass  
 With lingering pace and disappointed look,  
 Am lifeless as a statue bound with brass,  
 And listless as an open, loose-leaved book,  
 Turned by the wind; yea, passive as the grass,  
 Weak as the wavelet of a summer brook.

*J. Logie Robertson.*



## GUEST'S CONFESSION.

## IN TWO PARTS: PART SECOND.

## IV.

MY situation, as I defined it to Crawford, was not purely delightful. Close upon my perception of the state of my heart followed an oppressive sense of the vanity of my pretensions. I had cut the ground from under my feet; to offer myself to Miss Guest would be to add insult to injury. I may truly say, therefore, that, for a couple of days, this manifest passion of mine rather saddened than exalted me. For a dismal forty-eight hours I left the two ladies unvisited. I even thought of paying a supreme tribute to delicacy and taking a summary departure. Some day, possibly, Miss Guest would learn with grief and scorn what her father had to thank me for; and then later, as resentment melted into milder conjecture, she would read the riddle of my present conduct and do me justice, — guess that I had loved her, and that, to punish myself, I had renounced her forever. This fantastic magnanimity was followed by a wholesome reaction. I was punished enough, surely, in my regret and shame; and I wished now not to suffer, but to act. Viewing the matter reasonably, she need never learn my secret; if by some cruel accident she should, the favor I had earned would cover that I had forfeited. I stayed, then, and tried to earn this precious favor; but I encountered an obstacle more serious, I fancied, than even her passionate contempt would have been, — her serene and benevolent indifference. Looking back at these momentous days, I get an impression of a period of vague sentimental ferment and trouble, rather than of definite utterance and action; though I believe that by a singular law governing human conduct in certain cases, the very modesty and humility

of my passion expressed itself in a sort of florid and hyperbolical gallantry; so that, in so far as my claims were inadmissible, they might pass, partly as a kind of compensatory homage, and partly as a jest. Miss Guest refused to pay me the compliment of even being discomposed, and pretended to accept my addresses as an elaborate device for her amusement. There was a perpetual assurance in her tone of her not regarding me as a serious, much less as a dangerous, man. She could not have contrived a more effective irritant to my resolution; and I confess there were certain impatient moods when I took a brutal glee in the thought that it was not so very long since, on a notable occasion, my presence had told. In so far as I *was* serious, Miss Guest frankly offered to accept me as a friend, and laughingly intimated, indeed, that with a little matronly tuition of her dispensing, I might put myself into condition to please some simple maiden in her flower. I was an excellent, honest fellow; but I was excessively young and — as she really wished to befriend me, she would risk the admonition — I was decidedly frivolous. I lacked “character.” I was fairly clever, but I was more clever than wise. I liked overmuch to listen to my own tongue. I had done nothing; I was idle; I had, by my own confession, never made an effort; I was too rich and too indolent; in my very good-nature there was nothing moral, no hint of principle; in short, I was — boyish. I must forgive a woman upon whom life had forced the fatal habit of discrimination. I suffered this genial scepticism to expend itself freely, for her candor was an enchantment. It was all true enough. I had been indolent and unambitious; I had made no effort; I had lived in vulgar ignorance and ease;



I had in a certain frivolous fashion tried life at first hand, but my shallow gains had been in proportion to my small hazards. But I was neither so young nor so idle as she chose to fancy, and I could at any rate prove I was constant. Like a legendary suitor of old, I might even slay my dragon. A monstrous accident stood between us, and to dissipate its evil influence would be a fairly heroic feat.

Mr. Guest's absence was prolonged from day to day, and Laura's tone of allusion to her father tended indeed to make a sort of invincible chimera of her possible discovery of the truth. This fond filial reference only brought out the more brightly her unlikeness to him. I could as little fancy her doing an act she would need to conceal as I could fancy her arresting exposure by a concession to dishonor. If I was a friend, I insisted on being a familiar one; and while Mrs. Beck and her cousin floated away on perilous waters, we dabbled in the placid shallows of disinterested sentiment. For myself, I sent many a longing glance toward the open sea, but Laura remained firm in her preference for the shore. I encouraged her to speak of her father, for I wished to hear all the good that could be told of him. It sometimes seemed to me that she talked of him with a kind of vehement tenderness designed to obscure, as it were, her inner vision. Better—had she said to herself?—that she should talk fond nonsense about him than that she should harbor untender suspicions. I could easily believe that the poor man was a most lovable fellow, and could imagine how, as Laura judged him in spite of herself, the sweet allowances of a mother had grown up within the daughter. One afternoon Mrs. Beck brought forth her photograph-book, to show to her cousin. Suddenly, as he was turning it over, she stayed his hand and snatched one of the pictures from its place. He tried to recover it and a little tussle followed, in the course of which she escaped, ran to Miss Guest, and thrust

the photograph into her hand. "You keep it," she cried; "he's not to see it." There was a great crying out from Crawford about Mrs. Beck's inconstancy and his *right* to see the picture, which was cut short by Laura's saying with some gravity that it was too childish a romp for a man of forty and a woman of—thirty! Mrs. Beck allowed us no time to relish the irony of this attributive figure; she caused herself to be pursued to the other end of the garden, where the amorous frolic was resumed over the following pages of the album. "Who is it?" I asked. Miss Guest, after a pause, handed me the card.

"Your father!" I cried precipitately.

"Ah, you've seen him?" she asked.

"I know him by his likeness to you."

"You prevent my asking you, as I meant, if he does n't look like a dear good man. I do wish he'd drop his stupid business and come back."

I took occasion hereupon to ascertain whether she suspected his embarrassments. She confessed to a painful impression that something was wrong. He had been out of spirits for many days before his return to town; nothing indeed but mental distress could have affected his health, for he had a perfect constitution. "If it comes to that," she went on, after a long silence, and looking at me with an almost intimate confidence, "I wish he would give up business altogether. All the business in the world, for a man of his open, joyous temper, does n't pay for an hour's depression. I can't bear to sit by and see him embittered and spoiled by this muddle of stocks and shares. Nature made him a happy man; I insist on keeping him so. We are quite rich enough, and we need nothing more. He tries to persuade me that I have expensive tastes, but I've never spent money but to please him. I have a lovely little dream which I mean to lay before him when he comes back; it's very cheap, like all dreams, and more practicable than most. He's to give up



business and take me abroad. We're to settle down quietly somewhere in Germany, in Italy, I don't care where, and I'm to study music seriously. I'm never to marry; but as he grows to be an old man, he's to sit by a window, with his cigar, looking out on the Arno or the Rhine, while I play Beethoven and Rossini."

"It's a very pretty programme," I answered, "though I can't subscribe to certain details. But do you know," I added, touched by a forcible appeal to sympathy in her tone, "although you refuse to believe me anything better than an ingenuous fool, this liberal concession to my interest in your situation is almost a proof of respect."

She blushed a little, to my great satisfaction. "I surely respect you," she said, "if you come to that! Otherwise we should hardly be sitting here so simply. And I think, too," she went on, "that I speak to you of my father with peculiar freedom, because — because, somehow, you remind me of him." She looked at me as she spoke with such penetrating candor that it was my turn to blush. "You are genial, and gentle, and essentially honest, like him; and like him," she added with a half-smile, "you're addicted to saying a little more than it would be fair to expect you to stand to. You ought to be very good friends. You'll find he has your own *jeunesse de cœur*."

I murmured what I might about the happiness of making his acquaintance; and then, to give the conversation a turn, and really to test the force of this sympathetic movement of hers, I boldly mentioned my fancy that he was an admirer of Mrs. Beck. She gave me a silent glance, almost of gratitude, as if she needed to unburden her heart. But she did so in few words. "He does admire her," she said. "It's my duty, it's my pleasure, to respect his illusions. But I confess to you that I hope this one will fade." She rose from her seat and we joined our companions; but I fancied, for a week afterwards, that she treated me with a

certain gracious implication of deference. Had I ceased to seem boyish? I struck a truce with urgency and almost relished the idea of being patient.

A day or two later, Mr. Guest's "illusions" were put before me in a pathetic light. It was a Sunday; the ladies were at church, and Crawford and I sat smoking on the piazza. "I don't know how things are going with you," he said; "you're either perfectly successful or desperately resigned. But unless it's rather plainer sailing than in my case, I don't envy you. I don't know where I am, anyway! She will and she won't. She may take back her word once too often, I can tell her that! You see, she has two strings to her bow. She likes my money, but she does n't like *me*. Now, it's all very well for a woman to relish a fortune, but I'm not prepared to have my wife despise — my *person*!" said Crawford with feeling. "The alternative, you know, is Mr. Guest, that girl's father. I suppose he's handsome, and a wit, and a dandy; though I must say an old dandy, to my taste, is an old fool. She tells me a dozen times an hour that he's a fascinating man. I suppose if I were to leave her alone for a week, I might seem a fascinating man. I wish to heaven she was n't so confoundedly taking. I can't give her up; she amuses me too much. There was once a little actress in Galveston, but Clara beats that girl! If I could only have gone in for some simple wholesome girl who does n't need to count on her fingers to know the state of her heart!"

That evening as we were gathered in the garden, poor Crawford approached Laura Guest with an air of desperate gallantry, as if from a desire to rest from the petty torment of Mrs. Beck's sentimental mutations. Laura liked him, and her manner to him had always been admirable in its almost sisterly frankness and absence of provoking arts; yet I found myself almost wondering, as they now strolled about the garden together, whether there was



any danger of this sturdy architect of his own fortunes putting out my pipe. Mrs. Beck, however, left me no chance for selfish meditation. Her artless and pointless prattle never lacked a purpose; before you knew it she was, in vulgar parlance, "pumping" you, trying to pick your pocket of your poor little receipt for prosperity. She took an intense delight in imaginatively bettering her condition, and one was forced to carry bricks for her castles in the air.

"You need n't be afraid of my cousin," she said, laughing, as I followed his red cigar-tip along the garden-paths. "He admires Laura altogether too much to make love to her. There's modesty! Don't you think it's rather touching in a man with a million of dollars? I don't mind telling you that he has made love to me, that being no case for modesty. I suppose you'll say that my speaking of it is. But what's the use of being an aged widow, if one can't tell the truth?"

"There's comfort in being an aged widow," I answered gallantly, "when one has two offers a month."

"I don't know what you know about my offers; but even two swallows don't make a summer! However, since you've mentioned the subject, tell me frankly what you think of poor Crawford. Is he at all presentable? You see I like him, I esteem him, and I'm afraid of being blinded by my feelings. Is he so dreadfully rough? You see I like downright simple manliness and all that; but a little polish does no harm, even on fine gold. I do wish you'd take hold of my poor cousin and teach him a few of the amenities of life. I'm very fond of the amenities of life; it's very frivolous and wicked, I suppose, but I can't help it. I have the misfortune to be sensitive to ugly things. Can one really accept a man who wears a green cravat? Of course you can make him take it off; but you'll be knowing all the while that he pines for it, that he would put it on if he could. Now that's a symbol of that dear, kind,

simple fellow, — a heart of gold, but a green cravat! I've never heard a word of wisdom about that matter yet. People talk about the sympathy of souls being the foundation of happiness in marriage. It's pure nonsense. It's not the great things, but the little, that we dispute about, and the chances are terribly against the people who have a different taste in colors."

It seemed to me that, thus ardently invoked, I might hazard the observation, "Mr. Guest would never wear a green cravat."

"What do you know about Mr. Guest's cravats?"

"I've seen his photograph, you know."

"Well, you do him justice. You should see him in the life. He looks like a duke. I never saw a duke, but that's my notion of a duke. Distinction, you know; perfect manners and tact and wit. If I'm right about it's being perfection in small things that assures one's happiness, I might — well, in two words, I might be very happy with Mr. Guest!"

"It's Crawford and soul, then," I proposed, smiling, "or Guest and manners!"

She looked at me a moment, and then with a toss of her head and a tap of her fan, "You wretch!" she cried, "you want to make me say something very ridiculous. I'll not pretend I'm not worldly. I'm excessively worldly. I always make a point of letting people know it. Of course I know very well my cousin's rich, and that so long as he's good he's none the worse for that. But in my quiet little way I'm a critic, and I look at things from a high ground. I compare a rich man who is simply a good fellow to a perfect gentleman who has simply a nice little fortune. Mr. Guest has a nice property, a very nice property. I should n't have to make over my old bonnets. You may ask me if I'm not afraid of Laura. But you'll marry Laura and carry her off!"

I found nothing to reply for some



moments to this little essay in "criticism"; and suddenly Mrs. Beck, fancying perhaps that she was indiscreetly committing herself, put an end to our interview. "I'm really very kind," she cried, "to be talking so graciously about a lover who leaves me alone for a month and never even drops me a line. It's not such good manners after all. If you're not jealous of Mr. Crawford, I am of Miss Guest. We'll go down and separate them."

Miss Guest's repose and dignity were decidedly overshadowed. I brought her the next afternoon a letter from the post-office, superscribed in a hand I knew, and wandered away while she sat in the garden and read it. When I came back she looked strangely sad. I sat down near her and drew figures in the ground with the end of her parasol, hoping that she would do me the honor to communicate her trouble. At last she rose in silence, as if to return to the house. I begged her to remain. "You're in distress," I said, speaking as calmly and coldly as I could, "and I hoped it might occur to you that there is infinite sympathy close at hand. Instead of going to your own room to cry, why not stay here and talk of it with me?"

She gave me a brilliant, searching gaze; I met it steadily and felt that I was turning pale with the effort not to obey the passionate impulse of self-denunciation. She began slowly to walk away from the house, and I felt that a point was gained. "It's your father, of course," I said. It was all I could say. She silently handed me his unfolded letter. It ran as follows:—

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER:—I have sold the house and everything in it, except your piano and books, of course at a painful sacrifice. But I needed ready money. Forgive your poor blundering, cruel father. My old luck has left me; but only *trust me*, and we shall be happy again."

Her eyes, fortunately, were wandering while I read; for I felt myself blushing to my ears.

"It's not the loss of the house," she said at last; "though of course we were fond of it. I grew up there,—my mother died there. It's the trouble it indicates. Poor dear father! Why does he talk of 'luck'? I detest the word! Why does he talk of forgiving him and trusting him? There's a wretched tone about it all. If he would only come back and let me look at him!"

"Nothing is more common in business," I answered, "than a temporary embarrassment demanding ready money. Of course it must be met at a sacrifice. One throws a little something overboard to lighten the ship, and the ship sails ahead. As for the loss of the house, nothing could be better for going to Italy, you know. You've no excuse left for staying here. If your father will forgive me the interest I take in his affairs, I strongly recommend his leaving business and its sordid cares. Let him go abroad and forget it all."

Laura walked along in silence, and I led the way out of the garden into the road. We followed it slowly till we reached the little chapel. The sexton was just leaving it, shouldering the broom with which he had been sweeping it for the morrow's services. I hailed him and gained his permission to go in and try the organ, assuring him that we were experts. Laura said that she felt in no mood for music; but she entered and sat down in one of the pews. I climbed into the gallery and attacked the little instrument. We had had no music since our first meeting, and I felt an irresistible need to recall the circumstances of that meeting. I played in a simple fashion, respectably enough, and fancied, at all events, that by my harmonious fingers I could best express myself. I played for an hour, in silence, choosing what I would, without comment or response from my companion. The summer twilight overtook us; when it was getting too dark to see the keys, I rejoined Miss Guest. She rose and came into the aisle.



"You play very well," she said, simply; "better than I supposed."

Her praise was sweet; but sweeter still was a fancy of mine that I perceived in the light gloom just the glimmer of a tear. "In this place," I said, "your playing once moved me greatly. Try and remember the scene distinctly."

"It's easily remembered," she answered, with an air of surprise.

"Believe, then, that when we parted, I was already in love with you."

She turned away abruptly. "Ah, my poor music!"

The next day, on my arrival, I was met by Mrs. Beck, whose pretty forehead seemed clouded with annoyance. With her own fair hand she button-holed me. "You apparently," she said, "have the happiness to be in Miss Guest's confidence. What on earth is going on in New York? Laura received an hour ago a letter from her father. I found her sitting with it in her hand as cheerful as a Quakeress in meeting. 'Something's wrong, my dear,' I said; 'I don't know what. In any case, be assured of my sympathy.' She gave me the most extraordinary stare. 'You'll be interested to know,' she said, 'that my father has lost half his property.' Interested to know! I verily believe the child meant an impertinence. What is Mr. Guest's property to me? Has he been speculating? Stupid man!" she cried, with vehemence.

I made a brief answer. I discovered Miss Guest sitting by the river, in pale contemplation of household disaster. I asked no questions. She told me of her own accord that her father was to return immediately, "to make up a month's sleep," she added, glancing at his letter. We spoke of other matters, but before I left her, I returned to this one. "I wish you to tell your father this," I said. "That there is a certain gentleman here, who is idle, indolent, ignorant, frivolous, selfish. That he has certain funds for which he is without present use. That he places them at Mr. Guest's absolute

disposal in the hope that they may partially relieve his embarrassment." I looked at Laura as I spoke and watched her startled blush deepen to crimson. She was about to reply; but before she could speak, "Don't forget to add," I went on, "that he hopes his personal faults will not prejudice Mr. Guest's acceptance of his offer, for it is prompted by the love he bears his daughter."

"You must excuse me," Laura said, after a pause. "I had rather not tell him this. He would not accept your offer."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I should n't allow him."

"And why not, pray? Don't you, after all, like me well enough to suffer me to do you so small a service?"

She hesitated; then gave me her hand with magnificent frankness. "I like you too well to suffer you to do me just that service. We take that from *les indifferents*."

## V.

Before the month was out, Edgar had quarrelled with the healing waters of L—. His improvement had been most illusory; his old symptoms had returned in force, and though he now railed bitterly at the perfidious spring and roundly denounced the place, he was too ill to be moved away. He was altogether confined to his room. I made a conscience of offering him my company and assistance, but he would accept no nursing of mine. He would be tended by no one whom he could not pay for his trouble and enjoy a legal right to grumble at. "I expect a nurse to *be* a nurse," he said, "and not a fine gentleman, waiting on me in gloves. It would be fine work for me, lying here, to have to think twice whether I might bid you not to breathe so hard." Nothing had passed between us about John Guest, though the motive for silence was different on each side. For Edgar, I fancied, our interview with him was a matter too solemn for frequent allusion; for me it



was a detestable thought. But wishing now to assure myself that, as I supposed, he had paid his ugly debt, I asked Edgar, on the evening I had extorted from Miss Guest those last recorded words of happy omen, whether he had heard from our friend in New York. It was a very hot night; poor Edgar lay sweltering under a sheet, with open windows. He looked pitifully ill, and yet somehow more intensely himself than ever. He drew a letter from under his pillow. "This came to-day," he said. "Stevens writes me that Guest yesterday paid down the twenty thousand dollars in full. It's quick work. I hope he's not robbed Peter to pay Paul."

"Mr. Guest has a conscience," I said; and I thought bitterly of the reverse of the picture. "I'm afraid he has half ruined himself to do it."

"Well, ruin for ruin, I prefer his. I've no doubt his affairs have gone to the dogs. The affairs of such a man must, sooner or later! I believe, by the way, you've been cultivating the young lady. What does the papa say to that?"

"Of course," I said, without heeding his question, "you've already enclosed him the — the little paper."

Edgar turned in his bed. "Of course I've done no such thing!"

"You mean to keep it?" I cried.

"Of course I mean to keep it. Where else would be his punishment?"

There was something vastly grotesque in the sight of this sickly little mortal erecting himself among his pillows as a dispenser of justice, an appraiser of the wages of sin; but I confess that his attitude struck me as more cruel even than ludicrous. I was disappointed. I had certainly not expected Edgar to be generous, but I had expected him to be just, and in the heat of his present irritation he was neither. He was angry with Guest for his excessive promptitude, which had given a sinister twist to his own conduct. "Upon my word," I cried, "you're a veritable Shylock!"

"And you're a veritable fool! Is it set down in the bond that I'm to give it up to him? The thing's mine, to have and to hold forever. The scoundrel would be easily let off indeed! This bit of paper in my hands is to keep him in order and prevent his being too happy. The thought will be wholesome company, — a *memento mori* to his vanity."

"He's to go through life, then, with possible exposure staring him in the face?"

Edgar's great protuberant eyes expanded without blinking. "He has committed his fate to Providence."

I was revolted. "You may have the providential qualities, but you have not the gentlemanly ones, I formally protest. But, after a decent delay, he'll of course demand the document."

"Demand it? He shall have it then, with a vengeance!"

"Well, I wash my hands of further complicity! I shall inform Mr. Guest that I count for nothing in this base negation of his right."

Edgar paused a moment to stare at me in my unprecedented wrath. Then making me a little ironical gesture of congratulation, "Inform him of what you please. I hope you'll have a pleasant talk over it! You made rather a bad beginning, but who knows, if you put your heads together to abuse me, you may end as bosom friends! I've watched you, sir!" he suddenly added, propping himself forward among his pillows; "you're in love!" I may wrong the poor fellow, but it seemed to me that in these words he discharged the bitterness of a lifetime. He too would have hoped to please, and he had lived in acrid assent to the instinct which told him such hope was vain. In one way or another a man pays his tax to manhood. "Yes, sir, you're grossly in love! What do I know about love, you ask? I know a drivelling lover when I see him. You've made a clever choice. Do you expect John Guest to give the girl away? He's a good-natured man, I know; but really, considering your



high standard of gentlemanly conduct, you ask a good deal."

Edgar had been guilty on this occasion of a kind of reckless moral self-exposure, which seemed to betray a sense that he should never need his reputation again. I felt as if I were standing by something very like a death-bed, and forbearingly, without rejoinder, I withdrew. He had simply expressed more brutally, however, my own oppressive belief that the father's aversion stood darkly massed in the rear of the daughter's indifference. I had, indeed, for the present, the consolation of believing that with Laura the day of pure indifference was over; and I tried hard to flatter myself that my position was tenable in spite of Mr. Guest. The next day as I was wandering on the hotel piazza, communing thus sadly with my hopes, I met Crawford, who, with his hands in his pockets and his hat on the bridge of his nose, seemed equally a sullen probationer of fate.

"I'm going down to join our friends," I said; "I expected to find you with them."

He gave a gloomy grin. "My nose is out of joint," he said; "Mr. Guest has come back." I turned pale, but he was too much engaged with his own trouble to observe it. "What do you suppose my cousin is up to? She had agreed to drive with me and I had determined to come home, once for all, engaged or rejected. As soon as she heard of Guest's arrival, she threw me overboard and tripped off to her room, to touch up her curls. Go down there now and you'll find her shaking them at Mr. Guest. By the Lord, sir, she can whistle for me now! If there was a decently good-looking woman in this house, I'd march straight up to her and offer myself. You're a happy man, my boy, not to have a d—d fool to interfere with you, and not to be in love with a d—d fool either."

I had no present leisure to smooth the turbid waters of poor Crawford's passion; but I remembered a clever remark in a French book, to the effect

that even the best men — and Crawford was one of the best — are subject to a momentary need not to respect what they love. I repaired alone to the house by the river, and found Laura in the little parlor which she shared with Mrs. Beck. The room was flooded with the glow of a crimson sunset, and she was looking out of the long window at two persons in the garden. In my great desire to obtain some firm assurance from her before her father's interference should become a certainty, I lost no time. "I've been able to think of nothing," I said, "but your reply to that poor offer of mine. I've been flattering myself that it really means something, — means, possibly, that if I were to speak — here — now — all that I long to speak, you would listen to me more kindly. Laura," I cried, passionately, "I repent of all my follies and I love you!"

She looked at me from head to foot with a gaze almost strange in its intensity. It betrayed trouble, but, I fancied, a grateful trouble. Then, with a smile, "My father has come," she said. The words set my heart a beating, and I had a horrible fancy that they were maliciously uttered. But as she went on I was reassured. "I want him to see you, though he knows nothing of your offer."

Somehow, by her tone, my mind was suddenly illumined with a delicious apprehension of her motive. She had heard the early murmur of that sentiment whose tender essence resents compulsion. "Let me feel then," I said, "that I am not to stand or fall by *his* choice."

"He's sure to like you," she answered; "don't you remember my telling you so? He judges better of men than of women," she added sadly, turning away from the window.

Mr. Guest had been advancing toward the house, side by side with Mrs. Beck. Before they reached it the latter was met by two ladies who had been ushered into the garden from the front gate, and with whom, with an air of smothered petulance, perceptible



even at a distance, she retraced her steps toward the summer-house. Her companion entered our little parlor alone from the piazza. He stepped jauntily and looked surprisingly little altered by his month's ordeal. Mrs. Beck might still have taken him for a duke, or, at least, for an earl. His daughter immediately introduced me. "Happy to make your acquaintance, sir," he exclaimed, in a voice which I was almost shocked to find how well I knew. He offered his hand. I met it with my own, and the next moment we were fairly face to face. I was prepared for anything. Recognition faltered for a mere instant in his eyes; then I felt it suddenly leap forth in the tremendous wrench of his hand, "Ah, you — *you* — *you*!"

"Why, you know him!" exclaimed Laura.

Guest continued to wring my hand, and I felt to my cost that he was shocked. He panted a moment for breath, and then burst into a monstrous laugh. I looked askance at Laura; her eyes were filled with wonder. I felt that for the moment anger had made her father reckless, and anything was better than that between us the edge of our secret should peep out. "We have been introduced," I said, trying to smile. Guest dropped my hand as if it burned him, and walked the length of the room.

"You should have told me!" Laura added, in a tone of almost familiar reproach.

"Miss Guest," I answered, hardly knowing what I said, "the world is so wide —"

"Upon my soul, I think it's damnable narrow!" cried Guest, who had turned very pale.

I determined then that he should know the worst. "I'm here with a purpose, Mr. Guest," I said; "I love your daughter."

He stopped short, fairly glaring at me. Laura stepped toward him and laid her two hands on his arm. "Something is wrong," she said, "very wrong! It's your horrible

money-matters! Were'n't you really then so generous?" and she turned to me.

Guest laid his other hand on hers as they rested on his arm and patted them gently. "My daughter," he said solemnly, "do your poor father a favor. Dismiss him forever. Turn him out of the house," he added, fiercely.

"You wrong your daughter," I cried, "by asking her to act so blindly and cruelly."

"My child," Guest went on, "I expect you to obey!"

There was a silence. At last Laura turned to me, excessively pale. "Will you do me the very great favor," she said, with a trembling voice, "to leave us?"

I reflected a moment. "I appreciate your generosity; but in the interest of your own happiness, I beg you not to listen to your father until I have had a word with him alone."

She hesitated and looked, as if for assent, at her father. "Great heavens, girl!" he cried, "you don't mean you love him!" She blushed to her hair and rapidly left the room.

Guest took up his hat and removed a speck of dust from the ribbon by a filip of his finger-nail. "Young man," he said, "you waste words!"

"Not, I hope, when, with my hand on my heart, I beg your pardon."

"Now that you have something to gain. If you respect me, you should have protested before. If you don't, you've nothing to do with me or mine."

"I allow for your natural resentment, but you might keep it within bounds. I religiously forget, ignore, efface the past. Meet me half-way! When we met a month ago, I already loved your daughter. If I had dreamed of your being ever so remotely connected with her, I would have arrested that detestable scene even by force, brother of mine though your adversary was!"

Guest put on his hat with a gesture of implacable contempt. "That's all very well! You don't know me, sir, or



you'd not waste your breath on *ifs*! The thing's done. Such as I stand here, I've been *dishonored*!" And two hot tears sprang into his eyes. "Such as I stand here, I carry in my poor, sore heart the vision of your great, brutal, staring, cruel presence. And now you ask me to accept that presence as perpetual! Upon my soul, I'm a precious fool to talk about it."

I made an immense effort to remain calm and courteous. "Is there nothing I can do to secure your good-will? I'll make any sacrifice."

"Nothing but to leave me at once and forever. Fancy my living with you for an hour! Fancy, whenever I met your eyes, my seeing in them the reflection of—of that piece of business! And your walking about looking wise and chuckling! My precious young man," he went on with a scorching smile, "if you knew how I hated you, you'd give me a wide berth."

I was silent for some moments, teaching myself the great patience which I foresaw I should need. "This is after all but the question of our personal relations, which we might fairly leave to time. Not only am I willing to pledge myself to the most explicit respect—"

"Explicit respect!" he broke out. "I should relish that vastly! Heaven deliver me from your explicit respect!"

"I can quite believe," I quietly continued, "that I should get to like you. Your daughter has done me the honor to say that she believed you would like me."

"Perfect! You've talked it all over with her?"

"At any rate," I declared roundly, "I love her, and I have reason to hope that I may render myself acceptable to her. I can only add, Mr. Guest, that much as I should value your approval of my suit, if you withhold it I shall try my fortune without it!"

"Gently, impetuous youth!" And Guest laid his hand on my arm and lowered his voice. "Do you dream that if my daughter ever so faintly sus-

pected the truth, she would even look at you again?"

"The truth? Heaven forbid she should dream of it! I wonder that in your position you should allude to it so freely."

"I was prudent once; I shall treat myself to a little freedom now. Give it up, I advise you. She may have thought you a pretty young fellow; I took you for one myself at first; but she'll keep her affection for a man with the bowels of compassion. She'll never love a coward, sir. Upon my soul, I'd sooner she married your beautiful brother. *He*, at least, had a grievance. Don't talk to me about my own child. She and I have an older love than yours; and if she were to learn that I've been weak—Heaven help me!—she would only love me the more. She would feel only that I've been outraged."

I confess that privately I flinched, but I stood to it bravely. "Miss Guest, doubtless, is as perfect a daughter as she would be a wife. But allow me to say that a woman's heart is not so simple a mechanism. Your daughter is a person of a very fine sense of honor, and I can imagine nothing that would give her greater pain than to be reduced to an attitude of mere compassion for her father. She likes to believe that men are strong. The sense of respect is necessary to her happiness. We both wish to assure that happiness. Let us join hands to preserve her illusions."

I saw in his eye no concession except to angry perplexity. "I don't know what you mean," he cried, "and I don't want to know. If you wish to intimate that my daughter is so very superior a person that she'll despise me, you're mistaken! She's beyond any compliment you can pay her. You can't frighten me now; I don't care for things." He walked away a moment and then turned about with flushed face and trembling lip. "I'm broken, I'm ruined! I don't want my daughter's respect, nor any other woman's. It's a burden, a mockery, a snare! What's a woman worth who



can be kind only while she believes? Ah, ah!" and he began to rub his hands with a sudden air of helpless senility, "I should never be so kissed and coddled and nursed. I can tell her what I please; I sha' n't mind what I say now. I've ceased to care,—all in a month! Reputation's a farce; a pair of tight boots, worn for vanity. I used to have a good foot, but I shall end my days in my slippers. I don't care for anything!"

This mood was piteous, but it was also formidable, for I was scantily disposed to face the imputation of having reduced an amiable gentleman, in however strictly just a cause, to this state of plaintive cynicism. I could only hope that time would repair both his vanity and his charity, seriously damaged as they were. "Well," I said, taking my hat, "a man in love, you know, is obstinate. Confess, yourself, that you'd not think the better of me for accepting dismissal philosophically. A single word of caution, keep cool; don't lose your head; don't speak recklessly to Laura. I protest that, for myself, I'd rather my mistress should n't doubt of her father."

Guest had seated himself on the sofa with his hat on, and remained staring absently at the carpet, as if he were deaf to my words. As I turned away, Mrs. Beck crossed the piazza and stood on the threshold of the long window. Her shadow fell at Mr. Guest's feet; she sent a searching glance from his face to mine. He started, stared, rose, stiffened himself up, and removed his hat. Suddenly he colored to the temples, and after a second's delay there issued from behind this ruby curtain a wondrous imitation of a smile. I turned away, reassured. "My case is not hopeless," I said to myself. "You *do* care for something, yet." Even had I deemed it hopeless, I might have made my farewell. Laura met me near the gate, and I remember thinking that trouble was vastly becoming to her.

"Is your quarrel too bad to speak of?" she asked.

"Allow me to make an urgent request. Your father forbids me to think of you, and you, of course, to think of me. You see," I said, mustering a smile, "we're in a delightfully romantic position, persecuted by a stern parent. He will say hard things of me; I say nothing about your believing them, I leave that to your own discretion. But don't contradict them. Let him call me cruel, pusillanimous, false, whatever he will. Ask no questions; they will bring you no comfort. Be patient, be a good daughter, and—wait!"

Her brow contracted painfully over her intensely lucid eyes, and she shook her head impatiently. "Let me understand. Have you really done wrong?"

I felt that it was but a slender sacrifice to generosity to say Yes, and to add that I had repented. I even felt gratefully that whatever it might be to have a crime to confess to, it was not "boyish."

For a moment, I think, Laura was on the point of asking me a supreme question about her father, but she suppressed it and abruptly left me.

My step-brother's feeble remnant of health was now so cruelly reduced that the end of his troubles seemed near. He was in constant pain, and was kept alive only by stupefying drugs. As his last hour might strike at any moment, I was careful to remain within call, and for several days saw nothing of father or daughter. I learned from Crawford that they had determined to prolong their stay into the autumn, for Mr. Guest's "health." "I don't know what's the matter with his health," Crawford grumbled. "For a sick man he seems uncommonly hearty, able to sit out of doors till midnight with Mrs. B., and always as spick and span as a bridegroom. I'm the invalid of the lot," he declared; "the climate don't agree with me." Mrs. Beck, it appeared, was too fickle for patience; he would be made a fool of no more. If she wanted him, she must come and fetch him; and if she valued her chance, she must do it without delay. He de-



parted for New York to try the virtue of missing and being missed.

On the evening he left us, the doctor told me that Edgar could not outlast the night. At midnight, I relieved the watcher and took my place by his bed. Edgar's soundless and motionless sleep was horribly like death. Sitting watchful by his pillow, I passed an oppressively solemn night. It seemed to me that a part of myself was dying, and that I was sitting in cold survival of youthful innocence and of the lavish self-surrender of youth. There is a certain comfort in an ancient grievance, and as I thought of having heard for the last time the strenuous quaver of Edgar's voice, I could have wept as for the effacement of some revered horizon-line of life. I heard his voice again, however; he was not even to die without approving the matter. With the first flash of dawn and the earliest broken bird-note, he opened his eyes and began to murmur disconnectedly. At length he recognized me, and, with me, his situation. "Don't go on tiptoe, and hold your breath, and pull a long face," he said; "speak up like a man. I'm doing the biggest job I ever did yet, you'll not interrupt me; I'm dying. One—two, three—four; I can almost count the ebbing waves. And to think that all these years they've been breaking on the strand of the universe! It's only when the world's din is shut out, at the last, that we hear them. I'll not pretend to say I'm not sorry; I've been a man of this world. It's a great one; there's a vast deal to do in it, for a man of sense. I've not been a fool, either. Write that for my epitaph, *He was no fool!*—except when he went to L. I'm not satisfied yet. I might have got better, and richer. I wanted to try galvanism, and to transfer that Pennsylvania stock. Well, I'm to be transferred myself. If dying's the end of it all, it's as well to die worse as to die better. At any rate, while time was mine, I did n't waste it. I went over my will, pen in hand, for the last time, only a week ago, crossed the *l's* and dotted the *i's*. I've left

you—nothing. You need nothing for comfort, and of course you expect nothing for sentiment. I've left twenty thousand dollars to found an infirmary for twenty indigent persons suffering from tumor in the stomach. *There's* sentiment! There will be no trouble about it, for my affairs are in perfect shape. Twenty snug little beds in my own little house in Philadelphia. They can get five into the dining-room." He was silent awhile, as if with a kind of ecstatic vision of the five little beds in a row. "I don't know that there is anything else," he said, at last, "except a few old papers to be burned. I hate leaving rubbish behind me; it's enough to leave one's mouldering carcass!"

At his direction I brought a large tin box from a closet and placed it on a chair by his bedside, where I drew from it a dozen useless papers and burned them one by one in the candle. At last, when but three or four were left, I laid my hand on a small sealed document labelled *Guest's Confession*. My hand trembled as I held it up to him, and as he recognized it a faint flush overspread his cadaverous pallor. He frowned, as if painfully confused. "How did it come there? I sent it back, I sent it back," he said. Then suddenly with a strangely erroneous recollection of our recent dispute, "I told you so the other day, you remember; and you said I was too generous. And what did you tell me about the daughter? You're in love with her? Ah yes! What a muddle!"

I respected his confusion. "You say you've left me nothing," I answered. "Leave me this."

For all reply, he turned over with a groan, and relapsed into stupor. The nurse shortly afterwards came to relieve me; but though I lay down, I was unable to sleep. The personal possession of that little scrap of paper acted altogether too potently on my nerves and my imagination. In due contravention of the doctor, Edgar outlasted the night and lived into another day. But as high noon was clashing out from the village church, and I stood



with the doctor by his bedside, the latter, who had lifted his wrist a little to test his pulse, released it, not with the tenderness we render to suffering, but with a more summary reverence. Suffering was over.

By the close of the day I had finished my preparations for attending my step-brother's remains to burial in Philadelphia, among those of his own people; but before my departure, I measured once more that well-trodden road to the house by the river, and requested a moment's conversation with Mr. Guest. In spite of my attention being otherwise engaged, I had felt strangely all day that I carried a sort of magic talisman, a mystic key to fortune. I was constantly fumbling in my waistcoat-pocket to see whether the talisman was really there. I wondered that, as yet, Guest should not have demanded a surrender of his note; but I attributed his silence to shame, scorn, and defiance, and promised myself a sort of golden advantage by anticipating his claim with the cogent frankness of justice. But as soon as he entered the room I foresaw that Justice must show her sword as well as her scales. His resentment had deepened into a kind of preposterous arrogance, of a temper quite insensible to logic. He had more than recovered his native buoyancy and splendor; there was an air of feverish impudence in his stare, his light swagger, in the very hue and fashion of his crimson necktie. He had an evil genius with blond curls and innumerable flounces.

"I feel it to be a sort of duty," I said, "to inform you that my brother died this morning."

"Your brother? What's your brother to me? He's been dead to me these three days. Is that all you have to say?"

I was irritated by the man's stupid implacability, and my purpose received a check. "No," I answered, "I've several things more to touch upon."

"In so far as they concern my daughter, you may leave them unsaid. She tells me of your offer to — to *buy off*

my opposition. Am I to understand that it was seriously made? You're a coarser young man than I fancied!"

"She told you of my offer?" I cried.

"O, you needn't build upon that! She hasn't mentioned your name since."

I was silent, thinking my own thoughts. I won't answer for it, that, in spite of his caution, I did *not* lay an immaterial brick or two. "You're still irreconcilable?" I contented myself with asking.

He assumed an expression of absolutely jovial contempt. "My dear sir, I detest the sight of you!"

"Have you no question to ask, no demand to make?"

He looked at me a moment in silence, with just the least little twitch and tremor of mouth and eye. His vanity, I guessed on the instant, was determined stoutly to ignore that I held him at an advantage and to refuse me the satisfaction of extorting from him the least allusion to the evidence of his disgrace. He had known bitter compulsion once; he would not do it the honor to concede that it had not spent itself. "No demand but that you will excuse my further attendance."

My own vanity took a hand in the game. Justice herself was bound to go no more than half-way. If he was not afraid of his little paper, he might try a week or two more of bravery. I bowed to him in silence and let him depart. As I turned to go I found myself face to face with Mrs. Beck, whose pretty visage was flushed with curiosity. "You and Mr. Guest have quarrelled," she said roundly.

"As you see, madam."

"As I see, madam! But what is it all about?"

"About — his daughter."

"His daughter and his ducats! You're a very deep young man, in spite of those boyish looks of yours. Why did you never tell me you knew him? You've quarrelled about money matters."

"As you say," I answered, "I'm very deep. Don't tempt me to further subterfuge."



"He has lost money, I know. Is it much? Tell me that."

"It's an enormous sum!" I said, with mock solemnity.

"Provoking man!" And she gave a little stamp of disgust.

"He's in trouble," I said. "To a woman of your tender sympathies he ought to be more interesting than ever."

She mused a moment, fixing me with her keen blue eye. "It's a sad responsibility to have a heart!" she murmured.

"In that," I said, "we perfectly agree."

#### VI.

It was a singular fact that Edgar's affairs turned out to be in by no means the exemplary order in which he had flattered himself he placed them. They were very much at sixes and sevens. The discovery, to me, was almost a shock. I might have drawn from it a pertinent lesson on the fallacy of human pretensions. The gentleman whom Edgar had supremely honored (as he seemed to assume in his will) by appointing his executor, responded to my innocent surprise by tapping his forehead with a peculiar smile. It was partly from curiosity as to the value of this explanation, that I helped him to look into the dense confusion which prevailed in my step-brother's estate. It revealed certainly an odd compound of madness and method. I learned with real regret that the twenty eleemosynary beds at Philadelphia must remain a superb conception. I was horrified at every step by the broad license with which his will had to be interpreted. All profitless as I was in the case, when I thought of the comfortable credit in which he had died, I felt like some greedy kinsman of tragedy making impious havoc with a sacred bequest. These matters detained me for a week in New York, where I had joined my brother's executor. At my earliest moment of leisure, I called upon Crawford at the office of a friend to whom he had addressed me, and learned that after three or four dismally restless

days in town, he had taken a summary departure for L. A couple of days later, I was struck with a certain dramatic connection between his return and the following note from Mr. Guest, which I give verbally, in its pregnant brevity:—

SIR:—I possess a claim on your late brother's estate which it is needless to specify. You will either satisfy it by return of mail or forfeit forever the common respect of gentlemen.

J. G.

Things had happened with the poor man rather as I hoped than as I expected. He had borrowed his recent exaggerated defiance from the transient smiles of Mrs. Beck. They had gone to his head like the fumes of wine, and he had dreamed for a day that he could afford to snap his fingers at the past. What he really desired and hoped of Mrs. Beck I was puzzled to say. In this woful disrepair of his fortunes he could hardly have meant to hold her to a pledge of matrimony extorted in brighter hours. He was infatuated, I believed, partly by a weak, spasmodic optimism which represented his troubles as momentary, and enjoined him to hold firm till something turned up, and partly by a reckless and frivolous susceptibility to the lady's unscrupulous blandishments. While they prevailed, he lost all notion of the wholesome truth of things, and would have been capable of any egregious folly. Mrs. Beck was in love with him, in so far as she was capable of being in love; his gallantry, of all gallantries, suited her to a charm; but she reproached herself angrily with this amiable weakness, and prudence every day won back an inch of ground. Poor Guest indeed had clumsily snuffed out his candle. He had slept in the arms of Delilah, and he had waked to find that Delilah had guessed, if not his secret, something uncomfortably like it. Crawford's return had found Mrs. Beck with but a scanty remnant of sentiment and a large accession of prudence, which was graciously placed at his service. Guest,



hereupon, as I conjectured, utterly disillusioned by the cynical frankness of her defection, had seen his horizon grow ominously dark, and begun to fancy, as I remained silent, that there was thunder in the air. His pompous waiving, in his note, of allusion both to our last meeting and to my own present claim, seemed to me equally characteristic of his weakness and of his distress. The bitter after-taste of Mrs. Beck's coquetry had, at all events, brought him back to reality. For myself, the real fact in the matter was the image of Laura Guest, sitting pensive, like an exiled princess.

I sent him nothing by return of mail. On my arrival in New York, I had enclosed the precious document in an envelope, addressed it, and stamped it, and put it back in my pocket. I could not rid myself of a belief that by that sign I should conquer. Several times I drew it forth and laid it on the table before me, reflecting that I had but a word to say to have it dropped into the post. Cowardly, was it, to keep it? But what was it to give up one's mistress without a battle? Which was the uglier, my harshness or Guest's? In a holy cause, — and holy, you may be sure, I had dubbed mine, — were not all arms sanctified? Possession meant peril, and peril to a manly sense, of soul and conscience, as much as of person and fortune. Mine, at any rate, should share the danger. It was a sinister-looking talisman certainly; but when it had failed, it would be time enough to give it up.

In these thoughts I went back to L. I had taken the morning train; I arrived at noon, and with small delay proceeded to the quiet little house which harbored such world-vexed spirits. It was one of the first days of September, and the breath of autumn was in the air. Summer still met the casual glance; but the infinite light of summer had found its term; it was as if there were a leak in the crystal vault of the firmament through which the luminous ether of June was slowly stealing away.

Mr. Guest, I learned from the servant, had started on a walk, — to the mill, she thought, three miles away. I sent in my card to Laura, and went into the garden to await her appearance — or her answer. At the end of five minutes, I saw her descend from the piazza and advance down the long path. Her light black dress swept the little box-borders, and over her head she balanced a white parasol. I met her, and she stopped, silent and grave. "I've come to learn," I said, "that absence has not been fatal to me."

"You've hardly been absent. You left a — an influence behind, — a very painful one. In Heaven's name!" she cried, with vehemence, "what horrible wrong have you done?"

"I have done no horrible wrong. Do you believe me?" She scanned my face searchingly for a moment; then she gave a long, gentle, irrepressible sigh of relief. "Do you fancy that if I had, I could meet your eyes, feel the folds of your dress? I've done that which I have bitterly wished undone; I did it in ignorance, weakness, and folly; I've repented in passion and truth. Can a man do more?"

"I never was afraid of the truth," she answered slowly; "I don't see that I need fear it now. I'm not a child. Tell me the absolute truth!"

"The absolute truth," I said, "is that your father once saw me in a very undignified position. It made such an impression on him that he's unable to think of me in any other. You see I was rather cynically indifferent to his observation, for I did n't know him then as your father."

She gazed at me with the same adventurous candor, and blushed a little as I became silent, then turned away and strolled along the path. "It seems a miserable thing," she said, "that two gentle spirits like yours should have an irreparable difference. When good men hate each other, what are they to do to the bad men? You must excuse my want of romance, but I cannot listen to a suitor of whom my father complains. Make peace!"



"Shall peace with him be peace with you?"

"Let me see you frankly shake hands," she said, not directly answering. "Be very kind! You don't know what he has suffered here lately." She paused, as if to conceal a tremor in her voice.

Had she read between the lines of that brilliant improvisation of mine, or was she moved chiefly with pity for his recent sentimental tribulations,—pitying them the more that she respected them the less? "He has walked to the mill," I said; "I shall meet him, and we'll come back arm in arm." I turned away, so that I might not see her face pleading for a clemency which would make me too delicate. I went down beside the river and followed the old towing-path, now grassy with disuse. Reaching the shabby wooden bridge below the mill, I stopped midway across it and leaned against the railing. Below, the yellow water swirled past the crooked piers. I took my little sealed paper out of my pocket-book and held it over the stream, almost courting the temptation to drop it; but the temptation never came. I had just put it back in my pocket when I heard a footstep on the planks behind me. Turning round, I beheld Mr. Guest. He looked tired and dusty with his walk, and had the air of a man who had been trying by violent exercise to shake off a moral incubus. Judging by his haggard brow and heavy eyes, he had hardly succeeded. As he recognized me, he started just perceptibly, as if he were too weary to be irritated. He was about to pass on without speaking, but I intercepted him. My movement provoked a flash in his sullen pupil. "I came on purpose to meet you," I said. "I have just left your daughter, and I feel more than ever how passionately I love her. Once more, I demand that you withdraw your opposition."

"Is that your answer to my letter?" he asked, eyeing me from under his brows.

"Your letter puts me in a position to make my demand with force. I refuse

to submit to this absurd verdict of accident. I have just seen your daughter, and I have authority to bring you to reason."

"My daughter has received you?" he cried, flushing.

"Most kindly."

"You scoundrel!"

"Gently, gently. Shake hands with me here where we stand, and let me keep my promise to Laura of our coming back to her arm in arm, at peace, reconciled, mutually forgiving and forgetting, or I walk straight back and put a certain little paper into her hands."

He turned deadly pale, and a fierce oath broke from his lips. He had been beguiled, I think, by my neglect of his letter, into the belief that Edgar had not died without destroying his signature,—a belief rendered possible by an indefeasible faith he must have had in my step-brother's probity. "You've kept that thing!" he cried. "The Lord be praised! I'm as honest a man as either of you!"

"Say but two words,—'Take her!'—and we shall be honest together again. The paper's yours." He turned away and leaned against the railing of the bridge, with his head in his hands, watching the river.

"Take your time," I continued; "I give you two hours. Go home, look at your daughter, and choose. An hour hence I'll join you. If I find you've removed your veto, I undertake to make you forget you ever offered it: if I find you've maintained it, I expose you."

"In either case you lose your mistress. Whatever Laura may think of me, there can be no doubt as to what she will think of you."

"I shall be forgiven. Leave that to me! That's my last word. In a couple of hours I shall take the liberty of coming to learn yours."

"O Laura, Laura!" cried the poor man in his bitter trouble. But I left him and walked away. I turned as I reached the farther end of the bridge, and saw him slowly resume his course. I marched along the road to the mill,



so excited with having uttered this brave *ultimatum* that I hardly knew whither I went. But at last I be-thought me of a certain shady stream-side nook just hereabouts, which a little exploration soon discovered. A shallow cove, screened from the road by dense clumps of willows, stayed the current a moment in its grassy bend. I had noted it while boating, as a spot where a couple of lovers might aptly disembark and moor their idle skiff; and I was now tempted to try its influence in ardent solitude. I flung myself on the ground, and as I listened to the light gurgle of the tarrying stream and to the softer rustle of the cool gray leafage around me, I suddenly felt that I was exhausted and sickened. I lay motionless, watching the sky and resting from my anger. Little by little it melted away and left me horribly ashamed. How long I lay there I know not, nor what was the logic of my meditations, but an ineffable change stole over my spirit. There are fathomless depths in spiritual mood and motive. Opposite me, on the farther side of the stream, winding along a path through the bushes, three or four cows had come down to drink. I sat up and watched them. A young man followed them, in a red shirt, with his trousers in his boots. While they were comfortably nosing the water into ripples, he sat down on a stone and began to light his pipe. In a moment I fancied I saw the little blue thread of smoke curl up from the bowl. From beyond, just droning through the air, came the liquid rumble of the mill. There seemed to me something in this vision ineffably pastoral, peaceful, and innocent; it smote me to my heart of hearts. I felt a nameless wave of impulse start somewhere in the innermost vitals of conscience and fill me with passionate shame. I fell back on the grass and burst into tears.

The sun was low and the breeze had risen when I rose to my feet. I scrambled back to the road, crossed the bridge, and hurried home by the towing-path. My heart, however, beat

faster than my footfalls. I passed into the garden and advanced to the house; as I stepped upon the piazza, I was met by Mrs. Beck. "Answer me a simple question," she cried, laying her hand on my arm.

"I should like to hear you ask one!" I retorted, impatiently.

"Has Mr. Guest lost his mind?"

"For an hour! I've brought it back to him."

"You've a pretty quarrel between you. He comes up an hour ago, as I was sitting in the garden with — with Mr. Crawford, requests a moment's interview, leads me apart and — offers himself. 'If you'll have me, take me now; you won't an hour hence,' he cried. 'Neither now nor an hour hence, thank you,' said I. 'My affections are fixed — elsewhere.'"

"You've not lost your head, at any rate," said I; and, releasing myself, I went into the parlor. I had a horrible fear of being too late. The candles stood lighted on the piano, and tea had been brought in, but the kettle was singing unheeded. On the divan facing the window sat Guest, lounging back on the cushions, his hat and stick flung down beside him, his hands grasping his knees, his head thrown back, and his eyes closed. That he should have remained so for an hour, unbrushed and unfurbished, spoke volumes as to his mental state. Near him sat Laura, looking at him askance in mute anxiety. What had passed between them? Laura's urgent glance as I entered was full of trouble, but I fancied without reproach. He had apparently chosen neither way; he had simply fallen there, weary, desperate, and dumb.

"I'm disappointed!" Laura said to me gravely.

Her father opened his eyes, stared at me a moment, and then closed them. I answered nothing; but after a moment's hesitation went and took my seat beside Guest. I laid my hand on his own with a grasp of which he felt, first the force, then, I think, the kindness; for, after a momentary spasm of



repulsion, he remained coldly passive. He must have begun to wonder. "Be so good," I said to Laura, "as to bring me one of the candles." She looked surprised; but she complied and came toward me, holding the taper, like some pale priestess expecting a portent. I drew out the note and held it to the flame. "Your father and I have had a secret," I said, "which has been a burden to both of us. Here it goes." Laura's hand trembled as she held the candle, and mine as I held the paper; but between us the vile thing blazed and was consumed. I glanced askance at Guest; he was staring wide-eyed at the dropping cinders. When the last had dropped, I took the candle, rose, and carried it back to the piano. Laura dropped on her knees before her father, and, while my back was turned, something passed between them with which I was concerned only in its consequences.

When I looked round, Guest had risen and was passing his fingers through his hair. "Daughter," he said, "when I came in, what was it I said to you?"

She stood for an instant with her eyes on the floor. Then, "I've forgotten!" she said, simply.

Mrs. Beck had passed in by the win-

dow in time to hear these last words. "Do you know what you said to me when you came in?" she cried, mirthfully shaking a finger at Guest. He laughed nervously, picked up his hat, and stood looking, with an air of odd solemnity, at his boots. Suddenly it seemed to occur to him that he was dusty and dishevelled. He settled his shirt-collar and levelled a glance at the mirror, in which he caught my eye. He tried hard to look insensible; but it was the glance of a man who felt more comfortable than he had done in a month. He marched stiffly to the door.

"Are you going to dress?" said Mrs. Beck.

"From head to foot!" he cried, with violence.

"Be so good, then, if you see Mr. Crawford in the hall, as to ask him to come in and have a cup of tea."

Laura had passed out to the piazza, where I immediately joined her. "Your father accepts me," I said; "there is nothing left but for you—"

Five minutes later, I looked back through the window to see if we were being observed. But Mrs. Beck was busy adding another lump of sugar to Crawford's cup of tea. His eye met mine, however, and I fancied he looked sheepish.

*H. James Jr.*

## MOZART.

MOST beautiful among the helpers thou!  
 All heaven's fresh air and sunshine at thy voice  
 Flood with refreshment many a weary brow,  
 And sad souls thrill with courage and rejoice  
 To hear God's gospel of pure gladness sound  
 So sure and clear in this bewildered world,  
 Till the sick vapors that our sense confound  
 By cheerful winds are into nothing whirled.  
 O matchless melody! O perfect art!  
 O lovely, lofty voice that rings so true!  
 O strong and radiant angel, every heart  
 Bows down before, with reverence ever new!  
 Loved shalt thou be while time may yet endure,  
 Spirit of health, sweet, sound, and wise, and pure!

*Celia Thaxter.*



## THE PRIMEVAL GHOST-WORLD.

NO earnest student of human culture can as yet have forgotten or wholly outlived the feeling of delight awakened by the first perusal of Max Müller's brilliant "Essay on Comparative Mythology," — a work in which the scientific principles of myth-interpretation, though not newly announced, were at least brought home to the reader with such an amount of fresh and striking concrete illustration as they had not before received. Yet it must have occurred to more than one reader that, while the analyses of myths contained in this noble essay are in the main sound in principle and correct in detail, nevertheless the author's theory of the genesis of myth is expressed, and most likely conceived, in a way that is very suggestive of carelessness and fallacy. There are obvious reasons for doubting whether the existence of mythology can be due to any "disease," abnormality, or hypertrophy of metaphor in language; and the criticism at once arises, that with the myth-makers it was not so much the character of the expression which originated the thought, as it was the thought which gave character to the expression. It is not that the early Aryans were myth-makers because their language abounded in metaphor: it is that the Aryan mother-tongue abounded in metaphor because the men and women who spoke it were myth-makers. And they were myth-makers because they had nothing but the phenomena of human will and effort with which to compare objective phenomena. Therefore it was that they spoke of the sun as an unwearied voyager or a matchless archer, and classified inanimate no less than animate objects as masculine and feminine. Max Müller's way of stating his theory, both in this Essay and in his later lectures, affords one among several instances of the curious manner in which he combines a marvellous penetration

into the significance of details with a certain looseness of general conception.\* The principles of philological interpretation are an indispensable aid to us in detecting the hidden meaning of many a legend in which the powers of nature are represented in the guise of living and thinking persons; but before we can get at the secret of the myth-making tendency itself, we must leave philology and enter upon a psychological study. We must inquire into the characteristics of that primitive style of thinking to which it seemed quite natural that the sun should be an unerring archer, and the thunder-cloud a black demon or gigantic robber finding his richly merited doom at the hands of the indignant Lord of Light.

Among recent treatises which have dealt with this interesting problem, we shall find it advantageous to give especial attention to Mr. Tylor's "Primitive Culture," † one of the few erudite works which are at once truly great

\* "The expression that the Erinyes, Saranyu, the Dawn, finds out the criminal, was originally quite free from mythology; it meant *no more than that crime would be brought to light some day or other*. It became mythological, however, as soon as the etymological meaning of Erinyes was forgotten, and as soon as the Dawn, a portion of time, assumed the rank of a personal being." — Science of Language, 6th edition, II. 615. This paragraph, in which the italicizing is mine, contains Max Müller's theory in a nutshell. It seems to me wholly at variance with the facts of history. The facts concerning primitive culture which are to be cited in this paper will show that the case is just the other way. Instead of the expression "Erinyes finds the criminal" being originally a metaphor, it was originally a literal statement of what was believed to be fact. The Dawn (not "a portion of time," (!) but the rosy flush of the morning sky) was originally regarded as a real person. Primitive men, strictly speaking, do not talk in metaphors: they believe in the literal truth of their similes and personifications, from which, by survival in culture, our poetic metaphors are lineally descended. Homer's allusion to a rolling stone as *ἔσσιμενος* or "yearning" (to keep on rolling), is to us a mere figurative expression; but to the savage it is the description of a fact.

† Primitive Culture: Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Custom. By EDWARD B. TYLOR. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1871.



and thoroughly entertaining. The learning displayed in it would do credit to a German specialist, both for extent and for minuteness, while the orderly arrangement of the arguments and the elegant lucidity of the style are such as we are accustomed to expect from French essay-writers. And what is still more admirable is the way in which the enthusiasm characteristic of a genial and original speculator is tempered by the patience and caution of a cool-headed critic. Patience and caution are nowhere more needed than in writers who deal with mythology and with primitive religious ideas; but these qualities are too seldom found in combination with the speculative boldness which is required when fresh theories are to be framed or new paths of investigation opened. The state of mind in which the explaining powers of a favorite theory are fondly contemplated is, to some extent, antagonistic to the state of mind in which facts are seen, with the eye of impartial criticism, in all their obstinate and uncompromising reality. To be able to preserve the balance between the two opposing tendencies is to give evidence of the most consummate scientific training. It is from the want of such a balance that the recent great work of Mr. Cox is at times so unsatisfactory. It may, I fear, seem ill-natured to say so, but the eagerness with which Mr. Cox waylays every available illustration of the physical theory of the origin of myths has now and then the curious effect of weakening the reader's conviction of the soundness of the theory. For my own part, though by no means inclined to waver in adherence to a doctrine once adopted on good grounds, I never felt so much like rebelling against the mythologic supremacy of the Sun and the Dawn as when reading Mr. Cox's volumes. That Mr. Tylor, while defending the same fundamental theory, awakens no such rebellious feelings, is due to his clear perception and realization of the fact that it is impossible to generalize in a single formula such many-sided correspond-

ences as those which primitive poetry and philosophy have discerned between the life of man and the life of outward nature. Whoso goes roaming up and down the elf-land of popular fancies, with sole intent to resolve each episode of myth into some answering physical event, his only criterion being outward resemblance, cannot be trusted in his conclusions, since wherever he turns for evidence he is sure to find something that can be made to serve as such. As Mr. Tylor observes, no household legend or nursery rhyme is safe from his hermeneutics. "Should he, for instance, demand as his property the nursery 'Song of Sixpence,' his claim would be easily established,—obviously the four-and-twenty black-birds are the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth covered with the over-arching sky,—how true a touch of nature it is that when the pie is opened, that is, when day breaks, the birds begin to sing; the King is the Sun, and his counting out his money is pouring out the sunshine, the golden shower of Danaë; the Queen is the Moon, and her transparent honey the moonlight; the Maid is the 'rosy-fingered' Dawn, who rises before the Sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds, his clothes, across the sky; the particular black-bird, who so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose, is the hour of sunrise." In all this interpretation there is no *a priori* improbability, save, perhaps, in its unbroken symmetry and completeness. That some points, at least, of the story are thus derived from antique interpretations of physical events, is in harmony with all that we know concerning nursery rhymes. In short, "the time-honored rhyme really wants but one thing to prove it a sun myth, that one thing being a proof by some argument more valid than analogy." The character of the argument which is lacking may be illustrated by a reference to the rhyme about Jack and Jill, explained some time since in my paper on "The Origins of Folk-Lore." If the argument be thought



valid which shows these ill-fated children to be the spots on the moon, it is because the proof consists, not in the analogy, which is in this case not especially obvious, but in the fact that in the Edda, and among ignorant Swedish peasants of our own day, the story of Jack and Jill is actually given as an explanation of the moon-spots. To the neglect of this distinction between what is plausible and what is supported by direct evidence, is due much of the crude speculation which encumbers the study of myths.

It is when Mr. Tylor merges the study of mythology into the wider inquiry into the characteristic features of the mode of thinking in which myths originated, that we can best appreciate the practical value of that union of speculative boldness and critical sobriety which everywhere distinguishes him. It is pleasant to meet with a writer who can treat of primitive religious ideas without losing his head over allegory and symbolism, and who duly realizes the fact that a savage is not a rabbinical commentator, or a cabalist, or a Rosicrucian, but a plain man who draws conclusions like ourselves, though with feeble intelligence and scanty knowledge. The mystic allegory with which such modern writers as Lord Bacon have invested the myths of antiquity is no part of their original clothing, but is rather the late product of a style of reasoning from analogy quite similar to that which we shall perceive to have guided the myth-makers in their primitive constructions. The myths and customs and beliefs which, in an advanced stage of culture, seem meaningless save when characterized by some quaintly wrought device of symbolic explanation, did not seem meaningless in the lower culture which gave birth to them. Myths, like words, survive their primitive meanings. In the early stage the myth is part and parcel of the current mode of philosophizing; the explanation which it offers is, for the time, the natural one, the one which would most readily occur to any one thinking on the theme

with which the myth is concerned. But by and by the mode of philosophizing has changed; explanations which formerly seemed quite obvious no longer occur to any one, but the myth has acquired an independent substantive existence, and continues to be handed down from parents to children as something true, though no one can tell why it is true. Lastly the myth itself gradually fades from remembrance, often leaving behind it some utterly unintelligible custom or seemingly absurd superstitious notion. For example, — to recur to an illustration already cited in a previous paper, — it is still believed here and there by some venerable granny that it is wicked to kill robins; but he who should attribute the belief to the old granny's refined sympathy with all sentient existence, would be making one of the blunders which are always committed by those who reason *a priori* about historical matters without following the historical method. At an earlier date the superstition existed in the shape of a belief that the killing of a robin portends some calamity; in a still earlier form the calamity is specified as death; and again, still earlier, as death by lightning. Another step backward reveals that the dread sanctity of the robin is owing to the fact that he is the bird of Thor, the lightning god; and finally we reach that primitive stage of philosophizing in which the lightning is explained as a red bird dropping from its beak a worm which cleaveth the rocks. Again, the belief that some harm is sure to come to him who saves the life of a drowning man, is unintelligible until it is regarded as a case of survival in culture. In the older form of the superstition it is held that the rescuer will sooner or later be drowned himself; and thus we pass to the fetichistic interpretation of drowning as the seizing of the unfortunate person by the water-spirit or nixy, who is naturally angry at being deprived of his victim, and henceforth bears a special grudge against the bold mortal who has thus dared to frustrate him.



The interpretation of the lightning as a red bird, and of drowning as the work of a smiling but treacherous fiend, are parts of that primitive philosophy of nature in which all forces objectively existing are conceived as identical with the force subjectively known as volition. It is this philosophy, currently known as fetichism, but treated by Mr. Tylor under the somewhat more comprehensive name of "animism," which we must now consider in a few of its most conspicuous exemplifications. When we have properly characterized some of the processes which the untrained mind habitually goes through, we shall have incidentally arrived at a fair solution of the genesis of mythology.

Let us first note the ease with which the barbaric or uncultivated mind reaches all manner of apparently fanciful conclusions through reckless reasoning from analogy. It is through the operation of certain laws of ideal association that all human thinking, that of the highest as well as that of the lowest minds, is conducted: the discovery of the law of gravitation, as well as the invention of such a superstition as the Hand of Glory, is at bottom but a case of association of ideas. The difference between the scientific and the mythologic inference consists solely in the number of checks which in the former case combine to prevent any other than the true conclusion from being framed into a proposition to which the mind assents. Countless accumulated experiences have taught the modern that there are many associations of ideas which do not correspond to any actual connection of cause and effect in the world of phenomena; and he has learned accordingly to apply to his newly framed notions the rigid test of verification. Besides which the same accumulation of experiences has built up an organized structure of ideal associations into which only the less extravagant newly framed notions have any chance of fitting. The primitive man, or the modern savage who is to some extent

his counterpart, must reason without the aid of these multifarious checks. That immense mass of associations which answer to what are called physical laws, and which in the mind of the civilized modern have become almost organic, have not been formed in the mind of the savage; nor has he learned the necessity of experimentally testing any of his newly framed notions, save perhaps a few of the commonest. Consequently there is nothing but superficial analogy to guide the course of his thought hither or thither, and the conclusions at which he arrives will be determined by associations of ideas occurring apparently at haphazard. Hence the quaint or grotesque fancies with which European and barbaric folk-lore is filled, in the framing of which the myth-maker was but reasoning according to the best methods at his command. To this simplest class, in which the association of ideas is determined by mere analogy, belong such cases as that of the Zulu, who chews a piece of wood in order to soften the heart of the man with whom he is about to trade for cows, or the Hessian lad who "thinks he may escape the conscription by carrying a baby-girl's cap in his pocket,—a symbolic way of repudiating manhood."\* A similar style of thinking underlies the mediæval necromancer's practice of making a waxen image of his enemy and shooting at it with arrows, in order to bring about the enemy's death; as also the case of the magic rod, mentioned in a previous paper, by means of which a sound thrashing can be administered to an absent foe through the medium of an old coat which is imagined to cover him. The principle involved here is one which is doubtless familiar to most children, and is closely akin to that which Irving so amusingly illustrates in his doughty general who struts through a field of cabbages or corn-stalks, smiting them to earth with his cane, and imagining himself a hero of chivalry conquering single-handed a host of caitiff ruffians. Of like origin

\* Tylor, *op. cit.*, I. 107.



are the fancies that the breaking of a mirror heralds a death in the family, — probably because of the destruction of the reflected human image; that the "hair of the dog that bit you" will prevent hydrophobia if laid upon the wound; or that the tears shed by human victims, sacrificed to mother earth, will bring down showers upon the land. Mr. Tylor cites Lord Chesterfield's remark, "that the king had been ill, and that people generally expected the illness to be fatal, because the oldest lion in the Tower, about the king's age, had just died. 'So wild and capricious is the human mind,'" observes the elegant letter-writer. But indeed, as Mr. Tylor justly remarks, "the thought was neither wild nor capricious; it was simply such an argument from analogy as the educated world has at length painfully learnt to be worthless, but which, it is not too much to declare, would to this day carry considerable weight to the minds of four fifths of the human race." Upon such symbolism are based most of the practices of divination and the great pseudo-science of astrology. "It is an old story, that when two brothers were once taken ill together, Hippocrates, the physician, concluded from the coincidence that they were twins, but Poseidonios, the astrologer, considered rather that they were born under the same constellation; we may add that either argument would be thought reasonable by a savage." So when a Maori fortress is attacked, the besiegers and besieged look to see if Venus is near the moon. The moon represents the fortress; and if it appears below the companion planet, the besiegers will carry the day, otherwise they will be repulsed. Equally primitive and childlike was Rousseau's train of thought on the memorable day at Les Charmettes when, being distressed with doubts as to the safety of his soul, he sought to determine the point by throwing a stone at a tree. "Hit, sign of salvation; miss, sign of damnation!" The tree being a large one and very near at hand, the result of

the experiment was reassuring, and the young philosopher walked away without further misgivings concerning this momentous question.\*

When the savage, whose highest intellectual efforts result only in speculations of this childlike character, is confronted with the phenomena of dreams, it is easy to see what he will make of them. His knowledge of psychology is too limited to admit of his distinguishing between the solidity of waking experience and what we may call the unsubstantialness of the dream. He may, indeed, have learned that the dream is not to be relied on for telling the truth; the Zulu, for example, has even reached the triumph of critical logic achieved by our own Aryan ancestors in the saying that "dreams go by contraries." But the Zulu has not learned, nor had the primeval Aryan learned, to disregard the utterances of the dream as being purely subjective phenomena. To the mind as yet untouched by modern culture, the visions seen and the voices heard in sleep possess as much objective reality as the gestures and shouts of waking hours. When the savage relates his dream, he tells how he *saw* certain dogs, dead warriors, or demons last night, the implication being that the things seen were objects external to himself. As Mr. Spencer observes, "his rude language fails to state the difference between seeing and dreaming that he saw, doing and dreaming that he did. From this inadequacy of his language it not only results that he cannot truly represent this difference to others, but also that he cannot truly represent it to himself. Hence in the absence of an alternative interpretation, his belief, and that of those to whom he tells his adventures, is that his *other self* has been away and came back when he awoke. And this belief, which we find among various existing savage tribes, we equally find in the traditions of the early civilized races.†

\* Rousseau, *Confessions*, I. vi.

† Spencer, *Recent Discussions in Science*, etc., p. 36, "The Origin of Animal Worship."



Let us consider, for a moment, this assumption of the *other self*, for upon this is based the great mass of crude inference which constitutes the primitive man's philosophy of nature. The hypothesis of the *other self*, which serves to account for the savage's wanderings during sleep in strange lands and among strange people, serves also to account for the presence in his dreams of parents, comrades, or enemies, known to be dead and buried. The other self of the dreamer meets and converses with the other selves of his dead brethren, joins with them in the hunt, or sits down with them to the wild cannibal banquet. Thus arises the belief in an ever-present world of souls or ghosts, a belief which the entire experience of uncivilized man goes to strengthen and expand. The existence of some tribe or tribes of savages wholly destitute of religious belief has often been hastily asserted and as often called in question. But there is no question that, while many savages are unable to frame a conception so general as that of godhood, on the other hand no tribe has ever been found so low in the scale of intelligence as not to have framed the conception of ghosts or spiritual personalities, capable of being angered, propitiated, or conjured with. Indeed it is not improbable *a priori* that the original inference involved in the notion of the other self may be sufficiently simple and obvious to fall within the capacity of animals even less intelligent than uncivilized man. An authentic case is on record of a Skye terrier who, being accustomed to obtain favors from his master by sitting on his haunches, will also sit before his pet india-rubber ball placed on the chimney-piece, evidently beseeching it to jump down and play with him.\* Such a fact as this is quite in harmony with Auguste Comte's suggestion that such intelligent animals

as dogs, apes, and elephants may be capable of forming a few fetichistic notions. The behavior of the terrier here rests upon the assumption that the ball is open to the same sort of entreaty which prevails with the master; which implies, not that the wistful brute accredits the ball with a soul, but that in his mind the distinction between life and inanimate existence has never been thoroughly established. Just this confusion between things living and things not living is present throughout the whole philosophy of fetichism; and the confusion between things seen and things dreamed, which suggests the notion of another self, belongs to this same twilight stage of intelligence in which primeval man has not yet clearly demonstrated his immeasurable superiority to the brutes.

The conception of a soul or other self, capable of going away from the body and returning to it, receives decisive confirmation from the phenomena of fainting, trance, catalepsy, and ecstasy,\* which occur less rarely among savages, owing to their irregular mode of life, than among civilized men. "Further verification," observes Mr. Spencer, "is afforded by every epileptic subject, into whose body, during the absence of the other self, some enemy has entered; for how else does it happen that the other self on returning denies all knowledge of what his body has been doing? And this supposition, that the body has been 'possessed' by some other being, is confirmed by the phenomena of somnambulism and insanity." Still further, as Mr. Spencer points out, when we recollect that savages are very generally unwilling to have their portraits taken, lest a portion of themselves should get carried off and be exposed to foul play,

\* See Nature, Vol. VI. p. 262, August 1, 1872. The circumstances narrated are such as to exclude the supposition that the sitting up is intended to attract the master's attention. The dog has frequently been seen trying to soften the heart of the ball, while observed unawares by his master.

\* Note the fetichism wrapped up in the etymologies of these Greek words. *Catalepsy*, *κατάληψις*, a seizing of the body by some spirit or demon, who holds it rigid. *Ecstasy*, *ἐκστασις*, a displacement or removal of the soul from the body, into which the demon enters and causes strange laughing, crying, or contortions. It is not metaphor, but the literal belief in a ghost-world, which has given rise to such words as these, and to such expression as "a man beside himself or transported."



we must readily admit that the weird reflection of the person and imitation of the gestures in rivers or still woodland pools will go far to intensify the belief in the other self. Less frequent but uniform confirmation is to be found in echoes, which in Europe within two centuries have been commonly interpreted as the voices of mocking fiends or wood-nymphs, and which the savage might well regard as the utterances of his other self.

Chamisso's well-known tale of Peter Schlemihl belongs to a widely diffused family of legends, which show that a man's shadow has been generally regarded not only as an entity, but as a sort of spiritual attendant of the body, which under certain circumstances it may permanently forsake. It is in strict accordance with this idea that not only in the classic languages, but in various barbaric tongues, the word for "shadow" expresses also the soul or other self. Tasmanians, Algonquins, Central-Americans, Abipones, Basutos, and Zulus are cited by Mr. Tylor as thus implicitly asserting the identity of the shadow with the ghost or phantasm seen in dreams; the Basutos going so far as to think "that if a man walks on the river-bank, a crocodile may seize his shadow in the water and draw him in." Among the Algonquins a sick person is supposed to have his shadow or other self temporarily detached from his body, and the convalescent is at times "reproached for exposing himself before his shadow was safely settled down in him." If the sick man has been plunged into stupor, it is because his other self has travelled away as far as the brink of the river of death, but not being allowed to cross has come back and re-entered him. And acting upon a similar notion the ailing Fiji will sometimes lie down and raise a hue and cry for his soul to be brought back. Thus, continues Mr. Tylor, "in various countries the bringing back of lost souls becomes a regular part of the sorcerer's or priest's profession."\* On Aryan

soil we find the notion of a temporary departure of the soul surviving to a late date in the theory that the witch may attend the infernal Sabbath while her earthly tabernacle is quietly sleeping at home. The primeval conception reappears, clothed in bitterest sarcasm, in Dante's reference to his living contemporaries whose souls he met with in the vaults of hell, while their bodies were still walking about on the earth, inhabited by devils.

The theory which identifies the soul with the shadow, and supposes the shadow to depart with the sickness and death of the body, would seem liable to be attended with some difficulties in the way of verification, even to the dim intelligence of the savage. But the propriety of identifying soul and breath is borne out by all primeval experience. The breath, which really quits the body at its decease, has furnished the chief name for the soul, not only to the Hebrew, the Sanskrit, and the classic tongues; not only to German and English, where *geist* and *ghost*, according to Max Müller, have the meaning of "breath," and are akin to such words as *gas*, *gust*, and *geyser*; but also to numerous barbaric languages. Among the natives of Nicaragua and California, in Java and in West Australia, the soul is described as the air or breeze which passes in and out through the nostrils and mouth; and the Greenlanders, according to Cranz, reckon two separate souls, the breath and the shadow. "Among the Seminoles of Florida, when a woman died in childbirth, the infant was held over her face to receive her parting spirit, and thus acquire strength and knowledge for its future use. . . . Their state of mind is kept up to this day among Tyrolese peasants, who can still fancy a good man's soul to issue from his mouth at death like a little white cloud."\* It is kept up, too, in Lancashire, where a hold that a dead body can cast no shadow, because that apurtenance departed from it at the close of life." Hardwick, Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-lore, p. 123.

\* Tylor, Primitive Culture, I. 394. "The Zulus

\* Tylor, op. cit., I. 391.



well-known witch died a few years since; "but before she could 'shuffle off this mortal coil' she must needs *transfer her familiar spirit* to some trusty successor. An intimate acquaintance from a neighboring township was consequently sent for in all haste, and on her arrival was immediately closeted with her dying friend. What passed between them has never fully transpired, but it is confidently affirmed that at the close of the interview this associate *received the witch's last breath into her mouth and with it her familiar spirit*. The dreaded woman thus ceased to exist, but her powers for good or evil were transferred to her companion; and on passing along the road from Burnley to Blackburn we can point out a farm-house at no great distance, with whose thrifty matron no neighboring farmer will yet dare to quarrel." \*

Of the theory of embodiment there will be occasion to speak further on. At present let us not pass over the fact that the other self is not only conceived as shadow or breath, which can at times quit the body during life, but is also supposed to become temporarily embodied in the visible form of some bird or beast. In discussing elsewhere the myth of Bishop Hatto, we saw that the soul is sometimes represented in the form of a rat or mouse; and in treating of werewolves we noticed the belief that the spirits of dead ancestors, borne along in the night-wind, have taken on the semblance of howling dogs or wolves. "Consistent with these quaint ideas are ceremonies in vogue in China, of bringing home in a cock (live or artificial) the spirit of a man deceased in a distant place, and of enticing into a sick man's coat the departing spirit which has already left his body and so conveying it back." † In Castrén's great work of Finnish mythology, we find the story of the giant who could not be killed because he kept his soul hidden in a twelve-

headed snake which he carried in a bag as he rode on horseback: only when the secret was discovered and the snake carefully killed, did the giant yield up his life. In this Finnish legend we have one of the thousand phases of the story of the "Giant who had no Heart in his Body," but whose heart was concealed, for safe keeping, in a duck's egg, or in a pigeon, carefully disposed in some belfry at the world's end a million miles away, or encased in a wellnigh infinite series of Chinese boxes.\* Since, in spite of all these precautions, the poor giant's heart invariably came to grief, we need not wonder at the Karen superstition that the soul is in danger when it quits the body on its excursions, as exemplified in countless Indo-European stories of the accidental killing of the weird mouse or pigeon which embodies the wandering spirit. Conversely it is held that the detachment of the other self is fraught with the danger to the self which remains. In the philosophy of "wraiths" and "fetches," the appearance of a double, like that which troubled Mistress Affery in her waking dreams of Mr. Flintwinch, has been from time out of mind a signal of alarm. "In New Zealand it is ominous to see the figure of an absent person, for if it be shadowy and the face not visible, his death may ere long be expected, but if the face be seen he is dead already. A party of Maoris (one of whom told the story) were seated round a fire in the open air, when there appeared, seen only by two of them, the figure of a relative, left ill at home; they exclaimed, the figure vanished, and on the return of the party it appeared that the sick man had died about the time of the

\* In Russia the souls of the dead are supposed to be embodied in pigeons or crows. "Thus when the Deacon Theodore and his three schismatic brethren were burnt in 1681, the souls of the martyrs, as the 'Old Believers' affirm, appeared in the air as pigeons. In Volhynia dead children are supposed to come back in the spring to their native village under the semblance of swallows and other small birds, and to seek by soft twittering or song to console their sorrowing parents." Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 118.

\* Harland and Wilkinson, *Lancashire Folk-lore*, 1867, p. 210.

† Tylor, *op. cit.*, II. 139.



vision."\* The belief in wraiths has survived into modern times, and now and then appears in the records of that remnant of primeval philosophy known as "spiritualism," as, for example, in the case of the lady who "thought she saw her own father look in at the church-window at the moment he was dying in his own house."

The belief in the "death-fetch," like the doctrine which identifies soul with shadow, is instructive as showing that in barbaric thought the other self is supposed to resemble the material self with which it has customarily associated. In various savage superstitions the minute resemblance of soul to body is forcibly stated. The Australian, for instance, not content with slaying his enemy, cuts off the right thumb of the corpse, so that the departed soul may be incapacitated from throwing a spear. Even the half-civilized Chinese prefer crucifixion to decapitation, that their souls may not wander headless about the spirit-world.† Thus we see how far removed from the Christian doctrine of souls is the primeval theory of the soul or other self that figures in dream-land. So grossly materialistic is the primitive conception that the savage who cherishes it will bore holes in the coffin of his dead friend, so that the soul may again have a chance, if it likes, to revisit the body. To this day, among the peasants in some parts of Northern Europe, when Odin, the spectral hunter, rides by attended by his furious host, the windows in every sick-room are opened, in order that the soul, if it chooses to depart, may not be hindered from joining in the headlong chase. And so, adds Mr. Tylor, after the Indians of North America had spent a riotous night in singeing an unfortunate captive to death with firebrands, they would howl like the fiends they were, and beat the air with brushwood, to drive away the distressed and revengeful ghost. "With a kindlier feeling, the Congo negroes

abstained for a whole year after a death from sweeping the house, lest the dust should injure the delicate substance of the ghost"; and even now, "it remains a German peasant saying that it is wrong to slam a door, lest one should pinch a soul in it."\* Dante's experience with the ghosts in hell and purgatory, who were astonished at his weighing down the boat in which they were carried, is belied by the sweet German notion "that the dead mother's coming back in the night to suckle the baby she has left on earth may be known by the hollow pressed down in the bed where she lay." Almost universally ghosts, however impervious to thrust of sword or shot of pistol, can eat and drink like Squire Westerns. And lastly, we have the grotesque conception of souls sufficiently material to be killed over again, as in the case of the negro widows who, wishing to marry a second time, will go and duck themselves in the pond, in order to drown the souls of their departed husbands, which are supposed to cling about their necks; while, according to the Fiji theory, the ghost of every dead warrior must go through a terrible fight with Samu and his brethren, in which, if he succeeds, he will enter Paradise, but if he fails he will be killed over again and finally eaten by the dreaded Samu and his unearthly company.

From the conception of souls embodied in beast-forms, as above illustrated, it is not a wide step to the conception of beast-souls which, like human souls, survive the death of the tangible body. The widespread superstitions concerning werewolves and swan-maidens, and the hardly less general belief in metempsychosis, show that primitive culture has not arrived at the distinction attained by modern

\* Tylor, *op. cit.*, I. 410. In the next stage of survival this belief will take the shape that it is wrong to slam a door, no reason being assigned: and in the succeeding stage, when the child asks why it is wicked to slam a door, he will be told, because it is an evidence of bad temper. Thus do old-world fancies disappear before the inroads of the practical sense.

\* Tylor, *op. cit.*, I. 404.

† Tylor, *op. cit.*, I. 407.



philosophy between the immortal man and the soulless brute. Still more direct evidence is furnished by sundry savage customs. The Kafir who has killed an elephant will cry that he did n't mean to do it, and, lest the elephant's soul should still seek vengeance, he will cut off and bury the trunk, so that the mighty beast may go crippled to the spirit-land. In like manner, the Samoyeds, after shooting a bear, will gather about the body offering excuses and laying the blame on the Russians; and the American redskin will even put the pipe of peace into the dead animal's mouth, and beseech him to forgive the deed. In Assam it is believed that the ghosts of slain animals will become in the next world the property of the hunter who kills them; and the Kamtchadales expressly declare that all animals, even flies and bugs, will live after death,—a belief which, in our own day, has been indorsed on philosophical grounds by an eminent living naturalist.\* The Greenlanders, too, give evidence of the same belief by supposing that when after an exhausting fever the patient comes up in unprecedented health and vigor, it is because he has lost his former soul and had it replaced by that of a young child or a *reindeer*. In a recent work in which the crudest fancies of primeval savagery are thinly disguised in a jargon learned from the superficial reading of modern books of science, M. Figuier maintains that human souls are for the most part the surviving souls of deceased animals; in general the souls of prococious musical children like Mozart come from nightingales, while the souls of great architects have passed into them from beavers.†

The practice of begging pardon of the animal one has just slain is in some parts of the world extended to the case of plants. When the Talein offers a prayer to the tree which he is about to cut down, it is obviously because he regards the tree as endowed

with a soul or ghost which in the next life may need to be propitiated. And the doctrine of transmigration distinctly includes plants along with animals among the future existences into which the human soul may pass.

As plants, like animals, manifest phenomena of life, though to a much less conspicuous degree, it is not incomprehensible that the savage should attribute souls to them. But the primitive process of anthropomorphism does not end here. Not only the horse and dog, the bamboo, and the oak-tree, but even lifeless objects, such as the hatchet, or bow and arrows, or food and drink of the dead man, possess other selves which pass into the world of ghosts. Fijis and other contemporary savages, when questioned, expressly declare that this is their belief. "If an axe or a chisel is worn out or broken up, away flies its soul for the service of the gods." The Algonquins told Charlevoix that since hatchets and kettles have shadows, no less than men and women, it follows, of course, that these shadows (or souls) must pass along with human shadows (or souls) into the spirit-land. In this we see how simple and consistent is the logic which guides the savage, and how inevitable is the genesis of the great mass of beliefs, to our minds so arbitrary and grotesque, which prevail throughout the barbaric world. However absurd the belief that pots and kettles have souls may seem to us, it is nevertheless the only belief which can be held consistently by the savage to whom pots and kettles, no less than human friends or enemies, may appear in his dreams; who sees them followed by shadows as they are moved about; who hears their voices, dull or ringing, when they are struck; and who watches their doubles fantastically dancing in the water as they are carried across the stream.\* To minds,

\* Here, as usually, the doctrine of metempsychosis comes in to complete the proof. "Mr. Darwin saw two Malay women in Keeling Island, who had a wooden spoon dressed in clothes like a doll: this spoon had been carried to the grave of a dead man, and becoming inspired at full moon, in fact lunatic,

\* Agassiz, Essay on Classification, pp. 97-99.

† Figuier, The To-morrow of Death, p. 247.



even in civilized countries, which are unused to the severe training of science, no stronger evidence can be alleged than what is called "the evidence of the senses"; for it is only long familiarity with science which teaches us that the evidence of the senses is trustworthy only in so far as it is correctly interpreted by reason. For the truth of his belief in the ghosts of men and beasts, trees and axes, the savage has undeniably the evidence of his senses which have so often seen, heard, and handled these *other selves*.

The funeral ceremonies of uncultured races freshly illustrate this crude philosophy, and receive fresh illustration from it. On the primitive belief in the ghostly survival of persons and objects rests the almost universal custom of sacrificing the wives, servants, horses, and dogs of the departed chief of the tribe, as well as of presenting at his shrine sacred offerings of food, ornaments, weapons, and money. Among the Kayans the slaves who are killed at their master's tomb are enjoined to take great care of their master's ghost, to wash and shampoo it, and to nurse it when sick. Other savages think that "all whom they kill in this world shall attend them as slaves after death," and for this reason the thrifty Dayaks of Borneo until lately would not allow their young men to marry until they had acquired some *post mortem* property by procuring at least one human head. It is hardly necessary to do more than allude to the Fiji custom of strangling all the wives of the deceased at his funeral, or to the equally well-known Hindu rite of suttee. Though, as Wilson has shown, the latter rite is not supported by any genuine Vedic authority, but only by a shameless Brahminic corruption of the sacred text, Mr. Tylor is nevertheless quite right in arguing that unless the horrible custom had received the sanction of a public opinion bequeathed from pre-Vedic times, the Brahmins would have had no motive for fraudulently

reviving it; and this opinion is virtually established by the fact of the prevalence of widow sacrifice among Gauls, Scandinavians, Slaves, and other European Aryans.\* Though under English rule the rite has been forcibly suppressed, yet the archaic sentiments which so long maintained it are not yet extinct. Within the present year there has appeared in the newspapers a not improbable story of a beautiful and accomplished Hindu lady who, having become the wife of a wealthy Englishman and after living several years in England amid the influences of modern society, nevertheless went off and privately burned herself to death soon after her husband's decease.

The reader who thinks it far-fetched to interpret funeral offerings of food, weapons, ornaments, or money, on the theory of object-souls, will probably suggest that such offerings may be mere memorials of affection or esteem for the dead man. Such, indeed, they have come to be in many countries after surviving the phase of culture in which they originated; but there is ample evidence to show that at the outset they were presented in the belief that their ghosts would be eaten or otherwise employed by the ghost of the dead man. The stout club which is buried with the dead Fiji sends its soul along with him that he may be able to defend himself against the hostile ghosts which will lie in ambush for him on the road to Mbalu, seeking to kill and eat him. Sometimes the club is afterwards removed from the grave as of no further use, since its ghost is all that the dead man needs. In like manner, "as the Greeks gave the dead man the obolus for Charon's toll, and the old Prussians furnished him with spending money, to buy refreshment on his weary journey, so to this day German peasants bury a corpse with money in his mouth or hand," and this is also one of the regular ceremonies of an Irish wake. Of similar purport were the funeral feasts and oblations

it danced about convulsively like a table or a hat at a modern spirit-stance." Tylor, *op. cit.*, II. 139.

\* Tylor, *op. cit.*, I. 414-422.



of food in Greece and Italy, the "rice-cakes made with ghee" destined for the Hindu sojourning in Yama's kingdom, and the meat and gruel offered by the Chinaman to the manes of his ancestors. "Many travellers have described the imagination with which the Chinese make such offerings. It is that the spirits of the dead consume the impalpable essence of the food, leaving behind its coarse material substance, wherefore the dutiful sacrificers, having set out sumptuous feasts for ancestral souls, allow them a proper time to satisfy their appetite, and then fall to themselves."\* So in the Homeric sacrifice to the gods, after the deity has smelled the sweet savor and consumed the curling steam that rises ghost-like from the roasting viands, the assembled warriors devour the remains.†

Thus far the course of fetichistic thought which we have traced out, with Mr. Tylor's aid, is such as is not always obvious to the modern inquirer without considerable concrete illustration. The remainder of the process, resulting in that systematic and complete anthropomorphisation of nature which has given rise to mythology, may be more succinctly described. Gathering together the conclusions already obtained, we find that daily or frequent experience of the phenomena of shadows and dreams has combined with less frequent experience of the phenomena of trance, ecstasy, and insanity, to generate in the mind of uncultured man the notion of a twofold existence appertaining alike to all animate or inanimate objects: as all alike possess material bodies, so all alike possess ghosts or souls. Now when the theory of object-souls is expanded into a general doctrine of spirits, the philosophic scheme of animism is completed. Once habituated to the conception of souls of knives and tobacco-pipes passing to the land of ghosts, the savage cannot avoid carrying the

interpretation still further, so that wind and water, fire and storm, are accreted with indwelling spirits akin by nature to the soul which inhabits the human frame. That the mighty spirit or demon by whose impelling will the trees are rooted up and the storm-clouds driven across the sky should resemble a freed human soul, is a natural inference, since uncultured man has not attained to the conception of physical force acting in accordance with uniform methods, and hence all events are to his mind the manifestations of capricious volition. If the fire burns down his hut, it is because the fire is a person with a soul, and is angry with him, and needs to be coaxed into a kindlier mood by means of prayer or sacrifice. Thus the savage has *a priori* no alternative but to regard fire-soul as something akin to human-soul; and in point of fact we find that savage philosophy makes no distinction between the human ghost and the elemental demon or deity. This is sufficiently proved by the universal prevalence of the worship of ancestors. The essential principle of manes-worship is that the tribal chief or patriarch, who has governed the community during life, continues also to govern it after death, assisting it in its warfare with hostile tribes, rewarding brave warriors, and punishing traitors and cowards. Thus from the conception of the living king we pass to the notion of what Mr. Spencer calls "the god-king," and thence to the rudimentary notion of deity. Among such higher savages as the Zulus, the doctrine of divine ancestors has been developed to the extent of recognizing a first ancestor, the Great Father, Unkulunkulu, who made the world. But in the stratum of savage thought in which barbaric or Aryan folk-lore is for the most part based, we find no such exalted speculation. The ancestors of the rude Veddas and of the Guinea negroes, the Hindu *pitris* (*patres*, "fathers"), and the Roman *manes* have become elemental deities which send rain or sunshine, health or sickness, plenty or famine, and to which

\* Tylor, *op. cit.*, I. 435, 446; II. 30, 36.

† According to the Karens, blindness occurs when the soul of the eye is eaten by demons. *Id.*, II. 353.



their living offspring appeal for guidance amid the vicissitudes of life.\* The theory of embodiment, already alluded to, shows how thoroughly the demons which cause disease are identified with human and object souls. In Australasia it is a dead man's ghost which creeps up into the liver of the impious wretch who has ventured to pronounce his name; while conversely in the well-known European theory of demoniacal possession, it is a fairy from elf-land or an imp from hell which has entered the body of the sufferer. In the close kinship, moreover, between disease-possession and oracle-possession, where the body of the Pythia or the medicine-man is placed under the direct control of some great deity,† we may see how by insensible transitions the conception of the human ghost passes into the conception of the spiritual numen, or divinity.

To pursue this line of inquiry through the countless nymphs and dryads and nixies of the higher nature-worship up to the Olymian divinities of classic polytheism, would be to enter upon the history of religious belief, and in so doing to lose sight of our present pur-

\* The following citation is interesting as an illustration of the directness of descent from heathen manes-worship to Christian saint-worship: "It is well known that Romulus, mindful of his own adventurous infancy, became after death a Roman deity propitious to the health and safety of young children, so that nurses and mothers would carry sickly infants to present them in his little round temple at the foot of the Palatine. In after ages the temple was replaced by the church of St. Theodorus, and there Dr. Conyers Middleton, who drew public attention to its curious history, used to look in and see ten or a dozen women, each with a sick child in her lap, sitting in silent reverence before the altar of the saint. The ceremony of blessing children, especially after vaccination, may still be seen there on Thursday mornings" II. 111.

† Want of space prevents me from remarking at length upon Mr. Tylor's admirable treatment of the phenomena of oracular inspiration. Attention should be called, however, to the brilliant explanation of the importance accorded by all religions to the rite of *fasting*. Prolonged abstinence from food tends to bring on a mental state which is favorable to visions. The savage priest or medicine-man qualifies himself for the performance of his duties by fasting, and where this is not sufficient, often uses intoxicating drugs; whence the sacredness of the *hasheesh*, as also of the Vedic *soma-juice*. The practice of fasting among civilized peoples is an instance of survival.

pose, which has merely been to show by what mental process the myth-maker can speak of natural objects in language which implies that they are animated persons. Brief as our account of this process has been, I believe that enough has been said, not only to reveal the inadequacy of purely philological solutions (like those contained in Max Müller's famous Essay) to explain the growth of myths, but also to exhibit the vast importance for this purpose of the kind of psychological inquiry into the mental habits of savages which Mr. Tylor has so ably conducted. Indeed, however lacking we may still be in points of detail, I think we have already reached a very satisfactory explanation of the genesis of mythology. Since the essential characteristic of a myth is that it is an attempt to explain some natural phenomenon by endowing with human feelings and capacities the senseless factors in the phenomenon, and since it has here been shown how uncultured man, by the best use he can make of his rude common sense, must inevitably come, and has invariably come, to regard all objects as endowed with souls and all nature as peopled with supra-human entities shaped after the general pattern of the human soul, I am inclined to suspect that we have got very near to the root of the whole matter. We can certainly find no difficulty in seeing why a water-spout should be described in the "Arabian Nights" as a living demon: "The sea became troubled before them, and there arose from it a black pillar, ascending towards the sky, and approaching the meadow, . . . and behold it was a Jinni, of gigantic stature." We can see why the Moslem camel-driver should find it most natural to regard the whirling simoom as a malignant Jinni; we may understand how it is that the Persian sees in bodily shape the scarlet fever as "a blushing maid with locks of flame and cheeks all rosy red"; and we need not consider it strange that the primeval Aryan should have regarded the sun as a voyager, a climber, or an



archer, and the clouds as cows driven by the wind-god Hermes to their milking. The identification of William Tell with the sun becomes thoroughly intelligible; nor can we be longer surprised at the conception of the howling night-wind as a ravenous wolf. When pots and kettles are thought to have souls that live hereafter, there is no

difficulty in understanding how the blue sky can have been regarded as the sire of gods and men. And thus, as the elves and bogarts of popular lore are in many cases descended from ancient divinities of Olympus and Valhalla, so these in turn must acknowledge their ancestors in the shadowy denizens of the primeval ghost-world.

*John Fiske.*

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## THE NEW DAY.

SILENT has been the night, and O, so long!  
With weary moon forever sailing west;  
Save that a bird at midnight trilled a song,  
A dream of daylight, from his moonlit nest.

The hills lay couched in slumber, range on range,  
The earth was floating in a silver web, —  
That mystery of calm before a change!  
That lull of waters at the lowest ebb!

Some drowsy notes were all the bird could sing,  
Soft as the scattered drops of summer dew;  
Then, hushed within the quiet of his wing,  
He sang no more; but now the dream comes true.

A thrill runs through the spaces of the night,  
And flutters on the wavy eastern line;  
Beyond the stars dilates a distant light,  
The luminous outflow of a day divine.

With slow approach it deepens into bloom, —  
Faint jasmine yellow, with a flush of rose;  
And, brightening till it makes the stars a gloom,  
O'er all the long uncertainty it flows.

What though the perfect day is yet unborn!  
Sweet was the carolled vision of the bird;  
Glad are the tidal colors of the morn,  
And Heaven is pledged without a single word.

The waves of light are breaking on the shore,  
Pulsing in cadence to a mightier flow, —  
The strong uplift of nobler hopes before,  
The great new future rising in the glow.

Above the hills surges the day at last,  
The longed-for day, effulgent, high and wide;  
Turn, turn, gray earth, and leave the darkened past,  
And swing thyself upon the incoming tide!

*Louisa Bushnell.*



## A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

## XXVII.

## IN SPACE.

AS the word was given, the balloon shot up into the air, and ascended to a great height. For this was one necessity at this time and in this place, that in effecting an escape from Paris the balloon should shoot up to as great a height as possible, so as to be out of the reach of Prussian bullets. By day, of course, this would be very difficult; but by night, even amid moonlight, it did not require any very extraordinary elevation to render a balloon indistinct or even invisible, and the height of a mile was considered sufficient.

Grimes was looking over the side of the balloon when he had seen the cab coming, and had called out in answer to Nadar. The first thing that he was conscious of after this was the astonishing movement of the firm-set earth from beneath him. The crowd in the place below fell away from him, leaving him poised in space. In spite of the efforts that he had made to familiarize himself with the practical details of aerostation, there was an inevitable novelty connected with his present position, which fairly made his brain whirl, and his stout frame tingle through every fibre. His sensations were like those which Phaeton may have had when he had traversed the first few furlongs of his aerial way, or like those which some adventurous yet inexperienced driver of a four-in-hand may have when he finds that his team is bounding away from his control.

So Grimes folded his arms, knit his brows, set his teeth, drew a long breath, and then looked up. Overhead was a network of rigging, the strands holding the car to that buoyant mass which raised it in the air, while beyond this was a great globe, black and shadowy, whose capacious dimensions seemed

enlarged tremendously, shutting out the whole sky.

He now looked into the car, and turned his attention to those duties that immediately demanded his care. Inside this car there were bags of ballast, and two bales containing newspapers, the common burden of every balloon that left the besieged city. There was also a lacquered tin box with the name of Grimes painted on it, — a box of no particular weight, but which showed, from the care with which Grimes handled it, that it certainly possessed in his estimation a very particular value.

All this time the lady had not moved. Grimes had placed her in a sitting posture at the bottom of the car, with her back against the seat, and had hastily flung over her head one of the shawls which M. Nadar had put in the balloon. The moon was shining, but it was low down in the sky, so that the inside of the car was in shadow, and the lady was but faintly visible. The shawl also that had been thrown over her concealed her face and outline. Grimes, in turning to consider his duties, thought first of all of her, and, stooping over her, he felt her hands and her pulse. She was still senseless, and Grimes now began to be so anxious about her that the recent feeling of awe that had come over him as he first bounded into space gave way to a tender and all-engrossing care for the safety and recovery of the loved one.

With gentle hands he drew back the shawl a little from her face. That face was concealed by the shadow of the side of the car, and by the deeper shadow of the overhanging shawl, so that the loved features were not very distinctly revealed. Grimes held his cheek close to her lips, but no breathing, however faint, was perceptible. He began to feel a stronger and deeper care, and to regret that he had left



Paris without first having her restored to sense. He sighed heavily, and then kissed with infinite tenderness the unconscious being who was so dear to him. Then he drew the shawl once more over the face, so as to protect her from the night air, and began to rub and chafe the hands.

At this work he continued for what seemed to him a long time, quite forgetful of everything but the work upon which he was engaged, and as careless about the balloon as though there was an aeronaut with him attending to the navigation of the aerial craft. But his work seemed unavailing, and no response of any kind was made, nor did any favorable signs appear. At length the thoughts of Grimes were turned to his voyage. It must be almost time to descend. How long he had been at this employment he did not know, but it seemed long, and he must already be outside the beleaguering lines. He rose up and looked out.

To his surprise he was just passing over the suburbs of Paris. The vast extent of the city lay in the distance. To his far greater surprise the land beneath him, with its houses and trees and fields, was sweeping past at tremendous speed. He seemed to be at a great height, and he could only account for the rate at which he was going on the ground that some strong wind had arisen since he left the city.

On which side of the city he was, whether north, south, east, or west, he had not the faintest idea; and he was certainly not sufficiently familiar with the environs to form any correct opinion, even had he been closer to the ground. At that height there was a certain indistinctness in the outlines which would have puzzled even a native of Paris.

As Grimes gazed upon the scene, he soon saw that though he might not descend just now, yet his descent could not possibly be delayed for very long. For there beneath him, faster and ever faster, the earth fled away; the lines of the besieged disappeared, other lines came into view, and arrays of flashing

lights and blazing fires. Suddenly a loud report like a gun-shot sounded almost immediately beneath him, and the sharp quick crack had in it something of awful menace. What if he were being aimed at? What if another shot should be fired, and a bullet pierce the black orb above him? The danger was altogether too terrific to be slighted. Higher and higher still he must go. Beneath was the hostile country, reaching for an unknown distance, and in passing over this he would be liable incessantly to the shots of the enemy. He might be on the thronged track of the Prussian Army; he might be driving east toward Germany. And now all thoughts of a speedy descent left him. His only thought was to escape from this immediate danger, and remain up as high and as long as possible.

Acting upon this idea he grasped two bags of ballast, and threw them out one after another. He then looked down. He saw a perceptible change. Individual objects beneath him grew far fainter and far more hazy, and soon it was difficult to distinguish anything at all. It seemed to him that on throwing out that ballast he had shot upward an immeasurable distance, and he was filled with astonishment at the exquisite sensibility to weight which his balloon had thus manifested. He also was conscious of a slight pride, for this had been the first attempt of which he had been guilty at anything like management of the balloon, and the success which had attended his efforts caused a glow of calm self-satisfaction to pervade his being.

The moon was now so low on the horizon that it was beginning to sink behind the hills. From that horizon it shone fiery red, and clouds, or at least haze, seemed to accumulate there. Its red rays penetrated the sky, and threw themselves upon the rigging, and upon the great orb above, making it look like some satellite as it thus gleamed with its borrowed robe of lurid red. But the lurid glow did not long endure. The moon sank farther and farther, until at last it went out of sight.



Now the darkness was deeper, and there came to Grimes a sense of desolation. The departure of the moon was like the loss of a friend. He looked up, and then around, and then shook his head. He felt now that it was intensely cold, and thought that he had gone too high. But he was afraid to descend for some time yet, and so he concluded to endure the cold as long as he could. Yet the intensity of the cold roused once more his anxiety for his senseless companion, and he stooped down with the intention of throwing over her some additional wraps. It was now so dark inside the car that nothing could be seen, but as Grimes stooped he heard a low moan and a slight movement. At this a thrill of joy passed through him. She had revived at last; the sudden and sharp cold had, no doubt, restored her to consciousness.

He listened again. The figure moved. She raised herself, and the shawl fell back from her face. But in the deep shadow of the car the lineaments of her face were not at all discernible, and Grimes saw nothing but a certain whiteness in the place where the pale face was upturned. And as he looked he felt a thrill of infinite pity and tenderness for the loved one, who now seemed so utterly dependent upon him. And this pity was all the deeper, and this tenderness the more pure and more profound, from the fact of their unparalleled position. Because of the silence of the night, and the majesty of the overhanging heavens, and the sublime solitude of the skies, and the far-reaching infinitude that bordered upon them, — for these and other reasons she seemed joined to him by the unity of a lofty fate, and by the imminence of a possible danger, which, if it did come, could be nothing less than a calamity of unspeakable horror.

Grimes was profoundly moved. He knelt down close beside her.

She looked up, and said nothing for some time. "Where am I?" she asked at last in a voice of terror.

"With me," said Grimes in a low

voice; and as he said this he twined his arms about her, and, drawing her gently toward him, placed her head soothingly and tenderly upon his breast, and laid his hand upon it as a mother lays her hand upon the head of a feverish child.

Thus it was then that Maud had at length struggled back to consciousness. Sense had come but slowly, and when she first moved she felt bewildered; she lay for some time motionless, trying to collect her thoughts and recall the past. The shawl that was over her head shut out all the scene, and as the car seemed motionless to one within it, she had no other idea than that she was lying inside some house. Then at length her memory brought back the events that had preceded her swoon, and a shudder passed through her as she thought of them all. She pushed back the shawl, sat up, and looked around. It was quite dark, but not dark enough to prevent her from seeing the outline of the balloon. At first she thought that she was on the deck of a ship, for there was the rigging, and the orb of the balloon looked not unlike some distended sail. But as she looked longer other thoughts came, and the scene above her resolved itself slowly into what it really was. Then it was that she recollected the project of her flight with Carrol, and wondering how it had happened, and still full of anguish about him, she asked her mournful question.

And the answer came, in a low voice of love, soft and tender in its intonation, "With me." And then came the tender clasp of arms encircling her, and the gentle touch of a loving hand upon her head, as though that touch would reassure her and drive away every fear.

"With me": these words were like magic, they chased away every fear, and her whole being thrilled with joy. She forgot where she was, she thought nothing of the sight that had just disclosed itself above her, she thought only of those murmured words, and of the fond encircling clasp, and of that heart of true and deathless con-



stancy against which her head leaned, whose throbbings she could hear.

And he was safe, after all! He had been arrested, but he had escaped. He had sought her once more, and had carried her off in this hurried flight. Small difference did it now make to her how she was flying, or whither she was flying, so long as she was with him, — now while she felt him upholding her and clinging to her with such fondness, such tenderness.

And Grimes thought: After this I'm willing to die. Life has nothing more to offer. I've seen its ups and downs; have been at the deepest depths, and now am at the highest flight of human bliss. I've saved her, — I've saved her! I've got nothing more now to hope for in life that can begin to come up to this in the way of pure, unmitigated, and super-human glory!

And Maud thought: How sweet, how sweet it is! Is it not worth while to know sorrow, if only to be able to experience the joy that may be felt when that sorrow is removed? I wonder if there is any danger? Danger? I neither know nor care. I am willing to meet danger, or even death, so long as I know that he is with me. I could die at this moment, if only his arms should be around me.

Grimes was not altogether neglectful of practical things, in spite of his super-human rapture. But these practical thoughts were simply variations upon the one theme. They were anxious desires to secure the comfort of his companion. He busied himself with arranging the wraps about her so as to keep her, as far as possible, from the cold night air. On all these acts Maud made no remark. To her they only afforded fresh proofs of the love of Carol, and consequently each endearing act only afforded her a fresh delight.

In the midst of her great happiness, however, there came one thought that gave her a passing care. It was the thought of Mrs. Lovell. What had become of her? Was she safe? This thought created a sudden agitation.

She removed the shawl from her face, and asked, in a low and agitated voice, "Oh! — my sister! — is she — is she safe?"

Grimes bent low over her and murmured, "Yes, darling, safe."

And drawing her closer to him he kissed fervently and tremulously the one whom he so fondly loved, pressing his lips to hers again and again. Maud murmured some unintelligible words, and with a final kiss, long drawn, rapturous, and never to be forgotten, Grimes drew the shawl over her face, and with a sigh of ecstasy restored that dear head to its former place.

The time that had elapsed had not been regarded by either. It seemed short, but it may have been hours. Grimes wondered about this, and tried to form an estimate: he could not. He now cast his eyes upward, and the sight that met them startled him.

The sight that met his eyes was the sight of utter nothingness. It was dark, but not intense darkness. It seemed rather to be an impenetrable and intensely gloomy mist. For a short distance up the outlines of the rigging were slightly perceptible, and then they faded out. He sat motionless and wondering; and now, as he sat and stared up, it seemed to grow darker and dimmer every moment, the shadows growing deeper, the obscurity more profound, the gloom more terrible. Finally nothing at all could be seen, not the outlines of the rigging, not even the hand before his face; no visible thing remained; nothing was left but the blackness of darkness.

At first there was a vague idea in his mind that he had ascended so high that he had reached a place where all light failed and darkness was eternal; but this passed, and others came equally wild and equally unsatisfactory. Of all this Maud was perfectly ignorant, for the wraps that covered her head shut out all this scene. But as for Grimes, his surprise deepened into anxiety, and his anxiety became gradually more and more intolerable, until at



length he had to make up his mind to tear himself away from the sweet communion which he was maintaining. But he wished to do so in a way that would not create any alarm in the mind of his companion. How to do this was very difficult, but it had to be done.

So he murmured a few words, speaking in a low voice, for the darkness and the deep drear silence produced an overpowering awe and hushed his voice to solemn tones. He therefore said something about "ropes" and "the balloon," and then gently untwining his fond encircling grasp he tenderly laid Maud so as to let her lean against the seat in her old position, after which he rose to his feet, and, standing there, looked forth into space.

### XXVIII.

#### THE SECRET PLACE OF THUNDER.

HIS eyes encountered a wide waste, a drear nothingness, an impenetrable gloom, a darkness utter and inconceivable. It was the abomination of desolation. It was the abyss of the uncreate, the chaos of formless matter; a void, direful, abhorrent, tremendous; a void where the darkness shut out all the light of hope, and where the shadow of death seemed to rest.

Now, had there been the fury of the storm mingling with that gloom, or had the wrath of the tempest been manifest, then there would have been something to mitigate the effect of that unparalleled outlook; for then there would have been something which could appeal to some sense, and in the beating of the blast, however pitiless, or in the howling of the tempest, however wrathful, there would have been some indication of the presence of nature and of nature's law. But here no movement arose amid the deep darkness, no wind swept through the void, no hurricane gave forth its voice. All was emptiness, motionless, still.

Yet in the midst of this terrific stillness the awe-struck gazer into space became at length conscious of sounds,

and it was with something like relief that he detected that which showed that, though sight was useless, there still remained an occupation for other senses. It was a sound, distant, low, and almost undistinguishable at first, — a murmur, so faint that he fancied, more than once, that it might be the vibrations of the nerve within himself, rather than the actual waves of sound from without. But its persistency and its gradual increase showed at last that it was external; and as he listened it grew with startling rapidity, until at last it assumed the character of a steady sustained sound, a low, distant droning sound, of so peculiar a nature that it was quite impossible to attribute it to anything with which he was acquainted. This then was the only thing that indicated the existence of any external world, and to this he directed all his attention.

Nature, however, was at that time exerting her might, and all the air was in commotion; but the balloon was almost like the air itself, and was driven before the blast with a speed equal to that of the blast. It was borne upon the wings of the wind, yet for that very reason there was no wind perceptible to him who sought to penetrate the gloom that surrounded him. Wind and tempest are only possible when they beat upon an obstacle; the balloon, however, was no obstacle, but drove along with the wind, with the tempest, and with the clouds.

And now the sound, the low, droning sound, drew nearer and nearer, and grew deeper and louder. At length it grew sufficiently definite in its tone to assume a resemblance to things that were familiar, and to Grimes, as he listened, it seemed as though some mighty wave was sweeping toward him, — some wave like the first of those vast surges that may be seen and heard as they sweep up the empty bed of the tidal rivers of America; it seemed like a rushing, rolling tide, sweeping toward him with resistless violence.

He had no reason now to mourn over the absence of nature and of



nature's works; for these sounds were at length unmistakable, and showed that it was no empty void, no chaos, that he was traversing, but the earth itself, his home, with its alternations of land and sea. And now he began to understand what was really the nature of that sound. Yes, it was the sea, and nothing else. He had been swept off the land and out to sea. Time had fled rapidly indeed, while he had been sitting there, lost to all thoughts of the external world in the flood of tenderness and love; and thus he had allowed himself to be borne to where escape was perhaps impossible. By the short time that had elapsed since first he had heard the sound, he was able to estimate the speed of his flight, and to see that, instead of being poised motionless in some deep calm, he was in reality in the grasp of a terrible hurricane, that was driving him onward with tremendous swiftness in the path of its own progress; though where that path might lead his eyes failed to discern, as they struggled vainly to penetrate through the night and the enveloping clouds.

The sea!

That was now the one thought that he possessed, the one thought that engrossed all others.

The sea! what sea?

There were several seas around France. Over which of these was he now driving? South was the Mediterranean. Was it indeed possible that time enough had elapsed to allow of his being carried over the vast distance that separates Paris from the southern border of France? He could not believe this. Had he been driving north then, and was this the British Channel? It might be so. Had he finally been driven west, and was this the Atlantic Ocean? That, indeed, was a thought of horror, yet the thing was only too possible. It seemed to him now that he must be over either the British Channel or else the ocean itself. Of these alternatives the latter meant utter ruin and despair; but the former left some room for hope and even consol-

tion. He rather clung to hope. He chose rather to think that it was the narrower sea, and to hope that beyond the roaring of these waters and the rush of these waves there lay a land like that which he had left behind, where it might be possible to find an escape at last.

Meanwhile Maud had been reclining at the bottom of the car in the position in which Grimes had left her, leaning in as easy a position as possible against the side, and waiting to see what was to be done. The shawl which he had wrapped around her still covered her face, protecting her from the cold and from the damp. To her the balloon seemed motionless. It did not avail to distract her thoughts from other subjects which now occupied her mind. For she was thinking of Carrol, of the misunderstanding that had arisen between them, of the dark alienation that had arisen, of the separation and astonishing meeting on board the steamer, of his apparent aversion, of their lives apart, of their chance meeting and their final explanation and understanding. Above all she thought of this last incident in their mutual history, so wonderful, so unaccountable. She had seen him arrested; she had fallen to the floor, in her despair, senseless. She had been long unconscious, but had finally awaked to find herself with him, alone with him, out of the world, in the realms of the upper air.

She recalled every incident of that awakening. She thought how he had been roused by her movement and had come to her. She recalled his words of tenderness, his acts of devotion, his deep and all-absorbing love. His arms had been round her; she had reclined upon him; she had listened to his murmured words of love; she had felt his kisses upon her lips. What happiness, what bliss had been hers! What an ending was this to the sorrow that she had known!

And now, as she no longer felt his encircling arms, she began to experience a sense of loneliness. Where was he? Where had he gone? Why was he so



silent? What was he doing? He had gone to arrange something connected with the balloon. What was his task? He made no sound. What had become of him? The deep silence became oppressive, and at length she became conscious of a low deep moan that seemed to rise from beneath her. To this she listened for some time, until at length she could endure it no longer, and began to feel uneasy at the silence. She felt deserted, and a wild fear of danger arose.

She started up and groped around with her hands. The car was not large, and in the darkness her hands touched Grimes, who was unable to repress a start and an exclamation of surprise. But the touch of her hand at once aroused him from the gloomy thoughts in which he had been indulging, and reawakened those tenderer emotions which for a short time had been forgotten. He drew her close to him, and, encircling her fondly with one arm, with the other hand he proceeded very anxiously and carefully to arrange the shawl about her head. He said nothing, however, for the solemn sense of peril was still uppermost in his mind, and he felt that if he spoke he would inevitably speak of this. But he wished to spare his dear love as far as possible all pain, all knowledge of danger; and he hoped yet that the danger might be passed, and that she might reach the land so pleasantly that no thought of the terrors of the journey should ever come to her mind. He held his tongue, and contented himself with acts of tender carefulness.

Maud, as she stood there, looked forth and saw that darkness and that gloom which had so impressed the stout heart of Grimes. Beneath her she again heard, and this time far more impressively than before, the droning cadence of the waves; the sound of many waters, which, penetrating thus through the gloom to her ears, carried a certain dismal warning to her soul. She clung closer to Grimes. Her heart throbbed painfully, and at last even his protecting arms could

not altogether repel the advancing terror.

"O, I'm afraid!" she moaned. "I'm *so* afraid!"

Grimes said nothing. He pressed her closer to his heart. His hand wandered over her shawl, as though by thus ministering to her comfort he might secure her safety. His silence increased her fears.

"O, I'm afraid!" she murmured once again. "What will become of us?" And with a shudder she clung more closely to Grimes.

Now Grimes himself had been so overawed by the solemn presence of night and storm and darkness and the shadow of death, and he had experienced such direful emotions at the thought of that angry ocean that lay roaring beneath ready to engulf them, that he had no words of consolation to offer, and nothing to say that might disarm the fears of another. He did not wish her to share his anxiety; but since she had gazed with her own eyes upon the terrors of the scene, he had nothing to offer by which those terrors could be disarmed. He could only follow the natural impulse of his heart, and clasp her closer to him, and say to her in low tones, "O my darling! don't be afraid. *I'm* with you."

"Yes," sighed Maud, "I forgot. I'll try to be patient." And with these words she sat down in her former position at the bottom of the car.

Once more Grimes turned to confront the peril of his situation, and to plan in his own mind some way of escape. Escape? How was it possible?

Shall I descend? thought he.

Descend?

But why should he descend? What was it that lay beneath him? Was it the ocean or the channel? This was the question, and how could he find any answer to that question? Was it the ocean or the channel? If the one, he was lost, and all his bright hopes shattered, and the blessed future torn forever away from his grasp; if the other, there was a chance, faint indeed, but still a chance of escape. Was it the



ocean or the channel? Terrible question! Unanswerable problem!

Shall I pull the valve-string and descend?

Descend? Where? Why? Descend? Why descend? To what place? For what purpose? Descend? Why, in any case a descent now could only mean a fall into the sea, and that sea just now, just here, even if it should happen to be the channel, could only serve one purpose, and that would be to engulf them. Descend? No, the thought could not be entertained.

What then? Should he ascend?

This was a different thing altogether. It was a bolder question. A question, indeed, so bold that he might well pause before he decided upon adopting such a course. To descend was death; but to ascend, what was that? Was it death or safety?

Such were the thoughts that agitated the soul of Grimes.

And all the while there came up the deep drone of the rolling billows, the noise of many waters, and never ceased to remind him of the peril of the hour, and of the fate that lay in wait for him — and for her.

Had the balloon kept the same altitude, or had it been gradually descending? This thought came to him. He put his head over the side of the car and listened. There came to his ears the same drone of the waves, but whether he had descended lower or not he could not tell. Any exact estimate of his distance from the earth was impossible, yet the sound seemed near enough to suggest the propriety of putting a greater distance between him and it; and so as he arose once more to his former position, and asked himself the question, Shall I ascend? the waters below gave forth an answer that had an unmistakable meaning.

That meaning which he understood was, Ascend! Avoid us! Keep away, as far as possible, from our pitiless wrath!

Meanwhile Maud sat at the bottom of the car, listening and thinking, listening to the roar of the waves,

thinking of Carrol. It seemed strange indeed to her, that, after their prolonged sorrow, they should be joined again, stranger still that they should be joined under such circumstances, but most strange and at the same time most sad, that, being thus joined, they should still be exposed to that merciless fate which, like a Nemesis, seemed ever to pursue them. For ever amid her meditations there came the sound of the waves of the sea, and that sound now signified to her mind nothing less than renewed disaster, and perhaps complete destruction.

The cold of the upper air and the chill of the enveloping clouds affected her, and she felt them through the shawls which were gathered about her; yet the chill grasp of the hand of Night was robbed of half its power by the hot and feverish influence of the thoughts that passed through her mind. Where were they going? What were they doing? Carrol had madly carried her off in the balloon; but did he understand the balloon, and did he know what was to be done in the dire emergency in which they now found themselves? And what was he doing now? She began to comprehend that he was puzzled and bewildered, and that he was trying to think of some way of effecting their escape. The thought filled her heart with despair, and as she considered his inexperience and ignorance the last hope of escape died out.

Shall I ascend or not?

Such was the thought of Grimes.

And now with inconceivable abruptness, bursting into the midst of the night, dashing all the dark aside and transforming in one moment all that impenetrable blackness to one universal glow of fiery red, there came a sudden flash, coming from no one direction, but flaming everywhere for a moment, and then dying out utterly. And then, before Grimes could collect his thoughts that had been scattered and dissipated by the shock of that lurid flash, there followed a long, deep thunder-peal, that rolled all around them, and went volleying on through



all the heavens in long reverberations.

Grimes stood motionless until the last peal of the long-reverberating thunder had died away in the distance. Then, at length, he knew what he was to do. In that long, deep, wrathful thunder-volley he had heard the answer to his question. From that answer there was no appeal. It sent forth to his ears a voice, menacing, gloomy, terrific, and even the stout heart of Grimes shrank back from the terrors of its presence. From this his one thought was now to fly; and he stooped down hastily and snatched at several of the ballast-bags, and hurled them out one after another.

Maud had not seen the red flash, for her head was infolded by the shawl; but she had heard the terrible thunder-peal. As its first low, rising sound came to her ears, she thought it was the surf beating upon some rocky shore upon which they were driving. Every nerve thrilled with horror; and she drew herself up with that instinctive movement by which one tries to prepare himself for some inevitable collision. But the collision did not come; and the sound deepened into grander volume till the thunder-peal made itself manifest to her. Yet this discovery lessened her horror not one whit. As well, she thought, might they be driving against the pitiless cliffs of an iron-bound shore, as to be up here in this place of terror, among the withering lightning-flashes, in the secret place of thunder. She was aware of Grimes's exertions, though she did not know what he was doing, and she felt the car oscillate beneath his movements.

She removed the shawl and looked up with a shudder of terrible apprehension, with the fear of one who expected to see Death itself. She said not a word. She looked, with all her being in her eyes.

There came before her sight the dim outline of her companion, and the ropes of the rigging and the network, and the dark figure of the overhanging orb.

All these grew less shadowy and

more substantial every moment, until at length something like the actual forms of tangible things could be seen, though as yet the gloom of night kept them indistinct. But beyond this her eyes saw a place where the gloom of night came not; for, looking over the edge of the car, her gaze wandered far away into distant space, and there from that remote infinity there shone full before her a clear, tranquil star. In its calm, cold ray her feverish spirit seemed to sink to rest and quiet; and the light of the star showed her that the horror of great darkness had passed.

## XXIX.

### OVER THE CLOUDS AND OVER THE SEA.

THUS by throwing out that ballast the balloon had been elevated beyond the region of the storm into one of calm, or at least to one where the clouds did not follow. Grimes once more felt a momentary thrill of self-complacency at this second proof of his power to navigate the machine, but the anxieties of his position were too great to allow such a feeling to last. He was still as ignorant as ever of his whereabouts, and merely knew this, that the sea was beneath him, and between him and that sea a thunder-storm was raging.

Grimes looked over the side of the car upon the scene beneath. There lay a vast abyss, without form, and void, of intense blackness; out from the midst of this abyss he saw the sudden flash of the lightning, now in long forked lines which seemed to pierce the whole misshapen mass with destructive fury, again in one sudden uplifting of universal light. After this followed the deafening thunder. To Grimes it seemed as though this scene of destruction was taking place on the earth itself, as though the world were going to ruin, and that the time had come for the consummation of all things; and though he on the wings of his balloon rode sublime in the crystal-



line sky, yet he would gladly have exchanged his exaltation for any place, however lowly, upon the solid earth.

Now the deepest anxiety filled his heart. Every moment some portion of the gas escaped; the balloon grew less and less buoyant; and at last a time would come when, after the last fragment of ballast had been thrown out, it could rise no more, but must begin its steady and uninterrupted descent to the earth or to the sea.

In vain the eyes of Grimes wandered around over every part of the sky. If he could but see any sign of land, no matter how bleak and bare it might be, if it was but the peak of some mountain, he would feel relief. But no land appeared; and out of that flaming abyss below no mountain-crest reared itself to meet his gaze. The night also, the long duration of this darkness, troubled him. Would it never end? Would morning never come? Amid this darkness it was impossible to decide upon any course of action, since his plans had to be made up in accordance with his surroundings. He could no longer hear the roar of waves, even though he tried hard in the occasional pauses between the thunder-peals. Perhaps he had traversed a narrow sea and was now over some land; perhaps he had gone up so far that the sound of the waves could not reach him; or perhaps his ears were so dulled by the thunder that the lesser sound of waves could not be distinguished. But whatever the cause was, he could no longer hear that sound.

Maud crouched in the bottom of the car, hiding her eyes from the lightning-flashes and closing her ears to the thunder-peals. The time seemed endless; and each hour, as it passed, lengthened itself out intolerably, until at length Grimes began to notice that the lightning flashed less frequently, and that the thunder-peals followed each other at longer intervals.

The subsidence of the storm aroused his hope. For if this should die out, then the clouds might also be dissipated; and if he should survive till

morning, the earth would not be shut out from his view. With hopes like these he still watched and listened patiently. And the lightning grew rarer and rarer, and the thunder less frequent and less loud, until at length both ceased altogether. But now the scene beneath was no longer lighted up by those vivid flashes which had formerly illumined it, and what lay there was once more a black abyss, a void of nothingness.

The hours of the night passed on. Maud remained silent and motionless. The storm had ceased, the lightning flashed no more, and the thunder-peals no longer sounded in her ears; but she did not move from her position, nor make a sign. There were two strong feelings in her heart that kept her quiet. One was a feeling of intense terror and apprehension. This journey amid the clouds and darkness, with the dread accompaniment of thunder and lightning, must end in utter ruin. The other feeling was one of deep concern for her dear love, who now had the care of her upon his heart, and was standing there watching and waiting. Perhaps he was bewildered through his ignorance of balloon navigation; perhaps he was silent through despair; perhaps he had some plan, and was devoting all the energies of his mind and body toward carrying that plan into accomplishment. And thus Maud, in her terror for herself and in her love for her dear companion, remained motionless, through the conviction that if there was any possibility of safety it must depend upon her companion's perfect vigilance and absolute freedom from interruption.

The cessation of the storm had resulted in a quiet so profound that no sound was heard. The quiet reassured her, and gradually the haunting terror of her heart grew fainter. Gradually, too, the fatigue and the excitement through which she had passed produced their natural effect. She was worn out by the events of that day and night; and as the tremendous pressure of excitement and immediate terror was



removed, her mind grew more at rest, and slowly she let herself sink into a light and gentle sleep.

But Grimes still watched, and the hours of the night passed slowly on. More than once he had been surprised at the stillness of Maud, and had stooped down, fearing that she might have again fainted. The first time he took her hand, and she returned a gentle pressure without saying a word. The next time she gave no pressure of her hand; but her hand was warm, and by her gentle and regular breathing he knew that she was asleep. This assurance gave him intense delight, for his chief trouble all along was the fear lest his dear love might be suffering.

At length Grimes saw a faint glow of light on the horizon, and hailed with joy the appearance of the dawn. On that quarter lay the east; but it was impossible to tell, even by that assistance, in what direction he was going; still day was coming, and soon it would be light, and then all would be revealed. The progress of the dawn seemed painfully slow; and again and again he impatiently withdrew his eyes, and tried in vain to fix them elsewhere. But there was about the dawn a glory and a charm that Grimes found resistless; and so, as often as he withdrew his eyes, they wandered back again.

Suddenly there came to his ears a faint plashing sound that made him start. It sounded like the dashing of water. He looked over the side of the car. Again the sound came to his ears, and yet again, yet nothing was visible to his eyes. Beneath him there was a dull, opaque gloom, in which nothing whatever was discernible; nor was he able to make out whether it was land, or sea, or the dense clouds which hours ago had stretched in flame and uproar beneath. Yet there was no mistake about the sound, and again the thought came that it might be the sea.

He had now something else to attract his gaze. The eastern sky lost its ascendancy in his thoughts. The mystery beneath now arose to a prominent place. What was it? He leaned

over, and strained his eager eyes into the gloom. He began to notice something like motion there. What was this motion? Was it rolling clouds, or was it the movement of waves? As he listened, he once or twice thought that the sounds seemed surprisingly near. At length the moving objects beneath him became more distinctly revealed in the increasing light; at length he saw the movement all beneath and around him, regular and recurrent, while the sound that accompanied that movement was the sound of dashing waves, of boiling surges, of foaming, seething billows.

Yes, it was the sea.

Suddenly all was revealed. To his utter amazement he saw that this sea was immediately beneath him. He could see it at last distinctly. Not more than thirty feet seemed to intervene between him and it, and the balloon was scudding with the speed of the storm-wind over its surface. A moment before it seemed as though the balloon was motionless in a calm. Now he perceived that it was rushing along at a rate of speed such as the hurricane alone may attain.

He understood all now in a moment. The balloon had been losing its buoyancy, and had been gradually descending for hours. He had just noticed this in time. What should he do now? Should he arrest that flight? But how? He had heard of aeronauts throwing out a rope and allowing it to trail in the water. This he thought of, but saw no rope that was adapted for his purpose. There was only one thing left, and that was to lighten the balloon and once more ascend. He threw out several bags of ballast, and the balloon arose once more, and passed up so high that the sight and the sound of the sea was left behind.

But the day was coming on, and soon the sea would reappear in the gathering light. Steadily that light now increased. Grimes watched the scene beneath, and gradually beheld it assume the form of waves, no longer lying close beneath him and sending



the din of its billows up to his ears, but far away below, at an immense distance, — so far that, as the waves became defined in the increasing light, they assumed the appearance of wrinkles upon the face of the water.

The light grew stronger. Day advanced. At last daylight conquered the darkness; and though the sun was not yet up, still the whole scene beneath was revealed to the gaze of Grimes.

There was the sea. All around, the horizon. Upon that horizon no signs of land were visible. At one point which lay to the north there was an accumulation of clouds, but what they concealed he could not know. It was the sea, but what sea?

Not the channel, for now he saw that if he had crossed that place he would see land beneath him by this time, and not water. Could it be the Mediterranean? He thought not, for he had heard the sound of the surf too soon to have had time to reach that sea. What then? Only one thing remained. It must be the Atlantic.

This thought had once before come to him, and he had struggled with it; but now it came again, full, clear, manifest, and attested by the evidence of his senses. At this confirmation of his worst fears he stood perfectly overwhelmed, staring at the world-wide ocean. In one place he saw a ship many miles away, but it grew fainter and fainter.

There was now only one thought in his mind.

The Atlantic!

There was now not one ray of hope. He could do no more. What remained? Nothing but to meet his fate like a man. But since life had thus run out, why should he not enjoy its last brief moments; or why, since he had so short a time left to live, should he keep himself any longer apart from that dear one over whom his soul yearned with such intense fondness.

He stooped down, and, stealing his hand under the shawl that enveloped Maud's head, he took her little hand in his, and sat looking at her with a

face full of unutterable love and longing, with all the fervent love of his strong nature expressed upon his glowing face.

Maud in her light sleep felt that touch, and it thrilled through her. She waked at once, but the touch was so sweet, and reminded her so tenderly of her dear fond lover, that she remained motionless for some little time, just for the sake of prolonging that exquisite sentiment of bliss and ecstasy. For it was *his* hand. *He* was here. *He* was by her side. *He* was all her own. She did not give one thought to the very extraordinary fact that both of them were in a balloon, and interchanging their feelings in space. Of the balloon and of space she had no thought. It was her sweet, sweet love only, and the fond encircling clasp of that dear hand.

And now Grimes longed to feast his eyes with a sight of that dear face whose exquisite lineaments were impressed indelibly upon his memory. So he reached forth his other hand, and began gently, and lovingly, and tenderly, to draw aside the shawl which enveloped that face, and concealed it from him. Maud felt the gesture; and as the shawl was slowly removed, she remained still, awaiting the moment when his dear hand, having withdrawn the veil, her eyes should gaze upon his adored face. At this prospect a delicious sense of expectation filled her mind; a sweet confusion gave a zest to her joy; and a delicate flush passed over her face.

The shawl was drawn away.

For an instant Maud sat with a flush mantling her exquisitely lovely face, and her eyes downcast, while a faint smile hovered around her lips. At length, in the full assurance of perfect happiness, she raised her eyes.

The blow of this discovery had already fallen upon Grimes. As he drew back the shawl he saw her face for the first time distinctly, and saw that it was Maud Heathcote. The blow was tremendous. He was stunned. He did n't think of anything. He did n't



try to account for anything. He did n't wonder where Mrs. Lovell really was. He did n't have any thought at all. He was simply stunned.

And so it was that, when Maud, in the full assurance of perfect happiness, raised her eyes, this is what she saw.

She saw the man Grimes staring at her. He was still clutching her hand, and holding up the shawl. He was now rigid in that position as though petrified. His eyes were glassy, staring; opposite her, but seeing her not; while on his face there was an expression of dumb, inarticulate amazement; the expression of a soul in a state of collapse; of a mind in a state of daze;

the vacuity of thought; the look of a being who, having gone out of his senses, was approaching the regions of doddering imbecility.

As Maud looked upon this man the flush passed away from her face, and was succeeded by a ghastly pallor and an expression of dull and torpid terror; her ashen lips parted to utter a cry which yet did not escape them; with a frightful shudder she tore her hand away from his clasp, and flung herself back in a recoil of deadly abhorrence.

Of this Grimes took no notice; and so he sat, regarding her with his dazed eyes, while Maud sat staring at him in fixed and rigid horror.

*James DeMille.*

## A PRODIGAL IN TAHITI.

LET this confession be topped with a vignette done in broad, shadowless lines and few of them,—something like this:—

A little flyblown room, smelling of garlic; I cooling my elbows on the oily slab of a table (breakfast for one) and looking through a window at a glaring whitewashed fence high enough to shut out the universe from my point of sight. Yet it hid not all, since it brought into relief a panting cock (with one leg in a string), which had so strained to compress itself into a doubtful inch of shade that its suspended claw clutched the air in real agony.

Having dazzled my eyes with this prospect, I turned gratefully to the vanities of life that may be had for two francs in Tahiti. *Vide* bill of fare. One fried egg, like the eye of some gigantic Albino; potatoes hollowed out bombshell fashion, primed with liver-sausage, very ingenious and palatable. The naked corpse of a fowl that cared not to live longer, from appearances, yet looked not happy in death.

Item: Wonder if there *is* a more

ghastly spectacle than a chicken cooked in the French style; its knees drawn up on its breast like an Indian mummy, while its blue-black, parboiled, and melancholy visage tearfully surveys its own unshrouded remains. After a brief season of meditation I said, and I trust I meant it, "I thank the Lord for all these blessings." Then I gave the corpse of the chicken Christian burial under a fold of the window-curtain, disposed of the fried eye of the Albino, and transformed myself into a mortar for the time being, taking potato-bombshells according to my calibre.

There was claret all the while and plenty of butterless roll, a shaving of cheese, a banana, black coffee and cognac, when I turned again to dazzle myself with the white fence and saw with infinite pity,—a sentiment perhaps not unmixed with a suspicion of cognac or some other temporary humanizing element,—I saw for a fact that the poor cock had wilted and lay flat in the sun like a last year's duster. That was too much for me. I wheeled towards the door where gleamed the bay with its lovely ridges of light; canoes drifting



over it drew the eye after them irresistibly; I heard the ship-calkers on the beach making their monotonous clatter, and the drone of the bareheaded fruit-sellers squatted in rows chatting indolently with their eyes half shut. I could think of nothing but bees humming over their own sweet wares.

About this time a young fellow at the next table, who had scarcely a mouthful of English at his command, implored me to take beer with him; implying that we might, if desirable, become as tight as two bricks. I declined, much to his admiration, he regarding my refusal as a clear case of moral courage, whereas it arose simply and solely from my utter inability to see his treat and go him one better.

A grown person in Tahiti has an eating hour allotted to him twice a day, at 10, A. M. and 5, P. M. My time being up I returned to the store in an indifferent frame of mind, and upon entering the presence of my employer, who had arrived a moment before me, I was immediately covered with the deep humiliation of servitude and withdrew to an obscure corner, while Monsieur and some naval guests took absinthe unblushingly, which was, of course, proper enough in them. Call it by what name you will, you cannot sweeten servility to my taste. Then why was I there and in bondage? The spirit of adventure that keeps life in us, yet comes near to worrying it out of us now and then, lured me with my handful of dollars to the Garden of the Pacific. "You can easily get work," said some one who had been there and did n't want it. If work I must, why not better there than here, thought I; and the less money I take with me the surer am I to seek that which might not attract me under other circumstances. A few letters which proved almost valueless; an abiding trust in Providence, afterward somewhat shaken I am sorry to state, which convinces me that I can no longer hope to travel as a shorn lamb; considerable confidence in the good feeling of my fellow-men, together with the few dollars

above referred to, — comprised my all when I set foot on the leaf-strewn and shady beach of Papute.

Before the day was over I saw my case was almost hopeless; I was one too many in a very meagre congregation of foreigners. In a week I was desperate, with poverty and disgrace brooding like evil spirits on either hand. Every ten minutes some one suggested something which was almost immediately suppressed by the next man I met, to whom I applied for further information. Teach, said one. there was n't a pupil to be had in the dominion. Clerkships were out of the question likewise. I might keep store, if I could get anything to put in it; or go farther, as some one suggested, if I had money enough to get there. I thought it wiser to endure the ills I had than fly to others that I knew not of. In this state I perambulated the green lanes of Papute, conscious that I was drawing down tons of immaterial sympathy from hearts of various nationalities, beating to the music of regular salaries in hard cash, and the inevitable ringing of their daily dinner-bell; and I continued to perambulate under the same depressing avalanches for a fortnight or more, a warning to the generation of the inexperienced that persists in sowing itself broadcast upon the edges of the earth, and learns too late how hard a thing it is to take root under the circumstances.

One gloomy day I was seized in the market-place and led before a French gentleman who offered me a bed and board for such manual compensation as I might be able to give him in his office during the usual business hours, namely, from daybreak to some time in the afternoon, unless it rained, when business was suspended, and I was dropped until fair weather should set that little world wagging again.

I was invited to enter into the bosom of his family, in fact, to be *one* of them, and no single man could ask to be more; to sit at his table and hope for better days, in which diversion he proposed to join me with all his soul.



With an emotion of gratitude and a pang at being thus early a subject of charity, I began business in Papute, and learned within the hour how sharper than most sharps it is to know only your own mother-tongue when you're away from home.

Nightly I walked two hot and dusty miles through groves of bread-fruit and colonnades of palms to my new master's. I skirted, with loitering steps, a placid sea whose crystalline depths sheltered leagues and leagues of sun-painted corals, where a myriad fish, dyed like the rainbow, sported unceasingly. Springs gushed from the mountain, singing their song of joy; the winds sang in the dark locks of the sycamore, while the palm boughs clashed like cymbals in rhythmical accompaniment; glad children chanted their choruses, and I alone could n't sing, nor hum, nor whistle, because it does n't pay to work for your board and pay for little necessities out of your own pocket, in any latitude that I ever heard of.

We lived in a grove of ten thousand cocoa-palms crowning a hill-slope to the west. How all-sufficient it sounds as I write it now, but how little I cared then, for many reasons! My cottage had prior tenants, who disputed possession with me, winged tenants who sought admission at every cranny and frequently obtained it in spite of me; these were not angels, but hens. My cottage had been a granary until it got too poor a receptacle for grains, and a better shelter left it open to the barn-fowls until I arrived. They hated me, these hungry chickens; they used to sit in rows on the window-sill and stare me out of countenance. A wide bedstead, corded with thongs, did its best to furnish my apartment. A narrow, a very narrow and thin ship's mattress, that had been a bed of torture for many a sea-sick soul before it descended to me; a flat pillow like a pancake, a condemned horse-blanket contributed by a good-natured Kanack who raked it from a heap of refuse in the yard, together with two sacks of rice, the despair of those hens in the window, were all I

could boast of. With this inventory I strove (by particular request) to be one of those who were comfortable enough in the chateau adjoining. Summoned peremptorily to dinner, I entered a little latticed saloon connected with the chateau by a covered walk, discovered Monsieur seated at table and already served with soup and claret; the remainder of the company served themselves as they best could; and I saw plainly enough that the family bosom was so crowded already, that I might seek in vain to wedge myself into any corner of it, at least until some vacancy occurred.

After dinner, sat on a sack of rice in my room while it grew dark and Monsieur received calls. Wandered down to the beach at the foot of the hill and lay a long time on a bed of leaves, while the tide was out and the crabs clattered along shore and were very sociable. Natives began to kindle their evening fires of cocoanut husks; smoke, sweet as incense, climbed up to the plumes of the palm-trees and was lost among the stars. Morsels of fish and bread-fruit were offered me by the untutored savage, who welcomed me to his frugal meal and desired that I should at least taste before he broke his fast. Canoes shot out from dense, shadowy points, fishers standing in the bows with a poised spear in one hand; a blazing palm-branch held aloft in the other shed a warm glow of light over their superb nakedness. Bathed by the sea in a fresh, cool spring, and returned to my little coop, which was illuminated by the glare of fifty floating beacons; looking back from the door I could see the dark outlines of the torch-bearers and hear their signal calls above the low growl of the reef a half-mile farther out from shore. It was a blessing to lie awake in my little room and watch the flicker of those fires; to think how Tahiti must look on a cloudless night from some heavenly altitude. The ocean still as death, the procession of fishermen sweeping from point to point within the reef, till the island, flooded with starlight and torchlight, lies like



a green sea-garden in a girdle of flame.

A shrill bell called me from my bed at dawn. I was not unwilling to rise, for half the night I lay like a saint on the tough thongs, having turned over in sleep, thereby missing the mattress entirely. Made my toilet at a spring on the way into town; saw a glorious sunrise that was as good as breakfast, and found the whole earth and sea and all that in them is singing again while I listened and gave thanks for that privilege. At 10 A. M. I went to breakfast in the small restaurant where I have sketched myself at the top of this chronicle, and whither we may return and begin over again if it please you.

I was about to remark that probably most melancholy and homesickness may be cured or alleviated by a wholesome meal of victuals; but I think I won't, for, on referring to my note-book, I find that within an hour after my return to the store I was as heart-sick as ever and was n't afraid to say so. It is scarcely to be wondered at; the sky was dark; aboard a schooner some sailors were making that doleful whine peculiar to them, as they hauled in to shore and tied up to a tree in a sifting rain. Then everything was ominously still as though something disagreeable were about to happen; thereupon I doubled myself over the counter like a half-shut jack-knife, and burying my face in my hands said to myself, "O, to be alone with Nature! her silence is religion and her sounds sweet music." After which the rain blew over, and I was sent with a hand-cart and one underfed Kanack to a wharf half a mile away to drag back several loads of potatoes. We two hungry creatures struggled heroically to do our duty. Starting with a multitude of sacks it was quite impossible to proceed with, we grew weaker the farther we went, so that the load had to be reduced from time to time, and I believe the amount of potatoes deposited by the way considerably exceeded the amount we subsequently arrived at the store with. Finding life a burden, and seeing the

legs of the young fellow in harness with me bend under him in his frantic efforts to get our cart out of a rut without emptying it entirely, I resolved to hire a substitute at my own expense, and save my remaining strength for a new line of business. Thus I was enabled to sit on the wharf the rest of the afternoon and enjoy myself devising new means of subsistence and watching the natives swim.

Some one before me found a modicum of sweets in his cup of bitterness, and in a complacent hour set the good against the evil in single entry, summing up the same to his advantage. I concluded to do it myself, and did it, thus:—

#### EVIL.

I find myself in a foreign land with no one to love and none to love me.

I am working for my board and lodging (no extras), and find it very unprofitable.

My clothes are in rags. I shall soon be without a stitch to my back.

I get hungry before breakfast and feel faint after dinner. What are two meals a day to a man of my appetite?

#### GOOD.

But I may do as I please in consequence, and it is nobody's business save my own.

But I may quit as soon as I feel like it, and shall have no occasion to dun my employer for back salary so long as I stop with him.

But the weather is mild and the fig-tree flourishes. Moreover many a good savage has gone naked before me.

But fasting is saintly. Day by day I grow more spiritual, and shall shortly be a fit subject for translation to that better world which is doubtless the envy of all those who have lost it by overeating and drinking.

Nothing can exceed the satisfaction with which I read and reread this philosophical summary, but I had relapses every few minutes so long as I lived in Tahiti. I remember one Sunday morning, a day I had all to myself, when I cried out of the depths and felt better after it. It was a real Sunday. The fowls confessed it by the indifference with which they picked up a grain of rice now and then as though they were n't hungry. The family were moving about in an unnatural way; some people are never themselves on the Lord's day. The canoes lay asleep off upon the water, evidently conscious of



the long hours of rest they were sure of having. To sum it all, it seemed as though the cover had been taken off from the earth, and the angels were sitting in big circles looking at us. Our clock had run down, and I found myself half an hour too early at mass. Some diminutive native children talked together with infinite gesticulation, like little old men. At every lag in the conversation, two or three of them would steal away to the fence that surrounded the church and begin diligently counting the pickets thereof. They were evidently amazed at what they considered a singular coincidence, namely, that the number of pickets, beginning at the front gate and counting to the right, tallied exactly with the do. do. beginning at the do. do. and counting to the left; while they were making repeated efforts to get at the heart of this mystery, the priest rode up on horseback, dismounted in our midst, and we all followed him into chapel to mass.

A young Frenchman offered me holy-water on the tips of his fingers, and I immediately decided to confide in him to an unlimited extent if he gave me the opportunity. It was a serious disappointment when I found later, that we did n't know six words in any common tongue. Concluded to be independent, and walked off by myself. Got very lonesome immediately. Tried to be meditative, philosophical, botanical, conchological, and in less than an hour gave it up, — homesick again, by Jove!

Strolled to the beach and sat a long time on a bit of wreck partly imbedded in the sand; consoled by the surpassing radiance of sunset, wondered how I could ever have repined, but proceeded to do it again as soon as it grew dark. Some natives drew near, greeting me kindly. They were evidently lovers; talked in low tones, deeply interested in the most trivial things, such as a leaf falling into the sea at our feet and floating stem up, like a bowsprit; he probably made some poetic allusion to it, may have proposed braving the seas with her in a shallop as fairy-like, for

both fell â dreaming and were silent for some time, he worshipping her with fascinated eyes, while she, woman-like, pretended to be all unconscious of his admiration.

Silently we sat looking over the sea at Morea, just visible in the light of the young moon like a spirit brooding upon the waters, till I broke the spell by saying "good night," which was repeated in a chorus as I withdrew to my coop and found my feathered guests had beaten in the temporary barricade erected in the broken window, entered and made themselves at home during my absence, — a fact that scarcely endeared the spot to me. Next morning I was unusually merry; could n't tell why, but tried to sing as I made my toilet at the spring; laughed nearly all the way into town, saying my prayers and blessing God, when I came suddenly upon a horseshoe in the middle of the road. Took it as an omen and a keepsake; horseshoes are n't shed everywhere nor for everybody. I thought it the prophecy of a change, and at once cancelled my engagement with my employer without having set foot into his house farther than the dining-room, or made any apparent impression upon the adamantine bosom of his family.

After formally expressing my gratitude to Monsieur for his renewed offers of hospitality, I turned myself into the street and was once more adrift in the world. For the space of three minutes I was wild with joy at the thought of my perfect liberty. Then I grew nervous, began to feel unhappy, nay, even guilty, as though I had thrown up a good thing. Concluded it was rash of me to leave a situation where I got two meals and a mattress, with the privilege of washing at my own expense. Am not sure that it was n't unwise, for I had no dinner that afternoon; and having no bed either, I crept into the veranda of a house to let and dozed till daybreak.

There was but one thing to live for now, namely, to see as much of Tahiti as possible, and at my earliest conve-



nience return like the prodigal son to that father who would doubtless feel like killing something appropriate as soon as he saw me coming. I said as much to a couple of brothers who are living a dream-life over yonder, and whose wildest species of dissipation for the last seven years has been to rise at intervals from their settees in the arbor, go deliberately to the farther end of the garden and eat several mangoes in cold blood.

To comprehend Tahiti, a man must lose himself in forests whose resinous boughs are knotted with ribbons of sea-grass; there, overcome by the music of sibilant waters sifting through the antlers of the coral, he is supposed to sink upon drifts of orange-blossoms only to be resuscitated by the spray of an approaching shower crashing through the green solitudes like an army with chariots, —so those brothers told, with a mango poised in each hand; and they added that I should have an official document addressed to the best blood in the kingdom, namely, Forty, chief of Tahiti, who would undoubtedly entertain me with true barbarian hospitality, better the world knows not. There was a delay for some reason; I, rather impatient, and scarcely hoping to receive so graceful a compliment from head-quarters, trudged on alone with a light purse and an infinitesimal bundle of necessities, caring nothing for the weather nor the number of miles cleared per day, since I laid no plans save the one, to see as much as I might with the best grace possible, keeping an eye on the road for horseshoes. Through leagues of verdure I wandered, feasting my five senses and finding life a holiday at last. There were numberless streams to be crossed, where I loafed for hours on the bridges, satisfying myself with sunshine. Not a savage in the land was freer than I. No man could say to me, "Why stand ye here idle?" for I could continue to stand as long as I liked and as idly as it pleased me, in spite of him! There were bridgeless streams to be forded, but the Ta-

hitian is a nomad continually wandering from one edge of his fruitful world to the other. Moreover, he is the soul of peace towards men of good-will; I was invariably picked up by some bare-backed Hercules, who volunteered to take me over the water on his brawny brown shoulders, and could have easily taken two like me. It was good to be up there while he strode through the swift current, for I felt that he was perfectly able to carry me to the ends of the earth without stopping, and that sense of reliance helped to reassure my faith in humanity.

As I wandered, from most native houses came the invitation to enter and eat. Night after night I found my bed in the corner of some dwelling whither I had been led by the master of it, with unaffected grace. It was n't simply showing me to a spare room, but rather unrolling the best mat and turning everything to my account so long as it pleased me to tarry. Sometimes the sea talked in its sleep not a rod from the house; frequently the mosquitoes accepted me as a delicacy and did their best to dispose of me. Once I awoke with a head-ache, the air was so dense with the odor of orange-blossoms.

There was frequently a strip of blue bay that ebbed and flowed languidly and had to be lunched with; or a very deep and melodious spring, asking for an interview, and, I may add, it always got it. I remember one miniature castle built in the midst of a grassy Venice by the shore. Its moats, shining with gold-fish, were spanned with slender bridges; toy fences of bamboo enclosed the rarer clumps of foliage, and there was such an air of tranquillity pervading it I thought I must belong there. Something seemed to say, "Come in." I went in, but left very soon; the place was so fairy-like, I felt as though I were liable to step through it and come out on some other side, and I was n't anxious for such a change.

I ate when I got hungry, a very good sort of a meal, consisting usually



of a tiny piglet cooked in the native fashion, swathed in succulent leaves and laid between hot stones till ready for eating; bread-fruit, like mashed potato, but a great deal better; orange-tea and cocoa-milk, surely enough for two or three francs. Took a sleep whenever sleep came along, resting always till the clouds or a shadow from the mountain covered me so as to keep cool and comfortable. Natives passed me with salutations. A white man now and then went by barely nodding, or more frequently eying me with suspicion and giving me as much of his dust as he found convenient. In the wider fellowship of nature, I fore-swore all blood relations and blushed for there representatives of my own color as I footed it right royally. Therefore, I was enabled to scorn the fellow who scorned me while he flashed the steel hoofs of his charger in my face and dashed on to the village we were both approaching with the dusk.

What a spot it was! A long lane as green as a spring meadow, lying between wall-like masses of foliage whose deep arcades were frescoed with blossoms and festooned with vines. It seemed a pathway leading to infinity, for the blood-red bars of sunset glared at its farther end as though Providence had placed them there to keep out the unregenerated. Not a house visible all this time, nor a human, though I was in the heart of the hamlet. Passing up the turf-cushioned road on either hand, I beheld, through a screen of leaves, a log spanning a rivulet that was softly singing its monody. At the end of each log the summer-house of some Tahitian, who sat in his door smoking complacently. It was a picture of still life with a suggestion of possible motion; a village to put into a green-house, water, and keep fresh forever. Let me picture it once more. — one mossy street between two babbling brooks, and every house thereof set each in its own moated wilderness. This was Papeali.

Like rows of cages full of chirping birds those bamboo huts were distrib-

uted up and down the street. As I walked I knew something would cause me to turn at the right time and find a new friend ready to receive me, for it always does. So I walked slowly and without hesitation or impatience until I turned and met him coming out of his cage, crossing the rill by his log and holding out his hand to me in welcome. Back we went together, and I ate and slept there as though it had been arranged a thousand years ago; perhaps it was! There was a racket up at the farther end of the lane, by the chief's house. Songs and nose-flutings upon the night air; moreover, a bonfire and doubtless much nectar; too much, as usual, for I heard such cheers as the soul gives when it is careless of consequences, and caught a glimpse of the joys of barbarism such as even we poor Christians cannot wholly withstand, but turning our backs think we are safe enough. Commend me to him who has known temptation and not shunned it, but actually withstood it!

It was the dance, as ever it is the dance where all the aspirations of the soul find expression in the body; those bodies that are incarnate souls or those souls that are spiritualized bodies, inseparable, whatever they are, for the time being. The fire glowed fervently; bananas hung out their tattered banners like decorations; palms rustled their silver plumes aloft in the moonlight; the sea panted upon its sandy bed in heavy sleep; the night-blooming cereus opened its waxen chambers and gave forth its treasured sweets. Circle after circle of swart savage faces were turned upon the flame-lit arena where the dancers posed for a moment with their light drapery gathered about them and held carelessly in one hand. Anon the music chimed forth; a reiteration of chords caught from the birds' treble and the wind's bass. Full and resounding syllables, richly poetical, telling of orgies and of the mysteries of the forbidden revels in the charmed valleys of the gods, hearing which it were impossible not



to be wrought to madness, and the dancers thereat went mad, dancing with infinite gesticulation, dancing to whirlwinds of applause till the undulation of their bodies was serpentine, and at last in frenzy they shrieked with joy, threw off their garments, and were naked as the moon. So much for a vision that kept me awake till morning, when I plodded on in the damp grass and tried to forget it, but could n't exactly and never have to this hour. Went on and on over more bridges spanning still-flowing streams of silver, past springs that lay like great crystals framed in moss under dripping fern-clad cliffs that the sun never reaches. Came at last to a shining whitewashed fort on an eminence that commands the isthmus connecting the two hemispheres of Tahiti, where down I dropped into a narrow valley full of wind and discord and a kind of dreary neglect that made me sick for any other place. More refreshment for the wayfarer, but to be paid for by the dish, and therefore limited. Was obliged to hate a noisy fellow with too much bushy black beard and a freckled nose, and to like another who eyed me kindly over his absynthe, having first mixed a glass for me. A native asked me where I was going; being unable to give any satisfactory answer, he conducted me to his canoe, about a mile distant, where he cut a sapling for a mast, another for a gaff, twisted in a few moments a cord of its fibrous bark, rigged a sail of his sleeping-blanket, and we were shortly wafted on ward before a light breeze between the reef and shore.

Three of us with a bull-pup in the bows dozed under the afternoon sun. He of the paddle awoke now and then to shift sail, beat the sea impetuously for a few seconds, and fall asleep again. Voices roused me occasionally, greetings from colonies of indolent Kanacks on shore, whose business it was to sit there till they got hungry, laughing weariness to scorn.

Close upon our larboard-bow lay one of the islands that had bewitched me as

I paced the shore but a few days previously; under us the measureless gardens of the sea unmasked a myriad of imperishable blossoms, centuries old some of them, but as fair and fresh as though born within the hour. All that afternoon we drifted between sea and shore, and beached at sunset in a new land. Foot-sore and weary, I approached a stable from which thrice a week stages were despatched to Papute.

A modern pilgrim finds his scrip cumbersome, if he has any, and deems it more profitable to pay his coachman than his cobbler.

I climbed to my seat by the jolly French driver, who was continually chatting with three merry nuns sitting just back of us, returning to the convent in Papute after a vacation retreat among the hills. How they enjoyed the ride as three children might! and were quite wild with delight at meeting a corpulent *père*, who smiled amiably from his saddle and offered to show them the interior of the pretty chapel at Faaa (only three *a*'s in that word), — the very one I grew melancholy in when I was a man of business.

So they hurled themselves madly from the high seat, one after the other, scorning to touch anything so contaminating as a man's hand, though it looked suicidal, as the driver and I agreed, while the three were at prayers by the altar. Whipping up over the road townward, I could almost recognize my own footprints left since the time I used to take the dust in my face three mornings a week from the wheels of that very vehicle as I footed it in to business. Passing the spring, my toilet of other days, drawing to the edge of the town, we stopped being jolly and were as proper as befitted travellers. We looked over the wall of the convent garden as we drove up to the gate, and saw the mother-superior hurrying down to us with a cumbersome chair for the relief of the nuns, but before she reached us they had cast themselves to earth again in the face of destiny, and there was kiss-



ing, crying, and commotion as they withdrew under the gateway like so many doves seeking shelter. When the gate closed after them, I heard them all *cooing* at once, but the world knows nothing further.

Where would I be dropped, asked the driver? In the middle of the street please you, and take half my little whole for your ride, sir! He took it, dropped me where we stood, and drove away, I pretending to be very much at my ease. God help me and all poor hypocrites!

I sought a place of shelter, or rather retirement, for the air is balm in that country. There was an old house in the middle of a grassy lawn on a by-street. Two of its rooms were furnished with a few papers and books, and certain gentlemen who contribute to its support lounge in when they have leisure for reading or a chat. I grew to know the place familiarly. I stole a night's lodging on its veranda in the shadow of a passion-vine, but, for fear of embarrassing some early student in pursuit of knowledge, I passed the second night on the floor of the dilapidated cook-house, where the ants covered me. I endured the tortures of one who bares his body to an unceasing shower of sparks; but I survived.

There was, in this very cook-house, a sink six feet in length and as wide as a coffin; the third night I lay like a galvanized corpse with his lid off till a rat sought to devour me, when I took to the streets and walked till morning. By this time the president of the club, whose acquaintance I had the honor of, tended me the free use of any portion of the premises that might not be otherwise engaged. With a gleam of hope I began my explorations. Up a narrow and winding stair I found a spacious loft. It was like a mammoth tent, a solitary centre-pole its only ornament. Creeping into it on all-fours, I found a fragment of matting, a dry crust, an empty soda-bottle,—footprints on the sands of time.

"Poor soul!" I gasped, "where did you come from? What *did* you come

for? Whither, O, whither, have you flown?"

I might have added, How did you manage to get there. But the present was so important a consideration, I had no heart to look beyond it. The next ten nights I passed in the silent and airy apartment of my anonymous predecessor. Ten nights I crossed the unswept floor that threatened at every step to precipitate me into the reading-room below. With a faint heart and hollow stomach I threw myself upon my elbow and strove to sleep. I lay till my heart stopped beating, my joints were wooden, and my four limbs corky beyond all hope of reanimation. There the mosquito revelled, and it was a promising place for centipedes.

At either end of the building an open window admitted the tip of a banana-leaf; up their green ribs the sprightly mouse careered. I broke the backbones of these banana-leaves, though they were the joy of my soul and would have adorned the choicest conservatory in the land. Day was equally unprofitable to me. My best friend said, "Why not return to California?" Every one I met invited me to leave the country at my earliest convenience. The American consul secured me a passage, to be settled for at home, and my career in that latitude was evidently at an end. In my superfluous confidence in humanity, I had announced myself as a correspondent for the press. It was quite necessary that I should give some plausible reason for making my appearance in Tahiti friendless and poor. Therefore, I said plainly, "I am a correspondent, friendless and poor," believing that any one would see truth in the face of it, with half an eye. "Prove it," said one who knew more of the world than I. Then flashed upon me the alarming fact that I could not prove it, having nothing whatever in my possession referring to it in the slightest degree. It was a fatal mistake that might easily have been avoided, but was too well established to be rectified.

In my chagrin I looked to the good



old bishop for consolation. Approaching the Mission House through sunlit cloisters of palms, I was greeted most tenderly. I would have gladly taken any amount of holy orders for the privilege of ending my troublous days in the sweet seclusion of the Mission House.

As it was, I received a blessing, an autograph, and a "God speed" to some other part of creation. Added to this I learned how the address to the Forty Chiefs of Tahiti in behalf of the foreign traveller, my poor self, had been despatched to me by a special courier who found me not, and doubtless the *fêtes* I heard of and was forever missing marked the march of that messenger, my proxy, in his triumphal progress: In my innocent degradation it was still necessary to nourish the inner man.

There is a market in Papute where, under one broad roof, threescore hucksters of both sexes congregate long before daylight, and, while a few candles illumine their wares, patiently await custom. A half-dozen coolies with an eye to business serve hot coffee and chocolate at a dime per cup to any who choose to ask for it. By 7 A. M. the market is so nearly sold out that only the more plentiful fruits of the country are to be obtained at any price. A prodigal cannot long survive on husks, unless he have coffee to wash them down; I took my cup of it with two spoonfuls of sugar and ants dipped out of a cigar-box, and a crust of bread into the bargain, sitting on a bench in the market-place, with a coolie and a Kanack on either hand.

It was not the coffee nor the sugared ants that I gave my dime for, but rather for the privilege of sitting in the midst of men and women who were willing to accept me as a friend and helpmate, without questioning my ancestry, and any one of whom would go me halves in the most disinterested manner. Then there was sure to be some superb fellow close at hand with a sensuous lip curled under his

nostril, a glimpse of which gave me a dime's worth of satisfaction and more too. Having secreted a French roll, five cents, all hot, under my coat, and gathered the bananas that would fall in the yard so seasonably, I made my day as brief and comfortable as possible by filling up with water from time to time.

The man who has passed a grimy chop-house, wherein a frowzy fellow sat at his cheap spread, without envying the frowzy fellow his cheap spread cannot truly sympathize with me.

The man who has not felt a great hollow in his stomach which he found necessary to fill at the first fountain he came to, or go over on his beam ends for lack of ballast, cannot fall upon my neck and call me brother.

At daybreak I haunted those street fountains, waiting my turn while French cooks filled almost fathomless kegs, and coolies filled potbellied jars, and Kanacks filled their hollow bamboos that seemed fully a quarter of a mile in length. There I meekly made my toilet, took my first course for breakfast, rinsed out my handkerchiefs and stockings, and went my way. The whole performance was embarrassing, because I was a novice and a dozen people watched me in curious silence. I had also a boot with a suction in the toe; there is dust in Papute; while I walked that boot loaded and discharged itself in a manner that amazed and amused a small mob of little natives who followed me in my free exhibition, advertising my shooting-boot gratuitously.

I was altogether shabby in my outward appearance, and cannot honestly upbraid any resident of the town for his neglect of me. I know that I suffered the agony of shame and the pangs of hunger, but they were nothing to the utter loneliness I felt as I wandered about with my heart on my sleeve, and never a bite from so much as a daw.

Did you ever question the possibility of a man's temporary transformation under certain mental, moral, or physical conditions? There are times



when he certainly isn't what he was, yet may be more and better than he has been if you give him time enough.

I began to think I had either suffered this transformation or been maliciously misinformed as to my personality. Was I truly what I represented myself to be, or had I been a living deception all my days? No longer able to identify myself as any one in particular, it occurred to me that it would be well to address a few lines to the gentleman I had been in the habit of calling "father," asking for some particulars concerning his absent son. I immediately drew up this document ready for mailing:—

MOSQUITO HALL, CENTIPEDE AVENUE,  
PAPUTE.

DEAR SIR: A nondescript awaits identification at this office. Answers to the names at the foot of this page, believes himself to be your son, to have been your son, or about to be something equally near and dear to you. He can repeat several chapters of the New Testament at the shortest notice; recites most of the Catechism and Commandments; thinks he would recognize two sisters and three brothers at sight, and know his mother with his eyes shut.

He likewise confesses to the usual strawberry-mark in fast colors. If you will kindly send by return mail a few dollars, he will clothe, feed, and water himself and return immediately to those arms which, if his memory does not belie him, have more than once sheltered his unworthy frame. I have, dear sir, the singular fortune to be the article above described.

The six months which would elapse before I could hope for an answer would probably have found me past all recognition, so I ceased crying to the compassionate bowels of Tom, Dick, and Harry, waiting with haggard patience the departure of the vessel that was to bear me home with a palpable C. O. D. tacked on to me. Those last hours were brightened by the delicate attentions of a few good souls who

learned, too late, the shocking state of my case. Thanks to them, I slept well thereafter in a real bed, and was sure of dinners that would n't rattle in me like a withered kernel in an old nutshell.

I had but to walk to the beach, wave my lily hand, heavily tanned about that time, when lo! a boat was immediately despatched from the plump little corvette "Cheveret," where the tricolor waved triumphantly from sunrise to sunset, all the year round.

Such capital French dinners as I had there, such offers of bed and board and boundless sympathy as were made me by those dear fellows who wore the gold-lace and had a piratical-looking cabin all to themselves, were enough to wring a heart that had been nearly wrung out in its battle with life in Tahiti.

No longer I walked the streets as one smitten with the plague; or revolved in envious circles about the market-place, where I could have got my fill for a half-dollar, but had neither the one nor the other. No longer I went at daybreak to swell the procession at the water-spout, or sat on the shore the picture of despair, waiting sunrise, finding it my sole happiness to watch a canoe-load of children drifting out upon the bay, singing like a railful of larks; nor walked solitarily through the night up and down the narrow streets wherein the *gendarmes* had learned to pass me unnoticed, with my hat under my arm and my heart in my throat. Those delicious moons always seduced me from my natural sleep, and I sauntered through the cocoa-groves whose boughs glistened like row after row of crystals, whose shadows were as mosaics wrought in blocks of silver.

I used to nod at the low whitewashed "calabooses" fairly steaming in the sun, wherein Herman Melville got some chapters of "Omoo."

Over and over again I tracked the ground of that delicious story, saying to the bread-fruit trees that had sheltered him, "Shelter me also, and who-



ever shall follow after so long as your branches quiver in the wind."

O, reader of "Omoo," think of "Motto-Otoo" actually looking warlike in these sad days, with a row of new cannons around its edge, and pyramids of balls as big as cocoanuts covering its shady centre.

Walking alone in those splendid nights I used to hear a dry, ominous coughing in the huts of the natives. I felt as though I were treading upon the brinks of half-dug graves, and I longed to bring a respite to the doomed race.

One windy afternoon we cut our stern hawser in a fair wind and

sailed out of the harbor; I felt a sense of relief, and moralized for five minutes without stopping. Then I turned away from all listeners and saw those glorious green peaks growing dim in the distance; the clouds embraced them in their profound secrecy; like a lovely mirage Tahiti floated upon the bosom of the sea. Between sea and sky was swallowed up vale, garden, and waterfall; point after point crowded with palms; peak above peak in that eternal crown of beauty, and with them the nation of warriors and lovers falling like the leaf, but, unlike it, with no followers in the new season.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

## RECENT LITERATURE.\*

THE volume of Dr. Palfrey's History of New England, just published, is the continuation of the two abridged volumes of his greater work, and it carries us forward through a most important period to the time when the movers of the American Revolution were born and some of them were well advanced towards manhood. It covers a space of thirty-eight years which were remarkable not only for many exciting events, but also for the initiation of principles for which the people of Massachusetts never ceased to struggle. The vacation of their charter under James II. had made them directly subject to the crown, and at the sovereign's pleasure they were vexed by a succession of placemen in the government, who cared little for the interests of

the Colony, and seem to have been chiefly anxious for the establishment of some fixed salary. Looked at from one point of view, the efforts of the colonists ended in a series of failures; but the defeat was not altogether upon their side, and neither Phipps, nor Bellomont, nor Dudley, nor Shute can be said to have wholly prevailed against the Legislature, or to have been comfortable in their office. Their pay was scant and very uncertain; their power was stubbornly contested. The first of them, indeed, was not disliked by the people he came to rule, and his military enterprises against the French, though so disastrous, were still felt to be endeavors for the public good. Besides, Phipps was in favor of reinstating the abrogated charter; but Bellomont, an Episcopalian, a believer in the king's personal

\* *A Compendious History of New England from the Revolution of the Seventeenth Century to the Death of King George the First.* By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. Boston: H. C. Shepard. 1872.

*Voltaire*, by JOHN MORLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

*Music and Morals.* By the REV. H. R. HAWKES, M. A. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1872.

*The Organization of Labor in Accordance with Custom and the Laws of the Decalogue; with a Summary of Comparative Observations upon Good and Evil in the Régime of Labor, the Causes of Evils existing at the present Time, and the Means required to effect Reform; with Objections and Answers, Difficulties and Solutions.* By F. LE PLAY. Translated by GOUVERNEUR EMERSON, M. D. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger. 1872.

*The Dickens Dictionary.* A Key to the Characters and Principal Incidents in the Tales of Charles Dickens. By GILBERT A. PIERCE. With Additions by WILLIAM A. WHEELER. Illustrated. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

*Cyclopedia of the best Thoughts of Charles Dickens.* Compiled and alphabetically arranged by F. G. DE FONTAINE. New York: E. J. Hale and Sons. 1872.

*The Pennsylvania Pilgrim and other Poems.* By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

*The Rose Garden.* By the Author of "Unawares." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

*My Health.* By F. C. BURNAND. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.



government of the Colonies, and in every way an alien, found no sympathy, though much show of respect; while Dudley, recreant to the religion, the hopes, the principles of his fellow-colonists, was hated by the people he was sent to use for the profit of England, and regarded for nothing but his eminent abilities. As for Shute, he was a mere office-holder, without the disposition or the dignity to command their goodwill, and upon his prerogatives the Legislature successfully encroached, holding him in their interest solely by the stout grip they kept upon the public purse, and the prudence with which they doled out his grants of salary.

*Ex officio* the governor was the spy and creature of the Lords of Trade and the king, whose ends he was to promote at the expense of the colonists, and the people over whom such a foreigner was set naturally made his place as unpleasant as they could. Massachusetts, the most populous and powerful of the New England Colonies, was irritated by the fact that Connecticut and Rhode Island might choose their own executive, while she was subject to an English governor appointed without regard to her welfare or preferences. She had, moreover, to bear the brunt of the war with the French and Indians, while her sister Colonies enjoyed immunity from both the sorrows and expenses of the barbarous contest. To recount the events of those thirty-eight years of her history is to catalogue woes which only a people of heroic pith and force could have survived. First came the bitter disappointment of William and Mary's indifference, and then opposition, to their desire for the revival of their charter, after they had hoped so much from the accession of princes nominally of their own religious belief and with their traditions of self-government; then the French and Indian war broke out afresh, and one hideous massacre followed another during the summers of 1689 and 1690; then came Sir William Phipps's expedition against Quebec, undertaken at an expense prodigious to the poverty of the Colony, and in its utter failure falling with ruinous recoil upon the exhausted people; then came the issue of a paper currency, with the miseries following its rapid depreciation of fifty per cent; then, fast upon these miseries, and while the Indians continued to harry the frontier with scarcely abated ferocity, the people were convulsed by the witchcraft tragedy at Salem, with all its

terrors, crimes, and sorrows, after which the Indian war raged as before, with many pitiless murders in the outlying settlements of Maine, and with the terrible slaughter at Deerfield in 1704; then a wasteful and futile expedition was sent against Nova Scotia in 1707, and in 1712 an English fleet co-operated with the Colony for the reduction of Quebec, and was miserably disabled by drifting upon the rocks near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, losing many vessels and a thousand lives, and finally returning to Boston without having been within seven hundred miles of the Canadian capital.

This all but intolerable disaster fell upon a people struggling with the financial chaos produced by former costly defeats, and decimated in population by the ceaseless incursions of the enemy, the record of which is a dismal undertone throughout the whole volume. But it would be a singular misconception of Dr. Palfrey's labors to consider this history, except in a very subordinate degree, as a mere chronicle of events. To these of course it must be faithful, and it gives them with a well-ordered distinctness that fixes their exact value and relation in the record; but it is mainly to be prized for the analytical clearness with which the political and economical questions of the time are brought before the reader. The gradual rise of Massachusetts from the helpless dependence in which the vacation of her charter left her, to an attitude of bold resistance, is the interesting study of an historian who is writing English as well as New English history. His clear light brings the character of English statesmen into novel relief, and it leaves William of Orange, for example, not so pleasing a figure in his arbitrary treatment of the free people hoping redress from him, as the imagination may have made him before. But those were days when it was thought good policy by the mother country to compel the colonist to trade solely in English vessels, and to send his produce to England before carrying it to any other country; to forbid importation of any European manufactures save through England, and to outlaw the commerce in colonial manufactures; to reserve in the primeval forests all pines above two feet through for the use of the royal navy; and to do many other stupid and oppressive acts which must end in the rebellion and independence of the Colonies. It is amazing to contemplate the arrogant and blundering greed which in the



cool tints of Dr. Palfrey's study forms the portrait of the mother country, and the wonder is that her dealings with the colonies were endured so long. It is a good effect in this history that the Revolution, which is scarcely named, looms increasingly before the reader, and that the result of a half-century later is forecast in the calm examination of facts which none concerned in them dreamt of as having other than a present significance.

The chapter on the witchcraft excitement is interesting even after Mr. Upham's two volumes, and it is an admirable instance of the author's condensation, a succinctness in which no transparency or significance is lost. Dr. Palfrey takes the same daylight view of those terrible transactions that Mr. Upham does, attributing them to the wicked folly of the afflicted children in the first place, and then to the dark superstitions which the ministers, magistrates, and people of New England shared with all nations of their day. One of the best pieces of writing in the volume, or at any rate the most quotable, is the character of Stoughton, the relentless judge of the poor creatures who perished by his never-repenting error. This character is drawn with the subtlety felt in all Dr. Palfrey's analyses of men and motives, and with a certain warmth which he does not often permit himself (except in speaking of Rhode Island), but which will not make it the less acceptable to the reader:—

"He had filled many offices and performed their duties with a surly assiduity, which commanded a certain sort of esteem. He perhaps loved nobody, though the winning as well as commanding powers of Dudley may have blended something of affection with the deference into which he was subdued by the genius of that highly endowed man. On the other hand, if he was not loved, Stoughton was not a man to be made uncomfortable by isolation, while it was a pleasure to him to feel that he had some command of that confidence which men repose in such as they see to be indifferent to their good-will, and independent of it, as coveting nothing which it has to bestow. . . . The prosecution of the witches was a proceeding quite to his mind; the 'stern joy' of inflicting great misery under the coercion of an unflinching sense of duty was strangely congenial with his proud and narrow nature; he had a special relish for that class of duties which, bringing wretchedness on others, may be

supposed to cost the doer a struggle against the remonstrances of pity. When, sympathizing with the almost universal sorrow and remorse that succeeded the witchcraft madness, his gentle associate Sewall publicly bemoaned his sin, and in agony implored the Divine forgiveness, Stoughton professed that, whatever mistakes might have been made, he saw 'no reason to repent of what he had done with the fear of God before his eyes.' While, on the one hand, his habitual unconcern about popular favor generally gave him the command of as much of it as he cared for, he was helped, on the other, by the friendship of the clergy, which he took as much pains to secure as he ever thought it worth while to bestow for any amiable purpose. If the people did not want him, he could be content; at all events, he would not complain or solicit; if they did want him, he would serve them without fraud and without ambition, but it must be after his own dreary fashion, — a fashion to be dictated, as the occasions arose, not only by his judgment and sense of duty, but by his prejudices and his temper. He meant to be excellently firm; he excelled in being churlish, wilful, and obstinate, in a style of the most unexceptionable dignity."

The affairs of Massachusetts naturally occupy, by reason of their vastly greater importance, the greater share of the historian's attention; but events in prosperous Connecticut, miserable New Hampshire, and peculiar Rhode Island are accurately and diligently studied. The "land of steady habits" waxed populous and happy, while Massachusetts was annoyed by governors within and harrassed by French and Indians from without, and her annals would afford even less material for an historian less tolerant of the unpicturesque than Dr. Palfrey. But one feels that he does them justice, and he evokes at last a sort of idyllic image of the prosperity of the Colony in the last days of Queen Anne:—

"A condition of society so happy as that enjoyed by Connecticut at this period, especially during the long administration of Governor Saltonstall, has been rare in the experience of mankind. If from time to time the charter of her liberties was threatened, the danger of a repetition of such misgovernment as that of Andros was too remote to excite serious solicitude. A prevailing mutual respect and confidence softened the intercourse among citizens and



between citizens and rulers. The friendly sentiments inspired by religious faith were promoted by a general harmony of religious opinion. An education sufficient for the advantageous transaction of business, for the enjoyment of leisure, and for a measure of refinement of mind, was offered at the public cost to the youth of every family near its own door. Frugality and industry, friends to rectitude and content, secured a comfortable living, and a comfortable living was not to be had without them. A steady but unoppressive force of public opinion rendered a life of blameless morals easy and attractive, and assured to a public-spirited and religious life a career of dignity and honor. A remarkable approach to an equal distribution of property prevented the assumptions and resentments of caste, and the jealousy of disproportioned privileges. The people of Connecticut enjoyed to a singular degree a fulfilment of their prayer 'that peace and unity might be continued among them, and that they might have the blessings of the God of peace upon them.'

With Rhode Island it was a very different matter, and we leave to the antiquarians and historiographers of that doughty little Commonwealth the task of quoting from this volume the historian's accounts of her colonial state and character, which, we foresee, may cause some question among them. It only remains for us to testify to the admirable execution of his work, its easy and intelligible presentation of the affairs of a period of great perplexities and contradictions, its exquisite neatness and accuracy of style, — virtues which will hardly be denied either in Providence or Newport. We have, indeed, but poorly indicated the scope and value of a book which will best commend itself to the best class of readers.

Mr. Morley, in his "Voltaire," has given us another of those profound and brilliant studies of the eighteenth century, which we fear have not yet made him as well known in this country as he deserves to be. He can as yet hardly be called more than a "rising" writer, even in England. But as the most gifted English champion (if we except Mr. Mill) of that general way of looking upon life which is known as positivism, he may end by being recognized as one of the leaders of popular opinion in his generation. For it is useless to close our eyes to the more and more important part which the mode of thought he rep-

resents is destined to play in our intellectual and social evolution for some time to come. And as the opinions of average men are swayed more by examples and types than by mere reasons, so a personality so accomplished as Mr. Morley's cannot fail by its mere attractiveness to influence all who come within its reach, and inspire them with a certain friendliness towards the faith that animates it. The standard example, Goethe, is ever at hand. But to be thus widely effective a man must not be a specialist. Mr. John Mill, weighty and many-sided as he is by nature and culture, is yet deficient in the æsthetic direction; and the same is true of M. Littré in France. Their lances lack that final tipping with light that made Voltaire's so irresistible. What Henry IV.'s soldiers followed was his white plume; and that imponderable superfluity, *grace*, in some shape, seems one factor without which no awakening of men's sympathies on a large scale can take place. Mr. Tyndall has emotion enough, but, besides being such a coxcomb, he is of too light weight intellectually. Mr. Huxley is a specialist, and too apt to be a mere bully. Mr. Spencer is a dry reasoner. But in Mr. Morley we find a thoroughly sympathetic intelligence of the most diverse modes of feeling united with what is rarely enough found in its company, a vehement moral or constructive impulse, and added to these a powerful reasoning faculty, a keen sense of the beautiful, and a command of expression which, if it were somewhat chastened, would place him high among the masters of English rhetoric. No essential human interest lies out of the range of his critical point of view; opponents cannot say of him as of so many of the smaller fry of his school, that he ignores any important factor of human life. What he shall achieve with these advantages will henceforth depend entirely on his self-discipline and intellectual conscientiousness.

The present work is of about the same size and scope as Dr. Strauss's critical biography of Voltaire. That little work has already been acknowledged as classical by competent critics; but we must admit Morley's to be the weightier performance of the two. It is an attempt to interpret Voltaire to the modern reader, and might, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, be called an *apology* for him. Mr. Morley thinks the work of destruction is not yet completed in Europe, and has no patience with that all-tolerance bred of in-



telligence and scepticism which characterizes so much modern thinking, "when each controversial man at arms is eager to have it thought that he wears the colors of the other side, when the theologian would fain pass for rationalist and the free-thinker for a person with his own orthodoxies if you only knew them, and when philosophic candor and intelligence are supposed to have hit their final climax in the doctrine that everything is both true and false at the same time." Accordingly while he merely points out in passing the quarrelsomeness, uncleanness, indelicacy in money matters, and want of personal dignity which characterized his hero, he dwells at great length on his virtues. So much of what was gained for us by Voltaire and his generation at the risk of their lives, is now the tritest and most commonplace of our possessions, and it is easy to be unjust in the judgment we pass on their intellectual originality. Who now, for instance, can call up the fresh wild thrill with which the notion of the possibility of an un hindered exercise of "reason" by all men filled them? The repeated banishments and imprisonments which checkered Voltaire's youth were not well calculated to produce in him either "sweetness" or "light," and practically our author's treatment of him is undoubtedly the fairest. His placableness, his generosity to individuals, his courage, his burning humanity and love of justice, his belief in reason, and his unconquerable energy, all receive fitting commemoration in these pages. We have no space for a closer analysis of the book, but we cordially recommend it to our readers as perhaps the most important English *literary* work of the year. And as we have said so much of Mr. Morley himself, we will append a passage which expresses his creed and is a favorable specimen of his style: "It is monstrous to suppose that because a man does not accept your synthesis, he is therefore a being without a positive creed or a coherent body of belief capable of guiding and inspiring conduct. There are new solutions for him, if the old are fallen dumb. If he no longer believes death to be a stroke from the sword of God's justice, but the leaden footfall of an inflexible law of matter, the humility of his awe is deepened, and the tenderness of his pity made holier, that creatures who can love so much should have their days so shut round with a wall of darkness. The purifying anguish of remorse will be strong-

er, not weaker, when he has trained himself to look upon every wrong in thought, every duty omitted from act, each infringement of the inner spiritual law which humanity is constantly perfecting for its own guidance, less as a breach of the decrees of an unseen tribunal, than as an ungrateful infection, weakening and corrupting the future of his brothers; and he will be less effectually raised from inmost prostration of soul by a doubtful subjective reconciliation, so meanly comfortable to his own individuality, than by hearing full in his ear the sound of the cry of humanity craving sleepless succor for her children. That swelling consciousness of height and freedom with which the old legends of an omnipotent divine majesty fill the breast, may still remain, for how shall the universe ever cease to be a sovereign wonder of overwhelming power and superhuman fixedness of law? And a man will be already in no mean paradise, if, at the hour of sunset, a good hope can fall upon him like harmonies of music, that the earth shall still be fair, and the happiness of every feeling creature still receive a constant augmentation, and each good cause still find worthy defenders, when the memory of his own poor name and personality has long been blotted out of the brief recollection of men forever." We ourselves hope for a still better synthesis than this; but since we must have positivism among us too, the nearer it approaches to the type of that professed by Mr. Morley, the better it will be.

Mr. Haweis's work on "Music and Morals" is, taken as a whole, a most useful publication. Treatises on music of any real value appeal, for the most part, only to musicians by profession, and are almost wholly unfitted for the reading of the general mass of music-lovers who constitute what is called "the musical public." Nearly all musical works of a more popular character have, on the other hand, been written in such a condescendingly didactic vein as to be little less than insulting. Mr. Haweis's book is well fitted for the reading of the general "musical public," and it is no faint praise to say that the author has done his work well. To write a book of this sort is not so easy as may at first appear. In writing for any but the more cultivated class of musicians, an author finds himself at once deprived of the use of by far the larger part of his technical vocabulary, and is constantly forced to express himself in awkward circumlocutions



if he would not risk a charge both of pedantry and obscurity. Such is the almost universal ignorance both in England and America of the technical phraseology as well as of what might be called the anatomical structure of music, that it is difficult to discuss any of the higher questions in the art without interweaving a rather irksome amount of rudimentary instruction. But it is precisely these higher questions in music on which the public has instinctively conceived opinions of its own, probably in all vagueness and without formulating them, and it is only on this æsthetic ground that the cultivated musician can meet his public to any real purpose. Mr. Haweis seems to have fully appreciated both the difficulties and the possibilities of the situation, and has, with great wisdom and skill, avoided, on the one hand, filling his book with the tough, dry details of musical syntax, and, on the other, that condescending, Kindergarten spirit of instruction which tries to sugar the bitter pill of musical learning. The few condensed biographies of composers in the second part of the book, although necessarily sketchy and incomplete, are interesting and well written. The descriptions of musical instruments, especially of various bells and chimes, and much of the criticism in the volume, are valuable from the author's evident knowledge of his subject and his genial impartiality. Some of his art-theories, in the "philosophical" part of the work, are at best fanciful and at times not strictly logical. His manner of proving the emotional properties of music, for instance, must be taken as nothing more than a rather ingenious conceit, not unamusing to read, but of no philosophical value. The possibility he hints at of a new art springing up in which colors shall become the medium of emotional expression as tones are in music is an attractive, if not a thoroughly original fancy; though we hardly suppose that it could attain that importance as an art which he is inclined to give it. His objections to the opera as a form of art seem to us to be thoroughly illogical and false. He bases these objections on the assertion that "music expresses the emotions which attend certain characters and situations, but not the characters and situations themselves." Had this been brought as an argument against the modern orchestral "programme-music" or the dramatic cantata, it might to some extent be valid; but Mr. Haweis apparently fails to see that what he takes as the strongest argument

against the opera, is in fact the strongest argument in its favor. It is in the dramatic cantata and the symphonic poem that music is called upon to delineate characters and situations, but in the opera both characters and situations are placed before our very eyes in most tangible reality, and music has free scope in the very sphere that he would assign to it, that of expressing the accompanying emotions. We think that the author's mistake may have arisen from confounding the opera in its present state with the lyric drama as it might be. We can conceive of no form of art more intrinsically false and vicious than the conventional opera, but we firmly believe that the true lyric drama, where music is allowed its proper emotional sphere, will in time become a high form of art, and even the highest.

Among the many books that are now appearing on the labor question, all endeavoring to analyze the troubles which seem to threaten such ruin to society, M. Le Play's "Organization of Labor," which has been carefully translated from the French by Dr. Emerson, is very well worthy of study. The author has long been well known in Europe as a careful student of social questions; as a senator of France he especially interested himself in them, under the encouragement of the Emperor, who may perhaps at some future time get more credit than it is now usual to give him for a real interest in the condition of his people. We may therefore feel confidence in the thoroughness with which the author has done his work. In the first place, he recognizes freely the peculiar conditions of his country, proceeding from the French Revolution and from the strongly marked nature of his fellow-countrymen: he foresaw, like many other intelligent Frenchmen, the dangers that the nation ran from its excesses and shortcomings, and it was for them that he earnestly sought some remedy. The various evils he traces to the growth of indifference in matters of religion, especially in regard of the simple laws of the Ten Commandments, and among other things the abandonment of respect for family and domestic ties. He sees, what indeed strikes every careful observer, the changes that have been introduced into the world by the general growth of those ideas which have filtered down to the "masses," by whom they are hailed with enthusiasm, while they have been, for the most part, rejected as valueless by those for whom they were first intended. He



draws an exceedingly interesting picture of the state of France at different periods, as well as its present condition. He is especially eloquent against the law of France which deprives the father of testamentary liberty; a law which, he says, not only gradually, but steadily, impoverishes the country, but also helps destroy the respect of the children for their parents. Respect for women is diminished by the peculiarity of the French code in regard to seduction, holding it neither a crime nor the violation of a contract. Thus with the three chief inducements for improvement gone, sinful man, with no belief in God, no reverence for his parents, no respect for woman, has steadily sunk lower and lower. Without going more deeply into the discussion of M. Le Play's explanation of some of the social problems of the day, it will only be necessary for us to recommend his book as an exceedingly thorough, temperate, and, to our thinking, accurate statement of these questions and of their causes. The history of France is peculiar among modern nations, and in the prevailing ignorance much may be learned about it from this volume. In regard, however, to the remedies he suggests, opinions will probably be at greater variance. It is easier to detect disease than to find a cure. What he wishes to see is a France that shall be like what he calls a model nation, in which "prosperity everywhere comes from men who show a reverence for God, and derives its principal source from fathers devoted to their families, and proprietors held in esteem by their workmen. It becomes perfect when the magistrate and spiritual advisers manifest a sense of their proper duties and an affection for the people." This is a difficult problem, but one which may probably be better helped by education than by preaching; every age has its own troubles, and they are seldom cured simply by a return to the laws of a preceding time: if one side of faith is superstition, which only soothes the mind to obedience, and one side of inquiry is scepticism, which renders its victim uneasy and discontented, they are two evils which demand different treatment. Irreverence is never cured by bidding a man be reverent. He must see how cheap is the glory of his crime. And if, nowadays, the simplicity of family-life is gone, if the fireside is so much a thing of the past, no amount of good wishes can keep the young at home as they were before it became easy for them to leave for

distant parts where their handiwork was more strongly needed. The days of patriarchs have gone by, but still we need not fear that there will be no more honesty in the world. To make sure of this honesty, however, is the real question that the whole world, collectively, and every man and woman in it, has to solve every hour of their existence, and certainly how much this good work may be aided in France by the aid of an intelligent government is clearly shown in this book.

We suppose there could be no testimony to the extent of Charles Dickens's fame and labors more striking than the publication of such books as Mr. Pierce's "Dictionary" of his characters and incidents, and Mr. De Fontaine's "Cyclopedia" of his best thoughts. It was centuries before Dante and Shakespeare fell into the hands of the concordancers and elegant extractors; but within three years of his death Dickens receives a like distinction. It is a little droll to turn to "Blimber, Doctor," in the Dickens Dictionary, and read, as if it were the life of a real person in a biographical dictionary, "Proprietor of an expensive private boarding-school for boys, at Brighton, to which Paul Dombey is sent to be educated," and then a passage from the romance, in which "Blimber, Doctor," is more minutely described by the author of his being. Besides these brief biographical sketches of each character, and the explanatory passages from the author, where the importance of any personage demands it, there is an analysis of the plot of each of the romances; and we have thus a concentrated essence of Dickens, — a sort of intellectual Liebig Extract, — very compact, very portable, and very readily purveyable, when diluted with conversation, to travelers or invalids. It might be used during lulls of the "German," instead of the beef-tea which it has been the fashion to offer the debilitated dancers; and, on the whole, it is a book on which, if spirits care for their literature after death, the humorous ghost of Charles Dickens might look with mixed feelings. About its convenience for readers, and about its being a most agreeable collection of well-chosen extracts, there is no question. You take it up, and without trouble come upon the familiar scenes that have moved you so often to sorrow or to laughter, and your fragment of time, long or short, is passed as lightly as time can be made to move on this reluctant planet. The book is a very complete dictionary and



admirable compendium, and has much the same virtue, that may be ascribed to the "Cyclopedia of best Thoughts," while it is not nearly so long. The "Dictionary" does not much exceed five hundred duodecimo pages, while a hundred closely printed pages (larger than those of Harper's Magazine) in the "Cyclopedia" only take you half-way through the letter C. We believe Mr. De Fontaine has done his work very acceptably, and it brings vividly before you the vast variety of Dickens's thoughts and topics, but there is not necessarily any end to it. There is nothing to stop him, but his conscience, from taking all the Dickens romances apart and alphabetically serving them up piecemeal. There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, with ampersand, twenty-seven: let Mr. De Fontaine think on a thousand or fifteen hundred pages of "best thoughts," and be sparing. The *very* best thoughts of all English literature might be got into the same space.

If ever there was a time and place of which the fair pastoral picture Mr. Whittier has drawn us in "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim" might be true, it seems as if that time and place might be the Quaker Province in the seventeenth century; but at any rate one feels that it ought to be all true of Daniel Pastorius, the young German scholar, who left the books and learned friendships of the Old World behind, and turning Quaker came to the new land of Penn and helped found Germantown near the young city of brotherly love, and marriages, and lived out his long, calm, useful days there, tilling the soil, reading his books, corresponding with far-off *savans*, and sought alike by the neighboring savages and by the gentle enthusiasts of all kinds who wandered into the new realm of peace. The poem opens with the only touch — and a very slight one — of drama in it: the scene at eventide in the sage's garden where his good wife is tending her flowers, when he returns and tells her of the cold reception of his memorial against slaveholding in the yearly meeting in Philadelphia: —

"What is it, my Pastorius?" As she spoke  
A slow, faint smile across his features broke,  
Sadder than tears. "Dear heart," he said, "our folk

"Are even as others. Yea, our goodliest Friends  
Are frail; our elders have their selfish ends,  
And few dare trust the Lord to make amends

"For duty's loss. So even our feeble word  
For the dumb slaves the startled meeting heard  
As if a stone its quiet waters stirred;

"And, as the clerk ceased reading, there began  
A ripple of dissent which downward ran  
In widening circles, as from man to man.

"Somewhat was said of running before sent,  
Of tender fear that some their guide outwent,  
Troublers of Israel. I was scarce intent

"On hearing, for behind the reverend row  
Of gallery Friends, in dumb and piteous show,  
I saw, methought, dark faces full of woe.

"And, in the spirit, I was taken where  
They toiled and suffered; I was made aware  
Of shame and wrath and anguish and despair!

"And while the meeting smothered our poor plea  
With cautious phrase, a Voice there seemed to be,  
"As ye have done to these ye do to me!"

"So it all passed; and the old tithe went on  
Of anise, mint, and cumin, till the sun  
Set, leaving still the weightier work undone."

The rest is a picture of Pastorius's life of tranquil industry and good deeds, — a picture in which all readers of the poet can believe there are lovely and elevating qualities: —

"Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in summer calm,  
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,  
Came to him, like some mother-hallowed psalm

"To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel  
Of labor, winding off from memory's reel  
A golden thread of music. With no peal

"Of bells to call them to the house of praise,  
The scattered settlers through green forest-ways  
Walked meeting-ward. In reverent amaze

"The Indian trapper saw them, from the dim  
Shade of the alders on the rivulet's rim,  
Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk with Him.

"There, through the gathered stillness multiplied  
And made intense by sympathy, outside  
The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin cried,

"A-swing upon his elm. A faint perfume  
Breathed through the open windows of the room  
From locust-trees, heavy with clustered bloom.

"Thither, perchance, sore-tried confessors came,  
Whose fervor jail nor pillory could tame,  
Proud of the cropped ears meant to be their shame,

"Men who had eaten slavery's bitter bread  
In Indian isles; pale women who had bled  
Under the hangman's lash, and bravely said

"God's message through their prison's iron bars;  
And gray old soldier-converts seamed with scars  
From every stricken field of England's wars."

This is the spirit of the whole serenely meditative poem, — glimpsing now the fair world without and now the calm world within, and not unlit by certain rays of quiet humor, as where the poet wonders if the soft climate had not something to do with Pennsylvanian peacefulness: —



"Who knows what goadings in their sterner way,  
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray,  
Blew round the men of Massachusetts Bay?"

"What hate of heresy the east-wind woke?"

— questions which Mr. Lowell has touched in his note of that easterly weather of ours,

"That makes us bitter with our neighbors' sins."

We believe our readers have seen all the "other poems" of this little volume. Here is "The Pageant," one of the best descriptive poems in American literature (which is rich enough in these), the fine ballads of "Marguerite" and "The Sisters," and other pieces in which the aspiration and morality and humanity of the poet blend in a lyrical strain that takes benign sweetness and color from all the influences of nature.

"The Rose Garden" is not a translation from the French; but its author shows such entire intimacy with French habits of life and modes of thought, that it might easily be taken for a translation. The scene is laid in the neighborhood of the Pyrenees, and the events are such as would naturally happen in the daily lives of two very quiet and respectable families of that region, who are yet not wholly ignorant of Paris, of the Northern Provinces, or even of England. It is one of those stories, which can hardly be too much multiplied, and which have for their object the diffusion of better knowledge of France and her people in their family relations. It is believed by many good people in America and England that home life in France is nearly destitute of two elements which lie at the very heart of all domestic happiness in England, France, and Germany, — love and truth; that all French marriages are *de convenance*, and that a Frenchwoman never speaks the truth. The plot of "The Rose Garden" turns directly on the married life of a vivacious, warm-hearted, but unstable Frenchwoman, who, after risking the loss of one lover by boldly telling the truth, and refusing him her hand when he still pressed the offer, because her heart could not go with it, succumbs to deceit in her eagerness to secure another suitor, whom she loves no better, but who promises a more brilliant destiny. Her character is contrasted with that of her cousin, as truly French as herself, but unswerving in her devotion to perfect truth, and who carries in her heart the weight of an unrequited love, for as much of her life as the author

deals with. The successful and the unsuccessful lover, the mother of the second and of the bride, the uncle also of the bride who is the villain of the piece, and one or two minor characters, combine in a simple and natural, but very elegant and touching plot. The moral is deep, and constantly before us; and yet the tone of the book is never sombre, being relieved by a bubbling stream of playfulness in the description of the characters. These are, at times, a little shadowy, especially the hero, René's husband. But his unsuccessful rival, M. de Méhun, is touched with an exquisite pencil. The true nobility, which through a variety of little absurdities shines out on every important occasion, seems to us a truer and richer instance of that sort labored so hard in Sir Leicester Dedlock. The author — it must be a lady — of "The Rose Garden" has managed an almost precisely similar, or even less personally distinguished character, so as to reflect new honor on the French *gentillesse*, a much better result than that attained in the English aristocrat's character.

Mr. Burnand has the curious gift — we should hardly call it enviable — of making his reader feel sneaking, which is nowhere else, save in "The Book of Snobs," shown in so great degree as in his humorous studies. The chief person of these is that dreadful, absurd, conceited, hypocritical little snob who lurks in most human hearts, but who is fortunately for the most part locked up there, while in "Happy Thoughts," etc., he is let loose with all his follies. So far as existence in fact goes Mr. Burnand's type is grotesque caricatures; but as the reader is apt to shudder and break out into cold perspirations and feverish flushes with the recollection of having been near doing such things himself, or with the consciousness of being capable of them, but for the mercy of heaven. In "My Health," the "Happy Thoughtist" (for it is always he in whatever guise) is growing fat and hypochondriacal, and the slender fable is the story of his adventures in search of health at a watering-place out of season, on a yacht, and in a country house in Cornwall. There is nothing more, and one enters upon the story with a doubt if the author can carry it through successfully, and leaves it with surprise that it is not a failure. It is really very funny, and there are people in it to remember, — especially Miss Straithmere, whose character is very well done, though overdone.



## FRENCH AND GERMAN.\*

IN the last number we had room for but a most disproportionately meagre reference to a new novel of Tourguénief's, to which we would like to devote more space to-day, and with an especial reference to those whose only practice in reading German is in the tragedies of Schiller or the ordinary German novel. One may confess to growing weary of Schiller without finding any fault with dramatic art, and even the fondest friend of fiction may fall asleep over such volumes as Germany produces; but the Germans themselves take their pleasure in translating from other people all the best works in their language, so that the soul of Bastiat would be rejoiced within him if he could see the free-trade in fiction that the Germans enjoy. That sharp-eyed people scour the surface of the earth for novels, which some all-knowing scholar translates, and the novels written in German have to fare as best they can. They certainly do not lack admirers in this country.

This novel of Tourguénief, *Frühlingsfluthen*, is one of the latest of a long list of translated novels. It tells the following story: Dimitri Sanin is a young Russian who finds himself in the city of Frankfort, on his way back to Russia, after a year or two of travel. He happens to make the acquaintance of an Italian family, long resident in Frankfort, which consists of an amiable, gossiping mother, the keeper of a little *café*, a daughter, Gemma, and a son, — a boy of about fourteen. In the household there is, besides, an old man, Pantaleone, who is friend and servant at once. Sanin gets to know them and wins their gratitude by the aid he gives the boy, who had fallen into a protracted fainting fit just as the Russian had entered the *café*. They all invite him to spend the evening, and he, although he was to leave that very night for Berlin, accepts. He stays so late that he loses the diligence, but consoles himself for that by the thought that he can easily amuse himself for two or three days in such pleasant company, for Gemma is wonderfully beautiful and very charming. She is, to be sure, en-

gaged to another man, but to Sanin that is of course a matter of but little interest; he will be off in a few days, meanwhile they are kind, and he only asks to have time killed. In the furtherance of this object he goes with Gemma and her betrothed to pass the day in the country. While they are dining a drunken officer insults Gemma. Sanin takes the matter up, while the betrothed, who, moreover, from his position, could not challenge the officer, has simply to retire with dignity. Sanin fights a duel with the officer, thereby — for of course it leaks out — winning much more gratitude and admiration from the family. In a word, the engagement that formerly held Gemma she breaks; Dimitri proposes and is accepted. Every reader of Tourguénief knows with what marvellous power he tells a love-story, and nowhere has he done better than in this novel. There are so many heroes and heroines in fiction who are labelled lovers and who are as certainly running to their fate as if they were helmeted firemen running to a fire, that we feel that in fiction as in every other art it is only the masters who can be lifelike, because they alone see life as it really is, or, having seen it, can represent it as it is with its infinite complexities and mysterious combinations. Sanin falls in love as men do in real life unconsciously, even unwillingly, not with an avowed determination as people do in novels. To quote any scene of the more romantic part of the novel would be more or less unfair, — it needs the setting of the context, — but it may not be amiss to give the reader an example of some of the other qualities of this remarkable writer. There is, for instance, this account of the preparations for the duel. Sanin, having no other acquaintance in Frankfort, has to take for his second Pantaleone, who by the way was formerly an opera-singer. At first the peaceful Italian objects, but he soon accepts: —

“‘I must thank you at any rate,’ he said with an uncertain voice, ‘for the fact that you saw even in my present inferior position that I was a gentleman, *un galantuomo*. Thereby you have shown yourself to be a *galantuomo*. But I must consider your proposition.’

“‘He went to the door, then turned suddenly, ran to Sanin, seized his hand, pressed it to his breast, raised his eyes to heaven and said, ‘Noble youth, great heart, (*Nobil giovanetto! gran cuore!*) allow an old

\* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

*Frühlingsfluthen*. Roman von Iwan Turgenjew. Aus dem Russischen. Wien. Pest. Leipzig. A. Hartleben's. Verlag. 1872.

*Heinrich Heine*. Biographische Skizzen von DR. S. KARPELES. Berlin. Hausfreund Expedition. (E. Graez.)



man, *un vecchiotto* to press your manly right hand, *la vostra valorosa destra !*”

As they are going to the ground the old man is stricken with remorse and wonder.

“Is he really a second, did he provide the horses, make everything ready beforehand, and leave his peaceful chamber at six o'clock in the morning? Besides his feet began to hurt him and were in a terrible way.

“Sanin found it necessary to arouse him, and found the right note by touching his most sensitive point.

“Where is your former courage gone, dear Mr. Cippatola? Where is — *l' antico valor*?”

“*L' antico valor*?” he cried in a deep base voice; “*non è ancora spento l' antico valor !*”

After the duel “Pantaleone really triumphed. Pride took full possession of him. A conquering general returning from a victorious fight could not have looked about him with more self-satisfaction. Sanin's conduct during the duel filled him with enthusiasm. He called him a hero, and would not listen to his threats and entreaties. He compared him to a monument of marble and bronze, to the statue of the commander in Don Giovanni. He confessed that for his own part he had felt some slight anxiety. ‘But I am an artist,’ he said, ‘my nature is nervous; but you are the child of the snow and the granite rocks.’”

To go on with the story. Sanin in his anxiety for a speedy marriage finds it necessary to sell his estate in Russia. To his joy he meets a former schoolmate, who suggests that his wife, who is at Hamburg, might perhaps be willing to take it. For this purpose Sanin leaves Gemma to stay three days and arrange about the sale. She sees him go with half-hidden fears, while he departs only sure of his speedy

return. This wife of his friend is a woman who has no love for her husband, nor indeed for any one except herself, and in Sanin she sees a fresher nature than belongs to the frivolous creatures who form her court, and, piqued by his natural indifference, so unlike the never-ending and so wearying attentions of those about her, she proceeds deliberately to flirt with him. He is young, human, unconscious of his danger, and unable to flee when he detects it. He becomes her slave, Gemma is abandoned, he shipwrecks his whole life. Many will find this an unpleasant tale, but their objections would be palliated if they would read the novel and see the grimness of the morality that fills it. It is no tricked-up account of the fascinations of a life of wrong-doing, but a wonderful study of the way in which faults may be committed, and of their natural punishment. As a work of art, for the observation of human life, for its wonderful knowledge of the human heart, we have no words of praise that are too strong. Tourguénief, in this novel has produced a rival to his best previous work. We hope that many will read and reread it.

Of other books we have but few. Dr. Karpeles has written a little book about Heine, in which he tells us but little that is new, but what he says is readable, and he is more likely to find readers than is Strodsmann with his ponderous tomes, which, however, are extremely interesting, and ought to be read by one who can skip judiciously. In regard to this work we may say that many will agree with him in denouncing Heine's surviving brother for the way in which the poet's memoirs are kept hidden from the public. Perhaps, however, if we belonged to the number whom Heine probably abused, we should be less austere just in our view of the matter.

## ART.

SO much of the new city is visible — writes a correspondent from Chicago — that its character, at least in construction, may be readily determined. The bulk of the building is probably much more substantial than that which was destroyed. There appears to be no evasion of the laws prescribing the thickness of walls and prohibiting the use of combustible materi-

als. Two or three “blocks” run up hastily while the ashes were hot are open to the suspicion of insecurity; but this, in the alleged ten miles of new frontage, is very little: the construction generally is quite as thorough as any to which we are accustomed in this country. Its æsthetic value is not so easy of estimation. The rebuilding energy having been expended,



so far, on warehouses, the grander combinations of the architect are hardly called for; his skill must be shown on so many square feet of street-front, and the only notable improvement in general design is the increased use of the arch, which, either round or flat, has become almost universal, adding wonderfully to the grace and cheerfulness of the new exteriors. There is scarcely a straight lintel of stone to be seen in the whole rebuilding; and although the best stone and brick fronts are generally carried on flat iron supports, looking wretchedly weak, there are many fine exceptions where the arch even in cast-iron gives stability and beauty. Beyond this tendency, equally good in art and construction, it is necessary to notice only the character of ornament employed. Even in narrow street-fronts there is abundance of room for decoration, and the merchants have shown an abundant desire to decorate. Many of the new shop-fronts are quite elaborately wrought, and few are barren or even simple in character. This varied mass of carved, stamped, and moulded forms is quite bewildering, and much of it is placed so high that it is likely to break the beholder's neck as a first effect, if he wishes to discover its material and character. Having ascertained the material, the task is much abridged. There is no wood and no stucco, no new forms in terra-cotta, very little artificial "stone," and but two or three brick fronts which can be called decorative. Unfortunately there is a great deal of iron. (In the use of cast-iron an important and satisfactory change is noted; it rarely goes beyond the first story.) Sheet-iron "ornament" is here in its glory. It is paraded on all kinds of building, in window-caps, string-courses, vast projecting cornices, parapets and pinnacles. For decorative value, both kinds of iron, as used here, may be dismissed with a word; all that is seen is gross and worse than nothing. The character of design for iron-work in building must be radically changed to bring it into the sphere of art. Sheet-iron can be beautiful only in refined and delicate forms of hand-work suited to its thinness, and cast-iron cannot be beautiful at all. It may serve as a surface for paint, and where the cast-iron supports are painted with a color differing from that of the stone, thus recognizing the difference of material, the effect is comparatively good. But no kind of painting can make tolerable the monstrous timber-work crowning most

of these buildings. One is tempted to wish that the wind would blow it all away. All that can be said in its favor is that it breaks up the sky-lines and renders a distant street-view picturesque.

In stone, the decorative tendencies shown are of quite an encouraging character. Preference is shown for finely finished facing, with ornamentation; and most of the material employed being a soft sandstone, the carvers have been enabled to produce a great deal in a short time. Unfortunately the Cleveland stone, and its like, which is largely used, is at first too soft to carry a sharp edge, and from this cause and from haste some of the design in relief is poor in execution. But wherever delicate forms have been cut in intaglio, on façades of flat, temperate design, the effect is uniformly good. The sandstone will bear little under-cutting, but it holds the edge of intaglio firmly enough, and it is pleasant to see this style of ornament so extensively used, replacing the coarse projections which make our streets so flaunting and tedious. Perhaps one building in every five, certainly one in every ten, shows reaction from the common intent to overload exteriors with gross forms; and in many there is to be observed a true appreciation of refinement and delicacy of design. Though this does not go so far as to indicate study of nature, with the idea of conventionalizing the best forms for stone, it seems to be the next step to it. Sufficient outlay has been made here to give us representations of fitting organic forms, good suggestions of beauty from fields and woods; but Chicago is not Venice, nor are these the "dark" ages of cathedrals and missals, and it was not foreseen that we should get in return much more than the old tedious columns and mouldings and brackets of the Renaissance. Yet when we come to look closely, there is much more. The fancies of different architects have had fair play. There was no time for them to copy each other. The result is that the street-fronts show an unexpected individuality, making the new Chicago architecturally our most interesting city. Beyond this, there is a much greater tendency to variety in individual work than has been hitherto shown. There are many buildings where each bit of ornament, every keystone and capital, is of an original design. It would seem that this work, which is so graceful, novel, and varied, might help to abolish the weary repetitions



which have held sway so long. It is true that even in the best instances the forms are too near the architect's patterns and too far from nature. Nevertheless, the better interest is evident and a beginning is made. Some of this original ornament is wrought in a hard limestone, and time to cut it properly has not been allowed; yet the suggestions are good, and the whole effect, even with its roughness, is charming. The same praise cannot be given to the sculptured heads and faces with which some buildings are adorned. They are as ugly as the Norman gargoyles, and probably equally indicative of the spirit of the age, whatever that may be. But if they must be made thus hideous and feeble to represent us, might we not forbear the representation for a time? Perhaps the coming age will not be so dreadfully out of drawing. It seems better to use the simpler forms of nature while the union of architecture with sculpture and painting is still so incomplete. In the newly built Chicago, there are indications that the desired alliance is progressing: the partial rejection of cast-iron and the growing refinement of forms in stone show at least its possibility. It is to be regretted that there are so few instances of the employment of color in decoration; but these, whether produced by the painting and gilding of iron, or the use of different tints in stone, are satisfactory, so far as they go. It is not pleasant to record the fact that the largest and most costly buildings show the least improvement and originality in design, but it is quite true. The more money and space, the more Renaissance and monotony.

The backward state of the industrial and fine arts in this country has not been altogether owing to public apathy. For some years there has been a wide-spread consciousness of the imperfection in our civilization arising from our neglect of the arts; and the painful spectacle has been exhibited of a nation aware of its deficiency, yet not knowing how to supply it. That we should have found ourselves thus impotent appears less surprising, when we reflect that even in Europe scientific art-education is a thing almost wholly of this century, and that the most of the progress effected there has been made within about twenty-five years. Massachusetts has at last done what a community of sharp-sighted manufacturers deserve perhaps little

praise for not having done before, in the establishment of a thorough means of art-instruction. Though the system set in operation by act of Legislature in 1870 be yet only in germ, that germ is of the right species; and we are now furthermore provided with an invaluable book\* discussing the best methods to be employed in its development and future cultivation. Mr. Walter Smith, State Director of the art education of Massachusetts, is a graduate of the South Kensington Training-School, where he took high honors in the three branches of painting, sculpture, and architecture, before entering his profession of art master, in which capacity he has gained great reputation in England. In 1863 he was commissioned by the British government to examine the various systems of art education on the Continent, and made a report of great thoroughness and value. In 1867 he won, over twenty-seven artists and art masters, the prize offered by his government for the best analysis of the Art Educational Section of the Paris International Exhibition of that year. On the application of the State of Massachusetts and city of Boston to the English Society of Arts and Sciences for a competent person to direct the proposed art education of the State, Mr. Smith was at once chosen for the place, a selection which his vigorous administration since being installed here has fully justified. The special reason which he himself assigns for this choice is, that, though acquainted with the art-educational systems of his own and other European countries, he is not committed to any one of them, but believes that "in the construction of a system in a country where the subject is new, we can adapt the good parts of all the old methods to the requirements of this country, and omit all the bad parts." In addition to these various qualifications for his task, we cannot omit mentioning the enthusiasm and hopefulness which pervade the volume under review, and on which we feel disposed to rely for effecting those advances in art which he encourages us to expect.

The scheme of art education described by Mr. Smith, being, with the slight exception that it includes modelling, the same which the act referred to already makes provision for, is a very comprehensive one. It rests on the accepted principle, that the means of refining the industrial and revivi-

\* Art Education, by WALTER SMITH. Boston, J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.



fiying the fine arts is the at least approximate identification of the artist with the artisan. To this end artisans are to receive an enlightened art education, the whole bent of the schools being in their favor, and those who study in them to become professional artists being left to assert themselves by the force of peculiar genius. Thus those who devote themselves to painting will hardly be tempted to do so unless their genius is irrepressible, while all will, in default of capacities for more ideal employment, be fitted to become excellent designers, modellers, etc. The leading thought expressed by Mr. Smith is, "that all kinds of drawing shall be taught as a language, not as an art, and be used as an instrument, not as a plaything." He advocates that drawing precede writing, in the education of the child, as being a more natural and thus a more easily acquired mode of expression.

To give briefly a clear conception of the work which it is proposed to accomplish in the public schools, we extract Mr. Smith's schedule of studies appointed for these:—

*"In Primary Schools.*—Free-hand, model, and memory drawing, from the blackboard and from copies in books, the objects to be geometrically drawn, i. e. having no perspective effects in them.

*"In Grammar Schools.*—Model drawing from the blackboard, and from copies showing the principles of perspective, and from real objects; memory drawing; geometrical drawing of plane geometrical problems with instruments; free-hand enlargements and reductions from flat copies of historical and other ornament, in outline, to teach styles of art.

*"In High and Normal Schools.*—Memory, model, and perspective drawing; shading, coloring; drawing from casts, from natural plants and elementary designs."

This, then, is the solid instruction which it is hoped will, in time, be dispensed to the people of every State, as it is now being dispensed to those of Massachusetts,—the foundation of universal good taste and appreciation of art, on which alone it is safe to build hopes of a great future in art for this country. The art school proper begins its work where that of the common high school ceases; and its object, to which the industrial drawing-classes already organized of course tend also, is described as "the cultivation of the understanding, and increase of knowledge, of the students in the field of

art generally, supplemented by the acquisition of manipulative and technical skill in some branch of art practice." In such a school all students would pursue for a time a common course, branching off from this into either, (1.) scientific instrumental drawing; (2.) artistic work in light and shade, color and design; or (3.) modelling. So that, while all would be united in learning to draw well, without which there can be no good industrial or fine art, the different inclinations of individuals would cause them to become carpenters and architects, machinists and engineers, draughtsmen, lithographers, painters, and sculptors.

The danger of this whole system is one to which all such systems are liable, and that is, that while they provide in perfection the necessary discipline and instruction for producing "original and learned and tasteful work, scholarlike and artistic," the elaborate means provided for this end may be found rather to thwart than to assist the advancement of peculiar and exceptional genius (genius made idle and wayward by the temperament with which it is combined, or from other causes, is not here meant), which is nevertheless capable of wielding a transcendent power. But systems cannot be based on the needs of exceptional persons, and their inutility to these must be compensated by the spirit in which they are directed. Mr. Smith is an enthusiastic disciple of Ruskin, and we cannot think that any one who carries so much of Ruskin's noble purpose into this practical work of art education, can be insensible to the claims of such persons as those we allude to. Indeed, he expressly affirms at one point that "in the adaptation of any scheme of instruction to the development of skill in individual cases, it ought to be possible, and may sometimes be necessary, to turn the whole scheme upside down, beginning at the end, or ending at the beginning, if needs be, any laws or formulæ to the contrary notwithstanding." It is a matter of moment that this necessity should be thoroughly understood by every one who engages in the work which Mr. Smith has begun; and we sincerely hope that his feeling in this regard may be imparted to all present and future assistants. There is sometimes an inherent protestantism in genius which it is criminal to ignore.

The second half of the book appears designed to forward art education in a more indirect way by easy and instructive discus-



sions of ornamental design, surface decoration, modelling, carving, and casting, and symbolism in art and architecture, with many striking suggestions for the coming architecture of this country. It is interesting to observe that Mr. Smith advocates a very general use of terra-cotta in

building. The plates scattered through the volume form an excellent illustration to this as well as the preceding part of the work, and the appendices contain a great store of such information as is now being sought in many parts of the United States.

## MUSIC.

AMONG other questions of more or less vital importance to the musical cultivation of our people, there is one which forces itself irresistibly upon our notice, namely, the musical performances at our theatres. There is probably not a theatre in the country that does not boast something in the shape of an orchestra, which, besides furnishing such occasional music as may be required in the course of the drama itself, regales the audience with "choice and varied selections of new and popular music" between the acts. As a subject for æsthetic contemplation, the theatre "orchestra" is at best a dispiriting one; but in spite of the fact that it is, as at present conducted and constituted, in nine cases out of ten an almost unmitigated evil, we are not inclined to look upon it as a wholly hopeless case. The question whether music ought or ought not to be introduced between the acts of plays is an interesting one for abstract æsthetic discussion, but is unfortunately of no practical value. Whatever may be our opinion as to what ought or ought not to be is little to the purpose in this case, as playwrights, managers, and orchestral players have long since settled what *shall be*. Dramatic authors from Shakespeare down to the sensationalists of our own day have introduced music into their dramas; musicians cannot be hired for less than a whole evening, and managers can never be persuaded to support an orchestra without "getting their full money's worth," or, in other words, making them play as much as possible. The theatre orchestra may then be regarded as an unavoidable fact. But it is the vile quality of the thing that we must principally protest against, rather than its possible inappropriateness. With lamentably few exceptions the musical interludes at our theatres are very poor, both as to the music

performed and the manner of performance. To be sure the management of the theatre have, at the outset, little reason to suppose that the audience is of a particularly musical cast. They have not come together with any distinctly musical intent, and whatever of music is introduced during the evening will no doubt be regarded by most listeners as merely a conventional make-weight in the entertainment. But yet it may be fairly supposed that a certain proportion of the audience are in some measure musically cultivated, or, at the very least, musically disposed, and we cannot see how the theatre management would lose by furnishing music that would be enjoyed by the more cultivated portion of the public, instead of more than boring them by such musical trash as is merely tolerated by the unmusical portion to whom good and bad music are equally indifferent. Of all perverted developments in the fine arts, bad music is the most insufferable. We can shut our eyes against bad drawing or false combinations of colors, and can turn away from bad sculpture and architecture with contemptuous indifference; but when bad music comes upon the field, there is nothing for it but patient suffering or ignominious flight. The "music" that the audience is doomed to listen to at many of our best theatres is beyond all doubt a serious drawback to the enjoyment of quite a considerable portion of our theatre-going public. The musical part of the audience constitute indeed a minority, but a cultivated minority have rights that are to be respected, especially where the uncultivated majority are manifestly indifferent.

To look at once at the darkest side of the picture, there is one point in our theatre orchestras about which the many are unfortunately *not* indifferent, and that



is the cornet à pistons. It would be difficult to estimate the harm that has been done the popular musical taste and to musical performances in general by this, we had almost said diabolical, little instrument. Through its great popularity with the masses it has gradually crept from the lowest place in the orchestra up to the first and highest. It dominates the whole orchestra, and everything has to give way before it. A good cornet soloist draws a higher salary at some of our theatres than any but the leading violinist. As a solo instrument, the cornet has the smallest pretensions to anything beyond a certain penetrating brilliancy of tone, fascinating at first, but inexpressive and, after a while, most tediously monotonous. By means of modern mechanism the flexibility and power of rapid execution of the instrument have been greatly increased, but only just enough to tempt the skilful performer to try to push his instrument out of its proper sphere and to do things with it which no composer in his senses ever intended to be done. What the Rev. H. R. Haweis says of the amateur flute and cornet may be applied with equal force and justice to the professional cornet player :—

“There is a composure about the flute and cornet, an unruffled temperament, a philosophical calm, and absolute satisfaction in their respective efforts, which other musicians may envy but cannot hope to rival. Other musicians feel annoyed at not accomplishing what they attempt; the cornet and the flute tell you at once they attempt what cannot be done.”\* In listening to some of the difficult variations, full of rapid running passages, *fioriture* and prolonged double-tonguing, that are attempted by cornet players, even such masters of the instrument as Levi, Sylvestre, or our own admirable Arbuckle, we cannot help a sympathetic recall of Dr. Johnson's, “Difficult, madam! Would that it were impossible!” Hector Berlioz, in his work on instrumentation, speaks thus of the cornet: “The cornet à pistons is very much the fashion in France to-day, especially in certain musical circles where elevation and purity of style are not considered as very essential qualities; it has thus become the indispensable solo instrument for contra-dances, galops, airs with variations, and other second-rate compositions. Continually hearing it, as we now do in ball-rooms, orchestras, executing

melodies more or less wanting in originality and refinement of style, combined with the character of its *timbre*, which has neither the nobility of the tones of the horn nor the haughty brilliancy of those of the trumpet, renders the introduction of the cornet à pistons into the high, melodic style of considerable difficulty. It can figure there, however, with advantage, but only rarely and on the condition of having only to sing phrases in a broad, slow movement and of an incontestible dignity. . . . Joyous melodies on this instrument will always risk the loss of much of their nobility, if they possess any, and if they are wanting in it, a redoubling of their triviality. A phrase which might seem tolerable when executed by the violins or the wooden wind-instruments, would become odiously insipid and vulgar when thrown out into relief by the pungent, flaunting, unabashed tones of the cornet à pistons.”

If this were the only evil, it might be perhaps bearable; but the cornet having, as we have said, gained almost undivided supremacy over all other instruments in the orchestra, has, very like a prime minister in office, given prominent positions to some of its less lucky relations. When any instrument plays a solo, the rest of the orchestra naturally expects to be thrown into the shade; but human lips are not made of cast-iron, neither are human lungs made of leather, and there is a limit to even a cornet player's powers of endurance, and he cannot play solos all the time. If when not dazzling the public by his lovelorn screaming and pyrotechnic flourishes in a solo, the cornet could only be allowed to repose on his hard-earned laurels, and give the rest of the orchestra a chance! But no. Like the *comprimario* singer in our opera troops, who, “when not required by the business of his part, will please help in the chorus,” the cornet, when not playing solos, must take its natural place in the body of instruments and do duty with the rest. But one cornet in an orchestra of the size we usually find in our theatres, is like Walter Brown pulling a fourteen-foot oar on one side of the boat and half a dozen children paddling with shingles on the other. The equilibrium of forces is destroyed. Thus we find that one cornet cannot exist without a second, and last, but by no means least, a trombone.

We might fill a volume in detailing the various abuses that this latter instrument has been put to, but will content ourselves

\* Music and Morals, p. 441, New York edition.



with again quoting from Berlioz: "Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Spontini, and some others have understood the whole importance of the rôle of the trombone; they have applied with perfect intelligence the various characters of this noble instrument to painting human passions and reproducing the sounds of nature; they have consequently preserved its power, its dignity, and its poetry. But to constrain it, as a crowd of composers do to-day, to howl out in a *credo* brutal phrases, less worthy of the sacred temple than of a tavern, to sound as for the entry of Alexander into Babylon, when there is only question of a dancer's *pirouette*, to strum chords of the tonic and dominant for a little song which a guitar would suffice to accompany, to mingle its Olympian voice in the poverty-stricken melody of a vaudeville duet, or the frivolous noise of a contra-dance, to prepare in the *tutti* of a concerto for the triumphal advent of an oboe or a flute, is to impoverish and degrade a magnificent individuality, to make a slave and buffoon of a hero, to discolorize the orchestra, to render impotent and useless all rational progression of instrumental forces, to undo the past, present, and future of art, to commit a voluntary act of vandalism, or show a want of sentiment and expression that approaches to stupidity." This has more direct reference to the abuse of the trombone in writing for full orchestra, but applies with double force to our small theatre orchestras, where the ridiculously small proportion of strings and reeds gives additional prominence to the brass. But bad as this arrangement of orchestral forces is, many not altogether bad effects might be drawn from it, were the music performed only well arranged for the number and quality of the instruments employed. This, however, is rarely the case. The music performed is generally written for full orchestra, which means an orchestra capable of filling at least eighteen and often twenty-four *instrumental parts*. When such music is played by only twelve or fourteen instruments, it may well be asked, What becomes of the remaining parts? The answer is simple: They must shift for themselves, and the piece do without them as best it can. In some cases music composed for full orchestra, such as light overtures, potpourris, dance music, etc., is published with a view to being performed by a smaller number of instruments than it was originally written for, and some arrangement

has been made by which one instrument can take the place of another when absolutely necessary. But these "arrangements for a small orchestra" are very rarely well done; the only object seeming to be to prevent an awkward silence in the middle of a piece where the absence of some solo instrument would leave a disconcerting gap, little or no attention being paid to restoring the dynamic balance of the harmony which the absence of so many instruments from the orchestra must unavoidably destroy. Exceptional combinations of instruments, which our theatre orchestras most certainly are in the history of orchestration, require exceptional treatment, and where instruments have double duty to do, they cannot be treated as if they were only filling their normal place in the orchestra.

But we have dwelt long enough upon this side of the question, and are in truth rather sick of fault-finding. In spite of the many and great imperfections of our theatre orchestras, we can see even now indications of how great improvements could be made in them with very little trouble, and how the musical part of theatrical entertainments might be made no despicable agent in improving the popular taste in music, instead of being as they now are a mere drag on popular musical education. And here let no enthusiast for "popular music" imagine for a moment that we would preach the playing of Beethoven symphonies, Bach fugues, or Haydn quartettes between the acts at our theatres. We are always glad to hear Strauss waltzes and some of the better class of polkas and mazurkas, many of which can be easily brought within the executive scope of a few instruments. Operatic potpourris we would heartily protest against, as being in the first place an insult to the composer of the opera, and secondly as being perhaps the lowest conceivable form of music, if that can be called a form which has no form or logical development whatever. We have called the operatic potpourri the lowest musical form, but we had almost forgotten those most hideous agglomerations of tunes known as the "medley of popular airs" and the "burlesque overture." The two forms of composition are really one and the same, differing only in name, and are in fact nothing more than the vulgarst popular airs, such as we hear whistled in our streets by bootblacks and newspaper boys, thrown together without rhyme



or reason, and most villanously put upon the orchestra. Far better than these are the German "bouquets of melodies," Conrad's "Melodiensträusse," for instance, which are keenly enjoyable even by cultivated musicians. These "bouquets" consist of bits of different melodies, often not more than four or five bars of each one, thrown together pellmell, and following upon each other's heels in such quick succession that it often requires the closest attention on the part of the listener to detect where one air changes to another. Thus little bits from operas, symphonies, oratorios, national airs, waltzes, sentimental ballads, and Scotch hornpipes are reeled off before the audience in most bewildering confusion and often with irresistibly comic effect. The "bouquet" arranger has of course an eye to the most glaring and ridiculous contrasts in these sudden changes of theme, and the way in which one air merges into another is at times quite startling. We have heard Handel's *Lascia ch'io pianga* followed so closely by Ardit's *Il Bacio* that it was impossible to tell where the one stopped and the other began. Of course these things have no more form than the potpourri, but they are written with manifestly comic intent, and we would no more quarrel with their formlessness than with Artemas Ward's spelling or Hans Breitmann's grammar. That musical wit and humor should be so well appreciated as it actually is by the mass of our audiences is in itself a hopeful sign for the future. Comic variations on any well-known theme are always keenly enjoyed whenever heard. Those astounding bits of musical

humor where the piccolo, flute, and trombone play a theme in alternate bars, where an air is tossed about all over the orchestra from the first violin to the kettle-drums, where the man with the clarinet "quacks" up from a low note to a high one in most sea-sick *portamento*, and the double-bass squeaks in high harmonics, to be answered by an angry growl from the depths of the bassoon, — are cheap means, perhaps, from any high artistic point of view, for raising a laugh, but more grateful to our ears than cornet cavatinas, badly arranged overtures, or vulgar dance-hall music.

When the play performed is of such a nature as to make things of this sort out of place between the acts, the question what to play becomes one of very serious difficulty. Light music of any kind is out of place between the acts of Shakespeare tragedies or in fact of any serious plays, and we shudder at the thought of confiding any really fine music to many of our theatre orchestras. Some of them, to be sure, are capable of producing fine compositions of the simpler sort in quite a passable manner, and they have this advantage over most of the orchestras at our classical concerts, that they are accustomed to play together seven or eight times a week. In some cases it is only a deficiency in numbers that prevents them from being quite good and effective orchestras. The only way that we can see out of the difficulty is, that whatever good music they are called upon to play should be arranged by a competent musician especially for the instruments at his command, with a view to combining those instruments to the best advantage.

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## POLITICS.

SINCE last month the present shabby Presidential contest can hardly be said to have developed anything novel, so far as ideas or principles are concerned, unless it be the nominations of the Straight-out Democratic Convention at Louisville. These Democrats enter the field under the leadership of the much-refusing Mr. O'Connor, and are understood by disinterested Republicans to exhibit uncommon virtue, as if to the Democrat unchanged by the events of the last ten years any vir-

tue save *hari-kari* were possible. As for other parties, many of us who will vote for General Grant are still not sensible of being animated by any higher motive than the desire of self-preservation; which may be high enough, though the choice of a minor evil does not produce that lift and glow in the chooser which the more exacting might demand. They who are going to vote for Mr. Greeley are as noisily inspired as ever with their grand purpose of reconciliation, and are still busily clasping



hands with a benign figment of their fancy which wears, according to the former relations of each reconciler, now the grief-worn face of what Mr. Greeley poetically calls a broken-hearted people, now the contrite sweetness of a converted Democracy, and now the severely classic yet alluring aspect of office. These stage-embraces, which may be very real to the actors in them, do not persuade the beholder to any vivid faith in their sincerity. We see them; we must allow that they are very energetic; but we think with misgiving that these loving brothers may be still rivals and enemies behind the scenes, as they always have been. Doubtless the millennium will come with a rush when it does come; but *is* this the millennium? The average voter shakes his head and goes away from the tender spectacle more resolved than before to make the best of General Grant, feeling that in him is not immediate chaos.

This at least seems to have been the effect upon the average voter in Maine and Vermont, where the work of reconciliation has only gone so far as to reconcile the Republicans to their triumph, without bringing a corresponding sense of resignation to the coalitionsists. These console themselves as they can with the reflection that Maine is chiefly formed of unintelligent rural communities, and that from Vermont they could not reasonably have expected anything. If it should fall out that Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana follow the New England States, we suppose that the disappointed party will not want reasons besides the majorities against it to account for the result; and if in November it should be totally defeated, we may still expect something ingenious from a party led to ruin by a philosopher.

But in the mean time its candidate has not been idle. It is a few weeks since one of General Grant's numerous deplorable relations attempted to make Greeley capital by a savage and cowardly assault upon an editor; and in the latter part of September Mr. Greeley regularly took the stump for General Grant. We know that this was not his avowed purpose in thus mingling with the people, but we believe that this will be found to have been the effect all the same, at the October elections; and Grant men can have no dispute with him for his action. As for the affair in the abstract, it is a matter of taste whether a Presidential candidate should or should

not ask the voices of the people. There is nothing criminal in it, as there is not in several other unusual things. A lady may ask a gentleman to marry her without violating any command of the decalogue, and in an extreme case it would be cruel to forbid her. So, too, a candidate for the Presidency may propose himself to the nation before popular assemblages, and in an extreme case it would be cruel to forbid *him*. But, on the whole, usage and prejudice are both very much against positive action in either case. It is thought a dignified part in a lady or a candidate in so serious an affair as marriage or the Presidency, to wait till they are asked, and it is believed that they would only hurt their cause by making advances. We think that General Scott is the only modern instance of a candidate soliciting the favor of the people, and his success was really so small that it did not establish a precedent. None of our great men from Washington to Lincoln has done anything to sanction such a course; they have all apparently disapproved it, and

"Assumed a virtue if they had it not,"

modestly remaining in the background. But it may be retorted by his friends that Mr. Greeley is not at all a Washington or a Lincoln, and that he is of too open a nature to assume the virtue of modesty if he has it not. They may add that as to dignity, he is the only man who could do what he has done without loss of dignity, — for an obvious reason. There is a great deal of force in this, and the moderate Grant man, the voter of the minor-evil type, may well leave the point in abeyance. But as to the material of Mr. Greeley's speeches, we do not see how there can be any question. He tells how he means to distribute the offices, denying this and affirming that; he scolds the veteran soldiers who assemble in convention against him; he declares that he will not pay rebel pensions, as if he were master of the party that makes him; he soundly rates the Grant office-holders who go about speech-making; he explains in Ohio what he said in Pennsylvania; he boasts the strength of his party, and brags in one place of the crowd that heard him in another; he disputes what the local newspapers say of him; he pretends that the United States treasury is used to buy votes against him; wherever he has ten minutes, he reconstructs his platform; when he gets home to New York he re-



plies to the insinuation that his people have telegraphed for him, declaring in effect that his escapade was sanctioned by the best authorities in his motley party, — that he did not run off at all, and has not been brought back. His electioneering makes us forget the vulgarity of Johnson; and destroys all lingering hope that if the worst comes to the worst and he is chosen President, the cares of office, will bring gravity and decorum with them. The responsibilities of leadership have brought him nothing of the kind; and there is no reason to suppose that halting wisdom would overtake him by the 4th of March.

As we have intimated, we believe that all this will help to elect General Grant. At any rate it makes him appear in contrast a figure of lofty and dignified excellence. It exaggerates his good points and casts a flattering light upon his bad ones. The chooser of the minor evil may almost exult in the man who is to save us from such a President as we are threatened with in Mr. Greeley. For these reasons we ought perhaps to be grateful to Mr. Greeley, who has not only benefited his enemies, but has helped to enliven one of the dullest canvasses ever known. But for his peculiar gifts, we should have suffered with *ennui*. He is not only amusing in himself, but is the cause of making others amuse us. What leader but he could have brought out Mr. Sumner as a humorist? Or General Banks? Or placed General Butler in the attitude of a friend of civilization? Or won over Mr. Phillips from the advocacy of his favorite political theory of anything for the pulling down of government?

Then think of the vast numbers of editor-people and orator-people whom he has set to beating straw throughout the country, — old straw, musty straw, straw that has scarcely so much as a husk of chaff in it, — at which they thresh away day after day, week after week, with all the zeal of men garnering a harvest! Imagine his so inspiring his strange forces that Liberal Republicans can pretend to believe in the honesty of

Tammany Democrats, — that Tammany Democrats can talk of political reform without so much as winking an eye or thrusting the tongue into the cheek, — that the red-handed Ku-Klux can speak of reconciliation without laughing!

It is a great deal to do, and Mr. Greeley is a great actor and a most efficient stage-manager to boot. These qualities ought not to be passed without some recognition; but after all, we do not covet them in a President. There are some things which his election would effect, possibly very pleasant to see. It would be amusing to behold the rush of the Democratic hordes upon Washington to share in that impartial distribution of places which has been promised them, — the Democrats from Massachusetts and the Democrats from Arkansas, alike lank and fierce with their long fast from office. It would be delightful to contemplate the Liberal Republican civil-service reformers reducing these cormorants to order. It would be inspiring to see the famous placard for resuming specie payment pinned on the Treasury door. It would be charming to receive again as rulers the unrepentant but reconciled rebel leaders and their sympathizers, who tried to destroy us as a people.

But would it be worth the price that we must pay to have all these entertaining novelties? We should not begrudge any ordinary outlay, but we think that Mr. Greeley asks too much for his proposed exhibition, and the people should really deny themselves the indulgence. He cannot complain of unfairness. He has had quite sufficient scope for his talents during the campaign, and he has not neglected his opportunities. He promises he will not seek to repeat his entertainment; but even in so short a time as four years it might pall upon us. Those who think differently may comfort themselves with the fact that Mr. Greeley, even if not elected, is not lost to us. We can still have him as an editor, — perhaps even as a supporter of Grant's second administration.



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THE FIGHT OF A MAN WITH A RAILROAD.

"The Road has no personal animosity against you, Mr. Coleman, but you represent the public; and the Road is determined to make it so terrible for the public to fight it, right or wrong, that they will stop it. We are not going to be attacked in this way." — *Railroad Official.*

SINCE early boyhood I have been more or less a traveller, and in the course of my journeyings have been over several thousands of miles of railways in Europe and hundreds of thousands of miles in this country. I do not think I am a novice in the matter of travelling; nor has my experience being confined to railroads. Two voyages to California, Mexico, and Oregon, long journeys up the Columbia River, and two complete stage-trips from the Pacific coast to the Missouri River, have sufficed to give me some knowledge of the way travellers are treated in various parts of the world. I have been connected for several years past with Mr. Joseph Harrison, Jr., of Philadelphia, as a mechanical engineer for the introduction of what is known as the Harrison Safety Boiler. My duties require me to visit large manufacturing corporations to sell and locate these boilers. This compels me to travel from twenty to thirty thousand miles a year, mostly upon railroads.

Being brought into contact, year af-

ter year, with all kinds of business men, I have been led to reflect upon the wide difference which exists in the method of conducting ordinary business and that of transportation. In the prosecution of ordinary business a regard for the rights of others, a spirit of accommodation, politeness, and general fair dealing, are absolutely essential to success. But when the same people engage in the transportation of passengers and merchandise upon railroads, the system seems to be reversed. From polite solicitors of custom, they become arrogant dictators to their patrons, just in proportion to the special character and pecuniary value of the privileges they have received from the public whom they maltreat. A system of incivility, oppression, and brutality seems to prevail upon many roads in their treatment of those who support them, which would ruin any other enterprise dependent upon public patronage. The rights of others are ignored or ruthlessly trampled upon. Arbitrary and unjust rules are made, which recog-

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nize only the will, not the duties, of the merchants, grocers, butchers, and other men, fashioned like ourselves, who compose that mysterious and high-sounding something called a "Railroad Corporation." The stockholders are not the men, however, who make the "rules"; power is concentrated in a president, a superintendent, and a handful of directors; and accordingly as these individuals are men of broad, comprehensive minds or of contracted understanding, do we find the roads bearably or unbearably conducted.

Unfortunately for the great army of those who go up and down the land upon railroads, the public has been so busy in this new country that it has unwittingly permitted the railroad men to steal away its liberties. The corporations promise to construct and operate roads for the convenience of the public. This promise is broken at the start. The public convenience is not consulted. The public is informed that the fare shall be just what the road chooses to exact; the equivalent for the fare shall be taken by the passenger in such manner and at such time as pleases, not him, but the railroad; the voucher for the money it has received — the ticket — shall be "good for this day only," "good for this trip and train only," "good for six days after date," etc. That is, the road will keep the money and render nothing in return except upon its own conditions.

The roads also say they will redress their own grievances. They deem it less trouble, or it is more to their taste, to punish offenders against their rules upon the spot, than to seek the remedy prescribed for private individuals in like circumstances. Accordingly, the comfort and tranquillity of peaceful passengers are rudely broken in upon and their lives endangered by a brutal assault upon an offender in a car. Pistols are sometimes drawn in the scuffle, and innocent people are as liable to be shot as the combatants; ladies in delicate health may be put in sudden peril through fright; but the barbarism of

the railroad must be carried out, and none but juries seem to recognize the impropriety of the proceedings in a court of law.

I have been inclined to sympathize, at times, with the railroad view of the case, when obscene, profane, or drunken miscreants indulge their propensities in a car occupied by ladies. I wait impatiently for the conductor and his men to eject the scoundrels from the car. But experienced travellers are well aware that this is a class whom the employes of the railroads do not like to attack. Such offenders can oftentimes "strike from the shoulder"; they sometimes carry knives; and the valiant officials generally give the danger a wide berth, and leave the passengers to submit to their outrageous conduct, and take whatever risks may be involved. It is when quiet and inoffensive people differ from the officials of a railway that their zeal becomes conspicuous. It is when a man loses his ticket and has no money, that he is pushed from a car in the dark through a Jersey bridge and is drowned. It is a poor fellow too intoxicated to resist who is thrust from a train between the stations, in another State, and the following train runs over and kills him. It is an old lady and her daughter who are driven from a sleeping-car in a rain-storm, at midnight, into a little country station, in the interior of Vermont, for the heinous crime of travelling upon tickets a day or two later than the "regulations" of the road permit; and so on through the whole catalogue of cowardly outrages which have disgraced our American railroads.

It would be natural to infer that where such despotic powers are entrusted to the officers of the railroads, they would be offset by equally great concessions to the opposite party, their patrons. The possession of such powers would suggest excellent accommodations, comfort, and that careful attention to the minor wants of the traveller which is common to European roads. It would suggest comfortable



and spacious depots with all the modern appliances for the convenience and well-being of the passenger while in the hands of the road. Is this true of the American railroad? Has the boasted civilization of this country reached the point attained in countries upon whose short-comings we bestow our pity? Are the appointments of most of our depots and cars those of common decency, to say nothing of refinement?

Conceive the respect and admiration for American institutions which a newly arrived Frenchman must feel, as he remembers the spacious and elegant stations of his own country, with their cheerful waiting-rooms and comfortable restaurants, in which neat and polite attendants wait upon the weary traveller. Upon the platform civil and attentive porters attend to his baggage, and show him his proper train and place. No noise, no confusion; everything decorous; if he requires information about his journey, it is civilly given him. Conceive the sensations of this man, I say, as he enters for the first time that windy, frightful place at Springfield, Massachusetts, which they call a depot, amidst the bewildering confusion of screaming whistles and clanging bells. No attendant is there to indicate his particular train among the many that are rushing back and forth in distracting and dangerous proximity to his person. Shouts and yells, — hackmen pulling, — baggage smashing. Every man for himself, and look out for the locomotive! Worse yet: think of our miserable foreigner entering that gloomy, disgusting, pick-pocket's paradise, the so-called depot at New Haven, Connecticut. The English language contains sixty thousand words, many of which have delicate shades of meaning and are adequate to the description of most nuisances; but when we come to the New Haven depot, we give it up in mute despair. Think of our Frenchman again. How his admiration of us must increase as he enters the cattle-sheds of New Jersey, to start for Washington or the West; or, when he returns

from the West, and is dumped in the mud at midnight in Albany, where there is not even the pretence of a shed! Think of this faint and famished foreigner after his ride, when he seeks refreshment at a railroad restaurant, and is forced to partake of dyspepsia in the inevitable stale railroad pie, and the boiled and reboiled bilious-looking wash they denominate coffee. Think of the poor man's fatigued wife and baby, as they vainly seek a proper retiring-room, with such conveniences as are customary in more civilized countries. Think of the unclean dens called "Gentlemen's Rooms," in which the traveller wearily waits the coming train. If those vile places are for gentlemen, what impression must our foreign friend receive of the American gentleman, for whom such places are good enough? Consider the effect upon a foreigner of a tour in this country!

Enter one of our most improved cars upon an express-train after it has been filled for an hour with passengers, and observe the holes styled ventilators; is it strange the atmosphere should be that of a dog-kennel? About five hundred square inches of openings to permit the escape of nearly one and one half million cubic inches of foul air, exhaled from the lungs of fifty human beings in one hour! This noxious arrangement we will not always lay up against the management, for it may be an error of brains, not heart, and we shall only blame some of the wealthy trunk lines, where the ventilators are so arranged that the passengers are plentifully covered with cinders and dust. That directors are less ignorant than might be supposed of what is necessary to make a long journey a pleasure, instead of an exhausting process to the traveller, is shown by the well-appointed, luxurious cars which they provide for themselves. It is perfectly proper for them to enjoy such cars. The cars, splendid as they are, are none too good for them. It is hard work to travel; and they are entitled to the enjoyment of all the appliances which will render travel comfortable.



And so are the rest of the travelling public. It would be eminently proper to provide an entire train of just such cars for all long travel.

Then observe the imperious bearing of the railway employé towards the public, from the "railway king" down to the brakeman on a coal-train. "Like master, like servant." Hear the gruff, unsatisfactory replies given by a surly underling to the modest inquiry of a timid passenger. Nothing but "cheek" and the plaid vest and heavy gold chain meet with deferential consideration from these important railroad gentlemen, who act as though the public were a nuisance to be pushed aside, and got rid of in the most peremptory manner possible.

There are many noble exceptions. There are many men of gentlemanly instincts who are conductors, ticket-masters, and brakemen, upon every railroad, whose kind and polite consideration to passengers, even under trying circumstances, causes them to be held in grateful remembrance by the thousands with whom they come in contact, and for them we have nothing but the kindest words. But these bright examples serve only to heighten the contrast between them and such as have been described. The numberless petty infractions of equity and common decency committed by the roads may be of only temporary and trivial annoyance to people who travel but once or twice in the year. The insult or injury stings at the time, but passes out of remembrance when the journey is done. But it is quite another matter to the thousands of people who pass a large portion of their lives upon the railroads. The sting of a single mosquito is soon over; but the daily stings of a swarm of these insignificant insects would finally drive any man to desperation. It was with something of this feeling, after witnessing for years impositions and brutalities upon others, as well as suffering needless annoyances myself, that the following occurrence took place upon the New York and New Haven Railroad.

About four years ago, I purchased a ticket from Providence to New York, *via* Hartford and New Haven. At New Haven my business detained me until too late in the evening to resume my journey by rail. I therefore took the eleven o'clock boat in order to pass a comfortable night, and to be able to meet my engagements the next day. That left the railway coupon ticket from New Haven to New York on my hands. I afterwards had no opportunity to use the ticket in the direction in which it was marked; always happening thereafter to travel with through tickets from Boston to New York. In returning to Boston from New York, June 11, 1868, I applied at the office of the New York and New Haven Railroad in Twenty-Seventh Street, New York, for a ticket to Boston *via* Springfield. The ticket-master refused to sell me one unless I would wait three hours for the train which left at three o'clock P. M. going through to Boston. He said he would sell me a local ticket to Springfield, and I could buy another from there to Boston. This would cost more than seven dollars to Boston, instead of six dollars, the regular through fare, which of course I did not want to pay. I told him expressly that I wished to stop over at a way station, one train, to do some telegraphing, but without avail; he would not sell the ticket. As I could not wait three hours, I thought it would be a good time to use up my old coupon, as I was accustomed to do upon other roads under similar circumstances. Accordingly, I presented the coupon to the guard stationed at the entrance to the cars. He rudely and imperiously refused me admittance, stating that the ticket was "good for nothing." Some warm words passed between us, and he finally called the conductor, who stood near. The conductor was, if possible, more imperious than the guard. He said the ticket was "good for nothing," and peremptorily ordered me not to go on board the cars. I told him I thought the ticket was good, and that I was accustomed to use coupons in that way



upon all other roads over which I travelled. He replied that "it was no such thing; he travelled more than I did and knew all about it": and concluded by saying that if I "attempted to get upon the cars" he "would put me off." Severe remarks were made by several gentlemen standing near to the conductor during this time, to the effect that this was another manifestation of the general spirit of insolence and meanness towards passengers for which that road was noted. I then purchased a ticket to Providence *via* New Haven and Hartford, and got on board the train. I felt irritated at the treatment I had received, and having a constitutional objection to being brow-beaten, I determined to ascertain why the practice with regard to tickets on this road was so unlike that upon other roads. Having had time to recover my equanimity somewhat after the cars had started, and supposing the conductor might be still angry and unreasonable, I determined to put the case to him, as one gentleman would to another, and to exercise self-control, that my manner should be quiet and give him no cause for offence. Accordingly, as he approached me in taking up his tickets, I said, "Mr. Conductor, there is no use for you and me to quarrel about this ticket. This is a plain business matter, an affair of dollars and cents only. The case stands like this: I am travelling nearly all the time; and being frequently compelled to diverge from the route that I intended to take in starting, I am left with unused coupons. These coupons all cost me money; and by the end of the year they would accumulate to such an extent that they would represent too large a sum for me to lose."

The conductor replied, "That coupon is good from New Haven to New York, but it is not good from New York to New Haven. My directors ordered me, three years ago, not to take such tickets, and I shall not do it." I then said, "My position is this; I have paid this road a certain amount of money for a certain amount of ser-

vice, and I think I am entitled to that amount of service, whether my face is turned east or west. You say this ticket is good from New Haven to New York, which is seventy-four miles; I think it is good from New York to New Haven, which is also seventy-four miles; and I cannot understand the distinction which you make." A gentleman who sat before me remarked at this moment, "If there is any meanness which has ever been discovered upon a railroad, it is sure to be found upon this one, for it is the meanest railroad ever laid out of doors." I replied, "If this is so, I hope they will make an exception in my case, as all I require are the common courtesies of the road and an equivalent for my money." The conductor said, "I see you are all linked together to make me trouble." And he went along.

The gentleman who had spoken to me requested to see my coupon, and remarked that he had never heard the question raised before, and certainly had never heard the case put in that way. He further remarked that, "Whether it was law or not, it was common sense." A part of the Board of Trade delegation of Boston was in the car, returning from the Philadelphia Convention. Among these were Mr. Curtis Guild, Mr. Eugene H. Sampson, and a prominent railroad director of Boston, Mr. B. B. Knight, a cotton-manufacturer of Providence, and other gentlemen from both cities. Several of these gentlemen, who had become interested in the discussion, requested to see the coupon, and they took the same view of the matter that I did.

As we were approaching Stamford, the conductor again came to me, and said in a very abrupt manner, "Well, sir! how shall we settle this matter?" I said, "Just as before; there is the ticket, and I wish to go to New Haven; the circumstances have not altered in the least." I had determined to take the matter quietly; the conductor saw that it was useless to attempt to frighten me by his imperious manner, and he then began to remonstrate, saying,



"You have no business to make me disobey my directors, and lose my place upon the road; I have to get my living in this way, and it is mean for you to do so." This was a new aspect of the case, and I replied, "That is the only embarrassing question which has arisen in this discussion. I have no quarrel with you, and I would not do you a personal injury upon any consideration; but you and I both have travelled long enough to know that this matter is wholly within your discretion. You can take this coupon and turn it in at New York where you turn in your other tickets, and no one will know whether it is taken going east or going west, and no one will care." My meaning was, that, as no injury was done, no injury could be known. He took the remark the other way; and said, in a sneering tone, evidently for the benefit of the other passengers, "You might just as well ask me to steal ten dollars from the company, because they would not know it." I replied, "Theoretically, that may be true; but, practically, it is nonsense; you very well know that I have no intention to defraud this road; but in order to relieve you of all embarrassment about your position, I will make you a proposition; Here is my address, and these gentlemen know that I am responsible; you take the ticket and turn it in, and if you are even reprimanded for it by your directors, write to me, and I will send you the money for the ticket, upon your promise as a gentleman that you will send the ticket to me again; for I shall want the ticket."

The passengers said, "That was very fair and would avoid all trouble." The conductor said, "It is very fair, but I sha' n't do it, that's all; I want another ticket out of you, sir." I said, "I shall not give you one." He said, "Then I shall request you to get off this train at Stamford." I replied, "I shall just as politely decline to do so." He said, "Then I will put you off." I replied in general terms, and with some natural heat, that I did not believe he was able to do it. He said, "I guess I can

put you off if I get help enough." I told him that was undoubtedly true, but warned him that I would pursue the matter further, if he brought his roughs into the car and laid hands upon me.

At this moment the elderly gentleman who sat in front of me rose and said, "Mr. Conductor, I am a 'railroad man,' and in my judgment this gentleman's position is correct. If he brings it to an issue, I think he will beat you; but if you think he is not correct, but trying to evade his fare, the proper way is to telegraph to New Haven, and have a policeman come aboard and quietly arrest him; that is business-like; but don't you take the law into your own hands and throw him off the train, for that is not done nowadays upon any respectable railroad." I said, "Certainly, I will submit to a policeman, but I will not be thrown off by him." The conductor sneeringly replied, "We don't do business in that style on this road." I said, "I have been aware of that for ten years past; and I propose to see if you cannot be compelled to do business in that style upon this road." He said we were all against him, and he would leave it to the superintendent.

The train had stopped in the mean time at Stamford. I paid no further attention to the conductor; but commenced reading. Very soon some one shouted, "They are coming for you." The conductor came in at the head of five or six rough brakemen and baggage-men, and said, pointing to me, "This is the man; pull him out, and put him out on the platform." They seized my coat and tried to roll me out of the seat. My coat tore, and they did not move me. This seemed to enrage them, and they sprang upon me like so many tigers. Two of them seized me by the legs, and as many as could got in back of the seat and seized me by the shoulders and commenced violently wrenching me from the seat. I instinctively grasped the arms of the seat, and they took the cushion and frame up with me. When they got me



into the aisle, and had me completely at their mercy, three heavy blows with the clinched fist were struck upon the back of my head. Every individual in the car jumped to his feet the instant the blows were struck. The ladies screamed, and some of the gentlemen rushed to stop the conductor and his roughs from striking me. Fearing for my life, I struck one of the ruffians under the chin, and planted a blow square in the face of another. We had a hard struggle until they overpowered me. They carried me horizontally until they reached the car door, when they dropped my feet a little to pass through singly. I struck another away from me, and he went over between the cars. They fiercely grasped me again and threw me broadside from the platform of the car down upon the platform of the depot. I struck heavily on my side, my whole length. In this struggle they tore the flesh upon my arm and legs, and they ruptured me for life. The passengers swarmed out of the cars, and gave me their addresses. The superintendant came up, and I told him I would give him a dose of common law, and see if I could not teach him something. He said he would give me all the law I wanted, if I wished to test the case. I then ran and jumped on the train as it was in motion. The superintendent and his son and another man ran after and seized me around the body, stripped me off the car, and held me by main strength until the train was clear of the depot. As soon as they released me, I drew my through ticket from my pocket, and asked them why they held me. The superintendent started as though I had struck him, and said, "Why did n't you show that ticket before, sir?" I said, "Because it is not customary to show tickets in getting on at the way-stations, and you did not give me a chance." He said, "If you had been a gentleman, you would have shown that ticket." I replied, "I do not ask your opinion as to who is a gentleman, for you are no judge." He said, "You tried to steal your ride to

New Haven and sell your ticket; and now we will give you all the law you want; and we'll show you that the laws in Connecticut are different from where you came from."

I took that for granted, and returned to New York. When I reached Boston again, I attached the New York and Boston express-train, partly owned by the New Haven Road, in the Boston and Albany depot, and brought suit against them in the Superior Court of Massachusetts for ten thousand dollars damages. The first trial of the case occurred in April, 1869. The judge charged directly against passengers upon every point. He ruled that the ticket was a contract. That the road had a right to make any rule it pleased for its own government; and if a passenger broke a rule, he was a trespasser; and, being a trespasser, the road had the same right to eject him from its cars that one of the jurymen had to eject a man from his private house if he did not want him there. The only question for the jury to consider was, whether an excess of violence had been used by the road in the maintenance of a right. The jury, after being out only one hour, awarded me thirty-three hundred dollars damages. The judge, at the request of the road, after several weeks' delay, set the verdict aside on the exclusive ground that the amount was excessive.

The second trial occurred in the same court in January, 1870, and resulted in a disagreement of the jury. They stood eleven to one for me, and it was afterwards understood that the man who disagreed had been connected in some capacity with the road. The third trial took place in May, 1870, and resulted in an award of thirty-four hundred and fifty dollars damages. Again the road demanded a new trial, which the judge refused to grant. The road then appealed to the Supreme Court upon points of *law*. The judge in charging the jury had happened to say, that if the resistance of the plaintiff to ejectment from the car consisted in simply refusing to walk out when he was told



to go by the conductor, of course blows on the head, such as had been testified to, were unnecessary; and if the jury were satisfied that such blows had been given, a verdict should be rendered accordingly. This bit of common sense gave a new opportunity for the exhibition of that wonderful subtlety called "law." The Supreme Court, after the usual tedious delay of several months, in which plaintiff and witnesses had abundant time to die, gave the New York and New Haven Railway Corporation another opportunity to fulfil their threat of making it "terrible for the public to fight it, right or wrong." It decreed that the judge had no right to give an opinion as above, but should have left the question for the jury. Accordingly a new trial was granted, which took place in June, 1871. Up to this time three people connected with the suit had died, and one witness for the plaintiff had moved to Kansas; while young girls who were on the train when the outrage was committed had passed from girlhood through long courtships, and were already matrons. However, with the impetuosity of a youthful temperament and the knowledge of a just cause, I made another onslaught upon the corporation after only thirteen months' delay since the last trial, and obtained a verdict of thirty-five hundred dollars damages, after one hour's deliberation by the jury.

For the fifth time the road demanded another trial, which being refused by the judge, they again appealed from his ruling to the Supreme Court. They asked the judge to charge the jury, that if the plaintiff had a tendency to hernia, or any physical disability that was liable to be increased by violence, the plaintiff ought to have so informed the employes of the road; and failing in that, he, and not the road, was responsible for the consequences. According to the railroad theory, therefore, if a gentleman is attacked by a scoundrel, unless the victim gives a complete diagnosis of his condition to the ruffian, he, and not the villain who

struck him, is responsible for consequences when his skull is broken. To obtain the opinion of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts upon this important point has taken twelve months more, but I am happy to be able to state, that at last one point is established by the Massachusetts courts in favor of the rights of railroad passengers, namely, that it is *not* necessary for a man to inform a ruffianly aggressor what his grandmother died of, nor to describe his hereditary symptoms, even though it is the employé of a railroad corporation who comes to strike him.

The case was of simple brutal assault in a public railroad car. The witnesses for the plaintiff were well-known merchants of Boston, who were members of the Board of Trade, railroad directors, and steamboat men, as well as others, including ladies. Their testimony was clear and consistent throughout every trial. Pitted against their testimony was that of the brakemen, the baggage-men, and the conductor, every one of whom was in the employment of the road and a party to the assault. Not a passenger who saw the outrage committed in the car was brought forward by the road. The testimony of the employes was so absurd upon the first trial, that the court was repeatedly interrupted by laughter. No testimony of theirs upon any after trial has been like that of the first, but was manufactured to suit the theory of the railroad. It has been privately admitted by the road that "the facts were with me, but the law," meaning, I suppose, the judge's rulings, "was with them." So simple a case would have been disposed of at a single hearing in a minor court, had it occurred between two poor men. But I have been compelled to pass through four weary trials, lasting four years, gaining quick verdicts from juries, and being defeated only by the first judge, who granted a new trial to this railroad corporation, because thirty-three hundred dollars were excessive damages for the



beating and rupturing of a man by their servants. Being the chief justice, his rulings, of course, were taken as the law governing the case by the associate judges who presided at the subsequent trials, and from whom I received great courtesy and fairness.

But the contest is finished after the exhaustion of every legal device, and there is something to be said about it in the interest of the public. I have been repeatedly told by parties interested in the road, that the company had too much money to be beaten by me and they would spend enough to defeat me. The paragraph at the head of this article is quoted from a statement made to me by an influential person connected with the corporation. These threats were of no consequence as applied to me, for their object was intimidation. They did not succeed. The corporation is beaten. I have received the money for damages which they said they never would pay, and my personal contest is ended. But these threats were not directed against myself alone, but against the public. This expensive suit was prolonged to prove that "*right or wrong they would make it so terrible for the public to fight the road that they would stop it.*" If a limb is crushed by the negligence of the railroad men, *fight* instead of *pay* the victim, is their theory of dealing with the public; and they will remove all opposition by the power of wealth, influence with courts, and sheer terrorism. "They may make any rules they please" for the public, and may carry out their arbitrary designs against the people, in spite of decency or common sense.

The only advantage to be derived from this story is to open the question whether the people or the corporations are the rulers of this country. Are the railroads and the courts the masters or the servants of the people who pay for both? Are we quietly to allow railroad corporations to go on forever taking possession of legislatures and establishing the law for our courts? Are we to allow only the extreme rail-

road view of a case to be the *law* of our courts? Or are there two sides to a railroad question, as to all others? If so, where shall we go that both sides may be fairly considered? *Law* is said to be common sense. Does it fairly represent the common sense of the intelligent people of Massachusetts, that a private individual shall be kept in her courts for four years at enormous expense in a case of simple assault, merely because the assailant was a rich railroad corporation?

It has sometimes been asked, If you wanted to test this ticket question, why not permit them to lead you from the car and then sue them? I reply, I did not want to test the ticket question. I did not believe the conductor's statement as to what was the rule of the road, for they had taken similar tickets for years in the same way. I simply wanted to go to New Haven, about my business. I considered I had the same right to my seat which a man has to his private house, for which he has paid the rent; and I was under no obligation to submit to be ejected because my right was denied, or voluntarily to go into an expensive suit to prove that I was right, any more than to allow a man to lead me from the midst of my own family in the house which I had hired and paid for, and remain out of it until the question was tested in a court of law. I will state more particularly the points of this case.

In the first place, I deny that a common railroad ticket is a contract, in the sense in which the judge decided it. A traveller applies, for example, at the ticket office for a passage between New York and New Haven. He passes his money to the ticket master; a receipt for that money is returned to him printed all over with "rules," "good for this day only," "forfeited if detached," "company not responsible for baggage," "passengers shall carry nothing for baggage but wearing apparel"; and if they desired, they might add, "the company will hang



the passengers at the end of the route." Let them make "any rule they please," and the judge says, it is a *contract*. Has the road alone the right to supply the conditions to the contract? Is the view of the court correct, that the great public is so near nothing that it shall have no part in the making of a contract to which it certainly is as much a party as the road? A contract implies more than one party, except in the eyes of this court and the railway company. It is idle to reply that the acceptance of the ticket implies assent to its provisions on the part of the passenger. He cannot help himself; they have got his money and he must take anything they choose to give him. The train is waiting; his business is urgent; and he must make the best of his helpless situation.

Another thing: the conditions of a contract cannot be supplied by one party after the transaction is ended. If I buy a ticket to-day, the road certainly has no right (regarded in the light at least of common sense) to inform me, months afterward, what the conditions are upon which I may use that ticket. It was bound to make that knowledge known to me at the time the transaction was made. Is this ticket a contract which is forced upon a passenger in exchange for his money? Or is it simply, like a baggage-check, the *evidence* that the road has a passenger's property in its possession, for which it is bound to return an equivalent? The equivalent, in this case, was seventy-four miles' travel. A case, some time since decided in Massachusetts, went beyond this point. A gentleman lost his ticket, and it was well known to the ticket master and conductor that he had paid for his ride. He refused to pay twice, and was arrested. His counsel urged that he had bought a passage, and in order to distinguish him from other men who had not bought passages, the company chose to adopt a ticket as a means of marking him. They might have pinned a tag upon him, or chalked his back. It would seem that a railroad ticket is

more like the issue of a banking corporation; I deposit my money and they give me *their tickets*, or what we term bank-bills, which are redeemable *at my convenience*. The same with the road; and, in the mean time, both institutions have the use of my money. Would it be *law* for the bank to "make any rule it pleased," and declare that my money should be forfeited if I did not call for it six days from date? How absurd for the bank to maintain that it was a rule of theirs, which one of their clerks said was given him verbally several years before by the cashier, who in any event had no right to make any rules at all. Suppose I had gone to California as soon as I had deposited the money. I could not have drawn my money in six days; must I lose it?

The facts regarding this particular ticket for which I was beaten were, that the coupon ticket said, "New Haven to New York," and had no special provision, nor even a date upon it. Under sharp cross-examination by my counsel, the superintendent was reluctantly compelled to swear that it was the province of the directors of the road to make rules about taking tickets. He just as reluctantly swore that they had never made a rule against taking tickets backwards. He was obliged to swear, that he alone gave, or thought he gave, verbal orders to the conductor, some three years previous to this occurrence, not to take tickets in that way. He had no more right to make such a rule than had one of his brakemen. If a ticket is a contract *per se*, then *where is the government contract stamp on it*, as on any other contract? If that judge's ruling is good law, the road would seem to be liable to heavy penalties for all the contracts it has issued without such stamps! It is either a contract or it is not a contract; it certainly cannot be both. I maintain that a ticket simply represents that a certain amount of money has been paid for a certain amount of travel between two points; and, as it is no loss to the road whether the ride



is taken in one direction or the opposite, it has no right to make an unreasonable rule against the convenience of the passenger. The road sends trains back and forth, year in and year out, and there is no pretence, even on the part of the road, that any special provision is made for a special passenger. If the United States government should issue postage-stamps which would take letters from New York to Boston, but would not take them from Boston to New York, it would be considered ridiculous, and the public would not tolerate such contemptible quibbling. If this is nonsense with a letter, it certainly is with a man.

The judge further says: "The road may make any rule it pleases for its own government, and if a passenger breaks the rule he is a trespasser; and, being a trespasser, he may be ejected from the car, like a trespasser in a private house." If a company of men club together and build a cotton-mill, and I owe them two dollars, the payment of which they choose to think I am trying to evade, and they order a number of roughs to pound me and throw me down a flight of steps, there is no question what will become of them; but when these same men build a railroad instead of a mill, and the State grants them liberty to seize my best lot, cut the end from my neighbor's mill, and go through the farm of another, whether we like it or not, they then seem to be suddenly endowed with absolute power. They may then take the law into their own hands, and punish with brute violence any one whom they suspect of attempting to defraud them, to any extent they please, short of killing their victim. If a reasonable question arises between a passenger and a conductor, the latter, according to this ruling, is to be judge, jury, and executioner, from whom there is no appeal; and he may at will bring in to execute his purpose a crowd of irresponsible ruffians, who love excitement in the shape of a fight. The hapless passenger is hustled, wrenched, and oftentimes maimed

for life, as in this case; and the law, as laid down by the judge, leaves it to the discriminating judgment of these ruffians to determine to what point their brutality may extend before it becomes an *excess* of violence. And if the conductor and his minions happen to err in judgment and produce injuries which neither time nor medical skill can ever repair, the crippled passenger may appeal to the "quiet remedy of the law" for redress.

And what is redress? Theoretically, as unsophisticated people look at it, it means that simple facts are to be laid before a third party, who will carefully weigh the evidence, and judge one party to be right, and the other to be wrong, according to strict and impartial justice; practically, it means something about as uncertain as a horse-race, with every advantage taken in presenting evidence by the use of trained witnesses, whose living depends upon the extent to which they will perjure themselves in the interest of the road. The umpire between the contending parties may be the recipient of "courtesies" from railroad corporations in the shape of free railroad passes, complimentary invitations to directors' excursions, and annual dinners. Unless he be more than human, the coloring of his views and the weight of his influence must naturally be against the public and in favor of the wealthy and powerful corporations. Otherwise, why are these favors and valuable gifts conferred upon judges, legislators, prominent lawyers, and upon members of the press? Why do not others receive like considerations from the railroads? It is because the railways have no use for them. No one believes that railroad corporations give valuable considerations to others out of mere compliment or generosity. Who ever heard of a generous railroad? It means business! It means *quid pro quo*. It means keeping upon the right side, as it is termed, of those whose influence might be liable to damage the road. And thus it is that *precedents* are established, and



what is called by that mysterious term *law* is always construed in the interest of the strong few against the public, and always will be so construed until the public makes a direct issue with the roads and assumes its natural place as master instead of slave of corporations.

For flagrant proof of the foregoing assertions, it is only necessary to refer to the infamous corruptions practised, year after year, in the lobbies of State legislatures, the complete mastery of the judiciary of certain districts by prominent railroad men in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. And, indeed, it would be difficult to point to a road in the country whose record is clean in this respect. Every year the power of the railroad corporations to trample upon the rights of the public is becoming greater, notwithstanding its proportions are already frightful. The corporations are centralizing power by consolidation, making themselves a unit against the public. They overawe and control the entire business of the country. This is no mere figure of speech. Two men equal in intelligence and means own mills situated upon roads converging at a certain point and equidistant from that point. Their conditions may be precisely alike, and both compete for the same market. By the ruling of the judge, the "railroad has a right to make any rule it pleases for its own government," and one of the roads makes a rule that its freight tariff shall be double the rates upon the other road. The profit is swept from the manufacturer, and the field is given to his competitor upon that other road; his business is ruined; his mill lies idle, and becomes worthless; he is shut up by the railroad. The freights may afford the road an exorbitant profit, but the "road has a right to make any rule it pleases." Does the public charter railroad corporations as speculative enterprises against itself? Does the public take away private property and give it to a company of private individuals called a railway corporation, so that it may

make any rule it pleases? and though it can carry the public at a handsome profit for two cents a mile, it may charge three, five, or ten cents per mile, at its pleasure? Does the public intend to furnish a set of men a weapon to cut its own throat? Does it intend deliberately to tax itself enormously through them for a common service, so that a few favored individuals may become inordinately arrogant and rich? Assuredly not. The intent of a railroad charter is, that the public and its freight may be taken back and forth, and the company be paid a *suitable compensation* for the service it renders, *and no more*. In other words, a railroad is intended as a convenience for the public, not the public a convenience for the railroad. A railroad is only an improved turnpike at the best. The State long since abolished the abuses of the old turnpike system by taking the turnpikes out of the hands of private individuals. It is a serious question, whether it would not be well to apply the same process to the present improved turnpikes upon which abuses are so flagrant.

There is scarcely one road whose charter has not been broken by nonfulfilment of its provisions. If the enormous taxes which the roads now impose upon the people should be devoted to State purposes, the result would be nearly or quite the abolition of the State tax which the public now pays in addition to the unfair amounts taken by the roads. In any event it would seem to be time that the public appointed men to the legislatures, or, what would be still better, to Congress, who would consider first the great changes that have taken place since the first establishment of railroads and railroad law; that travel is not as formerly *an event* in a man's life, but a habit; and that laws which would apply well enough to the business, when roads were first made and travellers were few, are not broad enough to meet the present demand upon them. We need a general railroad law which should cover the fol-



lowing points: First, that the fares shall be uniform and at reasonable rates, say two cents per mile. If it is necessary for a new road to receive a higher rate until it shall be upon a paying basis, allow it an excess and limit the time during which an excess shall be charged; or else pay the road a subsidy from the State funds, upon the principle on which poor post routes are maintained, keeping the rates low, and inducing thereby an influx of settlers who will eventually support the road. Second, when a first-class fare is paid, a first-class passage shall be given in a comfortable car, with such appointments as the law shall specify; polite and kind treatment to be required from employ  s, and the comfort and convenience of passengers to be assured, as well as the safety of life and limb. When a person is taken in charge by a railroad, he must be delivered in good order at the end of the journey, undamaged in feelings and person, as he was received. Third, when a dollar is received for travel from a passenger, the equivalent of that dollar shall be returned in travel; not according to the caprice of

the company, but according to equity and justice, and the reasonable demand of the passenger. Fourth, in all cases of disagreement or of wrong-doing, the road shall be compelled to confine itself to the same peaceful means of redress as an individual, and cause arrests only by regular authority appointed by law, unless the offender be guilty of obscene or indecent conduct in the car, or commit a trespass upon life and property. The present medi  val system of barbarity in the summary treatment of passengers must give place to something in accordance with the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. The railroad companies must be made aware that the travelling public is not composed of cattle or sheep; nor are they in any sense the natural prey of the companies, but human beings, entitled to consideration as such. The American people are a long-suffering race. But let the corporations who are presuming upon their good-nature, reflect that they are sowing the wind, and the mutterings of a storm are beginning to be heard that betoken that they will one day reap the whirlwind.

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## COMMON ORNAMENT.

WE Americans bear the reputation of thrift. We are proud of our industry and trade, and like to say of ourselves that we have an eye to the main chance. We are indeed utilitarians, and hold advanced notions of economy. Notwithstanding this, it would be a curious problem, to find out what proportion of our activity results in that which is, crudely speaking, not of the least use to us; what amount of money we spend in mere decoration. The figures would be startling, and they would perhaps set us thinking how to make them less.

In all races love of decoration follows love of nature, and seems to be

its inevitable outgrowth. The savage ornaments his club, or spear, or paddle, having little else, excepting his skin, which he prizes sufficiently. The new settler develops a taste sooner or later for some kind of bravery, in house, or church, or wagon, or furniture. With wealth the taste increases and everything is ornamented. It is true, there are individuals and sects professing abstinence from all beauty of art; but they follow their precepts with difficulty, and as their notions are prohibitory their numbers are small. Practice is often much at variance with the ideal in these matters. One of our philosophers, hearing that a certain city



had not yet its first public work of art, said the fact did the people credit; but his own house was full of pictures, casts from the antique, and all manner of knick-knacks. It is clear enough that the tendency to adorn cannot be ignored in any practical scheme of civilization. However much ornament may need pruning, it is a normal branch of human activity. The world divested of it would be an unpleasant spectacle and very much duller. Art makes so much variety, develops so much sympathy. Imagine Rome, Athens, Paris, representing only useful interests. Art individualizes and at the same time makes unity possible. It bridges the gulfs of time.

It is not needful to consider curiously the relative value of common ornament among the arts: it will be admitted that it exercises a considerable influence in general culture. If it has less dignity than portraiture or historic work, it is still equally legitimate. All the fine arts may be regarded as languages, or, at least, as means of communicating ideas; and in this light the most commonplace ornament, as well as the noblest statue, may be estimated. Its lessons are not so clearly defined as those of so-called high or historic art; but they are not less useful in their own field, and they appeal to a much greater number. To consider the present excess of ornament, its character and influence, and to venture some suggestions toward reform, is the object of this paper.

At first thought it is surprising that in our rough new country, where everybody is supposed to be engaged in money-getting, there should be so much outlay for mere decoration. But perhaps we are not so fully given up to "business" as we ourselves fear. One likes to spend money as well as to acquire it; the necessities of life are few and cheap, its capacity for ornamentation is unlimited. No moneyed man will live in a house wanting those niceties of form and color which make home pleasant; and if *he* will, his wife's pride will soon correct the fault. The

demand for ornament would seem to be as reliable as that for food or clothing; investment in it as likely to bring a handsome return as an operation in wheat, or land, or houses. Though the fine arts are scarcely returning from the lowest possible ebb-tide, the mass of the people being utterly ignorant of refinement in form or color, yet the production of *finery* seems greater than ever. It is an indulgence which all classes of people allow themselves in one form or another. Those whose means scarcely afford them good food and shelter, yet buy ornament, and, unable to own a single good picture, patch the wall with all sorts of substitutes. To such, chromo-lithography is a special boon. Each picture must be framed, often at an expense exceeding its own value; but great reliance is placed upon frames in the way of ornament. Any ordinary apartment of a dwelling, saving the very few furnished by those who have studied the subject, will furnish illustration of the abundance of decoration, such as it is. House furniture, even of the cheapest sort, is covered with corresponding cheap ornamentation. The manufacture is so uniform in this respect, that the buyer has no choice; plain household goods are not to be had. It is hard to find any article made simply in the best manner to answer its use; everything is painted, stamped, moulded, cast or woven with some kind of design. Plain carpets and plain wall-paper are almost unknown. If you would buy a lamp, you may choose from a hundred patterns loaded with ornament, but your choice, excluding it, will be very limited. So in gas-fixtures. Simplicity of design in these is a rare exception; they are loaded with cheap patterns, and even their valves will hurt your fingers when they turn hard, by reason of their coarsely cast ornament. Observe also the "carved" leaves, etc., applied as handles to drawers. Stoves, clocks, mirrors, tables, chairs, bookcases, may not be the best of their kind for their uses, but they are all decorated, and for this one must pay, whether he likes



it or not. The family Bible may be in worn type, second-quality ink, and cheap paper, but its cover will be stamped full of "design."

The decorating genius is still more active beyond the privacy of the dwelling. Observe the interiors of hotels; they are not always comfortable, but they are sure to be gay, such gilded gayety as it is. What you miss in careful attention you may make up in fresco. If in some of them food and lodging are of doubtful character, and the attendance elevated into a lofty patronage, there is no doubt whatever about the expense of gold-leaf. The travelling public would seem to be composed of princes in reduced circumstances. The street-cars are gayly painted; one often has cause to wish that the expense had been invested in the propelling power. Complaint is made of cheap iron on the railways, but the palace-coaches are wonders of luxury and ornament. Even the engine and tender are subject to the love of decoration. The gleam of the polished brass and steel is very pleasant. Our river and coast steamers are famous as floating palaces, many of them being burdened with a profusion of carved and gilded ornament. The public is obviously pleased by it and willing to pay for it, even though the boilers may be overworn and unsafe.

A glance at any recently built street will show the power of this tendency in building. After a great fire in one of our Eastern cities, though the loss was crippling, when the sufferers came to rebuild the employment of ornament was remarkable. The new shops, banks, churches, were adorned with stucco, fresco, and wood-finishing, at an expense of which the owners had not before dreamed. Extravagance was less evident in the effort to build better than in the desire to decorate more. The wall is often a little thinner than it ought to be, the mortar not always first-rate, and the workmanship shows haste; but the structure must be embellished at much cost, usually by loading it with gross window-caps

all cast in the same mould, and vast cornices of zinc or sheet-iron. Some years ago the Greek portico and pediment were deemed indispensable in a building of taste, and in our public places arose huge Doric and Corinthian columns, often formed of pine boards or of stucco (materials as well fitted to the design as gingerbread), making vestibules of no conceivable use in the Northern climate, and supporting, or seeming to support, cumbrous pediments,—all for ornament. Though its character is changed, the amount of coarse building-ornament in all our towns is large and rapidly increasing. Observe the cornices in a modern business street, with their huge, coarse brackets. The builder is so pleased with these clumsy brackets, that he will put a hundred of them, all cast in the same mould, or sawed out by the same pattern, at the top of a wall. And the cornice of which they are members is usually a false cornice, of sheet metal or wood, having nothing whatever to do with the stone or brick of the wall, and tacked on only for ornament. This kind of decoration, so common among the builders, does not compare favorably with the wood-carving seen in our oldest buildings, but now fast yielding to the love of more obtrusive patterns. At the least, that had delicacy, while this has none. Ornament is of course even more abundant in religious than in domestic or commercial building. A spire is an exclusively ornamental feature; and being, so to speak, the flower of architecture, should rise only where there is a surplus of means, should follow only the entire fulfilment of all need and expectation below. But the prevalence of spires on churches, which are otherwise meagre and ill-fitted, is notable. Some church structures bear two of them, identical in pattern; such is the craving for ornament and the paucity of design. There may be a suggestion of aspiration in these altitudes; but it would be well first to have all that is desirable in the structure proper.

Excessive ornament in dress needs



little illustration. Though in the last century an important change has taken place in men's apparel, so that now obtrusive ornament stamps the wearer with indelible vulgarity, still the love of it will appear wherever excuse may be shown, as in the case of various secret societies, which employ it largely in their uniforms and paraphernalia. A visit to one of the great manufacturing establishments, as, for instance, that of Horstmann & Co., Philadelphia, shows the important investment in swords, belts, plumes, badges, buttons, and pretty gewgaws for such purposes. In women's dress, decoration could hardly have been carried to a greater extreme in the most corrupt ages. We read, in journals of a certain class, accounts of toilets at balls with immense valuations attached. The extraordinary demands of fashion lead to grotesque deviations from the outlines of nature; and health, comfort, and beauty are sacrificed to love of display. The reverse of the picture, where the mania for ornament is seen in the dress of the humbler classes, is even sadder; the poor finery of the working-woman carries a pathos which disarms criticism. The social scientist cannot ignore the love of ornament, when he considers what hunger, cold, or disgrace may be represented by the trimmings of a sewing-girl's garments. If useless decoration here is only the result of proper pride, what is it in the lavish luxury of the wealthy? They set the example. What indulgence of silly vanity is shown in the attire of servants, tricked out in ornamental liveries! How unblushingly the devices for "improving" and "developing" the human figure are displayed in the fashionable shops! Extravagant personal adornment will be among the latest barbarisms yielding to reform. Here, as in manners and religion, the healthful simplicity comes last of all.

Poor Mortality carries his bravery with him even to disintegration. He must have ornamented nails in his coffin. The "undertaking" cost of a

"first-class" funeral in our large cities probably averages more than five hundred dollars, and of this, of course, a large part is expended for mere pomp and circumstance, for ornament. Confronting death, we assume only the appearance of simplicity. The only abstinence grief imposes is that of color: we are elaborately decked in suits of sables. The high cost of "mourning" is admitted; but it is remarked that it is very becoming. The hearse is be-scrolled and plumed. In our larger cemeteries ornament is employed lavishly. There is perhaps less adornment of the tomb than the dwelling, but wherever wealth buries, the graveyard teems with devices, Egyptian, Greek, Gothic. The change from former desolation and ghastliness is perhaps desirable; it is noted only as illustrating the continued force of the decorating tendency. Whatever may be the character of our surroundings from childhood onward, they are largely modified by decoration.

Comparison of the present with the past would doubtless show that ornament is now more generally distributed; that as it was once in a considerable degree sacred, it is now common; once enjoyed by the wealthy, now also by the poor; once the property of church or state, now also of the people. It is not probable that in the best times of antiquity the average citizen of Greece or Rome had anything like the quantity of decoration in his home or about him which one of the same class has now. Such comparison, however, would require much space; and it seems necessary to call attention only to the fact of the abundance of decoration here and now.

Recognizing this increasing love of adornment and the great tax we lay upon ourselves to gratify it, we may inquire concerning its character, and try to see how we get the worth of our money, or *if* we get it. The difficulties in the way of a clear answer to such questions are considerable. Questions of ornament are much vexed. One does not say, This is good, that is bad;



but affirms honestly, This I like, that I do not like. Here law is remote and little understood, individual opinion undisciplined. People of excellent general culture are often timid regarding matters of art. "I am no judge, I only know what I like," is the everlasting phrase. But, on the other hand, the general ignorance and timidity gives opportunity for an immense dogmatism to the advocates of special system. All kinds of decoration assume to be beautiful, and each has its champions, doubting nothing, asserting all things. The doctors disagree. Mr. Ruskin insists upon the representation of organic forms. An eminent contemporary pronounces such a course fatal, and finds his grammar of ornament in "contrast, repetition, and series." All is chaotic. Some of our new interiors are decorated in the crude, brilliant Egyptian style; Greek forms still haunt our walls and fabrics; the Alhambra repeats itself feebly in our colder land; and the rococo of Louis XV. infests our chairs, tables, and mirrors. The popular whim might at any time represent as the acme of fancy the ornament of a Feejee war-club. We often find in the same apartment two or three of the leading systems of ornament, jumbled together with a sublime indifference. Persons of equal intelligence hold opposite opinions about the commonest decoration, and can give no sufficient reason for like or dislike. Observation discovers that there is no general standard of taste, and that law in ornament is not recognized by any considerable part of society. "It is a matter of taste," is the formula with which discussion closes.

Now it may be indeed true that no one shall infallibly say what is beautiful. But we may point out some necessary conditions of true pleasure in any work intended to please. We may discern what is good and abiding in it, and sharply distinguish this from what is false and temporary. Any embellishment, Egyptian, Greek, Indian, or Yankee, will beget various ideas in various minds; but with ordinary enlightenment there will be found much

agreement as to some essential qualities; as, whether it be of hand or machine, whether it have fitness, delicacy, variety, unity, and many details whereof the standard in things beyond ornament is already fixed and allowed. Primarily, the same tests applied to useful things should be applied to works of art. But common sense in these matters is scarcely thought available, and for lack of it the noble art of decoration is lost in a muddle of vain repetitions. And, indeed, it is not much better with any of the fine arts; we may only grope for the hand of Nature, and begin over again in the child's way.

When we are thus radically ready to begin, very little thought is necessary to produce immediate healthful change. Note how Rogers, the "toy-sculptor," as less successful artists have called him, has found the way to the popular heart by modelling things as he sees them, involving ideas familiar to the people, and not pausing to adapt and degrade the ideals of old. This spirit of dealing frankly with realities, interpreting nature directly, is the beginning, there is reason to hope, of a more glorious art-teaching than the world has yet seen. But the incoming wave is scarcely felt in our common decoration, where the great want is.

Some of the first objects at hand will illustrate this lack of thought in what are wrongly deemed minor matters. Here is a programme of dances, etc., at a children's party, given by a family of wealth and considerable culture. It was certainly intended to be quite an ornamental achievement. The paper is highly glazed and stamped with an elaborate border in gilt. The language French. Some of the type is so ornamental as to be almost illegible. The paper is of very poor quality, and the impression so careless that in some places the ornament breaks quite through it. One could scarcely imagine a more vulgar little piece of work. The design is from the stereotypes of the printer, and is what he also uses for cheap valentines. This card is a complete cheat. It pretends to be fine and



rich : it is really mean and poor. There is nothing *good* about it. No thought was expended in its design, and none in its selection, with reference to the true elements of beauty. Yet it was intended to please fifty children, and doubtless furnished many of them a standard of taste in such matters. It is idle to say that, though it has a character of falsity, it can do no harm. Much unconscious teaching goes with the amusement of children. That love of sham finery which the child gathers from diversion, may be transferred to the problems and business of life.

In contrast to the paper "programme," here is a lamp-shade, also made of paper and highly ornamental. It has pleased us for months, and, worn out, is to be laid aside regretfully. The reason why it has pleased us so long is that it is the product of thought ; it is an invention, not a repetition. It is fitted to its use, of relieving the eye from the whiteness of porcelain. Then its ornament, a little checker-work and a broad border of vine-leaves, was cut out from nature by hand so truly and delicately that it at once imparts an idea of nature's truth and fineness to the mind. There was no heedless stamping of steam in this. Thought preceded the hand in each line of it. Its beauty is the beauty of thought, not of cost. So far as money goes, its only cost was the price of a sheet of tissue-paper. There was only this and a pair of scissors to work with, yet the character of grape-leaves is well rendered, with a good suggestion of their delicate ornamented edges. No violence is done to the material. This bit of ornament is exactly opposed in essentials to the gaudy dance-card. Such examples are little matters, but they show the differing tendency of decoration in common things. The pretentious, stamped, cast, or printed ornament is the rule, the modest design from nature the exception.

Indifference in "matters of taste" is sometimes assumed. Less gaudy styles would not suit the demands of fashion. The relationship of the good

to the beautiful is so far ignored that a sham often stands for what is tasteful and desirable. And granting, with the indifferent, that false ornament has no direct evil effect, shall we admit that its indirect influence is harmless? What is neither good nor bad, being costly, should be condemned on the score of economy. Our friends' parlors are generally filled with decoration. Is it well that so much money shall be employed in work to which all but the tradesman and upholsterer are comparatively indifferent? Two minutes will suffice a person of ordinary culture to get all the pleasure or teaching possible in the general run of house decoration. One knows to a certainty that, apart from the higher works of art, paintings, statues, etc., there is here the product of no individual skilful hand, but the same coarse flowers in the carpet, the same gilt nonsense on the paper, the same senseless scrolls in the stucco, which he can find at all the shops. Harmony is scarcely expected. Carpetings are especially obnoxious, the colors being so glaring and the figures so large, that they "kill," as the saying is, all that is temperate and refined in the room. Speaking with reference to fitness, the plainest drugget would be an improvement on the average carpet, as it would allow whatever there might be of good design in picture or carving to have its weight. Nine tenths of the carpets appear to be chosen for gaudy colors and huge forms. Nature furnishes no hint for this. She does not give us to walk on roses as large as cabbages. Such things unfit the eye for pictures or any good art. Where is the profit of such decoration? We can say of it only that it cost so much. The combination of less money and more thought is worth trying.

Such remarks do not apply, of course, in homes where art is studied professionally or otherwise. It is consoling to find now and then a house embellished with some taste beyond that of the upholsterer, and where the repetitions of the shops are not allowed to banish original design. A bit of good



art, though it be no more than a sketch of a handful of wild flowers, drawn from nature, will hold us longer and teach us more than all the vanities furnished by the "trade." In the one there is the individual representation of natural beauty, ever new and vital; in the other, lavish expense without thought, always imbecile. One speaks clearly of love and life, the other is the gibbering of machinery; and that which should be the rule is the exception.

The effect of constant association with vulgar ornament cannot be overrated. Its falsity will repeat itself somewhere in thought or action. Even the shabby devices of false columns, arches, pediments, are scarcely gone out of use. Paper and paint surfaces, simulating various woods and marbles, are still common. What true pleasure can be had from such shams? Good art never cared to deceive. The best sculptors scarcely cared to hide their chisel-marks. It is said that these shams, being recognized, are powerless. If so, then they are powerless to please; and the fact remains that the money spent for them would buy good art, bearing a worthy significance. It seems doubtful if the fashionable world has arrived at the notion of significance in art.

Unfortunately the evil spreads among better classes. What the merely wealthy and fashionable do is of little import, excepting as it affects the general habit. We could afford to laugh at Brown the whiskey-seller, with his coat-of-arms and monograms, if the matter ended with Brown. But Brown and his wife, by means of their money, make a standard for others. It is just in these "matters of taste" that their influence is greatest. They are first in the field. The poor man and the busy man have little time to consider laws of taste, but are fond of ornament and buy a great deal in imitation of the wealthy. They are forced to accept the standard of wealth, which is neither the best nor the best suited to their needs. So all taste is vulgarized. The gross patterns of luxury appear in

the humblest fabrics, and inflict a heavy tax where it can ill be borne. The example of great wealth is almost invariably bad. It saddles us with villainous rococo, and such stuff. A fanciful fashion carries its victims to grotesque sacrifices. During the china-fever which Hogarth satirized, a single vase, the "Portland," was sold for eighteen hundred guineas, and the Marquis of Hertford bought a pair for ten thousand dollars. But these purchasers got good design for their money, and neither of the cases compare in extravagance with that of the American who pays five or ten thousand dollars for carpeting, without a thought of its ornament, so it be gaudy enough.

The reflex influence of ornament upon the artisan is, of course, a consideration extending much beyond our limits. Certain simple duties are, however, quite evident. Those who expend money for decoration are bound by their obligations to society to consider the condition and needs of the workman or artist. Mr. Ruskin develops this very strikingly. In his lecture on iron he says, in his peculiar way, that whoever buys goods for less than their worth is a thief, and whoever spends money luxuriously, without due reflection, is a murderer. Making allowance for the "Ercles' vein" in Mr. Ruskin's style, it should not be forgotten that this is the utterance of one who has made the relation of art to society a lifelong study, and in his prophetic dialect imparts, often obscurely, truth of the gravest import. It is not doubted that money expended thoughtlessly often encourages injustice and fosters enslaved labor, and this should make and does make conscientious buyers cautious. But the connection between heedless expenditure and injustice has not been made so plain as it should be, especially referring to art. In this, as in other matters, we should be willing to recognize a standard beyond individual whim, and seek to know whatever wholesome laws may obtain in the manufacture and use of decoration. Contrary to this, igno-



rance and indifference, or aping of stupid wealth, is the rule. It is alike pernicious to the producer and the consumer.

Here, as elsewhere, reform must come by education. The one thing to do is to bring thought to bear upon present abuses. To begin at the very beginning, the Kindergarten system of Fröbel seems fitted to start the minor decorative arts upon a sound basis. It is unfortunate that our people are so slow in adopting a system which, resting upon nature, must ever be right while man needs teaching. In England the education of the artisan is gaining more and more attention, with gratifying results. But it is not only the workman who wants enlightenment. Bad taste will not buy good work, and wise artists do not grow among people ignorant of art. To encourage thought in the workman you must bestow thought when you buy. Purchasing a useful article we scan it nearly, that we may not be cheated. We should give just as much thought to the ornamental object, and whatever more is demanded by its subtler significance. An inferior article of use may serve its end, but a shoddy ornament is worse than none. Insist that ornament shall exhibit the qualities valuable in other things, with the added provision that it shall ever be pleasing.

Those who realize the extent of the evil will invent their own remedies and use them according to their opportunity and energy. As, in the existing practice, there is thoughtlessness, the reformer will be thoughtful; as there is intemperance, he will be temperate. While common ornament is wanting in both science and feeling, while it so steadily ignores nature as a basis, total abstinence would seem a good way to begin. The following suggestions of law in the decorative arts are set down as suggestions, and with no disposition to dogmatize.

1. Ornament should be original. Be sure that in this respect you get what you pay for, and don't waste your money on repetitions. Your friend or guest will not be greatly amazed or

pleased with the chromo-lithograph which he has already seen at Brown's or Green's, be it ever so fine. Prints of this kind have a certain fixed value, when they honestly and boldly proclaim their printed character, but are worthless when by slavish imitation they assume to be first-hand work. When derived from works of true art they are valuable as records or memorandums. "Nothing is to be cast or stamped," says Benvenuto Cellini; "all must be cut with the chisel." There is an infinite and everlasting difference between the work of the hand and the work of the machine which the hand has made. In art the direct product of the inventor must always be first. This challenges the deepest sympathy. The endless repetitions of design in cotton, wool, and silk fabrics, in paper, cast-iron, zinc, etc., cannot be wholly avoided, but they should take their lower rank, and original, individual design should be encouraged.

2. Ornament should never interfere with the use of the thing ornamented. Use certainly precedes ornament, and the handsome adaptation of a thing to its office is in itself beauty. The constant violations of this law are evident to the most careless observer. What painful privations even civilized beings inflict upon themselves that their shoes may be becoming. Tattooing the skin could scarcely inflict more pain; but as enlightenment scorns this mode of decoration, it may be hoped that we shall some time grow wise enough to trust nature's hints concerning the shape and size of foot or torso. In the one item of house decoration the acknowledgment of this law of the supremacy of use would remove a costly load of monstrosities. Let a gas-pipe insist upon being beautiful as a gas-pipe, discarding cumbrous ornament, and not striving to conceal its honorable office in porcelain lilies, or bronze elephants, or fierce cavaliers made of zinc and pretending to be bronze. Perhaps we may have better gas when we have less sham in the fittings. Use first; and then the ornament must rec-



ognize that use, and neither hide nor hinder it. Unfitness is ugliness. It would seem that the labor of selection might be much reduced by a little attention to this elementary principle.

3. Decoration should recognize its vehicle. The design which is good in stone or iron is not at all good in leather or silk. For example, in marble, the weight, hardness, brittleness, crystalline character, and other qualities should have their due consideration in the design. In the best periods of art this law was fully recognized. The decoration of the Parthenon partakes of crystalline symmetry and sharpness. It may be that the fluting of columns, which, round, would have presented too smooth and soft a surface, was the result of that keen sympathy with nature guiding the Greek hand, and here causing him to feel that soft, curved surfaces were out of keeping with the rough natural fracture of the material. In the Parthenon, with all its refinement, nature still held sway. Its materials were neither twisted nor pulverized, the dignity of their structure was fully recognized, and consequently the Parthenon was only less organic than a mountain or a tree. There is one beauty of marble, and another of bronze, and another of pigments; but each material necessitates a different law of evolution. One may see the broad distinction of vehicles in art by imagining a landscape in marble. But in prevailing ornament these distinctions are little known. For instance, the old egg-and-dart of the Greeks, a perfect piece of decoration in marble, follows us everywhere,—in wood, in iron, in zinc, in stucco, in putty (or picture-frames), and even in flat decoration. In the present condition of the arts of design, this law of materials requires careful consideration, and its recognition would much further reduce the labor of selection.

4. Ornament should bear a good and pleasant significance. This indeed sums up the whole matter. If a piece of art-work does not awaken cheerful, helpful ideas, it is worthless and prob-

ably worse. Its significance must be based upon outward nature, and get what development it may from man's inner, finer being. Fulfilling this, the work of art, however humble, forever appeals to our sympathy. To human sympathy the designer should steadily appeal in his work, and having the same quality himself, with accurate knowledge of nature, he cannot fail. This is the fire in art that fuses our crude individual natures and welds the bands of society. Through this fine sympathy, requiring the higher language of art, the great Greek artists speak to us through the ages; thus we know the Egyptian and the Etrurian. Very eloquent are these forms of marble and brass and clay, bringing us the spirit of antiquity. Were there no other immortality, that of art might still raise life's siege of troubles.

The decorative artist who recognizes nature as his master cannot reject the essential principles here indicated, for they are based upon nature. He may be quite unconscious of *any* law, but he will fulfil them all. His work will not be Egyptian, nor Indian, nor Greek; it will be his own and belong to the present time. He will also find his best development in doing it. No matter what is the material of his art; however poor, he will make it rich. "The skill of the Samian potters made the very soil they walked upon more precious than gold." Only work involving thought and invention is worthy as ornament. We need to guard against the flattery of mere finish, and accustom ourselves to look for the inner beauty which comes from the artist's mind as well as his hand. In this dark age of art the merely external has gained prominent consideration. It seeks to produce a startling effect, without expense of thought. The great factories and the fine shops are crowded with this false ornament. We can never find our true designer there: he will be working with his own hands. And when we again recognize the value of art-culture, he will take his place among the teachers.

*Charles Akers.*



## FOREST PICTURES.

## MORNING.

O GRACIOUS breath of sunrise ! divine air !  
 That brood'st serenely o'er the purpling hills,  
 O blissful valleys ! nestling, cool, and fair,  
 In the fond arms of yonder murmurous rills,  
 Breathing their mystic measures to the sun ;  
 O dew-besprinkled paths, that circling run  
 Through sylvan shades and solemn silences,  
 Once more ye bring my fevered spirit peace !

The fitful breezes, fraught with forest balm,  
 Faint, in rare wafts of perfume, on my brow ;  
 The woven lights and shadows, rife with calm,  
 Creep slantwise twixt the foliage, bough on bough  
 Uplifted heavenward, like a verdant cloud  
 Whose rain is music, soft as love, or loud  
 With jubilant hope, — for there entranced, apart,  
 The mock-bird sings, close, close to Nature's heart.

Shy forms about the greenery, out and in,  
 Flit 'neath the broadening glories of the morn ;  
 The squirrel — that quaint sylvan harlequin —  
 Mounts the tall trunks ; while swift as lightning born  
 Of summer mists, from tangled vine and tree  
 Dart the dove's pinions, pulsing vividly  
 Down the dense glades, till glimmering far and gray,  
 The dusky vision softly melts away !

In transient, pleased bewilderment, I mark  
 The last dim shimmer of those lessening wings,  
 When from lone copse and shadowy covert, hark !  
 What mellow tongue through all the woodland rings !  
 The deer-hound's voice, sweet as a golden bell's,  
 Prolonged by flying echoes round the dells,  
 And up the loftiest summits mildly borne,  
 Blent with the blast of some keen huntsman's horn.

And now, the checkered vale is left behind ;  
 I climb the slope, and reach the hill-top bright ;  
 Here, in bold freedom, swells a sovereign wind,  
 Whose gusty prowess sweeps the pine-clad height ;  
 And the pines — dreamy Titans roused from sleep —  
 Answer with mighty voices, deep on deep  
 Of wakened foliage surging like a sea ;  
 And o'er them smiles heaven's weird infinity !

*Paul H. Hayne.*



## A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

XXX.

LAND HO !

THE two sat thus for some time staring at one another in silence. At length Maud's head fell forward, and burying her face in her hands she burst into a flood of tears. For the bitterness of this heart-breaking disappointment, and the abhorrence which she felt at finding Carrol exchanged for Grimes, and the despair which filled her as she now thought that Carrol after all must still be in the hands of his enemy, — all this was not equal to that anguish of shame that she felt as she thought of all the wealth of sweet and tender sentiment which she had lavished upon this hateful associate. The proud and sensitive soul of Maud experienced now the keenest sense of outraged dignity and wounded self-respect; nor could she forgive herself for the mistake which she had made so innocently.

Maud's outburst of passionate tears served to rouse Grimes from his stupor. He drew a very long breath; stared hard at her, as she sat with her head buried in her hands, and quivering with convulsive sobbings; drew another long breath; and then, without saying a word, he rose to his feet, and leaned over the side of the car, with his face turned away from her. Beneath him was the sea, above him was the sky, and nothing else was visible save in one part of the horizon where the clouds were gathered in giant masses, and white specks in the distance that looked like the sails of ships. But Grimes, who had a short time before been so keen to scrutinize the face of nature, and so vigilant in his watchfulness, was now blind to all these things that were spread out before his view. His eyes dwelt upon them, but he saw them not, for the thoughts that filled his mind shut

out all perception of external nature.

For a long time each preserved this attitude and this silence. Maud sat sobbing. Grimes glared forth over the side of the car. Meanwhile the balloon drove onward, but Grimes paid no attention to this. He did not try to see, by watching his course over the waves, in what direction he might be borne; he did not notice whether he was descending again or not; to all this he remained indifferent, being absorbed in his own thoughts.

At length he turned around and surveyed Maud in silence. By this time he seemed to have overcome the emotions that he had felt. His bewilderment and intellectual stupor, born from that first moment of amazement, had now departed; he had quelled the tumult of his soul. Grimes was himself again; somewhat sad, it is true, almost despairing in fact, but still calm, self-contained, courageous, and capable of sympathizing now to any extent with the one who had so strangely become his companion in this flight.

Grimes turned thus, and stood regarding Maud for some time in silence. She, on her part, sat as before, but she too seemed calmer. Her convulsive sobs had ceased. She sat motionless and in silence.

Grimes cleared his throat, partly by way of preparing to speak, and partly also to rouse her attention.

"What I wish to remark," said Grimes, and he spoke in a very gentle voice, a voice which was full of kindness and friendliness, — "what I wish to remark is this, that our peculiar position here requires the attention of both of us. I think you do not know that we are over the sea, and it strikes me that you'd best know it now. I'll agree of course to stand by you to the last, and save you if I die for it, just



the same, and all the more p'r'aps, since I brought you here."

"My sister, my sister," said Maud, in a broken voice, and without raising her face.

"What of her?" asked Grimes, with an effort.

"Did you not say that she was safe?"

"When I said that she was safe, I thought I was speakin' to her of you. I meant that you were safe. I saw the cab come with Carrol and you, as I thought, to take the balloon. It must have been Carrol and her.

"O," said Maud with a low moan, "God grant that it may be so!"

"What do you mean?" said Grimes, startled by her tone of voice and her exclamation.

"You cannot possibly know it," said Maud, looking up at him with her pale face and sorrowful eyes; "you could not have known it, or you could never have made the mistake you did." She spoke calmly now, but it was the calm tone of utter hopelessness. "Du Potiron arrested her and Mr. Carrol."

"Du Potiron!" said Grimes, with something like a gasp. This was the first time he had heard of Mrs. Lovell's arrest.

"When I say Du Potiron, I don't mean that he came in person. He informed against her, and sent some soldiers. I suppose of course that he must have done it; no other one could have had any motive for doing it."

"Du Potiron!" cried Grimes again, quite unable to believe this.

Upon this Maud told him the whole story of the arrest, and of her fainting in her grief and terror.

All this was news to Grimes of course, and this story communicated to him a shock almost as severe as the one which he had but lately received. Once more he was reduced to silence. Thoughts bitter, dark, and furious came to his mind. He could only blame himself. He had acted too hastily and blindly. He had done the very thing that he ought not to have done. He had fled from Paris at the very time

when his presence was a thing of vital importance to Mrs. Lovell. Now she was in the power of a miscreant whose thirst for vengeance would be increased tenfold by the recent injuries received from him. And he had fled from her! Worse too, he had carried off her sister, this despairing girl, perhaps to destruction.

Maud now questioned him about the cab. This was her last hope. They might possibly have got away; and in that case they would naturally enough hurry to the rendezvous. But when she heard all that Grimes had to tell about the cab, she saw at once what faint grounds there were for believing that Carrol and her sister were in it; and once more she sank into despondency.

Now the silence was renewed, and once more they took refuge in their own thoughts. Grimes sat down, put his elbows on his knees, and, staring fixedly at the bottom of the car, gave himself up to all the bitter thoughts that were naturally roused by the recollection of his mad and blind folly.

Maud had thus far remained in the one position. At length the stupor of grief and abhorrence into which she had at first been flung by the discovery of her mistake began to be mitigated, and was succeeded by thoughts that were perhaps less painful, but more lasting. These referred to the possible fate of Carrol and Mrs. Lovell. Over this she wearied herself in the endeavor to make some favorable conjecture, until at length the thoughts became intolerable, and she tried to distract her mind by something else. That distraction lay there above her and all around her,—in the open heavens wherein she was flying, in the sky, and the sea, and the clouds. Overhead the sky was deeply blue; and the rays of the sun threw a yellow lustre on the vast orb overhead. She looked up to this, and then, half in fear, half in curiosity, she arose, with the intention of looking forth. She did not go close to the side, but stood about in the middle



of the car and looked over in that position. She saw the blue sky, and she saw the distant horizon. The sides of the car hid the rest from sight. She moved a little nearer, anxious to see more. As she moved the sea unfolded itself, — a wide waste of dark heaving waters, not bounding into billows or foaming in fierce, tempestuous surges, but undulating rather in irregular yet smooth masses like the upheaval of the sea that is caused by a distant storm. Maud ventured nearer to the edge, till she was able to look down and form some estimate of her position. But the sight made her giddy. It was too terrible. It filled her with fear. She shrank back, and her eyes rested upon the horizon and the overhanging sky.

Now she looked around the horizon, turning as she did so, in order to take in its whole circuit. She had surveyed about one half of that scene, when suddenly, as her glance swept on, it was arrested, and an involuntary cry escaped her, so abrupt, and so peculiar, that Grimes was roused from his profound abstraction.

He had been sitting motionless in the attitude already described, involved in his bitter thoughts and useless regrets, when Maud's sudden cry aroused him. He looked up. He saw her staring at something beyond the balloon. In a moment he started to his feet and looked also in the same direction.

Land !

In spite of the misery that filled the soul of Grimes he felt a strange and singular exultation at the sight that now met his eyes. It was land that he saw, a long coast lying directly before them. This, he thought, might have been that cloud or haze which he had seen on the horizon at early dawn. It was land then. The prospect filled him with new life, and all the energies of his nature were once more aroused. For an active and courageous man such as he was could not avoid feeling roused at the prospect that now lay before him.

The land was close by. They had

been driving steadily toward it, while they had been giving themselves up to their feelings, and thus they had not observed it. It was only a few miles away. The shores arose very gradually ; and the land seemed to be largely overspread with forests. In the distance arose lofty heights crowned with snow.

A short survey showed Grimes all this, and then a sudden fear came to him lest in the terrific speed of their career they might be dashed to pieces. His next thought was about what he ought to do, — should he let the balloon descend into the water near the shore and thus check its progress, or should he ascend still higher so as to choose his own place for making a descent on the land.

He sprang to the side of the car and looked down. His last look over the side had shown him the sea several thousand feet beneath. To his surprise he now beheld that sea not more than a hundred feet beneath. Another thing also increased his surprise. As he looked at the water he saw that the motion of the balloon, instead of being one of terrific speed, was in reality so slow that it did not seem faster than an ordinary walk. The wind then must have died away to the gentlest breeze. To land under such circumstances would be easy enough for the merest novice. There was nothing at all for him to do. He had only to let the balloon drift on, and make use of the first convenient place of descent that might present itself.

All this added to the excitement of Grimes, and filled him with hope. This hope, in its first rush, was as boundless as his despair had lately been.

"Cheer up, miss," said he, in his old original voice, — a voice full of heartiness and generous enthusiasm, — "cheer up, miss. We're all right ; we'll come out right side up after all. We'll land there as easy as gettin' out of a wagon. Cheer up, miss. We'll go back to Paris yet, and be there in time to save them. Only look over the side now, — see how gradual and gentle



we move on. It's like a walk. Why, a child might be here now and land there out of this balloon unassisted!"

In spite of Maud's deep dejection, the words of Grimes produced a very cheering effect. She could not be otherwise than excited and cheered at this sudden prospect of escape from a terrific fate. Encouraged by what Grimes had said, she ventured to look over the side, and what she saw was so entirely different from what she had imagined, that she had no fear at all, and not a particle of giddiness. They were so near the surface of the sea, that the distance down was nothing. She had imagined miles to lie between her and the earth, and she saw only a space that can be compared to the height of any common church steeple.

"Now don't you be a bit afraid," continued Grimes. "I'll engage that you put your foot on that ground, and not harm a hair of your head. You only keep cool, and don't let yourself be excited, and we'll be all right."

But little more was said. Each stood watching the land. They drew slowly and gradually nearer. As they drew nearer, they saw here and there openings in the forest, and farm-houses, and finally behind a hill they saw a church with a tower. The houses were all of humble structure, and the church was small. What land it might be they could not tell. The church showed them one thing, and that was that it was a Christian land at any rate. Could it be any part of the British coast? Could it be France? Grimes had even a wild idea of America, for this forest country with its clearings had certainly a strong suggestiveness of the New World.

Nearer they came and still nearer. They watched with intense anxiety the land to which they were going. They saw that the shore before them was all covered with forests, and that the cleared lands were on one side and out of their course. Still they were not so distant but that they could easily reach them if they once descended.

The balloon moved on. The shore

before them was a gradual declivity, covered with forest trees, and ascended steadily as it receded, until far away it rose into high hills, beyond which were those snow-covered mountains which they had seen when they first caught sight of the land.

Nearer and nearer.

They watched and waited.

And now Grimes laid his hand upon one of the grappling-irons so as to be ready to throw it out when he reached the proper place. At length the shore was reached, and slowly and majestically the aerial car conveyed them away from the limits of that terrible sea that they had traversed, into the domain of the friendly land. Over this they passed. Beneath them were the tops of the forest trees. Grimes thought of pulling the valve-rope, but restrained his hand and waited. Before them the land rose higher, and the tree-tops were on a level with the car. In the distance they rose far above that level.

At last!

The moment had come.

There was a rustling and a scraping sound, and then the car tilted slightly. The progress of the balloon was checked a little, but it still moved. "Catch hold of the car," said Grimes; "hold on tight." Maud did so. Grimes then threw out the grappling-iron and pulled at the valve-rope. The balloon stopped, and the vast orb lay along the tops of the forest trees, while the car sank down till it was stopped by the branches beneath. In a few minutes a peculiar smell arose, pungent, distressing, choking.

The car was now lying half on its side, resting upon some tree branches. The trees were lofty and were the kindred of those Miltonic

"Pines  
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast  
Of some tall ammiral."

"You must go down first," said Grimes, "and quick, too, or we'll be suffocated with this gas."

With these words he threw the shawl around her, passing it under Maud's arms, and over this he passed one end



of a coil of rope which was in the car, then he helped her out upon the branch of the tree beneath, and Maud began to make the descent. It was not difficult, especially with the assistance of the rope, and in a short time she was on the solid ground. Grimes then hastily followed, and reached the ground nearly suffocated with the fumes of the gas. And he brought along with him the tin box.

They now walked back through the forest toward the shore, after which they turned off in the direction where the houses were. These they reached without difficulty. The people had seen the balloon, and were in a state of wild excitement. The men had gone into the woods toward the place where it seemed likely to fall, and only the women and children were left behind.

They regarded the balloonists with kindly and sympathetic faces, and Grimes at once began asking them questions in French.

They shook their heads and answered in a language which he had never heard before.

He tried English.

They shook their heads and spoke as before. Grimes's only idea at first was to know where they were, but this was the very thing that he could not know. He then made signs for something to eat. This met at once with a response, and he and Maud were taken to the best house in the settlement. He afterwards found out that it was the pastor's house. Here he was shown into a comfortable room, and was made to understand by signs that he should have something soon. Maud was conducted elsewhere by the kindly and sympathetic women. While waiting here, Grimes saw a box of matches on the mantel-piece. He noticed a label upon it. A bright idea seized him. He took it up and read the label. To his amazement he read the name "Christiania," and Christiania he knew was in Norway, so that this land must be Norway.

The good people soon furnished a bounteous repast, at which the fugi-

tives, in spite of their anxieties, were able to satisfy the cravings of hunger. By the time their meal was finished the pastor returned. He had been off with the rest after the balloon, which had been brought back in safety. The pastor spoke English; and at once Grimes was able to find out the facts of the case. It was true that he was in Norway. Thus in that dread voyage he had traversed the wide seas, and landed here. A slight variation of the wind might have carried them to the Polar Sea. It was nine o'clock when they descended, and about eight when they left, so that the whole journey of nearly nine hundred miles had been made in thirteen hours.

### XXXI.

#### OUT OF PRISON.

AFTER his recent danger Carrol did not feel safe, nor was he inclined to allow himself to become the helpless victim of Du Potiron and his friends. Under these circumstances he endeavored to find security for himself and Mrs. Lovell. There was no possibility of doing this, however, in any regular way, for all things were now in an irregular condition, and lawlessness prevailed to a greater or less extent. One only hope presented itself; and that was to hide himself under the ample wing of the American eagle, or, in other words, to put himself under the protection of the American minister, who alone of all the diplomatic corps remained in Paris. There was absolutely no other to whom he could look for help, and so he went to the American embassy. The great rush was at last over; most of the friendless and the unprotected had been cared for as far as possible; and Carrol found a *queue* of not more than seventy-two people. After waiting patiently, his turn came, and he obtained an interview. At that interview he not only gained what he wished, but far more than he even had hoped. For he learned that the American min-



ister, after long and arduous effort, had at length obtained from the Prussians permission for the departure of those Americans in Paris who might wish to go. Now Carrol was not a citizen of the United States, nor was Mrs. Lovell a citizeness; but both were Americans, the one by birth, the other by residence. The little difficulty was generously overlooked by the American embassy, and these applicants were accepted as coming under the Prussian permit, in letter, if not in spirit. Notice was given Carrol of the time appointed for the departure of the favored ones, and of the place at which they were to assemble; and thus that flight upon which Grimes had ventured at such terrible risk, Carrol was able to undertake with the prospect of perfect safety.

Such good news as this roused Mrs. Lovell from her distress, and restored something like her usual life and spirit. Her situation in Paris was full of danger; and the flight of Maud made her all the more eager to depart. Besides, out of the promptings of her jealousy there had arisen an intense desire to find out what had actually become of the fugitives.

Her intention was to go to England. Her dear papa lived there, a few miles away from Southampton. There was no other place to which she could go, and her old home now seemed like a haven of rest; there was the only place in which there was any hope of recovering from the distresses, anxieties, and afflictions of her lot; there, too, she would learn the fate of Maud, and if any calamity had occurred, she would at least be able to offer some consolation to her dear papa, and receive comfort and condolence from him.

It is not necessary to narrate the events connected with the departure of the Americans from Paris. It was quiet, and without any greater excitement than was naturally connected with the joy of escape from prison. As for Carrol and Mrs. Lovell, they made the journey in safety, and at length reached Southampton.

The country seat of Mr. Heathcote was not on the line of rail. To get there it was necessary to go about twenty miles, and then, leaving the rail, to take a carriage for the rest of the way, which was some ten or twelve miles. It was about noon when they reached Southampton, and late in the day when they left. After they left the train, they found themselves in a very beautiful little village, the most conspicuous objects in which were a fine old country church and an equally fine old inn. To this they directed their steps.

Mrs. Lovell was excessively fatigued, and at once was shown to a bedroom, where she intended to lie down and rest until it was time to go on. Carrol at once made inquiries about procuring a carriage.

To his great disgust, he learned that he could not procure one that evening, for the only one they had was already engaged by a gentleman who had arrived there that same day. The carriage had been away all day, and the gentleman was to have it the moment it returned.

Carrol was now at a loss what to do; so he sauntered up and down the village street, hoping that something might turn up to help him. But the more he thought, the more certain it seemed that they would have to remain there for the night.

In a restless and impatient state of mind he returned to the inn, and sauntered slowly into the parlor.

A fire was burning there which threw a cheerful glow about the apartment. A sofa was drawn up on one side of this, and on this sofa a lady was seated. Her elbow was resting on one arm of the sofa, and her hand supported her head. Her eyes were downcast, and so absorbed was she in her own thoughts that she took not the slightest notice of Carrol.

Carrol noticed her with a vague idea of the grace of this figure and the sadness of the beautiful face; but the next instant there came to his mind the shock of an astounding and overwhelming recognition. He uttered an



involuntary cry, and stopped, unable to advance another step.

At the sound of this cry of amazement the lady started and looked up. As she saw Carrol, she too could not repress an exclamation. The next moment she sprang to her feet. Carrol rushed toward her and caught her in his arms.

"Maud! Maud! O my darling!"

"Paul! O Paul!"

For about five minutes there was nothing but a torrent of exclamations, expressive of every emotion of love, of tenderness, of joy, of wonder, and of rapture. After this there was a variation; and an equally profuse torrent of eager questions was poured forth, to which no answers were given by either, for each was too intent to ask about the other to satisfy the curiosity of that other.

But in the midst of this, another thought came to Maud.

"My sister. O my sister! O, where is she? Is she safe? O, is she safe?"

"Yes," said Carrol, "safe and perfectly well."

"O, thank God!" cried Maud. "But where is she? Is she here? O, tell me, is she here? O, I must see her, my darling, darling Georgie!"

And Maud started off, she had no idea where, with the vague hope of finding her sister outside.

But Carrol restrained her. He saw her movement with dismay. If Maud should once see Mrs. Lovell, he would certainly not see her again that night. So he tried to detain her a little longer.

"Wait," he said, — "wait, I implore you. Listen now, be patient. You see, Mrs. Lovell has n't slept any for three or four nights."

"O my poor, sweet darling!" sighed Maud.

"Well, you know, the moment she arrived here, she had to be taken at once to her room, so as to get a little sleep, you know; and it's very important that she should, and you'd better not burst suddenly upon her,

you know, on account of the shock, and all that sort of thing, you know; for she's exceedingly nervous just now, — but, that is, you know, of course you won't have to wait long. Just let her have an hour's sleep, and she'll be all right; so, don't you think you can restrain your impatience?"

"O, I must, of course, if poor Georgie is so, poor darling! but I'm awfully impatient, and only to think of her being in the house, why, it fairly drives me wild; but if she is trying to sleep, and so much depends on it, why, I suppose I can wait one hour, but O, may n't I just steal up, and take one little peep at the darling, just one peep? She sha' n't see me."

But to this Carrol demurred, and he portrayed Mrs. Lovell's excessive nervousness and her need of sleep, and the dangers of a sudden shock, in such alarming colors that Maud was fairly frightened into waiting for a little while at least.

"Come," said Carrol, "do you think you feel strong enough for a little stroll? Come and let us get away from this public place, for I'm crazy to hear how you got here. Will you come? And when we come back, you will be able to see your sister."

Maud demurred somewhat at this, but Carrol begged so hard, that at length she consented, on the understanding that they should not go out of sight of the inn, so that if anything happened she might return.

It was a lovely evening. They strolled along through the little village. All around was scenery of the most attractive description, where was presented all that could please the eye and delight the taste. Just outside the village the road was overhung by lofty trees; by its side a little streamlet ran, on the borders of which there was a rustic seat. Here Carrol persuaded Maud to sit down. Before them the brook babbled; in the distance were wooded hills; and, beyond these, the splendors of a sunset sky. In this situation Maud's stipulation about not going out of sight of the inn was not



regarded very particularly; but they were at any rate not *very* far away, and they were on the edge of the little village.

Here Maud told Carrol the events of her astonishing journey, and that part of her story which referred to their adventures after landing in Norway may be briefly explained. The peasants had packed up the balloon, and the pastor had secured a conveyance for them to Christiania. Here they had found the steamer about to leave for London, and embarked in it. Their adventures had created a great sensation in that town; and Grimes had made the sensation permanent by presenting his balloon to the Museum. They had arrived at London the day before, and, after a night's rest, had come as far as this place, which they had reached at about two o'clock. Grimes had tried to get a carriage, but without success, as the only available one was off on a journey. He had waited for some hours in a desperate state of impatience; and about an hour ago he had told her that he was going to walk up the road in the direction in which the carriage was expected. So he was on that road now, either returning triumphantly in the carriage, or else toiling along impatiently on foot.

Carrol's story then followed, and thus all was explained. It may be as well to state that these narratives were not full and frank on either side; for each found certain reservations necessary; and therefore made no allusion to certain incidents, the remembrance of which was very strong in the minds of both, and could not be thought of without the consciousness on their parts that they had been in false, humiliating, and excessively silly positions.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lovell had been seeking for rest without finding it. The bedroom was chilly, and, after a vain effort to go to sleep, she determined to go in search of some more comfortable place. So she descended the stairs and entered the inn parlor. Here the comfortable air of the room and the cheerful glow of the fire formed

an irresistible attraction. The room was low and large and cosy; the sofa was drawn up by the side of the fire, and seemed to be the very place that was best suited for her, — a place where she could obtain rest and warmth at once.

She took her position in the very place where Maud had recently been sitting, and the warmth and comfort of the room soon began to act most agreeably upon her. It was very quiet also. No noise was heard outside; no stamping footsteps arose inside to irritate her delicate nerves. She thought, to herself that this was the first moment of real comfort that she had known for several days. She thought too, with regret, that she must soon quit this pleasant place; for Carrol was seeking a conveyance, and it would soon be ready. Indeed, in anticipation of this she had come down with her wraps on, and she sat there by the fire all ready to start for her home at a moment's warning.

The fire was flickering in a dull way, and the darkness had increased to some extent, so that objects in the room were not very distinctly visible. Mrs. Lovell was sitting in such a way that her head was a little in the shadow, and not directly illuminated by the firelight. She was lost in thought, and at that moment those painful emotions which had been agitating her ever since the flight of Grimes were once more beginning to disturb her. In the midst of this the roll of carriage-wheels was heard outside. She thought at once that this was Carrol, and felt half vexed at the necessity that there now was of leaving this cheerful room for the toilsome road. She sat, however, in the same position. Soon a footstep was heard in the room advancing toward her. Thinking it was Carrol, she did not look up, but sat looking down, lost in thought, and waiting for him to speak.

The new-comer now began to speak, and he did speak to some purpose.

"Wagon's ready at last, miss," said this voice. "They've changed horses.



I stuck by them till they did it, and made them look sharp; and now, miss, all you've got to do is just to jump in. I see you've got your things on, and I'm glad you're so prepared. Come along then. I'll see you, as I said, safe home, after which I'll be in a position to bid you good by."

At the first sound of this voice, Mrs. Lovell started as though she had been shot, and looked up with as much amazement as that which Maud had felt at the sudden sight of Carrol. She looked up as he went on talking. He was not looking at her or anything else in particular, but was merely giving her this information. Besides, her face was in the shadow, so that it was not very particularly discernible. Mrs. Lovell looked up then and beheld the manly, the stalwart, and the familiar figure of Grimes. It was the face of Grimes that beamed before her, illuminated by the glow of the firelight. It was the voice of Grimes that addressed her and asked her to go with him.

But this was not all.

Her eyes, as they wandered over the face and form of Grimes, rested at last upon something which he was carrying in his left hand. This was a tin box, round in shape, that is to say cylindrical, lacquered, and bearing his name in large gilt letters. What was this box? What did it mean? What did it contain? Ah! did not her heart bound within her as it gave the answer to those questions? Had she not heard from Carrol about that tin box? How Grimes had deposited it in the balloon in Paris, as the only thing which he intended to take in the shape of luggage? And now that he appeared with it here, did it not show how, during all his mysterious flight, he must have clung to this? Was he not now clinging to it? Did she not hear him call her miss, thus evidently mistaking her for Maud, and speaking of good by? Maud then was nothing. Her jealousy had been baseless and absurd. By that which he grasped in his strong hand she knew that his heart was true, and in clinging to this

she saw that he was clinging to that which in his estimation was the best representative of herself. What was that which he thus bore about with him and clung to with such tenacity? Her chignon. But that chignon now ceased to be a chignon. It became a sacred thing, hallowed by the deathless devotion of a true and constant heart. It became a glorious thing, since it had been glorified by its flight with him through the trackless realms of ether; it became a thing of beauty, a joy forever; in fact, it was the apotheosis of the chignon.

Mrs. Lovell saw exactly how things were. Grimes and Maud had made their journey in safety. By an amazing coincidence they had come to this place at the same time that she and Carrol had come. Maud must even now be here, for Grimes had evidently mistaken her for Maud. He had been procuring a carriage. It was all ready, and he was going to take her home.

And what then?

A wild idea arose in her mind, which had an irresistible attraction for one who was so whimsical. It was to take him at his word. He had mistaken her for Maud. Very good. She would be Maud. She would go with him. She would allow him to drive her home.

And Maud, — did no yearning thought about her arise in her heart? Did she not feel any longing to embrace that lost sister so tenderly loved, so lamented, who had been so wondrously preserved on such an unparalleled voyage? Not at all. In fact, there were various circumstances which made her feel quite at her ease about Maud. In the first place, she understood that Maud was well. In the second place, she had not yet got over her resentment, baseless though it was, against Maud, for her usurpation of her place in the balloon; in the third place, Maud was too near home to be in any danger whatever; in the fourth place, Carrol was here, and would inevitably find her out; and in the fifth



place; the temptation of going with Grimes in an assumed character, and watching his conduct and demeanor under the circumstances, was irresistible.

She decided at once.

She was dressed, as has been said, for the drive which she had expected to take with Carrol. She dropped her veil, and rose in silence. Grimes took no further notice of her, but walked toward the door. She followed him outside. A brougham was drawn up in front of the house. Grimes opened the door for her. She got in and sat down. Grimes then followed and sat by her side; and she noticed that he placed his precious tin box, with tender and reverential care, on his knees; and leaned his arms upon it, as though he would preserve it from every conceivable danger. Thus they sat there, side by side, and the driver cracked his whip, and the horses started off, and soon they were rolling along the road.

Outside the village they met a gentleman and a lady walking back. It was dusk now, and their faces could not be seen. Neither Grimes nor Mrs. Lovell noticed them. But the gentleman and the lady stopped as the brougham drove by, and the gentleman said to the lady, "There goes that fellow that has appropriated the only carriage in the place."

And the lady answered cheerfully, "O, well, you know it really does n't matter. It will be such perfect delight to see Georgie, that I'm sure I don't care whether I get home to-night or not at all."

And the brougham passed out of sight.

### XXXII.

#### IN A BROUGHAM.

THE brougham drove off with Mrs. Lovell and Grimes inside. Grimes sat in the attitude already described, leaning forward slightly, with the tin box on his knees, and his elbows on the tin box, rigid and silent. For some time nothing was said, and Mrs. Lovell waited patiently for her companion to

begin the conversation. But her companion had no idea of doing anything of the kind. In the first place, he of course thought that Maud was with him. Now Maud had only been known to him as silent, sad, and reticent; never volunteering any remark, only answering in monosyllables when addressed, and incapable of carrying on a conversation. But again he had thoughts of his own which occupied his mind thoroughly. These thoughts occupied his mind now. They referred solely and exclusively to Mrs. Lovell, whose fate was a matter of never-ending anxiety to him. His mind was not now in this place. It was in Paris. It was inspecting all the city prisons, and conjecturing with deep anguish the place where Mrs. Lovell might be.

Mrs. Lovell waited and grew impatient. This silence was not what she wanted. From one point of view it was not disagreeable, since it showed what must have been the attitude of Grimes toward Maud. She saw that he must have been indifferent and inattentive, if his present demeanor afforded any clew to the past. At the same time it was disagreeable, for, as a matter of course, she was particularly anxious to converse with him. So, as he did not begin, she volunteered herself.

"It's really very pleasant this evening, is it not, Mr. Grimes?" said she, in a friendly way.

Now it may be supposed that Grimes would have at once detected her by her voice, but as a matter of fact Grimes did nothing of the kind. For as she and Maud were sisters, their voices had a certain family resemblance, and though there certainly was a difference, yet it was not very glaring. Besides, Grimes was too much occupied with other things to be easily aroused.

"Yes," said he, shortly.

Mrs. Lovell waited for something more, but nothing more was forthcoming. She felt that the subject of the weather afforded not quite enough excitement to rouse her companion,



and so she resorted to something else.

"Do you think that the driver knows his way, Mr. Grimes?" she asked, with apparent anxiety.

"O yes," said Grimes, in the same tone as before. After which he changed his position a little. "I'm afraid," he continued, "that I'm crowdin' you. I did intend to ride outside, but unfortunately there's only room for one, so I had to squeeze in here. Any way the ride won't be very long."

This was also flattering, since it gave an additional proof of the indifference of Grimes to Maud. At the same time, however, it was rather disappointing, since it showed a persistent determination to hold aloof from all friendly conversation. So again Mrs. Lovell relapsed into silence.

After a time she tried once more.

"I wonder," said she, mournfully, "what can have become of poor dear Georgie. Do you know, I feel awfully anxious about her, Mr. Grimes?"

This Mrs. Lovell said with an intention of maintaining the character of Maud. Upon Grimes this remark produced an effect which was the very opposite of what she had intended. Instead of rousing him to converse upon some congenial subject, it only served as a fresh reminder of his despair. He heaved a sigh so heavy that it ended in a groan; after which he relapsed into his former silence, and not a word escaped him.

Mrs. Lovell was certainly disappointed at the failure of this attempt, and began to feel a despair about her ability to arouse him. But she was not one who could give up easily, and so she tried once more.

"I wonder what in the world you've got in that absurd box," said she. "You've really brought it all the way from Paris you know, Mr. Grimes."

At this Grimes started. For there was in these words and in the tone of voice a decided flavor of Mrs. Lovell, and nothing at all of Maud. A wild thought flashed through his mind, but it was at once suppressed.

"What an infernal fool I must be," he thought, "but what a likeness there was to — to her. I'm afraid I'm gettin' delirium tremens. I've taken altogether too much whiskey. I've got to stop my grog, or it'll go hard with me." These thoughts passed through his mind, but he made no reply. This was really rude in him, and so Mrs. Lovell thought, but this rudeness awakened no resentment whatever in her mind. She bore it with exemplary meekness, and patiently returned to the task of rousing him into saying something.

"You really are awfully reticent, you know, and it's horrid; now is n't it, Mr. Grimes?" said she, quite forgetting the rôle of Maud which she had intended to maintain, and speaking more than ever in her own style and manner.

Grimes noticed the tone of voice again, and the style and manner of the words. How like they were to the well-known and fondly remembered idioms and expressions of Mrs. Lovell! Grimes thought of this, and heaved another of those sighs which were peculiar to him now, — a sigh deep, massive, long-drawn, and ending in a kind of groan.

"It's somethin', miss," said he, in words that seemed wrung out of him, — "it's somethin', miss, that is very precious. It's my most precious treasure."

"O dear, Mr. Grimes, what a very, very funny way that is for one to be carrying money, you know! But do you really think it's safe, and do you not feel just a little bit afraid of robbers and all that sort of thing, Mr. Grimes?"

This struck Grimes as being more like Mrs. Lovell than ever. He could not account for it. For the solemn and mournful Maud to rattle on in this style was to him unaccountable. And how had she acquired that marvellous resemblance to her sister in tone and in expression? He had never noticed any such resemblance before. There was also a certain flippancy in the re-



mark and in the tone of voice which jarred upon him. He was still puzzled, but finally concluded in a vague way that Maud's joy in at last approaching her home was so excessive that it had quite changed her.

"I wonder why you didn't leave it at the inn," she continued, as she saw that he said nothing; "it would be really far safer there and far less troublesome, you know, Mr. Grimes, and you could get it again. I'm sure, *I* can't imagine why one should carry all one's property with one wherever one goes, Mr. Grimes."

"It is n't money," said Grimes, "it's something far more precious."

"Is it really? How very funny! Only fancy; why really, Mr. Grimes, do you know, you are speaking positively in riddles."

"There are things," said Grimes, solemnly, "in comparison with which jewels are gaudy toys and gold is so-called dust. And this is one of them."

"Well, I must say," remarked Mrs. Lovell, "*I* never heard any one express himself in such an awfully mysterious way. And so you brought it all the way from Paris. How very funny! Well, really, Mr. Grimes, I can only say that travelling in a balloon must be a very trivial thing, since you have been able to keep that with you all the time and produce it now; and really, you know, it's so awfully absurd, when one comes to think of it, — now is n't it, Mr. Grimes?"

This was not Maud at all. Mrs. Lovell knew it, yet for the life of her she could not help speaking as she did. Grimes knew it too. He knew that there was no delirium, and that Maud Heathcote would never have uttered those words to him. That mixture of teasing absurdity and inconsequential badinage, with evident knowledge of the secret contents of the tin box, could not possibly be expressed by any person except one. Yet what possibility was there that this one should be here by his side calmly driving home? The thought was so bewildering that his brain reeled.

In an instant all his gloom and abstraction vanished. His heart beat fast. A wild idea, a wilder hope, filled mind and heart. Yet in the midst of this excitement one thought was prominent. He remembered his past mistakes. He was aware that they had arisen from a too credulous yielding to his own belief or fancy. He was now resolved to accept nothing from credulity, or hope, or fancy, or even belief; but to see with his own eyes the actual fact. Who was this person who was here with him? That was what he wanted to know.

He was intensely excited, yet he was resolved to undergo no more deceptions. He determined to see for himself. It was now quite dark, and, though he peered through the gloom, yet nothing satisfactory was revealed. He certainly saw the outline of a lady's figure, — but what lady? Was it Miss Heathcote, or was it — could it be, — might it be, — dare he hope, — was it possible?

He could endure his suspense no longer.

With trembling fingers he fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket! He found a match! — a thing he always carried there! He drew it forth! He struck it wildly against the side of the brougham!!!

The light flashed forth! He held up the blazing match, and with eager gaze looked at the face of his companion.

Astounded at this unexpected incident of the match, and confounded by this abrupt discovery, Mrs. Lovell, though not unwilling to be discovered, shrank back and made a faint effort to drop her veil, which had been raised since she had entered the brougham. But Grimes arrested her hand.

And there, illuminated by the blaze, close beside him, just before him, he saw unmistakably the face of Mrs. Lovell. Her eyes were downcast, there was a flush of confusion and timid embarrassment upon her face, yet that face was the face of the one being on earth who was worth far more to him than all the earth and all that it con-



tained; yea, verily, and even more than life itself.

The sensation was tremendous. How came she here? It was unaccountable. It was miraculous. A thousand emotions of wonder rushed through him, but all at length found utterance in one exclamation.

"Wal! I'll be darned!"

The burning match dropped from his hands, and he caught her in his arms. Mrs. Lovell uttered a little deprecatory shriek.

"I've got you now at last," murmured old Grimes, in a dislocated sort of way, doddering, in fact maundering, and all that sort of thing, — "I've got you now, and I ain't goin' to let you go. I don't know how'n thunder you got here, and I don't want to. I only know it's you, and that's enough. Don't explain, I beg; let me only have the rapture of knowin' that this is really my darling and no other —"

"O dear! I'm sure I don't know what in the world I am *ever* to do," sighed Mrs. Lovell.

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On the return of Carrol and Maud to the inn, the latter had at once gone to find her sister. On seeing no signs of her she had become terribly alarmed; and Carrol was utterly bewildered. They had questioned everybody, and at last found out that the gentleman who had engaged the carriage had returned with it, and had gone off with some lady. Several of the people of the inn had seen the lady enter the carriage, and the gentleman go in after her. After this they had driven away.

At first both Carrol and Maud were utterly stupefied; but at length, as the facts of the case suggested themselves, their stupefaction faded away, and there came in its place a calm, rational, and intelligent apprehension of the event, a sweet and exquisite appreciation of the situation. Whether it had been a blunder or a distinct understanding between the two, they could not tell. They preferred, however,

to think that Grimes in the dusk had taken Mrs. Lovell for Maud, and that Mrs. Lovell had in the same way taken Grimes for Carrol. The idea of this possible blunder afforded delicious enjoyment to both; and they both lost themselves in conjectures as to the mode in which these two might finally discover the truth.

On the following day a carriage came from Heathcote Hall, and Maud and Carrol drove there. On their arrival they found Mrs. Lovell and Grimes, who had reached the place of their destination in safety. Maud's papa was there to welcome her, and to welcome them all in fact; for he turned out to be a fine, warm-hearted, and truly hospitable old boy, who doted on his daughters, and had been quite wild with anxiety about them when they were in Paris. Grimes and Carrol were received by him with all the honors and all the welcomes that he could offer them as the saviors and deliverers of his daughters from a cruel and terrible fate.

Frail human nature might exult to pause here for the sake of gloating over the raptures of these lovers on their final reunion after such tremendous adventures; but duty forbids; and I, as a conscientious novelist, must hasten to a close.

I beg to remark then, that, as a matter of course, these lovers were all united in holy matrimony at the earliest possible time. The event took place on the 27th of November, 1870, as may be seen by referring to any old number of the local paper. It was a deeply interesting occasion.

The happy pairs then scattered. Two or three days after the event Mrs. Lovell wrote a rapturous letter to Maud.

"Dear Seth," she wrote, "is *all* that my *fond*est fancy wished, and *far* more. Do you know, Maudie darling, he has *not* yet spoken *one* cruel word to me, — *not* one."

Maud's reply to this consisted of glittering generalities.

*James DeMille.*



## AN INSPIRED LOBBYIST.

A CERTAIN fallen angel (politeness toward his numerous and influential friends forbids me to mention his name abruptly) lately entered into the body of Mr. Ananias Pullwool, of Washington, D. C.

As the said body was a capacious one, having been greatly enlarged circumferentially since it acquired its full longitude, there was accommodation in it for both the soul of Pullwool himself (it was a very little one) and for his distinguished visitant. Indeed, there was so much room in it that they never crowded each other, and that Pullwool hardly knew, if he even so much as mistrusted, that there was a chap in with him. But other people must have been aware of this double tenantry, or at least must have been shrewdly suspicious of it, for it soon became quite common to hear fellows say, "Pullwool has got the Devil in him."

There was, indeed, a remarkable change—a change not so much moral as physical and mental—in this gentleman's ways of deporting and behaving himself. From being logy in movement and slow if not absolutely dull in mind, he became wonderfully agile and energetic. He had been a lobbyist, and he remained a lobbyist still, but such a different one, so much more vigorous, eager, clever, and impudent, that his best friends (if he could be said to have any friends) scarcely knew him for the same Pullwool. His fat fingers were in the buttonholes of congressmen from the time when they put those buttonholes on in the morning to the time when they took them off at night. He seemed to be at one and the same moment treating some honorable member in the bar-room of the Arlington, and running another honorable member to cover in the committee-rooms of the Capitol. He log-rolled bills which nobody else believed could be log-rolled, and he pocketed fees which ab-

solutely and point-blank refused to go into other people's pockets. During this short period of his life he was the most successful and famous lobbyist in Washington, and the most sought after by the most rascally and desperate claimants of unlawful millions.

But, like many another man who has the Devil in him, Mr. Pullwool ran his luck until he ran himself into trouble. An investigating committee pounced upon him; he was put in confinement for refusing to answer questions; his filchings were held up to the execration of the envious both by virtuous members and a virtuous press; and when he at last got out of durance he found it good to quit the District of Columbia for a season. Thus it happened that Mr. Pullwool and his eminent lodger took the cars and went to and fro upon the earth seeking what they might devour.

In the course of their travels they arrived in a little State, which may have been Rhode Island, or may have been Connecticut, or may have been one of the Pleiades, but which at all events had two capitals. Without regard to Morse's Gazetteer, or to whatever other Gazetteer may now be in currency, we shall affirm that one of these capitals was called Slowburg and the other Fastburg. For some hundreds of years (let us say five hundred, in order to be sure and get it high enough) Slowburg and Fastburg had shared between them, turn and turn about, year on and year off, all the gubernatorial and legislative pomps and emoluments that the said State had to bestow. On the 1st of April of every odd year, the governor, preceded by citizen soldiers, straddling or curvetting through the mud,—the governor, followed by twenty barouches full of eminent citizens, who were not known to be eminent at any other time, but who made a rush for a ride on this oc-



casion as certain old ladies do at funerals,—the governor, taking off his hat to pavements full of citizens of all ages, sizes, and colors, who did not pretend to be eminent,—the governor, catching a fresh cold at every corner, and wishing the whole thing were passing at the equator,—the governor triumphally entered Slowburg,—observe, Slowburg,—read his always enormously long message there, and convened the legislature there. On the 1st of April of every even year the same governor, or a better one who had succeeded him, went through the same ceremonies in Fastburg. Each of these capitals boasted, or rather blushed over, a shabby old barn of a State-House, and each of them maintained a company of foot-guards, and ditto of horse-guards, the latter very loose in their saddles. In each the hotels and boarding-houses had a full year and a lean year, according as the legislature sat in the one or in the other. In each there was a loud call for fresh shad and stewed oysters, or a comparatively feeble call for fresh shad and stewed oysters, under the same biennial conditions.

Such was the oscillation of grandeur and power between the two cities. It was an old-time arrangement, and like many other old-fashioned things, as for instance wood fires in open fireplaces, it had not only its substantial merits but its superficial inconveniences. Every year certain ancient officials were obliged to pack up hundreds of public documents and expedite them from Fastburg to Slowburg, or from Slowburg back to Fastburg. Every year there was an expense of a few dollars on this account, which the State treasurer figured up with agonies of terror, and which the opposition roared at as if the administration could have helped it. The State-Houses were two mere deformities of patched plaster and leprous whitewash; they were such shapeless, graceless, dilapidated wigwams, that no sensitive patriot could look at them without wanting to fly to the uttermost parts of the earth; and yet it

was not possible to build new ones, and hardly possible to obtain appropriations enough to shingle out the weather; for Fastburg would vote no money to adorn Slowburg, and Slowburg was equally niggardly towards Fastburg. The same jealousy produced the same frugality in the management of other public institutions, so that the patients of the lunatic asylum were not much better lodged and fed than the average sane citizen, and the gallows-birds in the State's prison were brought down to a temperance which caused admirers of that species of fowl to tremble with indignation. In short, the two capitals were as much at odds as the two poles of a magnet, and the results of this repulsion were not all of them worthy of hysterical admiration.

But advantages seesawed with disadvantages. In this double-ender of a State, political jobbery was at fault, because it had no head-quarters. It could not get together a ring; it could not raise a corps of lobbyists. Such few axe-grinders as there were had to dodge back and forth between the Fastburg grindstone and the Slowburg grindstone, without ever fairly getting their tools sharpened. Legislature here and legislature there; it was like guessing at a pea between two thimbles; you could hardly ever put your finger on the right one. Then what one capital favored the other disfavored; and between them appropriations were kicked and hustled under the table; the grandest of railroad schemes shrunk into waste-paper baskets; in short, the public treasury was next door to the unapproachable. Such, indeed, was the desperate condition of lobbyists in this State, that, had it contained a single philanthropist of the advanced radical stripe, he would surely have brought in a bill for their relief and encouragement.

Into the midst of this happily divided community dropped Mr. Ananias Pull-wool with the Devil in him. It remains to be seen whether this pair could figure up anything worth pock-



eting out of the problem of two capitals.

It was one of the even years, and the legislature met in Fastburg, and the little city was brimful. Mr. Pullwool with difficulty found a place for himself without causing the population to slop over. Of course he went to a hotel, for he needed to make as many acquaintances as possible, and he knew that a bar was a perfect hot-house for ripening such friendships as he cared for. He took the best room he could get; and as soon as chance favored, he took a better one, with parlor attached; and on the sideboard in the parlor he always had cigars and decanters. The result was that in a week or so he was on jovial terms with several senators, numerous members of the lower house, and all the members of the "third house." But lobbying did not work in Fastburg as Mr. Pullwool had found it to work in other capitals. He exhibited the most dazzling double-edged axes, but nobody would grind them; he pointed out the most attractive and convenient of logs for rolling, but nobody would put a lever to them.

"What the doose does this mean?" he at last inquired of Mr. Josiah Dicker, a member who had smoked dozens of his cigars and drunk quarts out of his decanters. "I don't understand this little old legislature at all, Mr. Dicker. Nobody wants to make any money; at least, nobody has the spirit to try to make any. And yet the State is full; never been bled a drop; full as a tick. What does it mean?"

Mr. Dicker looked disconsolate. Perhaps it may be worth a moment's time to explain that he could not well look otherwise. Broken in fortune and broken in health, he was a failure and knew it. His large forehead showed power, and he was in fact a lawyer of some ability; and still he could not support his family, could not keep a mould of mortgages from creeping all over his house-lot, and had so many creditors that he could not walk the streets comfortably. The trouble lay in hard drinking, with its resultant waste of

time, infidelity to trust, and impatience of application. Thin, haggard, duskily pallid, deeply wrinkled at forty, his black eyes watery and set in baggy circles of a dull brown, his lean dark hands shaky and dirty, his linen wrinkled and buttonless, his clothing frayed and unbrushed, he was an impersonation of failure. He had gone into the legislature with a desperate hope of somehow finding money in it, and as yet he had discovered nothing more than his beggarly three dollars a day, and he felt himself more than ever a failure. No wonder that he wore an air of profound depression, approaching to absolute wretchedness and threatening suicide.

He looked the more cast down by contrast with the successful Mr. Pullwool, gaudily alight with satin and jewelry, and shining with conceit. Pullwool, by the way, although a dandy (that is, such a dandy as one sees in gambling-saloons and behind liquor-bars), was far from being a thing of beauty. He was so obnoxiously gross and shapeless, that it seemed as if he did it on purpose and to be irritating. His fat head was big enough to make a dwarf of, hunchback and all. His mottled cheeks were vast and pendulous to that degree that they inspired the imaginative beholder with terror, as reminding him of avalanches and landslides which might slip their hold at the slightest shock, and plunge downward in a path of destruction. One puffy eyelid drooped in a sinister way; obviously that was the eye that the Devil had selected for his own; he kept it well curtained for purposes of concealment. Looking out of this peep-hole, the Satanic badger could see a short, thick nose, and by leaning forward a little, he could get a glimpse of a broad chin of several stories. Another unpleasing feature was a full set of false teeth, which grinned in a ravenous fashion that was truly disquieting, as if they were capable of devouring the whole internal revenue. Finally, this continent of a physiognomy was diversified by a gigantic hairy



wart, which sprouted defiantly from the temple nearest the game eye, as though Lucifer had accidentally poked one of his horns through. Mr. Dicker, who was a sensitive, squeamish man (as drunkards sometimes are, through bad digestion and shaky nerves), could hardly endure the sight of this wart, and always wanted to ask Pullwool why he did n't cut it off.

"What's the meaning of it all?" persisted the Washington wire-puller, surveying the Fastburg wire-puller with bland superiority, much as the city mouse may have surveyed the country mouse.

"Two capitals," responded Dicker, withdrawing his nervous glance from the wart, and locking his hands over one knee to quiet their trembling.

Mr. Pullwool, having the Old Harry in him, and being consequently full of all malice and subtlety, perceived at once the full scope and force of the explanation.

"I see," he said, dropping gently back into his arm-chair, with the plethoric, soft movement of a subsiding pillow. The puckers of his cumbrous eyelids drew a little closer together; his bilious eyes peered out cautiously between them, like sallow assassins watching through curtained windows; for a minute or so he kept up what might without hyperbole be called a devil of a thinking.

"I've got it," he broke out at last. "Dicker, I want you to bring in a bill to make Fastburg the only capital."

"What is the use?" asked the legislator, looking more disconsolate, more hopeless than ever. "Slowburg will oppose it and beat it."

"Never you mind," persisted Mr. Pullwool. "You bring in your little bill and stand up for it like a man. There's money in it. You don't see it? Well, I do; I'm used to seeing money in things; and in this case I see it plain. As sure as whiskey is whiskey, there's money in it."

Mr. Pullwool's usually dull and, so to speak, extinct countenance was fairly alight and aflame with exultation. It

was almost a wonder that his tallowy person did not gutter beneath the blaze, like an over-fat candle under the flaring of a wick too large for it.

"Well, I'll bring in the bill," agreed Mr. Dicker, catching the enthusiasm of his counsellor and shaking off his lethargy. He perceived a dim promise of fees, and at the sight his load of despondency dropped away from him, as Christian's burden loosened in presence of the cross. He looked a little like the confident, resolute Tom Dicker, who twenty years before had graduated from college, the brightest, bravest, most eloquent fellow in his class, and the one who seemed to have before him the finest future.

"Snacks!" said Mr. Pullwool.

At this brazen word Mr. Dicker's countenance fell again; he was ashamed to talk so frankly about plundering his fellow-citizens; "a little grain of conscience turned him sour."

"I will take pay for whatever I can do as a lawyer," he stammered.

"Get out!" laughed the Satanic one. "You just take all there is a going! You need it bad enough. I know when a man's hard up. I know the signs. I've been as bad off as you; had to look all ways for five dollars; had to play second fiddle and say thanky. But what I offer you ain't a second fiddle. It's as good a chance as my own. Even divides. One half to you, and one half to me. You know the people and I know the ropes. It's a fair bargain. What do you say?"

Mr. Dicker thought of his decayed practice and his unpaid bills; and, flipping overboard his little grain of conscience, he said, "Snacks."

"All right," grinned Pullwool, his teeth gleaming alarmingly. "Word of a gentleman," he added, extending his pulpy hand, loaded with ostentatious rings, and grasping Dicker's recoiling fingers. "Harness up your little bill as quick as you can and drive it like Jehu. Fastburg to be the only capital. Slowburg no claims at all, historical, geographical, or economic. The old arrangement a humbug; as inconven-



ient as a fifth wheel of a coach; costs the State thousands of greenbacks every year. Figure it all up statistically and dab it over with your shiniest rhetoric and make a big thing of it every way. That's what you've got to do; that's your little biz. I'll tend to the rest."

"I don't quite see where the money is to come from," observed Mr. Dicker.

"Leave that to me," said the veteran of the lobbies; "my name is Pullwool and I know how to pull the wool over men's eyes, and then I know how to get at their britches-pockets. You bring in your bill and make your speech. Will you do it?"

"Yes," answered Dicker, bolting all scruples in another half-tumbler of brandy.

He kept his word. As promptly as parliamentary forms and mysteries would allow, there was a bill under the astonished noses of honorable lawgivers, removing the seat of legislation from Slowburg and centring it in Fastburg. This bill Mr. Thomas Dicker supported with that fluency and fiery enthusiasm of oratory which had for a time enabled him to show as the foremost man of his State. Great was the excitement, great the rejoicing and anger. The press of Fastburg sent forth shrieks of exultation, and the press of Slowburg responded with growlings of disgust. The two capitals and the two geographical sections which they represented were ready to fire Parrot guns at each other, without regard to life and property in the adjoining regions of the earth. If there was a citizen of the little Commonwealth who did not hear of this bill and did not talk of it, it was because that citizen was as deaf as a post and as dumb as an oyster. Ordinary political distinctions were forgotten, and the old party-whips could not manage their very wheel-horses, who went snorting and kicking over the traces in all directions. In short, both in the legislature and out of it, nothing was thought of but the question of the removal of the capital.

Among the loudest of the agitators was Mr. Pullwool; not that he cared one straw whether the capital went to Fastburg, or to Slowburg, or to Ballyhack; but for the money which he thought he saw in the agitation he did care mightily, and to get that money he labored with a zeal which was not of this world alone. At the table of his hotel and in the bar-room of the same institution and in the lobbies of the legislative hall and in editorial sanctums and barbers' shops and all other nooks of gossip, he trumpeted the claims of Fastburg as if that little city were the New Jerusalem and deserved to be the metropolis of the sidereal universe. All sorts of trickeries, too; he sent spurious telegrams and got fictitious items into the newspapers; he lied through every medium known to the highest civilization. Great surely was his success, for the row which he raised was tremendous. But a row alone was not enough; it was the mere breeze upon the surface of the waters; the treasure-ship below was still to be drawn up and gutted.

"It will cost money," he whispered confidentially to capitalists and land-owners. "We must have the sinews of war, or we can't carry it on. There's your city lots goin' to double in value, if this bill goes through. What per cent will you pay on the advance? That's the question. Put your hands in your pockets and pull 'em out full, and put back ten times as much. It's a sure investment; warranted to yield a hundred per cent; the safest and biggest thing a-going."

Capitalists and land-owners and merchants hearkened and believed and subscribed. The slyest old hunks in Fastburg put a faltering forefinger into his long pocket-book, touched a greenback which had been laid away there as neatly as a corpse in its coffin, and resurrected it for the use of Mr. Pullwool. By tens, by twenties, by fifties, and by hundreds the dollars of the ambitious citizens of the little metropolis were charmed into the porte-monnaie of this rattlesnake of a lobbyist.



"I never saw a greener set," chuckled Pullwool. "By jiminy, I believe they'd shell out for a bill to make their town a seaport, if it was a hundred miles from a drop of water."

But he was not content with individual subscriptions, and conscientiously scorned himself until he had got at the city treasury.

"The corporation must pony up," he insisted, with the mayor. "This bill is just shaking in the wind for lack of money. Fastburg must come down with the dust. You ought to see to it. What are you chief magistrate for? Ain't it to tend to the welfare of the city? Look here, now; you call the common council together; secret session, you understand. You call 'em together and let me talk to 'em. I want to make the loons comprehend that it's their duty to vote something handsome for this measure."

The mayor hummed and hawed one way, and then he hawed and hummed the other way, and the result was that he granted the request. There was a secret session in the council-room, with his honor at the top of the long, green table, with a row of more or less respectable functionaries on either side of it, and with Mr. Pullwool and the Devil at the bottom. Of course, it is not to be supposed that this last-named personage was visible to the others, or that they had more than a vague suspicion of his presence. Had he fully revealed himself, had he plainly exhibited his horns and hoofs, or even so much as uncorked his perfume-bottle of brimstone, it is more than probable that the city authorities would have been exceedingly scandalized, and they might have adjourned the session. As it was, seeing nothing more disagreeable than the obese form of the lobbyist, they listened calmly while he unfolded his project.

Mr. Pullwool spoke at length, and to Fastburg ears eloquently. Fastburg must be the sole capital; it had every claim, historical, geographical, and commercial, to that distinction; it

ought, could, would, and should be the sole capital; that was about the substance of his exordium.

"But, gentlemen, it will cost," he went on. "There is an unscrupulous and furious opposition to the measure. The other side—those fellows from Slowburg and vicinity—are putting their hands into their britches-pockets. You must put your hands into yours. The thing will be worth millions to Fastburg. But it will cost thousands. Are you ready to fork over? *Are you ready?*"

"What's the figure?" asked one of the councilmen. "What do you estimate?"

"Gentlemen, I shall astonish *some* of you," answered Mr. Pullwool, cunningly. It was well put; it was as much as to say, "I shall astonish the green ones; of course, the really strong heads among you won't be in the least bothered." "I estimate," he continued, "that the city treasury will have to put up a good round sum, say a hundred thousand dollars, be it more or less."

A murmur of surprise, of chagrin, and of something like indignation ran along the line of official mustaches. "Nonsense," "The dickens," "Can't be done," "We can't think of it," broke out several councilmen, in a distinctly unparliamentary manner.

"Gentlemen, one moment," pleaded Pullwool, passing his greasy smile around the company, as though it were some kind of refreshment. "Look at the whole job; it's a big job. We must have lawyers; we must have newspapers in all parts of the State; we must have writers to work up the historical claims of the city; we must have fellows to buttonhole honorable members; we must have fees for honorable members themselves. How can you do it for less?"

Then he showed a schedule; so much to this wire-puller and that and the other; so much apiece to so many able editors; so much for eminent legal counsel; finally, a trifle for himself. And one hundred thousand dollars or



thereabouts was what the schedule footed up, turn it whichever way you would.

Of course, this common council of Fastburg did not dare to vote such a sum for such a purpose. Mr. Pullwool had not expected that it would; all that he had hoped for was the half of it; but that half he got.

"Did they do it?" breathlessly inquired Tom Dicker of him, when he returned to the hotel.

"They done it," calmly, yet triumphantly, responded Mr. Pullwool.

"Thunder!" exclaimed the amazed Dicker. "You are the most extraordinary man! You must have the very Devil in you!"

Instead of being startled by this alarming supposition, Mr. Pullwool looked gratified. People thus possessed generally do look gratified when the possession is alluded to.

But the inspired lobbyist did not pass his time in wearing an aspect of satisfaction. When there was money to get and to spend he could run his fat off almost as fast as if he were pouring it into candle-moulds. The ring — the famous capital ring of Fastburg — must be seen to, its fingers greased, and its energy quickened. Before he rolled his apple-dumpling of a figure into bed that night, he had interviewed Smith and Brown the editors, Jones and Robinson the lawyers, Smooth and Slow the literary characters, various lobbyists and various lawgivers.

"Work, gentlemen, and capitalize Fastburg and get your dividends," was his inspiring message to one and all. He promised Smith and Brown ten dollars for every editorial, and five dollars for every humbugging telegram, and two dollars for every telling item. Jones and Robinson were to have five hundred dollars apiece for concurrent legal statements of the claim of the city; Smooth and Slow, as being merely authors and so not accustomed to obtain much for their labor, got a hundred dollars between them for working up the case historically. To the lobbyists and members Pullwool

was munificent; it seemed as if those gentlemen could not be paid enough for their "influence"; as if they alone had that kind of time which is money. Only, while dealing liberally with them, the inspired one did not forget himself. A thousand for Mr. Sly; yes, Mr. Sly was to receipt for a thousand; but he must let half of it stick to the Pullwool fingers. The same arrangement was made with Mr. Green and Mr. Sharp and Mr. Bummer and Mr. Pickpurse and Mr. Buncombe. It was a game of snacks, half to you and half to me; and sometimes it was more than snacks, — a thousand for you two and a thousand for me too.

With such a greasing of the wheels, you may imagine that the machinery of the ring worked to a charm. In the city and in the legislature and throughout the State there was the liveliest buzzing and humming and clicking of political wheels and cranks and cogs that had ever been known in those hitherto pastoral localities. The case of Fastburg against Slowburg was put in a hundred ways and proved as sure as it was put. It really seemed to the eager burghers as if they already heard the clink of hammers on a new State-House and beheld a perpetual legislature sitting on their fences and curbstones until the edifice should be finished. The great wire-puller and his gang of stipendiaries were the objects of popular gratitude and adoration. The landlord of the hotel which Mr. Pullwool patronized actually would not take pay for that gentleman's board.

"No, sir!" declared this simple Boniface, turning crimson with enthusiasm. "You are going to put thousands of dollars into my purse, and I'll take nothing out of yours. And any little thing in the way of cigars and whiskey that you want, sir, why, call for it. It's my treat, sir."

"Thank you, sir," kindly smiled the great man. "That's what I call the square thing. Mr. Boniface, you are a gentleman and a scholar; and I'll mention your admirable house to my



friends. By the way, I shall have to leave you for a few days."

"Going to leave us!" exclaimed Mr. Boniface, aghast. "I hope not till this job is put through."

"I must run about a bit," muttered Pullwool, confidentially. "A little turn through the State, you understand, to stir up the country districts. Some of the members ain't as hot as they should be, and I want to set their constituents after them. Nothing like getting on a few deputations."

"O, exactly!" chuckled Mr. Boniface, ramming his hands into his pockets and cheerfully jingling a bunch of keys and a penknife, for lack of silver. It was strange indeed that he should actually see the Devil in Mr. Pullwool's eye and should not have a suspicion that he was in danger of being humbugged by him. "And your rooms?" he suggested. "How about them?"

"I keep them," replied the lobbyist, grandly, as if blaspheming the expense—to Boniface. "Our friends must have a little hole to meet in. And while you are about it, Mr. Boniface, see that they get something to drink and smoke; and we'll settle it between us."

"Pre—cisely!" laughed the landlord, as much as to say, "My treat!"

And so Mr. Pullwool, that Pericles and Lorenzo de' Medici rolled in one, departed for a season from the city which he ruled and blessed. Did he run about the State and preach and crusade in behalf of Fastburg, and stir up the bucolic populations to stir up their representatives in its favor? Not a bit of it; the place that he went to and the only place that he went to was Slowburg; yes, covering up his tracks in his usual careful style, he made direct for the rival of Fastburg. What did he propose to do there? O, how can we reveal the whole duplicity and turpitude of Ananias Pullwool? The subject is too vast for a merely human pen; it requires the literary ability of a recording angel. Well, we must get our feeble lever

under this boulder of wickedness as we can, and do our faint best to expose all the reptiles and slimy things beneath it.

The first person whom this apostle of lobbyism called upon in Slowburg was the mayor of that tottering capital.

"My name is Pullwool," he said to the official, and he said it with an almost enviable ease of impudence, for he was used to introducing himself to people who despised and detested him. "I want to see you confidentially about this capital ring which is making so much trouble."

"I thought you were in it," replied the mayor, turning very red in the face, for he had heard of Mr. Pullwool as the leader of said ring; and being an iracund man, he was ready to knock his head off.

"In it!" exclaimed the possessed one. "I wish I was. It's a fat thing. More than fifty thousand dollars paid out already!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the mayor, in despair.

"By the way, this is between ourselves," added Pullwool. "You take it so, I hope. Word of honor, eh?"

"Why, if you have anything to communicate that will help us, why, of course I promise secrecy," stammered the mayor. "Yes, certainly; word of honor."

"Well, I've been looking about among those fellows a little," continued Ananias. "I've kept my eyes and ears open. It's a way I have. And I've learned a thing or two that it will be to your advantage to know. Yes, sir! fifty thousand dollars!—the city has voted it and paid it, and the ring has got it. That's why they are all working so. And depend upon it, they'll carry the legislature and turn Slowburg out to grass, unless you wake up and do something."

"By heavens!" exclaimed the iracund mayor, turning red again. "It's a piece of confounded rascality. It ought to be exposed."

"No, don't expose it," put in Mr. Pullwool, somewhat alarmed. "That



game never works. Of course they'd deny it and swear you down, for bribing witnesses is as easy as bribing members. I'll tell you what to do. Beat them at their own weapons. Raise a purse that will swamp theirs. That's the way the world goes. It's an auction. The highest bidder gets the article."

Well, the result of it all was that the city magnates of Slowburg did just what had been done by the city magnates of Fastburg, only, instead of voting fifty thousand dollars into the pockets of the ring, they voted sixty thousand. With a portion of this money about him, and with authority to draw for the rest on proper vouchers, Mr. Pullwool, his tongue in his cheek, bade farewell to his new allies. As a further proof of the ready wit and solid impudence of this sublime politician and model of American statesmen, let me here introduce a brief anecdote. Leaving Slowburg by the cars, he encountered a gentleman from Fastburg, who saluted him with tokens of amazement, and said, "What are you doing here, Mr. Pullwool?"

"O, just breaking up these fellows a little," whispered the man with the Devil in him. "They were making too strong a fight. I had to *see* some of them," putting one hand behind his back and rubbing his fingers together, to signify that there had been a taking of bribes. "But be shady about it. For the sake of the good cause, keep quiet. Mum's the word."

The reader can imagine how briskly the fight between the two capitals reopened when Mr. Pullwool re-entered the lobby. Slowburg now had its adherents, and they struggled like men who saw money in their warfare, and they struggled not in vain. To cut a very long story very short, to sum the whole of an exciting drama in one sentence, the legislature kicked overboard the bill to make Fastburg the sole seat of government. Nothing had come of the whole row, except that the pair of simple little cities had spent over one hundred thousand dollars, and that the capital

ring, fighting on both sides and drawing pay from both sides, had lined its pockets, while the great creator of the ring had crammed his to bursting.

"What does this mean, Mr. Pullwool?" demanded the partially honest and entirely puzzled Tom Dicker, when he had discovered by an unofficial count of noses how things were going. "Fastburg has spent all its money for nothing. It won't be sole capital after all."

"I never expected it would be," replied Pullwool, so tickled by the Devil that was in him that he could not help laughing. "I never wanted it to be. Why, it would spoil the little game. This is a trick that can be played every year."

"Oh!!" exclaimed Mr. Dicker, and was dumb with astonishment for a minute.

"Did n't you see through it before?" grinned the grand master of all guile and subtlety.

"I did not," confessed Mr. Dicker, with a mixture of shame and abhorrence. "Well," he presently added, recovering himself, "shall we settle?"

"O, certainly, if you are ready," smiled Pullwool, with the air of a man who has something coming to him.

"And what, exactly, will be my share?" asked Dicker, humbly.

"What do you mean?" stared Pullwool, apparently in the extremity of amazement.

"You said *snacks*, did n't you?" urged Dicker, trembling violently.

"Well, *snacks* it is," replied Pullwool. "Have n't you had a thousand?"

"Yes," admitted Dicker.

"Then you owe me five hundred?"

Mr. Dicker did not faint, though he came very near it, but he staggered out of the room as white as a sheet, for he was utterly crushed by this diabolical impudence.

That very day Mr. Pullwool left for Washington, and the Devil left for *his* place, each of them sure to find the other when he wanted him, if indeed their roads lay apart.

J. W. DeForest.



## BEFORE THE WEDDING.

MILK-WHITE and honey-sweet its flowers  
The locust-tree is shedding ;  
O, if this weather would but stay,  
I could not ask a lovelier day,  
To-morrow, for my wedding !  
Yes, 't is, in truth, *my* bridal path  
The wind with flowers is strewing.  
The thing a woman says she won't,  
She's always sure of doing ;  
And, from a child, I have declared,  
I'd choose a maid to tarry,  
And single-handed fight my way,  
Before I'd ever marry  
(Though he, by all his deeds and words,  
Were worth and wisdom proving)  
A Methodist itinerant,  
And keep forever moving,  
Moving, moving, moving, —  
Just two years in a place, —  
Stopping here and off again,  
With scarce a breathing space.

But when camp-meeting came around,  
A year ago this summer,  
The Sudbury people had a tent,  
And I, with Sister Hartley, went,  
And first heard Brother Plummer.  
"A young man looking for a wife,"  
Was some one's sly reminder.  
"And he may look for all of me,"  
I said, "and never find her."

But when I came to hear him preach,  
He told the Gospel story  
So thrillingly, through all the grove  
Went up one shout of "Glory" !  
Rough men were bowed, hard sinners wept,  
I owned his power to hold me, —  
His glowing fervor, like a spell,  
Against my will controlled me.  
"For, who is he ?" I said, my own  
Admiring thoughts reproving ;  
"A Methodist itinerant,  
Who keeps forever moving,  
Moving, moving, moving, —  
Just two years in a place.  
That's too hard a way," thought I,  
"To run the Christian race !"



I said the preacher pleased me not, —  
I did not wish to meet him ;  
And, when we met, I tried to see  
How coldly formal I could be  
And courteously treat him ;  
But when a woman tries to hate,  
Be sure it's love's beginning ;  
The more I frowned, the more I felt  
That he my heart was winning ;  
Dull (may the Lord forgive !) I found  
The class, unless he led it,  
And sweeter seemed the blessed word  
Of Scripture, if he read it ;  
And, from the closing love-feast, when,  
As we walked home together,  
He led me down a quiet path,  
And calmly asked me whether  
"My future should be one with his ?" —  
And I must take or lose him,  
I felt my hold on earthly joy  
Was lost, should I refuse him.  
"But, if I love, there 's but one way,"  
I said, "my love of proving ;  
And I am willing, for your sake,  
To keep forever moving,  
Moving, moving, moving, —  
Just two years in a place, —  
Happy, whereso'er I go,  
If I but see your face !"

So now, my bridal blossoms fall,  
These locust-flowers sweet-scented !  
My future pathway is the one  
I've always thought that I would shun,  
Yet I am well contented !  
We choose not for ourselves ; we go  
The way the Conference sends us ;  
But, rough or smooth, we know, through all,  
A Father's care attends us.  
His perfect strength our weakness shields,  
His patient love broods o'er us, —  
What matters it what changes fill  
The years that lie before us ?  
We only pray we may be kept  
From faithless servants proving,  
And onward, as our footsteps press,  
May they be heavenward moving !

*Marian Douglas.*



## JESUITS' MISSION OF ONONDAGA IN 1654.

IN the summer of 1653, all Canada turned to fasting and penance, processions, vows, and supplications. The Saints and the Virgin were beset with unceasing prayer. The wretched little colony was like some puny garrison, starving and sick, compassed with inveterate foes, supplies cut off, and succor hopeless.

At Montreal, the advance guard of the settlements, a sort of Castle Dangerous, held by about fifty Frenchmen, and said by a pious writer of the day to exist only by a continuous miracle, some two hundred Iroquois fell upon twenty-six Frenchmen. The Christians were outmatched, eight to one; but, says the chronicle, the Queen of Heaven was on their side, and the Son of Mary refuses nothing to his holy mother.\* Through her intercession, the Iroquois shot so wildly that at their first fire every bullet missed its mark, and they met with a bloody defeat. The palisaded settlement of Three Rivers, though in a position less exposed than that of Montreal, was in no less jeopardy. A noted war-chief of the Mohawk Iroquois had been captured here the year before, and put to death; and his tribe swarmed out, like a nest of angry hornets, to revenge him. Not content with defeating and killing the commandant, Du Plessis Bochart, they encamped during winter in the neighboring forest, watching for an opportunity to surprise the place. Hunger drove them off, but they returned in spring, infesting every field and pathway; till, at length, some six hundred of their warriors landed in secret and lay hidden in the depths of the woods, silently biding their time. Having failed, however, in an artifice designed to lure the French out of their defences, they showed themselves on all sides, plundering, burning, and destroying, up to the palisades of the fort.†

Of the three settlements which, with their feeble dependencies, then comprised the whole of Canada, Quebec was least exposed to Indian attacks, being partially covered by Montreal and Three Rivers. Nevertheless, there was no safety this year, even under the cannon of Fort St Louis. At Cap Rouge, a few miles above, the Jesuit Poncet saw a poor woman who had a patch of corn beside her cabin, but could find no one to harvest it. The father went to seek aid, met one Maturin Franchetot whom he persuaded to undertake the charitable task, and was returning with him when they both fell into an ambuscade of Iroquois, who seized them and dragged them off. Thirty-two men embarked in canoes at Quebec to follow the retreating savages and rescue the prisoners. Pushing rapidly up the St. Lawrence, they approached Three Rivers, found it beset by the Mohawks, and bravely threw themselves into it to the great joy of its defenders and discouragement of the assailants.

Meanwhile, the intercession of the Virgin wrought new marvels at Montreal, and a bright ray of hope beamed forth from the darkness and the storm to cheer the hearts of her votaries. It was on the 26th of June that sixty of the Onondaga Iroquois appeared in sight of the fort, shouting from a distance that they came on an errand of peace, and asking safe-conduct for some of their number. Guns, scalping-knives, tomahawks, were all laid aside, and with a confidence truly astonishing a deputation of chiefs, naked and defenceless, came into the midst of those whom they themselves had betrayed so often. The French had a mind to seize them, paying them in kind for past treachery; but they refrained, seeing in this wondrous

brought their families, in order to make a permanent settlement. — Marie de l'Incarnation, *Lettre du 6 Sept.*, 1653.

\* Le Mercier, *Relation* 1653, 3.

† So bent were they on taking the place that they



change of heart the manifest hand of Heaven. Nevertheless, it can be explained without a miracle. The Iroquois, or, at least, the Western nations of this league, had just become involved in a formidable war with their neighbors the Eries,\* and "one war at a time," was the sage maxim of their policy.

All was smiles and blandishment in the fort at Montreal; presents were exchanged, and the deputies departed, bearing home golden reports of the French. An Oneida deputation soon followed; but the enraged Mohawks still infested Montreal and beleaguered Three Rivers, till one of their principal chiefs and four of their best warriors were captured by a party of Christian Hurons. Then, seeing themselves abandoned by the other nations of the league and left to wage the war alone, they, too, made overtures of peace.

A grand council was held at Quebec. Speeches were made, and wampumbelts exchanged. The Iroquois left some of their chief men as pledges of their sincerity, and two young soldiers offered themselves as reciprocal pledges on the part of the French. The war was over; at least Canada had found a moment to take breath for the next struggle. The fur-trade was restored again, with promise of plenty; for the beaver, profiting by the quarrels of their human foes, had of late greatly multiplied. It was a change from death to life; for Canada lived on the beaver, and, robbed of this her only sustenance, had been dying slowly since the strife began.†

"Yesterday," writes Father Le Mercier, "all was dejection and gloom; to-day, all is smiles and gayety. On

Wednesday, massacre, burning, and pillage; on Thursday, gifts and visits, as among friends. If the Iroquois have their hidden designs, so, too, has God.

"On the day of the Visitation of the Holy Virgin, the chief, Aontarisati,\* so regretted by the Iroquois, was taken prisoner by our Indians, instructed by our fathers, and baptized; and, on the same day, being put to death, he ascended to heaven. I doubt not that he thanked the Virgin for his misfortune and the blessing that followed, and that he prayed to God for his countrymen.

"The people of Montreal made a solemn vow to celebrate publicly the *fête* of this mother of all blessings; whereupon the Iroquois came to ask for peace.

"It was on the day of the Assumption of this queen of angels and of men that the Hurons took at Montreal that other famous Iroquois chief, whose capture caused the Mohawks to seek our alliance.

"On the day when the Church honors the Nativity of the Holy Virgin, the Iroquois granted Father Poncet his life; and he, or rather the Holy Virgin and the holy angels, labored so well in the work of peace, that on St. Michael's day it was resolved in a council of the elders that the father should be conducted to Quebec and a lasting treaty made with the French."‡

Happy as was this consummation, Father Poncet's path to it had been a thorny one. He has left us his own rueful story, written in obedience to the command of his superior. He and his companion in misery had been hurried through the forests, from Cap Rouge on the St. Lawrence to the Indian towns on the Mohawk. He tells us how he slept among dank weeds, dropping with the cold dew; how frightful colics assailed him as he waded waist-deep through a mountain stream; how one of his feet was blistered and one of his legs benumbed; how an Indian

\* See Jesuits in North America, 438. The Iroquois, it will be remembered, consisted of five "nations," or tribes, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. For an account of them, see the work just cited, Introduction.

† According to Le Mercier, beaver to the value of from 200,000 to 300,000 livres was yearly brought down to the colony before the destruction of the Hurons (1649, '50). Three years later, not one beaver-skin was brought to Montreal during a twelvemonth, and Three Rivers and Quebec had barely enough to pay for keeping the fortifications in repair.

\* The chief whose death had so enraged the Mohawks.

‡ *Relation* 1653, 18.



snatched away his reliquary and lost the precious contents. "I had," he says, "a picture of St. Ignatius with our Lord, bearing the cross, and another of Our Lady of Pity surrounded by the five wounds of her Son. They were my joy and my consolation; but I hid them in a bush, lest the Indians should laugh at them." He kept, however, a little image of the crown of thorns, in which he found great comfort, as well as in commune with his patron saints, St. Raphael, St. Martha, and St. Joseph. On one occasion he asked these for something to soothe his thirst, and for a bowl of broth to revive his strength. Scarcely had he framed the petition when an Indian gave him some wild plums; and, in the evening, as he lay fainting on the ground, another brought him the coveted broth. Weary and forlorn, he reached at last the lower Mohawk town, where, after being stripped, and forced, with his companion, to run the gauntlet, he was placed on a scaffold of bark, surrounded by a crowd of grinning and mocking savages. As it began to rain, they took him into one of their lodges and amused themselves by making him dance, sing, and perform various fantastic tricks for their amusement. He seems to have done his best to please them; "but," adds the chronicler, "I will say in passing, that as he did not succeed to their liking in these buffooneries (*singeries*), they would have put him to death, if a young Huron prisoner had not offered himself to sing, dance, and make wry faces in place of the father, who had never learned the trade."

Having sufficiently amused themselves, they left him for a time in peace; when an old one-eyed Indian approached, took his hands, examined them, selected the left forefinger, and calling a child four or five years old, gave him a knife, and told him to cut it off, which the imp proceeded to do, his victim meanwhile singing the *Vexilla Regis*. After this preliminary, they would have burned him, like Franchetot, his unfortunate companion, had not a squaw happily adopted him in place

of a deceased brother. He was installed at once in the lodge of his new relatives, where, bereft of every rag of Christian clothing, and attired in leggings, moccasins, and a greasy shirt, the astonished father saw himself transformed into an Iroquois. But his deliverance was at hand. A special agreement to that effect had formed a part of the treaty concluded at Quebec; and he now learned that he was to be restored to his countrymen. After a march of almost intolerable hardship, he saw himself once more among Christians; Heaven, as he modestly thinks, having found him unworthy of martyrdom.

"At last," he writes, "we reached Montreal on the 21st of October, the nine weeks of my captivity being accomplished, in honor of St. Michael and all the holy angels. . . . On the 6th of November the Iroquois who conducted me made their presents to confirm the peace; and thus, on a Sunday evening, eighty-and-one days after my capture, that is to say, nine times nine days, this great business of the peace was happily concluded, the holy angels showing by this number nine, which is specially dedicated to them, the part they bore in this holy work." \* This incessant supernaturalism is the key to the early history of New France.

Peace was made; but would peace endure? There was little chance of it, and this for several reasons. First, the native fickleness of the Iroquois, who, astute and politic to a surprising degree, were in certain respects like all savages, mere grown-up children. Next, their total want of control over their fierce and capricious young warriors, any one of whom could break the peace with impunity whenever he saw fit; and, above all, the strong probability that the Iroquois had made peace in order, under cover of it, to butcher or kidnap the unhappy remnant of the Hurons who were living, under French protection on the island of Orleans, immediately below Quebec. I have already told the story of the de-

\* Poncet in *Relation*, 1653, 17.



struction of this people and of the Jesuit missions established among them.\* The conquerors were eager to complete their bloody triumph by seizing upon the refugees of Orleans, killing the elders, and strengthening their own tribes by the adoption of the women, children, and youths. The Mohawks and the Onondagas were competitors for the prize. Each coveted the Huron colony, and each was jealous lest his rival should pounce upon it first.

When the Mohawks brought home Poncet, they covertly gave wampum belts to the Huron chiefs, and invited them to remove to their villages. It was the wolf's invitation to the lamb. The Hurons, aghast with terror, went secretly to the Jesuits, and told them that demons had whispered in their ears an invitation to destruction. So helpless were both the Hurons and their French supporters, that they saw no recourse but dissimulation. The Hurons promised to go, and only sought excuses to gain time.

The Onondagas had a deeper plan. Their towns were already full of Huron captives, former converts of the Jesuits, whose memory they cherished and whose praises they were constantly repeating. Hence their tyrants conceived the idea that by planting at Onondaga a colony of Frenchmen under the direction of these beloved fathers, the Hurons of Orleans, disarmed of suspicion, might readily be led to join them. Other motives, as we shall see, conspired to the same end, and the Onondaga deputies begged, or rather demanded, that a colony of Frenchmen should be sent among them.

Here was a dilemma. Was not this, like the Mohawk invitation to the Hurons, an invitation to butchery? On the other hand, to refuse would probably kindle the war afresh. The Jesuits had long nursed a project bold to temerity. Their great Huron mission was ruined; but might not another be built up among the authors of this ruin, and the Iroquois themselves, tamed by the power of the Faith, be annexed to the

kingdoms of heaven and of France? Thus would peace be restored to Canada, a barrier of fire opposed to the Dutch and English heretics, and the power of the Jesuits vastly increased. Yet the time was hardly ripe for such an attempt. Before thrusting a head into the tiger's jaws, it would be well to try the effect of thrusting in a hand. They resolved to compromise with the danger, and before risking a colony at Onondaga to send thither an envoy who could soothe the Indians, confirm them in pacific designs, and pave the way for more decisive steps. The choice fell on Father Simon Le Moine.

The errand was mainly a political one, and this sagacious and able priest, versed in Indian languages and customs, was well suited to fulfil it. "On the second day of the month of July, the festival of the Visitation of the Most Holy Virgin, ever favorable to our enterprises, Father Simon Le Moine set out from Quebec for the country of the Onondaga Iroquois." In these words does Father Le Mercier chronicle the departure of his brother Jesuit. Scarcely was he gone when a band of Mohawks, under a redoubtable half-breed known as the Flemish Bastard, arrived at Quebec; and when they heard that the envoy was to go to the Onondagas without visiting their tribe, they took the imagined slight in high dudgeon, displaying such jealousy and ire that a letter was sent after Le Moine directing him to proceed to the Mohawk towns before his return. But he was already beyond reach, and the angry Mohawks were left to digest their wrath.

At Montreal, Le Moine took a canoe, a young Frenchman, and two or three Indians, and began the tumultuous journey of the Upper St. Lawrence. Nature, or habit, had taught him to love the wilderness life. He and his companions had struggled all day against the surges of La Chine and were bivouacked at evening by the Lake of St. Louis when a cloud of mosquitoes fell upon them, followed by a shower of warm rain. The father,

\* Jesuits in North America.



stretched under a tree, seems clearly to have enjoyed himself. "It is a pleasure," he writes, "the sweetest and most innocent imaginable, to have no other shelter than trees planted by Nature since the creation of the world." Sometimes, during their journey, this primitive tent proved insufficient, and they would build a bark hut or find a partial shelter under their inverted canoe. Now they glided smoothly over the sunny bosom of the calm and smiling river, and now strained every nerve to fight their slow way against the rapids, dragging their canoe upward in the shallow water by the shore, as one leads an unwilling horse by the bridle, or shouldering it and bearing it through the forest to the smoother current above. Game abounded; and they saw great herds of elk quietly defiling between the water and the woods, with little heed of men, who in that perilous region found employment enough in hunting each other.

At the entrance of Lake Ontario, they met a party of Iroquois fishermen, who proved friendly and guided them on their way. Ascending the Onondaga, they neared their destination; and now all misgivings as to their reception at the Iroquois capital were dispelled. The inhabitants came to meet them, bringing roasting ears of the young maize and bread made of its pulp, than which they knew no luxury more exquisite. Their faces beamed welcome. Le Moine was astonished. "I never," he says, "saw the like among Indians before." They were flattered by his visit, and, for the moment, glad to see him. They hoped for great advantages from the residence of Frenchmen among them; and, having the Erie war on their hands, they wished for peace with Canada. "One would call me brother," writes Le Moine; "another, uncle; another, cousin. I never had so many relations."

He was overjoyed to find that many of the Huron converts, who had long been captives at Onondaga, had not forgotten the teachings of their Jesuit instructors. Such influence as they

had with their conquerors was sure to be exerted in behalf of the French. Deputies of the Senecas, Cayugas, and Oneidas at length arrived, and, on the 10th of August, the criers passed through the town, summoning all to hear the words of Onontio. The naked dignitaries, sitting, squatting, or lying at full length, thronged the smoky hall of council. The father kneeled and prayed in a loud voice, invoking the aid of Heaven, cursing the demons who are spirits of discord, and calling on the tutelar angels of the country to open the ears of his listeners. Then he opened his pocket of presents and began his speech. "I was full two hours," he says, "in making it, speaking in the tone of a chief, and walking to and fro, after their fashion, like an actor on a theatre." Not only did he imitate the prolonged accents of the Iroquois orators, but he adopted and improved their figures of speech and addressed them in turn by their respective tribes, bands, and families, calling their men of note by name as if he had been born among them. They were delighted; and their ejaculations of approval — *hoh-hoh-hoh* — came thick and fast at every pause of his harangue. Especially were they pleased with the eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh presents, whereby the reverend speaker gave to the four upper nations of the league four hatchets to strike their new enemies, the Eries; while by another present he metaphorically daubed their faces with the war-paint. However it may have suited the character of a Christian priest to hound on these savage hordes to a war of extermination which they had themselves provoked, it is certain that, as a politician, Le Moine did wisely; since in the war with the Eries lay the best hope of peace for the French.

The reply of the Indian orator was friendly to overflowing. He prayed his French brethren to choose a spot on the lake of Onondaga, where they might dwell in the country of the Iroquois as they dwelt already in their hearts. Le Moine promised, and made two presents to confirm the pledge.



Then, his mission fulfilled, he set out on his return, attended by a troop of Indians. As he approached the lake, his escort showed him a large spring of water, possessed as they told him by a bad spirit. Le Moine tasted it; then boiled a little of it, and produced a quantity of excellent salt. He had discovered the famous salt-springs of Onondaga. Fishing and hunting, the party pursued their way till, at noon of the 7th of September, Le Moine reached Montreal.\*

When he reached Quebec his tidings cheered for a while the anxious hearts of its tenants; but an unwonted incident soon told them how hollow was the ground beneath their feet. Le Moine, accompanied by two Onondagas and several Hurons and Algonquins, was returning to Montreal, when he and his companions were set upon by a war-party of Mohawks. The Hurons and Algonquins were killed. One of the Onondagas shared their fate, and the other, with Le Moine himself, was seized and bound fast. The captive Onondaga, however, was so loud in his threats and denunciations, that the Mohawks released both him and the Jesuit.† Here was a foreshadowing of civil war, Mohawk against Onondaga, Iroquois against Iroquois. The quarrel was patched up, but fresh provocations were imminent.

The Mohawks took no part in the Erie war, and hence their hands were free to fight the French and the tribes allied with them. Reckless of their promises, they began a series of butcheries, fell upon the French at Isle aux Oies, killed a lay brother of the Jesuits at Sillery, and attacked Montreal. Here, being roughly handled, they came for a time to their senses, and offered terms, promising to spare the French, but declaring that they would still wage war against the Hurons and Algonquins. These were allies whom the French were pledged

to protect; but so helpless was the colony, that the insolent and humiliating proffer was accepted, and another peace ensued, as hollow as the last. The indefatigable Le Moine was sent to the Mohawk towns to confirm it, "so far," says the chronicle, "as it is possible to confirm a peace made by infidels backed by heretics." The Mohawks received him with great rejoicing; yet his life was not safe for a moment. A warrior, feigning madness, raved through the town with uplifted hatchet, howling for his blood; but the saints watched over him and balked the machinations of hell. He came off alive and returned to Montreal, spent with famine and fatigue.

Meanwhile a deputation of eighteen Onondaga chiefs arrived at Quebec. There was a grand council. The Onondagas demanded a colony of Frenchmen to dwell among them. Lauson, the governor, dared neither to consent nor to refuse. A middle course was chosen, and two Jesuits, Chaumonot and Dablon, were sent, like Le Moine, partly to gain time, partly to reconnoitre, and partly to confirm the Onondagas in such good intentions as they might entertain. Chaumonot was a veteran of the Huron mission, who, miraculously as he himself supposed, had acquired a great fluency in the Huron tongue, which is closely allied to that of the Iroquois. Dablon, a new-comer, spoke, as yet, no Indian.

Their voyage up the St. Lawrence was enlivened by an extraordinary bear-hunt, and by the antics of one of their Indian attendants, who having dreamed that he had swallowed a frog, roused the whole camp by the gymnastics with which he tried to rid himself of the intruder. On approaching Onondaga, they were met by a chief who sang a song of welcome, a part of which he seasoned with touches of humor, apostrophizing the fish in the river Onondaga, naming each sort, great or small, and calling on them in turn to come into the nets of the Frenchmen and sacrifice life cheerfully for their behoof. Hereupon there was much

\* *Journal du Père Le Moine, Relation, 1654, c. vi., vii.*

† Compare *Relation, 1654, 33, and Lettre de Marie de l'Incarnation, 18 Octobre, 1654.*



laughter among the Indian auditors. An unwonted cleanliness reigned in the town; the streets had been cleared of refuse, and the arched roofs of the long houses of bark were covered with red-skinned children staring at the entry of the "black robes." Crowds followed behind, and all was jubilation. The dignitaries of the tribe met them on the way and greeted them with a speech of welcome. A feast of bear's meat awaited them; but unhappily it was Friday, and the fathers were forced to abstain.

"On Monday, the 15th of November, at nine in the morning, after having secretly sent to Paradise a dying infant by the waters of baptism, all the elders and the people having assembled, we opened the council by public prayer." Thus writes Father Dablon. His colleague, Chaumonot, a Frenchman bred in Italy, now rose, with a long belt of wampum in his hand, and proceeded to make so effective a display of his rhetorical gifts that the Indians were lost in admiration, and their orators put to the blush by his improvements on their own metaphors. "If he had spoken all day," said the delighted auditors, "we should not have had enough of it." "The Dutch," added others, "have neither brains nor tongues; they never tell us about Paradise and Hell; on the contrary, they lead us into bad ways."

On the next day the chiefs returned their answer. The council opened with a song or chant, which was divided into six parts, and which, according to Dablon, was exceedingly well sung. The burden of the fifth part was as follows:—

"Farewell war; farewell tomahawk; we have been fools till now; henceforth we will be brothers; yes, we will be brothers."

Then came four presents, the third of which enraptured the fathers. It was a belt of seven thousand beads of wampum. "But this," says Dablon, "was as nothing to the words that accompanied it." "It is the gift of the faith," said the orator; "it is to tell

you that we are believers; it is to beg you not to tire of instructing us; have patience, seeing that we are so dull in learning prayer; push it into our heads and our hearts." Then he led Chaumonot into the midst of the assembly, clasped him in his arms, tied the belt about his waist, and protested with a suspicious redundancy of words, that as he clasped the father, so would he clasp the faith.

What had wrought this sudden change of heart? The eagerness of the Onondagas that the French should settle among them had, no doubt, a large share in it. For the rest, the two Jesuits saw abundant signs of the fierce, uncertain nature of those with whom they were dealing. Erie prisoners were brought in and tortured before their eyes, one of them being a young stoic of about ten years, who endured his fate without a single outcry. Huron women and children, taken in war and adopted by their captors, were killed on the slightest provocation and sometimes from mere caprice. For several days the whole town was in an uproar with the crazy follies of the "dream feast,"\* and one of the fathers nearly lost his life in this Indian bedlam.

One point was clear; the French must make a settlement at Onondaga, and that speedily, or, despite their professions of brotherhood, the Onondagas would make war. Their attitude became menacing; from urgency they passed to threats; and the two priests felt that the critical posture of affairs must at once be reported at Quebec. But here a difficulty arose. It was the beaver-hunting season; and eager as were the Indians for a French colony, not one of them would offer to conduct the Jesuits to Quebec in order to fetch one. It was not until nine masses had been said to St. John the Baptist, that a number of Indians consented to forego their hunting, and escort Father Dablon home.† Chaumonot remained

\* See Jesuits in North America, 67.

† De Quen, *Relation*, 1656, 35. Chaumonot, in his Autobiography, ascribes the miracle to the intercession of the deceased Brébeuf.



at Onondaga, to watch his dangerous hosts and soothe their rising jealousies.

It was the 2d of March when Dablon began his journey. His constitution must have been of iron, or he would have succumbed to the appalling hardships of the way. It was neither winter nor spring. The lakes and streams were not yet open, but the half-thawed ice gave way beneath the foot. One of the Indians fell through and was drowned. Swamp and forest were clogged with sodden snow, and ceaseless rains drenched them as they toiled on knee-deep in slush. Happily, the St. Lawrence was open. They found an old wooden canoe by the shore, embarked, and reached Montreal after a journey of four weeks.

Dablon descended to Quebec. There was long and anxious counsel in the chambers of Fort St. Louis. The Jesuits had information that if the demands of the Onondagas were rejected, they would join the Mohawks to destroy Canada. But why were they so eager for a colony of Frenchmen? Did they want them as hostages, that they might attack the Hurons and Algonquins without risk of French interference; or would they massacre them, and then, like tigers mad with the taste of blood, turn upon the helpless settlements of the St. Lawrence? An abyss yawned on either hand. Lauson, the governor, was in an agony of indecision, but at length declared for the lesser and remoter peril and gave his voice for the colony. The Jesuits were of the same mind, though it was they, and not he, who must bear the brunt of danger. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," said one of them, "and, if we die by the fires of the Iroquois, we shall have won eternal life by snatching souls from the fires of Hell."

Preparation was begun at once. The expense fell on the Jesuits, and the outfit is said to have cost them seven thousand livres, — a heavy sum for Canada at that day. A pious gentleman, Zachary Du Puits, Major of the fort of Quebec, joined the expedition with ten

soldiers; and between thirty and forty other Frenchmen also enrolled themselves, impelled by devotion or destitution. Four Jesuits, Le Mercier, the Superior, with Dablon, Ménard, and Frémin, beside two lay brothers of the order, formed, as it were, the pivot of the enterprise. The governor made them a grant, a hundred square leagues of land in the heart of the Iroquois country, — a preposterous act, which, had the Iroquois known it, would have rekindled the war; but Lauson had a mania for land-grants, and was himself the proprietor of vast domains which he could have occupied only at the cost of his scalp.

Embarked in two large boats and followed by twelve canoes filled with Hurons, Onondagas, and a few Senecas lately arrived, they set out on the 17th of May "to attack the demons," as Le Mercier writes, "in their very stronghold." With shouts, tears, and benediction, priests, soldiers, and inhabitants waved farewell from the strand. They passed the bare steeps of Cape Diamond and the mission-house nestled beneath the heights of Sillery, and vanished from the anxious eyes that watched the last gleam of their receding oars.\*

Meanwhile three hundred Mohawk warriors had taken the war-path, bent on killing or kidnapping the Hurons of Orleans. When they heard of the departure of the colonists for Onondaga, their rage was unbounded; for not only were they full of jealousy towards their Onondaga confederates, but they had hitherto derived great profit from the control which their local position gave them over the traffic between this tribe and the Dutch of the Hudson, from whom the Onondagas, in common with all the upper Iroquois, had been dependent for their guns, hatchets, scalping-knives, beads, blankets, and brandy. These supplies would now be furnished by the French, and the Mohawk speculators saw their

\* Marie de l'Incarnation, *Lettres*, 1656. *Journal des Jésuites*. Le Mercier, *Relation*, 1656, c. iv. Chaulmer, *Nouveau Monde*, II. 322, 265, 319.



occupation gone. Nevertheless, they had just made peace with the French, and, for the moment, were not quite in the mood to break it. To wreak their spite, they took a middle course, crouched in ambush among the bushes at Point Sainte Croix, ten or twelve leagues above Quebec, allowed the boats bearing the French to pass unmolested, and fired a volley at the canoes in the rear, filled with Onondagas, Senecas, and Hurons. Then they fell upon them with a yell, and, after wounding a lay brother of the Jesuits who was among them, flogged, and bound such of the Indians as they could seize. The astonished Onondagas protested and threatened; whereupon the Mohawks feigned great surprise, declared that they had mistaken them for Hurons, called them brothers, and suffered the whole party to escape without further injury.\*

The three hundred marauders now paddled their large canoes of elm-bark stealthily down the current, passed Quebec undiscovered in the dark night of the 19th of May, landed in early morning on the island of Orleans, and ambushed themselves to surprise the Hurons as they came to labor in their cornfields. They were tolerably successful, killed six, and captured more than eighty, the rest taking refuge in their fort, where the Mohawks dared not attack them.

At noon, the French on the rock of Quebec saw forty canoes approaching from the island of Orleans, and defiling, with insolent parade, in front of the town, all crowded with the Mohawks and their prisoners, among whom were a great number of Huron girls. Their captors, as they passed, forced them to sing and dance. The Hurons were the allies, or rather the wards of the French, who were in every way pledged to protect them. Yet the cannon of Fort St. Louis were silent, and the crowd stood gaping in bewilderment and fright. Had an attack been made, nothing but a complete

success and the capture of many prisoners to serve as hostages could have prevented the enraged Mohawks from taking their revenge on the Onondaga colonists. The emergency demanded a prompt and clear-sighted soldier. The governor, Lauson, was a gray-haired civilian, who, however enterprising as a speculator in wild lands, was in no way matched to the desperate crisis of the hour. Some of the Mohawks landed above and below the town, and plundered the houses from which the scared inhabitants had fled. Not a soldier stirred and not a gun was fired. The French, bullied by a horde of naked savages, became an object of contempt to their own allies.

The Mohawks carried their prisoners home, burned six of them, and adopted, or rather enslaved, the rest.\*

Meanwhile the Onondaga colonists pursued their perilous way. At Montreal they exchanged their heavy boats for canoes, and resumed their journey with a flotilla of twenty of these sylvan vessels. A few days after, the Indians of the party had the satisfaction of pillaging a small band of Mohawk hunters, in vicarious reprisal for their own wrongs. On the 26th of June, as they neared Lake Ontario, they heard a loud and lamentable voice from the edge of the forest; whereupon, having beaten their drum to show that they were Frenchmen, they beheld a spectral figure, lean and covered with scars, which proved to be a pious Huron, one Joachim Ondakout, captured by the Mohawks in their descent on the island of Orleans, five or six weeks before. They had carried him to their village and begun to torture him; after which they tied him fast and lay down to sleep, thinking to resume their pleasure on the morrow. His cuts and burns being only on the surface, he had the good fortune to free himself from his bonds, and, naked as he was, escape to the woods. He held his course northwestward, through re-

\* Compare Marie de l'Incarnation, *Lettre 14 Août, 1656*, Le Jeune, *Relation, 1657, 9*.

\* See authorities just cited, and Perrot, *Mœurs des Sauvages*, 106.



gions even now a wilderness, gathered wild strawberries to sustain life, and, in fifteen days, reached the St. Lawrence, nearly dead with exhaustion. The Frenchmen gave him food and a canoe, and the living skeleton paddled with a light heart for Quebec.

The colonists themselves soon began to suffer from hunger. Their fishing failed on Lake Ontario, and they were forced to content themselves with cranberries of the last year, gathered in the meadows. Of their Indians, all but five deserted them. The Father Superior fell ill, and when they reached the mouth of the Oswego many of the starving Frenchmen had completely lost heart. Weary and faint, they dragged their canoes up the rapids, when suddenly they were cheered by the sight of a stranger canoe swiftly descending the current. The Onondagas, aware of their approach, had sent it to meet them, laden with Indian corn and fresh salmon. Two more canoes followed, freighted like the first; and now all was abundance till they reached their journey's end, the Lake of Onondaga. It lay before them in the July sun, a glittering mirror, framed in forest verdure.

They knew that Chaumonot with a crowd of Indians was awaiting them at a spot on the margin of the water which he and Dablon had chosen as the site of their settlement. Landing on the strand, they fired, to give notice of their approach, five small cannon which they had brought in their canoes. Waves, woods, and hills resounded with the thunder of their miniature artillery. Then, re-embarking, they advanced in order, four canoes abreast, towards the destined spot. In front floated their banner of white silk, embroidered in large letters with the name of Jesus. Here were Du Puys and his soldiers, with the picturesque uniforms and quaint weapons of their time; Le Mercier and his Jesuits in robes of black; hunters and bush-rangers; Indians painted and feathered for a festal day. As they neared the place where a spring bubbling from

the hillside is still known as the "Jesuits' Well," they saw the edge of the forest dark with the muster of savages whose yells of welcome answered the salvo of their guns. Happily for them, a flood of summer rain saved them from the harangues of the Onondaga orators, and forced white men and red alike to seek such shelter as they could find. Their hosts, with hospitable intent, would fain have sung and danced all night; but the Frenchmen pleaded fatigue, and the courteous savages, squatting around their tents, chanted in monotonous tones to lull them to sleep. In the morning they woke refreshed, sang "Te Deum," reared an altar, and, with a solemn mass, took possession of the country in the name of Jesus.\*

Three things which they saw or heard of in their new home excited their astonishment. The first was the vast flight of wild pigeons which in spring darkened the air around the Lake of Onondaga; the second was the salt-springs of Salina; the third was the rattlesnakes, which Le Mercier describes with excellent precision, adding that, as he learns from the Indians, their tails are good for toothache and their flesh for fever. These reptiles, for reasons best known to themselves, haunted the neighborhood of the salt-springs, but did not intrude their presence into the abode of the French.

On the 17th of July, Le Mercier and Chaumonot, escorted by a file of soldiers, set out for Onondaga, scarcely five leagues distant. They followed the Indian trail, under the leafy arches of the woods, by hill and hollow, still swamp and gurgling brook, till through the opening foliage they saw the Iroquois capital, compassed with cornfields and girt with its rugged palisade. As the Jesuits, like black spectres, issued from the shadows of the forest, followed by the plumed soldiers with shouldered arquebuses, the red-skinned population swarmed out like bees, and they defiled to the town through gazing and admiring throngs. All conspired to welcome them. Feast followed feast through-

\* Le Mercier, *Relation*, 1657, p. 14.



out the afternoon, till, what with harangues and songs, bear's meat, beaver-tails, and venison, beans, corn, and grease, they were wellnigh killed with kindness. "If, after this, they murder us," writes Le Mercier, "it will be from fickleness, not premeditated treachery." But the Jesuits, it seems, had not sounded the depths of Iroquois dissimulation.\*

There was one exception to the real or pretended joy. Some Mohawks were in the town, and their orator was insolent and sarcastic; but the ready tongue of Chaumonot turned the laugh against him and put him to shame.

Here burned the council-fire of the Iroquois, and at this very time the deputies of the five tribes were assembling. The session opened on the 24th. In the great council-house, on the earthen floor, and the broad platforms beneath the smoke-begrimed concave of the bark roof, stood, sat, or squatted the wisdom and valor of the confederacy, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas; sachems, counsellors, orators, warriors fresh from Erie victories; tall, stalwart figures, limbed like Grecian statues.

The pressing business of the council over, it was Chaumonot's turn to speak. But, first, all the Frenchmen, kneeling in a row, with clasped hands, sang the *Veni Creator*, amid the silent admiration of the auditors. Then Chaumonot rose, with an immense wampum-belt in his hand.

"It is not trade that brings us here. Do you think that your beaver-skins can pay us for all our toils and dangers? Keep them, if you like; or, if any fall into our hands, we shall use them only for your service. We seek not the things that perish. It is for the Faith that we have left our homes to live in your hovels of bark, and eat food which the beasts of our country

would scarcely touch. We are the messengers whom God has sent to tell you that his Son became a man for the love of you; that this man, the Son of God, is the prince and master of men; that he has prepared in heaven eternal joys for those who obey him, and kindled the fires of hell for those who will not receive his word. If you reject it, whoever you are, Onondaga, Seneca, Mohawk, Cayuga, or Oneida, know that Jesus Christ, who inspires my heart and my voice, will plunge you one day into hell. Avert this ruin; be not the authors of your own destruction; accept the truth; listen to the voice of the Omnipotent."

Such, in brief, was the pith of the father's exhortation. As he spoke Indian like a native, and as his voice and gestures answered to his words, we may believe what Le Mercier tells us, that his hearers listened with mingled wonder, admiration, and terror. The work was well begun. The Jesuits struck while the iron was hot, built a small chapel for the mass, installed themselves in the town, and preached and catechised from morning till night.

The Frenchmen at the lake were not idle. The chosen site of their settlement was the crown of a hill commanding a broad view of waters and forests. The axemen fell to their work, and a ghastly wound soon gaped in the green bosom of the woodland. Here, among the stumps and prostrate trees of the unsightly clearing, the blacksmith built his forge, saw and hammer plied their trade; palisades were shaped and beams squared, in spite of heat, mosquitoes, and fever. At one time twenty men were ill, and lay gasping under a wretched shed of bark; but they all recovered, and the work went on till at length a capacious house, large enough to hold the whole colony, rose above the ruin of the forest. A palisade was set around it, and the Mission of Saint Mary of Gannentaa\* was begun.

\* Gannentaa or Ganuntaah is still the Iroquois name for Lake Onondaga. According to Morgan, it means "Material for Council Fire."

\* The Jesuits were afterwards told by Hurons captive among the Mohawks and the Onondagas, that, from the first, it was intended to massacre the French as soon as their presence had attracted the remnant of the Hurons of Orleans into the power of the Onondagas. *Lettre du P. Raguenneau au R. P. Provincial*, 31 Août, 1658.



France and the Faith were intrenched on the Lake of Onondaga. How long would they remain there? The future alone could tell. The mission, it must not be forgotten, had a double scope, half ecclesiastical, half political. The Jesuits had essayed a fearful task, — to convert the Iroquois to God and to the king, thwart the Dutch heretics of the Hudson, save souls from hell, avert ruin from Canada, and thus raise their order to a place of honor and influence both hard earned and well earned. The mission at Lake Onondaga was but a base of operations. Long before they were lodged and fortified here, Chaumonot and Ménard set out for the Cayugas, whence the former proceeded to the Senecas, the most numerous and powerful of the five confederate nations; and in the following spring another mission was begun among the Oneidas. Their reception was not unfriendly, but such was the reticence and dissimulation of these inscrutable savages that it was impossible to foretell results. The women proved, as might be expected, far more impressible than the men; and in them the fathers placed great hope; since in this, the most savage people of the continent, women held a degree of political influence never perhaps equalled in any civilized nation.\*

But while infants were baptized and squaws converted, the crosses of the

\* Women, among the Iroquois, had a council of their own, which, according to Lafitau, who knew this people well, had the initiative in discussion, subjects presented by them being settled in the council of chiefs and elders. In this latter council the women had an orator, often of their own sex, to represent them. The matrons had a leading voice in determining the succession of chiefs. There were also female chiefs, one of whom, with her attendants, came to Quebec with an embassy in 1655 (*Marie de l'Incarnation*). In the torture of prisoners, great deference was paid to the judgment of the women, who were thought more skilful and subtle than the men.

The learned Lafitau, whose book appeared in 1724, dwells at length on the resemblance of the Iroquois to the ancient Lycians, among whom, according to Grecian writers, women were in the ascendant. "Gynecocracy, or the rule of women," continues Lafitau, "which was the foundation of the Lycian government, was probably common in early times to nearly all the barbarous people of Greece." *Mœurs des Sauvages*, I. 460.

mission were many and great. The Devil bestirred himself with more than his ordinary activity; "For," as one of the fathers writes, "when in sundry nations of the earth men are rising up in strife against us (the Jesuits), then how much more the demons, on whom we continually wage war!" It was these infernal sprites, as the priests believed, who engendered suspicions and calumnies in the dark and superstitious minds of the Iroquois, and prompted them in dreams to destroy the apostles of the Faith. Whether the foe was of earth or hell, the Jesuits were like those who tread the lava-crust that palpitates with the throes of the coming eruption, while the molten death beneath their feet glares white-hot through a thousand crevices. Yet, with a sublime enthusiasm and a glorious constancy, they toiled and they hoped, though the skies around were black with portent.

In the year in which the colony at Onondaga was begun, the Mohawks murdered the Jesuit Garreau, on his way up the Ottawa. In the following spring, a hundred Mohawk warriors came to Quebec, to carry more of the Hurons into slavery, though the remnant of that unhappy people, since the catastrophe of the last year, had sought safety in a palisaded camp within the limits of the French town, and immediately under the ramparts of Fort St. Louis. Here, one might think, they would have been safe; but Charny, son and successor of Lauson, seems to have been even more imbecile than his father, and listened meekly to the threats of the insolent strangers who told him that unless he abandoned the Hurons to their mercy, both they and the French should feel the weight of Mohawk tomahawks. They demanded further, that the French should give them boats to carry their prisoners; but, as there were none at hand, this last humiliation was spared. The Mohawks were forced to make canoes, in which they carried off as many as possible of their victims.

When the Onondagas learned this



last exploit of their rivals, their jealousy knew no bounds, and a troop of them descended to Quebec to claim their share in the human plunder. Deserted by the French, the despairing Hurons abandoned themselves to their fate, and about fifty of those whom the Mohawks had left obeyed the behest of their tyrants and embarked for Onondaga. They reached Montreal in July, and thence proceeded towards their destination in company with the Onondaga warriors. The Jesuit Ragueneau, bound also for Onondaga, joined them. Five leagues above Montreal, the warriors left him behind; but he found an old canoe on the bank, in which, after abandoning most of his baggage, he contrived to follow with two or three Frenchmen who were with him. There was a rumor that a hundred Mohawk warriors were lying in wait among the Thousand Islands, to plunder the Onondagas of their Huron prisoners. It proved a false report. A speedier catastrophe awaited these unfortunates.

Towards evening on the 3d of August, after the party had landed to encamp, an Onondaga chief made advances to a Christian Huron girl, as he had already done at every encampment since leaving Montreal. Being repulsed for the fourth time, he split her head with his tomahawk. It was the beginning of a massacre. The Onondagas rose upon their prisoners, killed seven men, all Christians, before the eyes of the horrified Jesuit, and plundered the rest of all they had. When Ragueneau protested, they told him with insolent mockery that they were acting by direction of the governor and the Superior of the Jesuits. The priest himself was secretly warned that he was to be killed during the night; and he was surprised in the morning to find himself alive.\* On reaching Onondaga, some of the Christian captives were burned, including several women and their infant children.†

The confederacy was a hornet's nest, buzzing with preparation and fast pouring out its wrathful swarms. The indomitable Le Moyne had gone again to the Mohawks, whence he wrote that two hundred of them had taken the war-path against the Algonquins of Canada; and, a little later, that all were gone but women, children, and old men. A great war-party of twelve hundred Iroquois from all the five cantons was to advance into Canada in the direction of the Ottawa. The settlements on the St. Lawrence were infested with prowling warriors, who killed the Indian allies of the French and plundered the French themselves, whom they treated with an insufferable insolence, for they felt themselves masters of the situation and knew that the Onondaga colony was in their power. Near Montreal they killed three Frenchmen. "They approach like foxes," writes a Jesuit, "attack like lions, and disappear like birds." Charny, fortunately, had resigned the government in despair, in order to turn priest, and the brave soldier D'Ailleboust had taken his place. He caused twelve of the Iroquois to be seized and held as hostages. This seemed to increase their fury. An embassy came to Quebec and demanded the release of the hostages, but were met with a sharp reproof and a flat refusal.

At the mission on Lake Onondaga the crisis was drawing near. The unbridled young warriors whose capricious lawlessness often set at naught the monitions of their crafty elders, killed wantonly at various times thirteen Christian Hurons, captives at Onondaga. Ominous reports reached the ears of the colonists. They heard of a secret council at which their death was decreed. Again, they heard that they were to be surprised and captured, that the Iroquois in force were then to descend upon Canada, lay waste the outlying settlements, and torture them, the colonists, in sight of their countrymen, by which they hoped to extort what terms they pleased. At length, a dying Onondaga, recent-

\* *Lettre de Ragueneau au R. P. Provincial, 9 Août, 1657 (Rel., 1657).*

† *Ibid., 21 Août, 1658.*



ly converted and baptized, confirmed the rumors and revealed the whole plot.

It was to take effect before the spring opened; but the hostages in the hands of D'Ailleboust embarrassed the conspirators and caused delay. Messengers were sent in haste to call in the priests from the detached missions, and all the colonists, fifty-three in number, were soon gathered at their fortified house on the lake. Their situation was frightful. Fate hung over them by a hair, and escape seemed hopeless. Of Du Puy's ten soldiers, nine wished to desert, but the attempt would have been fatal. A throng of Onondaga warriors were day and night on the watch, bivouacked around the house. Some of them had built their huts of bark before the gate, and here, with calm, impassive faces, they lounged and smoked their pipes; or, wrapped in their blankets, strolled about the yards and outhouses, attentive to all that passed. Their behavior was very friendly. The Jesuits themselves, adepts in dissimulation, were amused at the depth of their duplicity; for the conviction had been forced upon them that some of the chiefs had nursed their treachery from the first. In this extremity Du Puy and the Jesuits showed an admirable coolness, and, among them devised a plan of escape, critical and full of doubt, but not devoid of hope.

First, they must provide means of transportation; next, they must contrive to use them undiscovered. They had eight canoes, all of which combined would not hold half their company. Over the mission-house was a large loft, or garret, and here the carpenters were secretly set at work to construct two large and light flat-boats, each capable of carrying fifteen men. The task was soon finished. The most difficult part of this plan remained.

There was a beastly superstition prevalent among the Hurons, the Iroquois, and other tribes. It consisted of a "medicine," or mystic feast, in which it was essential that the guests should devour everything set before

them, however inordinate in quantity, unless absolved from duty by the person in whose behalf the solemnity was ordained; he, on his part, taking no share in the banquet. So grave was the obligation and so strenuously did the guests fulfil it, that even their ostrich digestion was sometimes ruined past redemption by the excess of this benevolent gluttony. These *festins à manger tout* had been frequently denounced as diabolical by the Jesuits, during their mission among the Hurons; but now, with a pliancy of conscience as excusable in this case as in any other, they resolved to set aside their scruples, although, judged from their point of view, they were exceedingly well founded.

Among the French was a young man who had been adopted by an Iroquois chief, and who spoke the language fluently. He now told his Indian father that it had been revealed to him in a dream that he would soon die unless the spirits were appeased by one of these magic feasts. Dreams were the oracles of the Iroquois, and woe to those who slighted them. A day was named for the sacred festivity. The fathers killed their hogs to meet the occasion, and, that nothing might be wanting, they ransacked their stores for all that might give piquancy to the entertainment. It took place in the evening of the 20th of March, apparently in a large enclosure outside the palisade surrounding the mission-house. Here, while blazing fires or glaring pine-knots shed their glow on the wild assemblage, Frenchmen and Iroquois joined in the dance, or vied with each other in games of agility and skill. The politic fathers offered prizes to the winners, and the Indians entered with zest into the sport, the better, perhaps, to hide their treachery and hoodwink their intended victims; for they little suspected that a subtlety, deeper, this time, than their own, was at work to countermine them. Here, too, were the French musicians; and drum, trumpet, and cymbal lent their clangor to the din of shouts and laugh-



ter. Thus the evening wore on, till at length the serious labors of the feast began. The kettles were brought in and their steaming contents ladled into the wooden bowls which each provident guest had brought with him. Seated gravely in a ring, they fell to their work. It was a point of high conscience not to flinch from duty on these solemn occasions; and though they might burn the young man tomorrow, they would gorge themselves like vultures in his behoof to-day.

Meantime, while the musicians strained their lungs and their arms to drown all other sounds, a band of anxious Frenchmen, in the darkness of the cloudy night, with cautious tread and bated breath, carried the boats from the rear of the mission-house down to the border of the lake. It was near eleven o'clock. The miserable guests were choking with repletion. They prayed the young Frenchman to dispense them from further surfeit. "Will you suffer me to die?" he asked in piteous tones. They bent to their task again, but Nature soon reached her utmost limit; and they sat helpless as a conventicle of gorged turkey-buzzards, without the power possessed by those unseemly birds to rid themselves of the burden. "That will do," said the young man, "you have eaten enough; my life is saved. Now you can sleep till we come in the morning to waken you for prayers."\* And one of his companions played soft airs on a violin, to lull them to repose. Soon all were asleep, or in a lethargy akin to sleep. The few remaining Frenchmen now silently withdrew and cautiously descended to the shore, where their comrades, already embarked, lay on their oars anxiously awaiting them. Snow was falling fast as they pushed out upon the murky waters. The ice of the winter had broken up, but recent frosts had glazed the surface with a thin crust. The two boats led the way and the canoes followed in their wake, while men in the

bows of the foremost boat broke the ice with clubs as they advanced. They reached the outlet and rowed swiftly down the dark current of the Oswego. When day broke, Lake Onondaga was far behind, and around them was the leafless, lifeless forest.

When the Indians woke in the morning, dull and stupefied from their nightmare slumbers, they were astonished at the silence that reigned in the mission-house. They looked through the palisade. Nothing was stirring but a bevy of hens clucking and scratching in the snow, and one or two dogs imprisoned in the house and barking to be set free. The Indians waited for some time, then climbed the palisade, burst in the doors, and found the house empty. Their amazement was unbounded. How, without canoes, could the French have escaped by water? And how else could they escape? The snow which had fallen during the night completely hid their footsteps. A superstitious awe seized the Iroquois. They thought that the "black-robos" and their flock had flown off through the air.

Meanwhile the fugitives pushed their flight with the energy of terror; passed in safety the rapids of the Oswego, crossed Lake Ontario, and descended the St. Lawrence with the loss of three men drowned in the rapids. On the 3d of April they reached Montreal; and on the 23d arrived at Quebec. They had saved their lives; but the mission of Onondaga was a miserable failure.\*

\* On the Onondaga mission, the authorities are Marie de l'Incarnation, *Lettres Historiques*, and *Relations des Jésuites*, 1657 and 1658, where the story is told at length, accompanied with several interesting letters and journals. Chaumonot, in his *Autobiographie*, speaks only of the Seneca mission, and refers to the *Relations* for the rest. Dollier de Casson, in his *Histoire du Montreal*, mentions the arrival of the fugitives at that place, the sight of which, he adds complacently, cured them of their fright. The *Journal des Supérieurs des Jésuites* chronicles with its usual brevity the ruin of the mission and the return of the party to Quebec.

The Jesuits, in this account, say nothing of the superstitious character of the feast. It is Marie de l'Incarnation who lets out the secret. The Jesuit Charlevoix, much to his credit, repeats the story without reserve.

\* *Lettre de Marie de l'Incarnation à son fils*, 4 Octobre, 1658.



## THE SHADOW OF DOOM.

WHAT dost thou here, young wife, by the water-side,  
Gathering crimson dulse?  
Know'st thou not that the cloud in the west glooms wide,  
And the wind has a hurrying pulse?

Peaceful the eastern waters before thee spread,  
And the cliffs rise high behind,  
While thou gatherest sea-weeds, green and brown and red,  
To the coming trouble blind.

She lifts her eyes to the top of the granite crags,  
And the color ebbs from her cheek,  
Swift vapors skurry, the black squall's tattered flags,  
And she hears the gray gull shriek.

And like a blow is the thought of the little boat  
By this on its homeward way,  
A tiny skiff, like a cockle-shell afloat  
In the tempest-threatened bay;

With husband and brother who sailed away to the town  
When fair shone the morning sun,  
To tarry but till the tide in the stream turned down,  
Then seaward again to run.

Homeward she flies; the land-breeze strikes her cold;  
A terror is in the sky;  
Her little babe with his tumbled hair of gold  
In her mother's arms doth lie.

She catches him up with a breathiess, questioning cry,  
"O mother, speak! Are they near?"  
"Dear, almost home. At the western window high  
Thy father watches in fear."

She climbs the stair: "O father, must they be lost?"  
He answers never a word,  
Through the glass he watches the line the squall has crossed  
As if no sound he heard.

And the Day of Doom seems come in the angry sky,  
And a low roar fills the air;  
In an awful stillness the dead-black waters lie,  
And the rocks gleam ghastly and bare.

Is it a snow-white gull's wing fluttering there,  
In the midst of that hush of dread?  
Ah, no, 'tis the narrow strip of canvas they dare  
In the face of the storm to spread.



A moment more and all the furies are loose,  
The coast-line is blotted out,  
The skiff is gone, the rain-cloud pours its sluice,  
And she hears her father shout,

"Down with your sail!" as if through the tumult wild  
And the distance, his voice might reach;  
And, stunned, she clasps still closer her rosy child,  
Bereft of the power of speech.

But her heart cries low, as writhing it lies on the rack,  
"Sweet, art thou fatherless?"  
And swift to her mother she carries the little one back,  
Where she waits in her sore distress.

Then into the heart of the storm she rushes forth;  
Like leaden bullets the rain  
Beats hard in her face, and the hurricane from the north  
Would drive her back again.

It splits the shingles off the roof like a wedge,  
It lashes her clothes and her hair,  
But slowly she fights her way to the western ledge,  
With the strength of her despair.

Through the flying spray, through the rain-cloud's shattered stream,  
What shapes in the distance grope,  
Like figures that haunt the shore of a dreadful dream?  
She is wild with a desperate hope.

Have pity, merciful Heaven! Can it be?  
Is it no vision that mocks?  
From billow to billow the headlong plunging sea  
Has tossed them high on the rocks;

And the hollow skiff like a child's toy lies on the ledge  
This side of the roaring foam,  
And up from the valley of death, from the grave's drear edge,  
Like ghosts of men they come!

O sweetly, sweetly shines the sinking sun  
And the storm is swept away,  
Piled high in the east are the cloud-heaps purple and dun,  
And peacefully dies the day.

But a sweeter peace falls soft on the grateful souls  
In the lonely isle that dwell,  
And the whisper and rush of every wave that rolls  
Seem murmuring, "All is well."

*Mrs. Celia Thaxter.*



## MEETING OF JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON.

WITH whatever reluctance and dread Jefferson may have accepted the office of Secretary of State, his forebodings were realized. After five years' residence in Paris at the most interesting period of its history, after a kind of triumphal progress through Virginia, where delegations of grateful and admiring citizens had saluted him with addresses of congratulation, after some peerless weeks at Monticello crowded with old friends and relatives gathered to attend his daughter's wedding, he found himself, in the early spring of 1790, just when his gardens at home were fullest of allurements, closeted with four clerks (the whole force of his department), face to face with a Monticello of despatches, documents, applications, many of which were bulky and important papers, requiring close attention and hard work. It was like going to school after a particularly joyous vacation: inky grammar and damp dictionary, instead of gun, pony, and picnic; keen contests with uncomplimentary equals and rivals, instead of the easily won applause of partial friends and affectionate sisters. He had enjoyed much and done much during the past few years; he was now to be tried and tested. The summer of his growth was suspended; the wintry blast was to blow upon him awhile, pruning and hardening him. A tree does not look so pretty during this season, but the timber ought to improve.

He had a very cordial welcome in New York. General Washington was relieved to find his Cabinet complete after the new government had existed nearly a year, and glad to have near him a Virginian whom he knew, from of old, to be in singular accord with the American people. The leading citizens threw open their doors to him. Among members of Congress, whom should he find but that genial comrade

of his youth, John Page? Oddly enough, one of the first parties he attended, in the very first week of his residence, was the wedding of that confidant of his own early loves to a daughter of New York. Madison, too, was in Congress, with other allies and old colleagues. But it is plain from his letters that his heart was in Virginia; that he pined for his children, and took unkindly to the yoke of his office. He told his daughters that, after having had them with him so long to cheer him in the intervals of business, he felt acutely the separation from them; but that his own happiness had become a secondary consideration with him, and he was only happy in their happiness. He was homesick during the whole period of his holding this office, except when he was at home.

Even his health failed at first. He attacked his arrears of business with such vigor and persistence as to bring on a three weeks' headache, which for several days even kept him from his office. And while the gloom of this malady still hung over him, the infant government was menaced with a stroke that appalled the group of persons nearest him, whose dearest hopes for themselves and for their country were bound up with it. The President, who had been drooping for some time, became alarmingly sick. Washington, too, found the desk a bad exchange from the saddle. It was his custom to read with the utmost care, pen in hand, all important despatches and papers, and to make abstracts of the most important. During the year that had elapsed since his inauguration, he had been going through, in the same thorough, attentive manner, the mass of papers which had been accumulating in the offices of government since the peace of 1783. Fidelity to a trust was the ruling instinct, the first necessity, in the



nature of this most nearly perfect head of a Commonwealth that ever lived. For several days in May, 1790, the inner circle of official persons in New York were anxious about him. He grew worse and worse. At one time the inmates of his house lost all hope, for he seemed to be dying. He rallied, however, and began slowly to improve. "He continues mending to-day," Jefferson wrote to his daughter, "and from total despair we are now in good hopes of him."

In a strange, unexpected way, Jefferson found himself in ill-accord with the tone of society in New York. He had come from Paris more a republican than ever, all glowing with the new hopes for mankind which the Revolution there had kindled. The patriots of France had drawn inspiration from America, and tried all their measures by American standards. "Our proceedings," Jefferson wrote to Madison from Paris, in August, 1789, "have been viewed as a model for them on every occasion; and though, in the heat of debate, men are generally disposed to contradict every authority urged by their opponents, ours has been treated like that of the Bible, open to explanation, but not to question." He was now in that America whose conquest of freedom and peaceful establishment of a republican government intelligent men in other lands had owned among the noblest achievements of civilization. The faithful believer was now at Mecca. But he did not find the magnates of the temple so enthusiastic for the Prophet and the Koran as more distant worshippers. He was in the situation of a person who had left his native village full of ardent Methodists, himself among the most ardent of them all, and returning after five years' absence, during which *he* had become ever more glowing, finds half the people turned Ritualists!

While France for sixty years — ever since the publication of Voltaire's "English Letters," in 1730 — had been growing to a sense of the evils of excessive power in the government, America for

ten years had had painful experience of the evils of an insufficient central authority.

A favorite toast in the Revolutionary Army, as General Knox records, was this, "A HOOP TO THE BARREL." Some officers preferred a plainer form of words, and gave the same sentiment thus, "Cement to the Union." The army, he says, abhorred the idea of being "thirteen armies." We can all imagine how much feelings of this nature would be increased when the troops co-operated with French soldiers, who served a single power, carried one flag, obeyed one general, received the same pay at regularly recurring periods, in a kind of money that did not waste and spend itself, even when it lay untouched in the pocket, — money to-day, paper to-morrow. We cannot wonder that officers should have longed for an *efficient* power at the centre, when we hear General Washington averring that to the want of it he attributed "more than half" of his own perplexities, and "almost the whole of the difficulties and distress of the army." Civilians came, at length, to share in this feeling and no man more than Jefferson. When, in Paris, in 1786, he was choking down the humiliation of bribing the Algerines to peace, instead of blowing the pirates out of water with honest guns under his country's flag, he desired nothing so much as that Congress should seize the happy occasion to found a navy. "It will be said," he wrote to Monroe, "there is no money in the treasury. There never will be money in the treasury, till the Confederacy shows its teeth. The States must see the rod; perhaps it must be felt by one of them. I am persuaded all of them would rejoice to see every one obliged to furnish its contributions."

Everything had been pulling this way in America for ten years when Jefferson reached New York. He came from Paris when it was negatively charged with electricity, to New York positively charged. The whole soul of France was intent upon lim-



iting the central power, but America's dearest wish had long been to create one.

There is a fashion in thinking, as well as in watch-chains and dog-carts. In the new, untried Republic, which had had no experience of tyranny except to combat and defeat it, various influences had been drawing the minds of the educated class away from republican ideas. It was the mode to extol strong and imposing governments, to regret that the people were so attached to the town-meeting methods of conducting public business, and to anticipate the day when America would be ripe for a government "not essentially different from that which they had recently discarded." Nowhere was this tone so prevalent as in New York, the chief seat of the royal authority for seven years of the war, the refuge of Tories, the abode, after the peace, of that ardent, positive, captivating spirit, Alexander Hamilton.

How difficult to extract the real Hamilton from the wilderness of contradictory words in which he is lost! Everything we have about him partakes of the violence of his time. If we question his opponents, Jefferson informs us that Hamilton was "the evil genius of America"; and George Mason declares that he did the country more harm than "Great Britain with all her fleets and armies." If we consult his partisans, we are assured that, after having created the government, he, and he alone, kept it in prosperous motion for twelve years. Every one has in his memory some fag-end of Daniel Webster's magnificent sentence, in which he represents Hamilton as touching the corpse of the Public Credit, and causing it to spring to its feet. And have we not a lumbering pamphlet, in seven volumes octavo, designed to show that George Washington was Punch, and Alexander Hamilton the man behind the green curtain pulling the wires and making him talk? We have. It weighs many pounds *avoirdupois*. But we must rule out extreme and frenzied

utterances, and endeavor to estimate this gifted and interesting man as though he had had no worshippers, no rivals, and no sons.

It is not so very easy to see why he had any public career at all. When we have turned over the ton of printed matter to which he gave rise, and looked at all his busts and portraits, we are still at some loss to understand the victorious dash he made at America. A little fellow of about five feet seven, a stranger in a strange land, without an influential friend on earth, the child of a broken-down merchant in the West Indies, subsisting in New Jersey upon invoices of West India produce, we find him, from the start, having the best of everything, distinguished at school, at college, in the army, taking an influential part in every striking scene of the war, and every crisis after the peace,—a public man, as it were, by nature. Nor was it a dash only. He held his own; and, rapid as his rise was, it was always the high place that sought him, never he the high place; unless, indeed, when he asked General Washington the favor of letting him head an attack on the enemy's works. Nor was it merely place and distinction that he won. The daughter of one of America's most noted and wealthy families became the proud and happy wife of this stranger when he was a lieutenant-colonel of twenty-three, without a dollar or an acre to fall back upon at the peace.

We do not get at the secret of all this from print or picture; so difficult is it to put upon paper or canvas that which gives a man *ascendency* over others. It is hard to define the Spirit of Command. Kent recognized it in Lear when he met the fiery old king in the wilderness, and told him he had that in his mien and bearing which he would fain call master. I once asked a Tennessean what kind of man General Jackson was. "He was this kind of man," said he; "if Andrew Jackson had joined a party of strangers travelling in the woods, and, half an hour after, they should be attacked by



Indians, he would instantly take command, and all the rest would obey him." Nothing that has ever been put upon paper about Jackson so explains him as this chance saying of an unlettered man.

Of this commanding, self-sufficient spirit Hamilton had an ample share. His confidence in himself is among the curiosities of character; it was absolute and entire; and, hence, neither events nor men could teach him; and he died cherishing the delusions of his youth. If to this remark his life furnishes one exception, it was when as a lad of sixteen he allowed himself to be converted from a supporter of the king to a defender of the Colonies. But, it seems, even this conversion was only partial; for when it came to a question of severance from the king, he wrote a pamphlet against Paine's "Common Sense." He appears to have had nothing that could be called youth. In the earliest of his effusions, whatever we may think of the sentiments, we perceive that the writer had no sense whatever of the deference due from youth to maturity. Nothing is more evident in his *aide-de-camp* letters than that he condescended to serve General Washington. He was but twenty-four when he wrote, after refusing to resume his place in the General's family, that he had remained in it as long as he had, not from regard to General Washington, nor because he thought it an honor or a privilege to assist him, but because the popularity of the General was essential to the safety of America, and he "thought it necessary he should be supported." It was also his opinion that the breach between them ought to be concealed, since it would have "an ill-effect" if it were known. In the records of youthful arrogance there are few instances so amusing as this.

But, then, those who knew him best appear to have accepted him at his own valuation. Some unworthy opponents have dishonored themselves by sneering at his poverty and at the alleged insignificance of his family in the

West Indies; but he brought with him from St. Croix a better title of nobility than any Gerald could have given him, — the admiring love of his friends there, who hailed his early honors in the United States with enthusiasm. His brother aids in General Washington's busy family loved him most warmly. In his early letters we catch gleams of the good fellow amid the formalities of the General-in-Chief's official scribe. "Mind your eye, to-night, my boy," he writes to a young friend on picket; and Meade, his colleague, writes to him as a lover to a mistress. "If you have not already writ to me," says Meade, "let me entreat you, when you go about it, to fill a sheet in close hand." At the same time, when governors, generals, members of Congress, and presidents of convention wrote to him, they addressed him as a man of their own weight and standing, as a personage and an equal. The General-in-Chief, too, overvalued the accomplishments he did not himself possess, — the fluent tongue, the ready pen, dexterity at figures.

Hamilton was singularly incapable of Americanization. Besides having arrived here a few years too late, his mind was invincibly averse to what we may call the town-meeting spirit, — the true public spirit, generated by the habit of acting in a body for the good of the whole, putting questions to the vote and accepting the will of the majority as law. His instincts were soldierly. How he delighted in all military things! How he loved the recollection of his seven years' service in the army! In later years, though under a political necessity to detest Bonaparte, he found it impossible to do so with any heartiness, so bewitched was he with the mere skill with which that marauder of genius devastated the heritage of the people of Europe. He delighted to read of battles. It pleased him to have a tent upon his lawn, because it reminded him of the days when he and Lafayette and Meade and the young French officers were merry to-



gether; and he always retained in his gait something that betrayed the early drill. But it is questionable if he could ever have been greatly successful as a general, because, unlike Bonaparte, he thought officers were everything, and soldiers nothing. When he was a bronzed veteran of twenty-two, he wrote a letter of ludicrous gravity to the president of Congress, urging the enrolment of negro slaves; in which he says that their stupidity and ignorance would be an advantage. It was a maxim, he observed, with some great military judges, — the king of Prussia being one, — that "with sensible officers, soldiers can hardly be too stupid." Hence, "it was thought" that the Russians would be the best soldiers in the world if they were commanded by officers of a more advanced country. The conclusion reached by this great military authority was this: "Let officers be men of sense and sentiment; and the nearer the soldiers approach to machines, perhaps the better."

As the utterance of a very young military dandy, airing his lavender kids in St. James's Park after an early breakfast at one P. M., this would be merely funny; we should smile, and hope he would show to better advantage when the time came for action. And, indeed, Hamilton was a brave, vigilant, energetic officer, on fire to distinguish himself by being foremost where the danger was greatest. But this contempt for the undistinguished part of mankind (i. e., for mankind) he never outgrew. The ruling maxim of his public life, the source of its weakness, its errors, and its failure, was this, "Men in general are vicious."

This lamentable misreading of human nature, so worthy of a Fouché or a Talleyrand, he repeats in many forms, always assuming it to be a self-evident truth. It was certainly an unfortunate basis for a statesman who was to be the servant of a system founded on a conviction that men in general are well disposed. He could not be an American. Richly endowed as he was, he could not rise to that height. He

knew it himself at last; for, twenty years later, when he had outlived his success, and lost the control even of his own wing of the Federalists, we hear him saying, with his usual unconscious arrogance, "Every day proves to me, more and more, that this American world was not made for me." It certainly was not, nor was he made for this American world. It never, we may be sure, once crossed his mind, during his whole life, that possibly this American world might be right and Colonel Hamilton wrong.

Everything that happens to these self-sufficient persons seems to confirm them in their errors and strengthen their strong propensities. This American world, which Hamilton thought so much beneath him, had been too easy a conquest; he would have respected it more, perhaps, if it had given him a few hard knocks at an age when hard knocks are salutary. But when he began to write his first essays in the newspapers, literary ability was so rare in the world, — rarest of all in these Colonies, — that his friends were agape with wonder. Every one flattered him. Then he early exhibited another imposing talent, that of oratory. He was haranguing meetings in New York when he was the merest boy both in years and appearance, and acquitting himself to admiration. He was but nineteen, and young looking, even for that age; when he thundered across Jersey, captain of a company of artillery, in General Washington's retreating army. Soon after, in his character of *aide-de-camp*, he was truly an important person, a power, as any efficient aid must ever be to a busy commander, as any competent secretary must ever be to the greatest minister. If he overestimated his importance, it was but natural and most pardonable. Few young fellows of twenty, who write despatches or editorials for a chief, can believe that the chief may be the true author of important despatches or thundering leaders which, perhaps, he never so much as looks over. The chief has



created the situation which the writer but expresses. A secretary, while using his own hand, often employs his chief's mind.

When the young French officers came over and head-quarters were gay with young nobles, all enthusiasm for this novel service in a new world, Colonel Hamilton was a brilliant personage indeed,—so young, so handsome, so high in the confidence of the General and the army, and such a master of the French language! He must, I think, have spoken French in his boyhood, to have written it so well at twenty-three as we see he did. Who was now so much in request as our *cher Hamilton*?

But, if he caught his loose military morals from the Gauls, it was from the British that this Briton learned his politics. Before the war was over, he tells us, he "was struck with disgust" at the rise of a party actuated by "an undue complaisance" to France,—a power which, in helping us, had only been pursuing, he thought, *her own* interest. "I resolved at once," he continues, "to resist this bias in our affairs." He was British, as was natural. He had a British mind and a British heart. While in the immediate presence of the fact that the English governmental system had split asunder the British Empire, he cherished the conviction that it was the best system possible. It was the hereditary Dunderhead with whom Great Britain was saddled who began, continued, and ended the business of severing America from the empire; and yet the very corruption of Parliament, which had enabled an obstinate and unteachable king to carry his measures, Hamilton extolled as essential to its perfection. The grand aim of his public life was to make the government of the United States as little unlike that of Great Britain as the people would bear it. Nor did he reach these convictions by any process of reasoning. He was a Briton; and it was then part of a Briton's birthright to enjoy a complete assurance of his

country's vast superiority to all others in all things. I honor him for the disinterested spirit in which he pursued his system, and the splendid contempt of all considerations of policy with which he avowed opinions the most unpopular. In spite of his errors and his faults, this alone would give him some title to our regard.

With all his other qualities he had one which would have carried him to great heights in a more congenial scene. He had a wonderful power of sustained exertion. His mind was energetic and pertinacious. He thought little of sitting over a paper till the dawn dimmed his candles. His favorite ideas and schemes were never inert within him; he dinned them into every ear; and his incessant and interminable discourses upon the charms of monarchy rendered him at last a bore to his best friends.

He began at an early period of the war to take a laborious part in political discussion. While the army lay at Morristown in 1779, having less to do than usual at head-quarters, and having arrived at the mature age of twenty-three, he wrote to Robert Morris an anonymous letter, that must have filled a dozen sheets of large paper, upon the troubled finances of the country, recommending the establishment of a Bank of the United States. The scheme was wrought out in great detail, with infinite labor, and uncommon ability for so young a financier. The scheme was founded upon Law's idea of utilizing the depreciated paper with which Louis XIV.'s profusion had deluged France. By receiving hundreds of millions of this paper, at its market value, in payment for shares in his various enterprises, Law soon raised the price of paper above that of gold; and thus afforded the strange spectacle of people selling their family plate in order to buy a dead king's Promises to Pay. Hamilton, of course, intended to stop short of Law's fatal excesses. He was as honorable a person in all matters pecuniary as ever drew the breath of life; and, consequently, *his* bank



was to have a sound basis of two millions of pounds sterling of borrowed money; to which should be added a subscription of two hundred millions of dollars in the depreciated paper of Congress. At once, he thought, the paper would rise in value, and become an instrument of good. The existence of the bank, he thought, "would make it the *immediate* interest of the moneyed men to co-operate with the government in its support." This was the key to his financial system; for he never advanced beyond the ideas of this production. It was ever his conviction that a government could not stand which it was not the interest of capitalists to uphold; and by capitalists he meant the class who control money, who live in cities, and can speculate in paper. He meant Wall Street; though, as yet, the actual street of that name was only a pleasant lane of modest, Dutch-looking residences.

This portentous epistle was accompanied with notes, in one of which the youthful sage favors an honorable Congress with a few hints. "Congress," he observes, with the modesty so becoming his years, "have too long neglected to organize a good scheme of administration, and throw public business into proper executive departments. For commerce, I prefer a Board; but, for most other things, single men. We want a Minister of War, a Minister of Foreign Affairs, a Minister of Finance, and a Minister of Marine"; and, having these, he thought, "we should blend the advantages of a monarchy and a republic in a happy and a beneficial union."

What Robert Morris thought of this production no one has told us. The author of it was evidently in earnest; he did not write the essay to amuse his leisure, nor merely to display his talents; he meant *bank*; he clearly saw the institution he recommended, believed in its feasibility, and, I am sure, felt himself competent to assist in establishing it, though he intended Mr. Morris to take the leading part. He concluded his long letter by saying

that he had reasons which made him unwilling to be known; but a letter addressed to James Montague, Esq., lodged in the post-office at Morristown, would reach him; and even an interview might be had with the author, should it be thought material.

From this time the ingenious, intense, Scotch intellect of Alexander Hamilton was a power in the United States. Before the war was quite over, he was in Congress, and one of the members said to him, "If you were but ten years older and twenty thousand pounds richer, Congress would give you the highest place they have to bestow." In New York, young as he was, without fortune, just admitted to the bar, we find him always discussing the great topics, always the peer of the most important men, always exerting his influence for one overruling object, the founding of a "strong," a "high-toned" government, which should attract to it the trinity he believed in, "character, talents, and property," and raise the Thirteen States to national rank. In the State of New York he became, not the most powerful, but by far the most shining, conspicuous, active personage.

Behold him, at length, in the Convention of 1787, which met at Philadelphia to make a constitution,—Washington its president, Franklin a member. It was this young lawyer, thirty years of age, who brought with him a plan of government so completely wrought out, that, Madison says, it could have gone into operation at once, without alteration or addition. He had thought of everything, and provided for everything. There it was, in Hamilton's pocket, a GOVERNMENT, complete to the last detail. In making it, too, he had exercised self-control; he had put far away from him his own dearest preferences; he had fixed his thoughts upon the people of the United States, allowed for their prejudices, their ignorance of Greek and Roman history, their infatuation in supposing they knew what was good for them. In a most able, ingenious, candid speech of five or



six hours' duration, he told the Convention what he knew about government, and prepared the way for the reading of his plan. He said he did not offer it as the best conceivable, but only the best attainable. The British Constitution, he said, was "the best form." It was only a king who was, necessarily, "above corruption," who "must always intend, in respect to foreign nations, the true interest and glory of the people." Republicanism was a dream; an amiable dream it was true, but still a dream. No matter, the people would have their government republican; and, therefore, as long as there was any chance of its success, he would do his very utmost to afford it a chance. This he proposed to do by making the American Republic as much like the British monarchy as possible.

His plan was such as might have been expected from a person so ingenious, so self-sufficient, so inexperienced, and so young. Nothing more unsuitable or more impracticable can be imagined than this government evolved from the depths of Hamilton's consciousness; for even if the principles upon which it was founded had been admissible, it was far too complicated a machine for the wear and tear of use. Most of Hamilton's measures had the great fault of being too complex and refined. His enemies, indeed, accused him of purposely mystifying the people; but, in truth, he had so mathematical an intellect, that a statement might be as clear as the light to him, which was a mere conundrum to people in general. His scheme of government included, first of all, a popular assembly, or House of Commons, to consist of not less than a hundred members, elected by universal suffrage, which should have the control of the public purse and the exclusive power to impeach. So far, so good. But assuming that men in general are ill-disposed and stand ready to embrace the first opportunity of voting themselves a farm, his chief care was to keep this body in check!

That was a point respecting which he was deeply solicitous. Here was a democratic assembly to be *checked* by an elected senate, and both of them by an elected chief magistrate. His senate, accordingly, which was to consist of not less than forty members, was to be a permanent body, elected by men of property. The senators, chosen by electors who had an estate in land for life or for an unexpired term of fourteen years, were to hold their seats until removed by death or impeachment. It was the senate that was to declare war, ratify treaties, and control appointments.

The President of the Republic was to be a tremendous personage indeed, — more powerful far than any monarch of a country enjoying any semblance of liberty. No man could have any part even in electing him who had not an inherited estate wholly his own, or for three lives, or "a clear personal estate of the value of a thousand Spanish dollars." Nor were these favored mortals to vote directly for the President; they were only to elect electors; and these electors were to vote for the President, each man handing in a sealed ballot. That done, the electors of each State were to elect two "second electors," who were to carry the sealed ballots to some designated place, where, in the presence of the chief justice, they were to open the ballots, and declare that man President who had a majority of the whole number. In case no one had a majority, then these second electors were to try *their* hand at electing, though they could only vote for the three candidates who had received the highest number of votes. If the second electors could not give a clear majority for any candidate, then the man who had received the highest number of votes of the first electors was to be declared elected.

Happily, when once a President had been evolved by this ingenious complication, the country could hope to enjoy a long period of rest; for he was to hold his office for life, unless removed



by impeachment. Besides exercising all the authority which our present Constitution confers on the President, Hamilton's President was to have the power to appoint the governors of States, and to convene and prorogue Congress. The president of the Senate was to be the Vice-President of the United States, and the Supreme Court was to be about such a tribunal as we see it now.

When Dr. Channing was the ruling influence of Boston, forty years ago, the Orthodox clergy used to describe his system of theology as "Calvinism with the bones taken out." The Convention of 1787 listened to Hamilton with attentive admiration, and then performed upon his plan of government an operation similar to that which Dr. Channing was supposed to have done upon the ancient creed of New England. Nothing which *he* regarded as bone was left in it. The Constitution of 1787, though he admitted it to be an improvement upon the Confederation, he thought a "shilly-shally thing," which might tide the country over the crisis, and begin the construction of a nation, but could not endure. What he chiefly hoped from it was this: That it would sicken the country of republicanism, and reconcile it to the acceptance of his panacea of King, Lords, and Commons. For every reason, however, he deemed it necessary to give the new Constitution a trial; and, accordingly, it was Hamilton, the man who believed in it least, that did most to recommend it to the people. Gliding down the tranquil Hudson, in October, 1787, in one of the commodious packet-sloops of the time, he wrote in the cabin the first number of the series of newspaper essays now called *The Federalist*. Absorbed as he then was in his young family and his profession, he found time, in the course of the winter, to write sixty-five of the eighty-five pieces of which the series consists; writing several of them, it appears, amid the bustle of his law-office, with the printer's boy waiting for the copy.

These essays by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, Jefferson read in Paris with great satisfaction. He had lamented the absence in the new Constitution of a formal bill of rights, which should secure "the freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom from standing armies, trial by jury, and a constant *habeas corpus* act"; and he regarded a few of its provisions with some apprehension. The re-eligibility of the President, he thought, would result in the President usually holding the office as long as he lived; the tendency to re-elect being so powerful. He would have preferred a single term of seven years, which was often proposed and once carried in the Convention. But "*The Federalist*," he owns, "rectified him on several points," dissipated his apprehensions, and rendered him more than willing to accept the Constitution, and trust to the future for the needful amendments.

Thus we find persons of opposite political sympathies heartily commending a Constitution which neither of them wholly approved: Hamilton, because it was, as he hoped, a step toward the only kind of government he believed in,—a limited monarchy; Jefferson, because he thought it would issue in a plain, republican government, simple, inexpensive, just sufficient to enable the thirteen States to deal with foreign nations as one power, and secure the prompt payment of the Revolutionary debt. When Hamilton commended the Constitution, he had in his mind his "favorite morsels," those features which gave the government some resemblance to a monarchy, which made it more imposing, and less dependent upon the people, than the Confederation which it displaced. Coming events, he felt sure, would quickly convince all thinking men that a democratic assembly could not be effectually "checked" by a democratic senate, nor either of them by a democratic chief magistrate; and then the whole of the character, talents, and property of America would demand the stiffening of the loose contrivance by the insertion of the rivet, bolt, and



screw of an hereditary king and house of lords. Jefferson, on the other hand, looked upon the new government as an engine already more potent than the case required, cumbered with several superfluous appendages, easily capable of becoming oppressive; but he trusted to time and the republican habits of the people to lop its redundancies, and keep its dangerous possibilities in check. What Jefferson loved in the Constitution, Hamilton despised; and the changes in it which Hamilton hoped for, Jefferson dreaded.

In the city of New York, in 1790, when it contained a population of about thirty-five thousand people, "society" consisted of so few families, that when one of them gave a grand party, the whole body of society would be present. In this small circle, Hamilton was incomparably the most shining and captivating individual, and he found it well disposed toward his ideas. What is society? It properly consists of the victorious class, the leading persons in each of the honorable pursuits; the great mechanics, merchants, lawyers, doctors, preachers, teachers, actors, artists, authors, capitalists, farmers, engineers; the men and women who have conquered a safe and pleasant place for themselves in the world by serving the community with *signal* skill and effect. These are the aristocrats to whom we all render a proud and willing homage. We are even disposed to honor them too much, and undervalue the prodigious multitude of those who are equally worthy, perhaps, though less gifted or less fortunate. But in Hamilton's day, society chiefly consisted of families who had inherited estates,—people *descended* from victors. It is human in a conqueror to wish to throw around his conquest every possible safeguard. It is natural to a man who possesses a fine estate to lend a favoring mind to ideas, laws, usages, which tend to exempt that estate from the usual risks of waste and accident, and to reserve for the holders of inherited property the most coveted honors of the state. In New York, therefore, the young and

eloquent propagandist carried all before him, and assisted to prepare for his coming colleague a painful surprise.

"I had left France," Mr. Jefferson wrote long after, "in the first year of her Revolution, in the fervor of natural rights and zeal for reformation. My conscientious devotion to those rights could not be heightened, but it had been aroused and excited by daily exercise. The President received me cordially, and my colleagues and the circle of principal citizens apparently with welcome. The courtesies of dinner-parties given me, as a stranger newly arrived among them, placed me at once in their familiar society. But I cannot describe the wonder and mortification with which the table conversations filled me. Politics were the chief topic, and a preference of kingly over republican government was evidently the favorite sentiment. An apostate I could not be, nor yet a hypocrite; and I found myself, for the most part, the only advocate on the republican side of the question, unless among the guests there chanced to be some member of that party from the legislative houses."

No one can glance over the memoirs of the time without meeting on every side confirmation of this passage. The Hamiltonians, we perceive, were having it all their own way in New York; their immediate object being to surround the President with imposing ceremonial and court-like etiquette. Hamilton, strangely ignorant of human nature and of the people he aspired to serve, was infatuated with the idea of gradually reconciling them to the ludicrous pomp of a European court. When General Washington asked his opinion as to the etiquette of the President's house, he replied, that, though the notions of equality were *yet* too general and too strong to admit of "a proper distance" being maintained by the chief magistrate, still he must go as far in that direction as the people would endure, even to the point of incurring the risk of partial and momentary dissatisfaction. He recommended



the adoption of the usual etiquette of the courts of Europe ; except, that to "remove the idea of too immense an inequality," which, he feared, would excite dissatisfaction and cabal, the President might invite a few high officials to dinner, now and then ; though, on such occasions, "the President should never remain long at the table" ; that is, as I suppose, not sit and booze after the ladies had retired. The President was to be so august and inaccessible a personage, that a member of the House of Representatives should have no right to an interview with him, even on public business ; nor any foreigner of lower rank than ambassador. Senators, Hamilton thought, should be entitled to an interview, as the peers of France and England might demand to speak to their sovereign, face to face ; and, besides, the people would be glad to know there was one body of men whose right to approach the President would be "a safeguard against secret combinations to deceive him."

All the writings of the time that most readily catch the eye are in this tone. The Vice-President, John Adams, seized every occasion to dwell upon the necessity of decorating the head of the state with the most gorgeous properties. This son of New England, who had had a life-time's experience of the unquestioning obedience paid to the plainest citizen clad in the imperial purple of fair election or legal appointment, gave it as his opinion, that "neither dignity nor authority can be supported in human minds, collected into nations or any great numbers, without a splendor and majesty in some degree proportioned to them." He opposed the practice of styling the President His Excellency, for precisely the reason which made it a rule of the old French court to give every one some title of honor excepting alone The King. To style the President His Excellency, Mr. Adams thought, was to "put him on a level with a governor of Bermuda, or one of *his own* ambassadors, or a governor of any one of our States."

One would think, from reading the

letters and newspapers of 1789 and 1790, that pickpockets and cut-throats could be driven, awe-struck, from their evil courses, by the magnificence of the President's house and the splendor of his chariot. Jefferson reached New York on Sunday, March 21, 1790. In all probability, some one was polite enough to hand him the newspaper of the day before, the Gazette of the United States, the organ of the administration, full charged with the Hamiltonian spirit. If so, he may have espied this little essay, — milk for babes, not yet fit for stronger food, — which harmonized perfectly with the prevalent way of thinking : —

"There must be some adventitious properties infused into the government to give it energy and spirit, or the selfish, turbulent passions of men can never be controlled. This has occasioned that artificial splendor and dignity that are to be found in the courts of so many nations. Some admiration and respect must be excited towards public officers, by their holding a real or supposed superiority over the mass of the people. The sanctions and penalties of law are likewise requisite to aid in restraining individuals from trampling upon and demolishing the government. It is confessed that, in some situations, a small degree of parade and solemnity, co-operating with other causes, may be sufficient to secure obedience to the laws. In an early state of society, when the desires of men are few and easily satisfied, the temptations to trespass upon good order and justice are neither pressing nor numerous. Avarice and ambition increase with population ; and in a large, opulent community the dazzling appendages and pompous formalities of courts are introduced to form a balance to the increasing ardor of the selfish passions, and to check that ascendancy which aspiring individuals would otherwise gain over the public peace and authority."

In a file of the same paper, the new Secretary of State could see many indications that some progress had



been made toward investing the President with royal trappings. He could read announcements respecting the supply of the President's family, signed "Steward of the Household." Poems upon the President frequently appeared, which were as absurdly adulatory as the effusions by which the British poet-laureate earned his pipe of sack. A systematic attempt was made to give queenly pre-eminence to the President's excellent wife. The movements of that industrious little lady were chronicled very much in the style of the London Court newsman when he essays to inform the world of the manner in which the queen has managed to kill another day. Every week, the "Gazette" contained a full budget of court news, not unfrequently giving half a column of such announcements as these : —

"The most Honorable Robert Morris and Lady attended the theatre last evening."

"Monday last, the Senate of the United States, with the Vice-President at their head, went in a body, in carriages, to the house of the President, and presented him with an address."

"We are informed that THE PRESIDENT, His Excellency the Vice-President, His Excellency the Governor of this State, and many other personages of the greatest distinction, will be present at the theatre this evening."

The following is the "Gazette's" account of the arrival in New York of Mrs. Washington, May 30, 1789 : —

"Wednesday, arrived in this city from Mount Vernon, Mrs. WASHINGTON, the amiable consort of THE PRESIDENT of the United States. Mrs. Washington from Philadelphia was accompanied by the Lady of Mr. Robert Morris. At Elizabethtown Point she was met by the PRESIDENT, Mr. Morris, and several other gentlemen of distinction, who had gone there for that purpose. She was conducted over the bay in the President's barge, rowed by thirteen eminent pilots, in a handsome white dress ; on passing the Battery a salute was fired ; and on her landing she was welcomed by crowds of citi-

zens, who had assembled to testify their joy on this happy occasion. The principal ladies of the city have, with the earliest attention and respect, paid their *devoirs* to the amiable consort of our beloved President, namely, the Lady of His Excellency the Governor, Lady Sterling, Lady Mary Watts, Lady Kitty Duer, La Marchioness de Brehan, the ladies of the Most Honorable Mr. Langdon, and the Most Honorable Mr. Dalton, the Mayoress, Mrs. Livingston of Clermont, Mrs. Chancellor Livingston, the Miss Livingstons, Lady Temple, Madam de la Forest, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Gerry, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. M'Comb, Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. Houston, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Provost, the Miss Bayards, and a great number of other respectable characters. Although the President makes no formal invitations, yet the day after the arrival of Mrs. Washington, the following distinguished personages dined at his house, *en famille* : Their Excellencies the Vice-President, the Governor of this State, the Ministers of France and Spain, and the Governor of the Western Territory, the Honorable Secretary of the United States for Foreign Affairs, the Most Honorable Mr. Langdon, Mr. Wingate, Mr. Izard, Mr. Few, and Mr. Muhlenberg, Speaker of the Honorable House of Representatives of the United States. The President's levee yesterday was attended by a very numerous and most respectable company. The circumstance of the President's entering the drawing-room at three o'clock, not being universally known, occasioned some inaccuracies as to the time of attendance."

There really seemed to prevail a mania to extol, exalt, and royalize the President. Indeed, Mr. Jefferson calls it, somewhere, "a frenzy." If the President attended a ball, the managers must needs cause a platform to be erected at one end of the ball-room, several steps high, with a sofa upon it, and conduct thither the President and his "consort." An attempt was made to have the President's head engraved



upon the coinage about to be issued by the new government. The levees were arranged and conducted exactly as at the palace of St. James; and when the President rode abroad on any official errand, he used what was called the State Carriage, — a cream-colored chariot drawn by six horses, and attended by white servants, in liveries of white cloth trimmed with scarlet.

All of which, we can now see, proves the innocence of the Hamiltonians of any design to spring a king upon the country; for surely, people of their ability, who had formed a scheme to subvert republican government, would have most carefully avoided such a plain showing of their hand. They would at once have courted and deceived the multitude of republicans by casting aside the worn-out trumpery of kings, and weaving round the President the magic spell of utter simplicity.

This was Bonaparte's method. We find him, first, an extreme Republican, using all the forms of that sect with rigor long after he was the ruling mind of France; next, an austere First Consul, still dating his letters in the manner decreed by the Republic, and calling his officers citizen-general; *last*, when his genius had dazzled and overwhelmed his intellect, and he was expanding to his ruin, he stooped to the imperial crown and condescended to inquire how things had been done in the court of that gorgeous man-doll, Louis XIV.

Nothing could be more artless and open than the manner in which our imposing-government men sought to commend their opinions to the public. Colonel Hamilton, indeed, censured the Vice-President for going too far and too fast in that direction; disturbing people's minds prematurely, and not giving the new government that "fair chance" he was determined it should have. It was in this spring of 1790, when Jefferson and his four clerks were working their way down through the accumulated business of the State Department, that Mr. Adams broke out in the "Gazette" with his weekly "Discourses

on Davila," a chaos of passages from, and comments upon, a "History of the Civil Wars of France" by the Italian Davila, interspersed with long extracts from Pope, Young, Adam Smith, and any other author whom Mr. Adams might happen to think of in the fury of composition. The great object of the series was to show that there is a necessity, fixed in the constitution of the human mind, for such orders in the state as kings and nobles. The basis of Mr. Adams's political system, which he drew from his own heart, was this: Man's controlling motive is the passion for distinction. If any one should doubt this, he advises that benighted person to go and attentively observe the journeymen and apprentices in the first workshop, or the oarsmen in a cockboat, the members of a family, a neighborhood, the inhabitants of a house, the crew of a ship, a school, a college, a city, a village, the bar, the church, the exchange, a camp, a court, wherever, indeed, men, women, or children are to be found, whether old or young, rich or poor, wise or foolish, ignorant or learned, and he will find every individual "strongly actuated by a desire to be seen, heard, talked of, approved, and respected by the people about him and within his knowledge." And, of all known distinctions, none is so universally bewitching as "an illustrious descent." One drop of royal blood, thought Mr. Adams, though illegitimately scattered, will make any man proud or vain; and why? Because it attracts the *attention* of mankind. Hence the wisdom and virtue of all nations have endeavored to utilize this passion, by regulating and legitimating it, by giving it objects to pursue, such as orders in the magistracy, titles of honor, insignia of office, — ribbons, stars, garters, golden keys, marshals' batons, white sticks, rings, the ivory chair, the official robe, the coronet. And this has been done most of all in republics, where there is no monarch to overtop and overshadow every one.

Mr. Adams was most decided in his



advocacy of the hereditary principle. "Nations," he remarked, "perceiving that the still small voice of merit was drowned in the insolent roar of the dupes of impudence and knavery in national elections, without a possibility of remedy, have sought for something more permanent than the popular voice to designate honor." Some of the nations, he continued, had annexed honor to the possession of land; others, to office; others, to birth; but the policy of Europe had been to unite these, and bestow the highest honors of the state upon men who had land, office, and ancestors. To the landed and privileged aristocracy of birth, Europe, according to the Vice-President, owed "her superiority, in war and peace, in legislation and commerce, in agriculture, navigation, arts, sciences, and manufactures." In this strain Mr. Adams continued to discourse, week after week, until he had published thirty-one numbers; when the public indignation alarmed the printer, and gave pause even to the impetuous author. Or, to use Mr. Adams's own language, written twenty-three years after: "The rage and fury of the Jacobinical journals against these Discourses increased as they proceeded, intimidated the printer, John Fenno, and convinced me that to proceed would do more hurt than good."

For, we must ever bear in mind, in reading of this period, that every utterance of a political nature by a person of note was read in the lurid and distorting light cast over the nations by the French Revolution. From the fall of the Bastille in 1789, to the seizure of the supreme power by Bonaparte in 1799, civilized man was mad. The news from France was read in the more advanced nations with a frenzied interest; for, besides being in itself most strange and tragic, it either flattered or rebuked every man's party feelings, helped or hindered every man's party dream or scheme. Each ship's budget was fuel to party fires, — both parties, — for the news which flattered one enraged the other.

Mr. Adams had made up his mind respecting the French Revolution at once. He knew it to be wholly diabolical. No good could come of it. In these very Discourses, all written as he says to counteract the new French ideas, he did not hesitate to denounce the most vaunted proceedings of the popular party. In his old age, when Bonaparte's coarse and heavy hand made life more burdensome to nearly every virtuous family in Christendom, he was proud indeed to point, in the seventeenth of his Davila papers, to this sentence: "If the wild idea of annihilating the nobility should spread far and be long persisted in, the men of letters and the national assembly, as democratical as they may think themselves, will find no barrier against despotism." This, in 1790, when Bonaparte was a yellow, thin little lieutenant of artillery twenty-two years old. He wrote the sentence, as he himself records, in the historic mansion upon Richmond Hill, near New York, at a moment when the view from his windows afforded him another proof of man's inherent love of distinctions. A deputation of Creek Indians were encamped within sight and hearing; and even among them there were "grandees, warriors, and sachems."

Neither this honest Adams nor the more adroit Hamilton — both public-spirited and patriotic — seem to have had any glimmering of the truth, so familiar to us, that institutions, like all things else, having served their turn, grow old, get past service, become obstructive, and die. Their discourses upon government read like the remarks that might be made by a young lobster of ability and spirit against the custom which has long prevailed in the lobster tribe of changing their shells. The ardent representative of young lobsterdom might point to the undeniable fact, that the old shells had answered an excellent purpose, had proved sufficient, had protected them in storm and adorned them in calm. He might further descant upon the known inconveniences of change; the languor, the



sickness, the emaciation, the feverish struggle out of the time-honored encasement, and the long insecurity while the new armor was getting hardness and temper. Every word *true*. The only answer is: The time of year has come for a change; we must get other shells or stop growing. As long as people generally are childlike enough to believe in the fictions upon which kingly authority rests, so long the institution of monarchy assists and blesses them; as the daily mass solaced and exalted Columbus, Isabella, the great Prince Henry of Portugal, and all the noblest and most gifted of that age. But when faith declines and knowledge is in the ascendant, kings become ridiculous, and the most touching ceremonies of the past are an empty show.

Mr. Adams protested he could see no difference between the rich families of Boston and the great houses of a European city. "You and I," he wrote to his kinsman, Samuel Adams, in October, 1790, "have seen four noble families rise up in Boston, the CRAFTS, GORES, DAWES, and AUSTINS. These are as really a nobility in our town as the Howards, Somersets, Berties, in England." And when Samuel Adams remarked that "the love of liberty is interwoven in the soul of man," John Adams, Vice-President of the United States, replied: "So it is, according to La Fontaine, in that of a wolf."

In 1790, Jefferson could scarcely have found in New York three drawing-rooms in which such sentiments as these were uncongenial with the prevailing temper. Mr. Jay, always in accord with Hamilton, had suggested in 1787 a governor-general of great powers, and senators appointed for life. General Knox, Secretary of War, a soldier and nothing but a soldier, would have swept away at a stroke all the State governments, and established a standing army. With regard to the sentiment of equality which was asserting itself in France with so much emphasis, it was all but unknown in the United States. What Miss Sedgwick records in her autobiography of

her father, an important public man of this period, was true then of nearly every person in liberal circumstances in town or country: "He was born too soon to relish the freedoms of democracy, and I have seen his brow lower when a free-and-easy mechanic came to the *front* door; and, upon one occasion, I remember his turning off the east steps (I am sure not kicking, but the demonstration was unequivocal) a grown-up lad who kept his hat on after being told to take it off." Gentlemen of the period found no difficulty in yielding assent to the doctrine of human equality when they heard it melodiously read on the 4th of July from the Declaration of Independence; but how hard to miss the universal homage once paid to them as "gentlemen"! Many of them spoke with a curious mixture of wonder, scorn, and derision of what they seemed to think was a new French notion, "the contagion of levelism," as Chauncey Goodrich styled it. "What folly is it," asked this son of Connecticut, "that has set the world agog to be all equal to French barbers? It must have its run."

What a change for Jefferson was the New York of 1790, from such a city as Paris was in 1789! His dearest and deepest convictions openly and everywhere abhorred or despised! The worn-out, obstructive institutions of the past, the accursed fruits of which had excited in him a constant and vast commiseration for five years, extolled on every side as the indispensable conditions of human welfare!

Hamilton and Jefferson met, — the man of action and the man of feeling. Jefferson had brought with him, so far as appears, no prejudice against his colleague. In Paris he had recommended an English suitor, who had claims in America, "to apply to Colonel Hamilton (who was aid to General Washington) and is now very eminent at the bar, and much to be relied on." Nor is Hamilton known to have had any dislike to Jefferson. Naturally, the man of executive force and the man of high qualities of mind regard



one another with even an exaggerated respect. The mutual homage of Sir Walter Scott, poet and man of letters, and James Watt, the sublime mechanic, was not less natural than pleasing. In the presence of the genius who had cheered and charmed his life, and enriched his country's fame, making mountainous and unfertile Scotland dear to half the world, Watt looked upon his steam-engine as something small, commonplace, material; and, at the same instant, Scott was saying to himself, How petty are my light scribbles compared with the solid good *this* great man has done the world! This is the natural feeling between men of opposite excellences and noble character; who meet, as a sultan of the East might meet a monarch of the West, equals, without being rivals. It was otherwise with these two men, Jefferson and Hamilton. In their case, there were so many causes of antipathy, noble and ignoble, external and inter-

nal, that nothing short of thorough-breeding in *both* could have kept them well with one another.

There is no contest so little harmful as an open one. The English people have originated no governmental device better than the arrangement of their Parliament, by which the administration members sit facing the opposition, and the leaders of the two bodies fight it out openly in the hearing of mankind. These two men should have been avowed opponents, not colleagues, and debated publicly the high concerns respecting which they were bound to differ; so as to correct while exasperating one another; so as to inform, at once, and stimulate the public mind. Hamilton's fluency and self-confidence would have given him the advantage for a while; but Jefferson would have had the American people behind him, since it was his part to marshal them the way they were to go.

*James Parton.*

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### EMPTY.

**Y**OUR cosey crib is in the corner yet;  
 I sit and watch it, just as day is dead.  
 You cannot press again, my vanished pet,  
 Its pillow with your drowsy golden head.

You cannot reach plump arms to get my kiss,  
 Or dart about with rosy, naked feet,  
 Babbling soft syllables of that and this,  
 A tiny night-gowned fairy, blithe and sweet.

Once and for all you have lain down to rest,  
 Not to rise up because of birds or beams,—  
 Once and for all, with white flowers on your breast,  
 To slumber coldly and to dream no dreams.

Empty the home where, frolicsome and fair,  
 Your precious presence made so bright a part;  
 Empty your little crib, your clothes, your chair,  
 But emptiest of all your mother's heart!

*Edgar Fawcett.*



## THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

## XII.

THE Old Master had asked us, the Young Astronomer and myself, into his library, to hear him read some passages from his interleaved book. We three had formed a kind of little club without knowing it from the time when the young man began reading those extracts from his poetical reveries which I have reproduced in these pages. Perhaps we agreed in too many things, — I suppose if we could have had a good hard-headed, old-fashioned New England divine to meet with us it might have acted as a wholesome corrective. For we had it all our own way; the Lady's kindly remonstrance was taken in good part, but did not keep us from talking pretty freely, and as for the young girl, she listened with the tranquillity and fearlessness which a very simple trusting creed naturally gives those who hold it. The fewer out-works to the citadel of belief, the fewer points there are to be threatened and endangered.

The reader must not suppose that I even attempt to reproduce everything exactly as it took place in our conversations, or when we met to listen to the Master's prose or to the Young Astronomer's verse. I do not pretend to give all the pauses and interruptions by question or otherwise. I could not always do it if I tried, but I do not want to, for oftentimes it is better to let the speaker or reader go on continuously, although there may have been many breaks in the course of the conversation or reading. When, for instance, I by and by reproduce what the Landlady said to us, I shall give it almost without any hint that it was arrested in its flow from time to time by various expressions on the part of the hearers.

I can hardly say what the reason of it was, but it is very certain that I had a vague sense of some impending

event as we took our seats in the Master's library. He seemed particularly anxious that we should be comfortably seated, and shook up the cushions of the arm-chairs himself, and got them into the right places.

Now go to sleep, — he said, — or listen, — just which you like best. But I am going to begin by telling you both a secret.

*Liberavi animam meam.* That is the meaning of my book and of my literary life, if I may give such a name to that party-colored shred of human existence. I have unburdened myself in this book, and in some other pages, of what I was born to say. Many things that I have said in my ripe days have been aching in my soul since I was a mere child. I say aching, because they conflicted with many of my inherited beliefs, or rather traditions. I did not know then that two strains of blood were striving in me for the mastery, — two! twenty, perhaps, — twenty thousand, for aught I know, — but represented to me by two, — paternal and maternal. Blind forces in themselves; shaping thoughts as they shaped features and battled for the moulding of constitution and the mingling of temperament.

Philosophy and poetry came to me before I knew their names.

*Je fis mes premiers vers, sans savoir les écrire.*

Not verses so much as the stuff that verses are made of. I don't suppose that the thoughts which came up of themselves in my mind were so mighty different from what come up in the minds of other young folks. And that's the best reason I could give for telling 'em. I don't believe anything I've written is as good as it seemed to me when I wrote it, — he stopped, for he was afraid he was lying, — not *much* that I've written, at any rate, — he



said, — with a smile at the honesty which made him qualify his statement. But I do know this: I have struck a good many chords, first and last, in the consciousness of other people. I confess to a tender feeling for my little brood of thoughts. When they have been welcomed and praised it has pleased me, and if at any time they have been rudely handled and spitefully entreated it has cost me a little worry. I don't despise reputation, and I should like to be remembered as having said something worth lasting well enough to last.

But all that is nothing to the main comfort I feel as a writer. I have got rid of something my mind could not keep to itself and rise as it was meant to into higher regions. I saw the aeronauts the other day emptying from the bags some of the sand that served as ballast. It glistened a moment in the sunlight as a slender shower, and then was lost and seen no more as it scattered itself unnoticed. But the airship rose higher as the sand was poured out, and so it seems to me I have felt myself getting above the mists and clouds whenever I have lightened myself of some portion of the mental ballast I have carried with me. Why should I hope or fear when I send out my book? I have had my reward, for I have wrought out my thought, I have said my say, I have freed my soul. I can afford to be forgotten.

Look here! — he said. — I keep oblivion always before me. — He pointed to a singularly perfect and beautiful trilobite which was lying on a pile of manuscripts. — Each time I fill a sheet of paper with what I am writing, I lay it beneath this relic of a dead world, and project my thought forward into eternity as far as this extinct crustacean carries it backward. When my heart beats too lustily with vain hopes of being remembered, I press the cold fossil against it and it grows calm. I touch my forehead with it, and its anxious furrows grow smooth. Our world, too, with all its breathing life, is but a leaf to be folded with the other

strata, and if I am only patient, by and by I shall be just as famous as imperious Cæsar himself, embedded with me in a conglomerate.

He began reading: — “There is no new thing under the sun,” said the Preacher. He would not say so now, if he should come to life for a little while, and have his photograph taken, and go up in a balloon, and take a trip by railroad and a voyage by steamship, and get a message from General Grant by the cable, and see a man's leg cut off without its hurting him. If it did not take his breath away and lay him out as flat as the Queen of Sheba was knocked over by the splendors of his court, he must have rivalled our Indians in the *nil admirari* line.

For all that, it is a strange thing to see what numbers of new things are really old. There are many modern contrivances that are of as early date as the first man, if not thousands of centuries older. Everybody knows how all the arrangements of our telescopes and microscopes are anticipated in the eye, and how our best musical instruments are surpassed by the larynx. But there are some very odd things any anatomist can tell, showing how our recent contrivances are anticipated in the human body. In the alimentary canal are certain pointed eminences called *villi*, and certain ridges called *valvulæ conniventes*. The makers of heating apparatus have exactly reproduced the first in the “pot” of their furnaces, and the second in many of the radiators to be seen in our public buildings. The object in the body and the heating apparatus is the same; to increase the extent of surface. — We mix hair with plaster (as the Egyptians mixed straw with clay to make bricks) so that it shall hold more firmly. But before man had any artificial dwelling the same contrivance of mixing fibrous threads with a cohesive substance had been employed in the jointed fabric of his own spinal column. India-rubber is modern, but the yellow animal substance which is elas-



tic like that, and serves the same purpose in the animal economy which that serves in our mechanical contrivances, is as old as the mammalia. The dome, the round and the Gothic arch, the groined roof, the flying buttress, are all familiar to those who have studied the bony frame of man. All forms of the lever and all the principal kinds of hinges are to be met with in our own frames. The valvular arrangements of the blood-vessels are unapproached by any artificial apparatus, and the arrangements for preventing friction are so perfect that two surfaces will play on each other for fourscore years or more and never once trouble their owner by catching or rubbing so as to be felt or heard.

But stranger than these repetitions are the coincidences one finds in the manners and speech of antiquity and our own time. In the days when Flood Ireson was drawn in the cart by the Mænads of Marblehead, that fishing town had the name of nurturing a young population not over fond of strangers. It used to be said that if an unknown landsman showed himself in the streets, the boys would follow after him, crying, "Rock him! Rock him! He's got a long-tailed coat on!"

Now, if one opens the *Odyssey*, he will find that the Phæacians, three thousand years ago, were wonderfully like these youthful Marbleheaders. The blue-eyed Goddess who convoys Ulysses, under the disguise of a young maiden of the place, gives him some excellent advice. "Hold your tongue," she says, "and don't look at anybody or ask any questions, for these are seafaring people, and don't like to have strangers round or anybody that does not belong here."

Who would have thought that the saucy question, "Does your mother know you're out?" was the very same that Horace addressed to the bore who attacked him in the *Via Sacra*?

Interpellandi locus hic erat; Est tibi mater?  
Cognati, quis te salvo est opus?

And think of the London cockney's

prefix of the letter *h* to innocent words beginning with a vowel, having its prototype in the speech of the vulgar Roman, as may be seen in the verses of Catullus:—

*Commoda dicebat, siquando commoda vellet*

*Dicere, et hînsidias Arrius insidias.*

*Et tum mirifice sperabat se esse locutum,*

*Cum quantum poterat, dixerat hînsidias....*

*Hoc misso in Syriam, requierant omnibus aures....*

*Cum subito affertur nuncius horribilis;*

*Ionios fluctus, postquam illuc Arrius isset,*

*Jam non Ionios esse, sed Hionios.*

— Our neighbors of Manhattan have an excellent jest about our crooked streets which, if they were a little more familiar with a native author of unquestionable veracity, they would strike out from the letter of "Our Boston Correspondent," where it is a source of perennial hilarity. It is worth while to reprint, for the benefit of whom it may concern, a paragraph from the authentic history of the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker:—

"The sage council, as has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city,—the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths, which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day."

— When I was a little boy there came to stay with us for a while a young lady with a singularly white complexion. Now I had often seen the masons slacking lime, and I thought it was the whitest thing I had ever looked upon. So I always called this fair visitor of ours *Slacked Lime*. I think she is still living in a neighboring State, and I am sure she has never forgotten the fanciful name I gave her. But within ten or a dozen years I have seen this very same comparison going the round of the papers, and credited to a Welsh poet, one David Ap Gwyllym, or something like that, by name.

— I turned a pretty sentence enough



in one of my lectures about finding poppies springing up amidst the corn ; as if it had been foreseen by nature that wherever there should be hunger that asked for food, there would be pain that needed relief, — and many years afterwards I had the pleasure of finding that Mistress Piozzi had been beforehand with me in suggesting the same moral reflection.

— I should like to carry some of my friends to see a giant bee-hive I have discovered. Its hum can be heard half a mile and the great white swarm counts its tens of thousands. They pretend to call it a planing-mill ; but if it is not a bee-hive, it is so like one that if a hundred people have not said so before me, it is very singular that they have not. If I wrote verses I would try to bring it in, and I suppose people would start up in a dozen places, and say, “O, that bee-hive simile is mine, — and besides, did not Mr. Bayard Taylor call the snow-flakes ‘white bees’?”

I think the Old Master had chosen these trivialities on purpose to amuse the Young Astronomer and myself, if possible, and so make sure of our keeping awake while he went on reading, as follows : —

— How the sweet souls of all time strike the same note, the same because it is in unison with the divine voice that sings to them ! I read in the Zend Avesta, “No earthly man with a hundred-fold strength speaks so much evil as Mithra with heavenly strength speaks good. No earthly man with a hundred-fold strength does so much evil as Mithra with heavenly strength does good.”

And now leave Persia and Zoroaster, and come down with me to our own New England and one of our old Puritan preachers. It was in the dreadful days of the Salem Witchcraft delusion that one Jonathan Singletary, being then in the prison at Ipswich, gave his testimony as to certain fearful occurrences, — a great noise, as of many cats climbing, skipping, and jumping,

of throwing about of furniture, and of men walking in the chambers, with crackling and shaking as if the house would fall upon him.

“I was at present,” he says, “something affrighted ; yet considering what I had lately heard made out by Mr. Mitchel at Cambridge, that there is more good in God than there is evil in sin, and that although God is the greatest good and sin the greatest evil, yet the first Being of evil cannot weane the scales or overpower the first Being of good : so considering that the authour of good was of greater power than the authour of evil, God was pleased of his goodness to keep me from being out of measure frightened.”

I shall always bless the memory of this poor, timid creature for saving that dear remembrance of “Matchless Mitchel.” How many, like him, have thought they were preaching a new gospel, when they were only reaffirming the principles which underlie the Magna Charta of humanity, and are common to the noblest utterances of all the nobler creeds ! But spoken by those solemn lips to those stern, simple-minded hearers, the words I have cited seem to me to have a fragrance like the precious ointment of spikenard with which Mary anointed her Master’s feet. I can see the little bare meeting-house, with the godly deacons, and the grave matrons, and the comely maidens, and the sober manhood of the village, with the small group of college students sitting by themselves under the shadow of the awful Presidential Presence, all listening to that preaching, which was, as Cotton Mather says, “as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice” ; and as the holy pastor utters those blessed words, which are not of any one church or age, but of all time, the humble place of worship is filled with their perfume, as the house where Mary knelt was filled with the odor of the precious ointment.

— The Master rose, as he finished reading this sentence, and, walking to



the window, adjusted a curtain which he seemed to find a good deal of trouble in getting to hang just as he wanted it.

He came back to his arm-chair, and began reading again : —

— If men would only open their eyes to the fact which stares them in the face from history, and is made clear enough by the slightest glance at the condition of mankind, that humanity is of immeasurably greater importance than their own or any other particular belief, they would no more attempt to make private property of the grace of God than to fence in the sunshine for their own special use and enjoyment.

We are all tattooed in our cradles with the beliefs of our tribe ; the record may seem superficial, but it is indelible. You cannot educate a man wholly out of the superstitious fears which were early implanted in his imagination ; no matter how utterly his reason may reject them, he will still feel as the famous woman did about ghosts, *Je ne les crois pas, mais je les crains*, — “ I don't believe in them, but I am afraid of them, nevertheless.”

— As people grow older they come at length to live so much in memory that they often think with a kind of pleasure of losing their dearest blessings. Nothing can be so perfect while we possess it as it will seem when remembered. The friend we love best may sometimes weary us by his presence or vex us by his infirmities. How sweet to think of him as he will be to us after we have outlived him ten or a dozen years ! *Then* we can recall him in his best moments, bid him stay with us as long as we want his company, and send him away when we wish to be alone again. One might alter Shenstone's well-known epitaph to suit such a case : —

Heu ! quanto minus est cum te vivo versari  
Quam erit (vel esset) tui mortui reminisse !

“ Alas ! how much less the delight of thy living presence

Than will (or would) be that of remembering thee  
when thou hast left us ! ”

I want to stop here — I the Poet — and put in a few reflections of my own, suggested by what I have been giving the reader from the Master's Book and in a similar vein.

— How few things there are that do not change their whole aspect in the course of a single generation ! The landscape around us is wholly different. Even the outlines of the hills that surround us are changed by the creeping of the villages with their spires and school-houses up their sides. The sky remains the same, and the ocean. A few old churchyards look very much as they used to, except, of course, in Boston, where the grave-stones have been rooted up and planted in rows with walks between them, to the utter disgrace and ruin of our most venerated cemeteries. The Registry of Deeds and the Probate Office show us the same old folios, where we can read our grandfather's title to his estate (if we had a grandfather and he happened to own anything) and see how many pots and kettles there were in his kitchen by the inventory of his personal property.

Among living people none remain so long unchanged as the actors. I can see the same Othello to-day, if I choose, that I saw when I was a boy smothering Mrs. Duff-Desdemona with the pillow, under the instigations of Mr. Cooper-Iago. A few stone heavier than he was then, no doubt, but the same truculent blackamoor that took by the thr-r-r-oat the circumcised dog in Aleppo, and told us about it in the old Boston Theatre. In the course of a fortnight, if I care to cross the water, I can see Mademoiselle Dejazet in the same parts I saw her in under Louis Philippe, and be charmed by the same grace and vivacity which delighted my grandmother (if she was in Paris, and went to see her in the part of *Fanchon toute seule* at the *Theatre des Capucines*) in the days when the great Napoleon was still only First Consul.

The graveyard and the stage are pretty much the only places where you can expect to find your friends as you



left them, five-and-twenty or fifty years ago. — I have noticed, I may add, that old theatre-goers bring back the past with their stories more vividly than men with any other experiences. There were two old New-Yorkers that I used to love to sit talking with about the stage. One was a scholar and a writer of note; a pleasant old gentleman, with the fresh cheek of an octogenarian Cupid. The other not less noted in his way, deep in local lore, large-brained, full-blooded, of somewhat perturbing and tumultuous presence. It was good to hear them talk of George Frederic Cooke, of Kean, and the lesser stars of those earlier constellations. Better still to breakfast with old Samuel Rogers, as some of my readers have done more than once, and hear him answer to the question who was the best actor he remembered, “I think, on the whole, Garrick.”

If we did but know how to question these charming old people before it is too late! About ten years, more or less, after the generation in advance of our own has all died off, it occurs to us all at once, “There! I can ask my old friend what he knows of that picture, which must be a Copley; of that house and its legends about which there is such a mystery. He (or she) must know all about that.” Too late! Too late!

Still, now and then one saves a reminiscence that means a good deal by means of a casual question. I asked the first of those old New-Yorkers the following question, “Who, on the whole, seemed to you the most considerable person you ever met?”

Now it must be remembered that this was a man who had lived in a city that calls itself the metropolis, one who had been a member of the State and the National Legislature, who had come in contact with men of letters and men of business, with politicians and members of all the professions, during a long and distinguished public career. I paused for his answer with no little curiosity. Would it be one of the

great ex-Presidents whose names were known to all the world? Would it be the silver-tongued orator of Kentucky or the “Godlike” champion of the Constitution, our New England Jupiter Capitolinus? Who would it be?

“Take it altogether,” he answered, very deliberately, “I should say Colonel Elisha Williams was the most notable personage that I have met with.”

— Colonel Elisha Williams! And who might he be, forsooth? A gentleman of singular distinction, you may be well assured, even though you are not familiar with his name; but as I am not writing a biographical dictionary, I shall leave it to my reader to find out who and what he was.

— One would like to live long enough to witness certain things which will no doubt come to pass by and by. I remember that when one of our good kind-hearted old millionnaires was growing very infirm, his limbs failing him, and his trunk getting packed with the infirmities which mean that one is bound on a long journey, he said very simply and sweetly, “I don’t care about living a great deal longer, but I *should* like to live long enough to find out how much old — — (a many-millions fellow-citizen) is worth.” And without committing myself on the longevity-question I confess I should like to live long enough to see a few things happen that are like to come, sooner or later.

I want to hold the skull of Abraham in my hand. They will go through the Cave of Macpelah at Hebron, I feel sure, in the course of a few generations at the furthest, and as Dr. Robinson knows of nothing which should lead us to question the correctness of the tradition which regards this as the place of sepulture of Abraham and the other patriarchs, there is no reason why we may not find his mummied body in perfect preservation, if he was embalmed after the Egyptian fashion. I suppose the tomb of David will be explored by a commission in due time, and I should like to see the phrenological developments of that great king



and divine singer and warm-blooded man. If, as seems probable, the anthropological section of society manages to get round the curse that protects the bones of Shakespeare, I should like to see the dome which rounded itself over his imperial brain. — Not that I am what is called a phrenologist, but I am curious as to the physical developments of these fellow-mortals of mine, and a little in want of a sensation.

I should like to live long enough to see the course of the Tiber turned, and the bottom of the river thoroughly dredged. I wonder if they would find the seven-branched golden candlestick brought from Jerusalem by Titus, and said to have been dropped from the Milvian bridge. I have often thought of going fishing for it some year when I wanted a vacation, as some of my friends used to go to Ireland to fish for salmon. There was an attempt of that kind, I think, a few years ago. We all know how it looks well enough, from the figure of it on the Arch of Titus, but I should like to “heft” it in my own hand and carry it home and shine it up (excuse my colloquialisms), and sit down and look at it, and think and think and think until the Temple of Solomon built up its walls of hewn stone and its roofs of cedar around me as noiselessly as when it rose, and “there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building.”

All this, you will remember, Beloved, is a digression on my own account, and I return to the Old Master whom I left smiling at his own alteration of Shennstone’s celebrated inscription. He now begins reading again : —

— I want it to be understood that I consider that a certain number of persons are at liberty to dislike me peremptorily, without showing cause, and that they give no offence whatever in so doing.

If I did not cheerfully acquiesce in this sentiment towards myself on the part of others, I should not feel at liberty to indulge my own aversions. I

try to cultivate a Christian feeling to all my fellow-creatures, but inasmuch as I must also respect truth and honesty, I confess to myself a certain number of inalienable dislikes and prejudices, some of which may possibly be shared by others. Some of these are purely instinctive, for others I can assign a reason. Our likes and dislikes play so important a part in the Order of Things that it is well to see on what they are founded.

There are persons I meet occasionally who are too intelligent by half for my liking. They know my thoughts beforehand, and tell me what I was going to say. Of course they are masters of all my knowledge, and a good deal besides; have read all the books I have read, and in later editions; have had all the experiences I have been through, and more too. In my private opinion every mother’s son of them will lie at any time rather than confess ignorance.

— I have a kind of dread, rather than hatred, of persons with a large excess of vitality; great feeders, great laughers, great story-tellers, who come sweeping over their company with a huge tidal wave of animal spirits and boisterous merriment. I have pretty good spirits myself and enjoy a little mild pleasantry, but I am oppressed and extinguished by these great lusty, noisy creatures, and feel as if I were a mute at a funeral when they get into full blast.

— I cannot get along much better with those drooping, languid people, whose vitality falls short as much as that of the others is in excess. I have not life enough for two; I wish I had. It is not very enlivening to meet a fellow-creature whose expression and accents say, “You are the hair that breaks the camel’s back of my endurance, you are the last drop that makes my cup of woe run over”; persons whose heads drop on one side like those of toothless infants, whose voices recall the tones in which our old snuffing choir used to wail out the verses of

“Life is the time to serve the Lord.”



— There is another style which does not captivate me. I recognize an attempt at the *grand manner* now and then, in persons who are well enough in their way, but of no particular importance, socially or otherwise. Some family tradition of wealth or distinction is apt to be at the bottom of it, and it survives all the advantages that used to set it off. I like family pride as well as my neighbors, and respect the high-born fellow-citizen whose progenitors have not worked in their shirt-sleeves for the last two generations full as much as I ought to. But *grand-père oblige*; a person with a known grandfather is too distinguished to find it necessary to put on airs. The few Royal Princes I have happened to know were very easy people to get along with, and had not half the social knee-action I have often seen in the collapsed dowagers who lifted their eyebrows at me in my earlier years.

— My heart does not warm as it should do towards the persons, not intimates, who are always *too* glad to see me when we meet by accident, and discover all at once that they have a vast deal to unbosom themselves of to me.

— There is one blameless person whom I cannot love and have no excuse for hating. It is the innocent fellow-creature, otherwise inoffensive to me, whom I find I have involuntarily joined on turning a corner. I suppose the Mississippi, which was flowing quietly along, minding its own business, hates the Missouri for coming into it all at once with its muddy stream. I suppose the Missouri in like manner hates the Mississippi for diluting with its limpid, but insipid current the rich reminiscences of the varied soils through which its own stream has wandered. I will not compare myself to the clear or the turbid current, but I will own that my heart sinks when I find all of a sudden I am in for a corner confluence, and I cease loving my neighbor as myself until I can get away from him.

— These antipathies are at least

weaknesses; they may be sins in the eye of the Recording Angel. I often reproach myself with my wrong-doings. I should like sometimes to thank Heaven for saving me from some kinds of transgression, and even for granting me some qualities that if I dared I should be disposed to call virtues. I should do so, I suppose, if I did not remember the story of the Pharisee. That ought not to hinder me. The parable was told to illustrate a single virtue, humility, and the most unwarranted inferences have been drawn from it as to the whole character of the two parties. It seems not at all unlikely, but rather probable, that the Pharisee was a fairer dealer, a better husband, and a more charitable person than the Publican, whose name has come down to us "linked with one virtue," but who may have been guilty, for aught that appears to the contrary, of "a thousand crimes." Remember how we limit the application of other parables. The lord, it will be recollected, commended the unjust steward because he had done *wisely*. His shrewdness was held up as an example, but after all he was a miserable swindler, and deserved the State-prison as much as many of our financial operators. The parable of the Pharisee and the Publican is a perpetual warning against spiritual pride. But it must not frighten any one of us out of being thankful that he is not, like this or that neighbor, under bondage to strong drink or opium, that he is not an Erie Railroad Manager, and that his head rests in virtuous calm on his own pillow. If he prays in the morning to be kept out of temptation as well as for his daily bread, shall he not return thanks at night that he has not fallen into sin as well as that his stomach has been filled? I do not think the poor Pharisee has ever had fair play, and I am afraid a good many people sin with the comforting, half-latent intention of smiting their breasts afterwards and repeating the prayer of the Publican.

(Sensation.)



This little movement which I have thus indicated seemed to give the Master new confidence in his audience. He turned over several pages until he came to a part of the interleaved volume where we could all see he had written in a passage of new matter *in red ink* as of special interest.

—I told you, he said, in Latin, and I repeat it in English, that I have freed my soul in these pages, — I have spoken my mind. I have read you a few extracts, most of them of rather slight texture, and some of them, you perhaps thought, whimsical. But I meant, if I thought you were in the right mood for listening to it, to read you some paragraphs which give in small compass the pith, the marrow, of all that my experience has taught me. Life is a fatal complaint, and an eminently contagious one. I took it early, as we all do, and have treated it all along with the best palliatives I could get hold of, inasmuch as I could find no radical cure for its evils, and have so far managed to keep pretty comfortable under it.

It is a great thing for a man to put the whole meaning of his life into a few paragraphs, if he does it so that others can make anything out of it. If he conveys his wisdom after the fashion of the old alchemists, he may as well let it alone. He must talk in very plain words, and that is what I have done. You want to know what a certain number of scores of years have taught me that I think best worth telling. If I had half a dozen square inches of paper, and one penful of ink, and five minutes to use them in for the instruction of those who come after me, what should I put down in writing? That is the question.

Perhaps I should be wiser if I refused to attempt any such brief statement of the most valuable lesson that life has taught me. I am by no means sure that I had not better draw my pen through the page that holds the quintessence of my vital experiences, and leave those who wish to know what it is to distil it themselves from my many

printed pages. But I have excited your curiosity, and I see that you are impatient to hear what the wisdom, or the folly, it may be, of a life shows for, when it is crowded into a few lines as the fragrance of a gardenful of roses is concentrated in a few drops of perfume.

—By this time I confess I was myself a little excited. *What was he going to tell us?* The Young Astronomer looked upon him with an eye as clear and steady and brilliant as the evening star, but I could see that he too was a little nervous, wondering what would come next.

The Old Master adjusted his large round spectacles and began:—

—It has cost me fifty years to find my place in the Order of Things. I had explored all the sciences; I had studied the literature of all ages; I had travelled in many lands; I had learned how to follow the working of thought in men and of sentiment and instinct in women. I had examined for myself all the religions that could make out any claim for themselves. I had fasted and prayed with the monks of a lonely convent; I had mingled with the crowds that shouted glory at camp-meetings; I had listened to the threats of Calvinists and the promises of Universalists; I had been a devout attendant on a Jewish Synagogue; I was in correspondence with an intelligent Buddhist; and I met frequently with the inner circle of Rationalists, who believed in the persistence of Force, and the identity of alimentary substances with virtue, and were reconstructing the universe on this basis, with absolute exclusion of all Supernumeraries. In these pursuits I had passed the larger part of my half-century of existence, as yet with little satisfaction. It was on the morning of my fiftieth birthday that the solution of the great problem I had sought so long came to me as a simple formula, with a few grand but obvious inferences. I will repeat the substance of this final intuition:—

*The one central fact in the Order of Things which solves all questions is—*



At this moment we were interrupted by a knock at the Master's door. It was most inopportune, for he was on the point of the great disclosure, but common politeness compelled him to answer it, and as the step which we had heard was that of one of the softer-footed sex, he chose to rise from his chair and admit his visitor.

This visitor was our Landlady. She was dressed with more than usual nicety, and her countenance showed clearly that she came charged with an important communication.

— I did n't know there was company with you, — said the Landlady, — but it's jest as well. I've got something to tell my boarders that I don't want to tell them, and if I must do it, I may as well tell you all at once as one to a time. I'm a going to give up keeping boarders at the end of this year, — I mean come the end of December.

She took out a white handkerchief, at hand in expectation of what was to happen, and pressed it to her eyes. There was an interval of silence. The Master closed his book and laid it on the table. The Young Astronomer did not look as much surprised as I should have expected. I was completely taken aback, — I had not thought of such a sudden breaking up of our little circle.

When the Landlady had recovered her composure, she began again: —

The Lady that's been so long with me is going to a house of her own, — one she has bought back again, for it used to belong to her folks. It's a beautiful house, and the sun shines in at the front windows all day long. She's going to be wealthy again, but it doos n't make any difference in her ways. I've had boarders complain when I was doing as well as I knowed how for them, but I never heerd a word from her that was n't as pleasant as if she'd been talking to the Governor's lady. I've knowed what it was to have women-boarders that find fault, — there's some of 'em would quarrel with me and everybody at my table; they would quarrel with the

Angel Gabriel if he lived in the house with 'em, and scold at him and tell him he was always dropping his feathers round, if they could n't find anything else to bring up against him.

Two other boarders of mine has given me notice that they was expecting to leave come the first of January. I could fill up their places easy enough, for ever since that first book was wrote that called people's attention to my boarding-house, I've had more wanting to come than I wanted to keep.

But I'm getting along in life, and I ain't quite so rugged as I used to be. My daughter is well settled and my son is making his own living. I've done a good deal of hard work in my time, and I feel as if I had a right to a little rest. There's nobody knows what a woman that has the charge of a family goes through, but God Almighty that made her. I've done my best for them that I loved, and for them that was under my roof. My husband and my children was well cared for when they lived, and he and them little ones that I buried has white marble head-stones and foot-stones, and an iron fence round the lot, and a place left for me betwixt him and the . . .

Some has always been good to me, — some has made it a little of a strain to me to get along. When a woman's back aches with overworking herself to keep her house in shape, and a dozen mouths are opening at her three times a day, like them little young birds that split their heads open so you can a'most see into their empty stomachs, and one wants this and another wants that, and provisions is dear and rent is high, and nobody to look to, — then a sharp word cuts, I tell you, and a hard look goes right to your heart. I've seen a boarder make a face at what I set before him, when I had tried to suit him jest as well as I knew how, and I have n't cared to eat a thing myself all the rest of that day, and I've laid awake without a wink of sleep all night. And then when you come down the next morning all the boarders stare at you and wonder what makes you so



low-spirited, and why you don't look as happy and talk as cheerful as one of them rich ladies that has dinner-parties, where they 've nothing to do but give a few orders, and somebody comes and cooks their dinner, and somebody else comes and puts flowers on the table, and a lot of men dressed up like ministers come and wait on everybody, as attentive as undertakers at a funeral.

And that reminds me to tell you that I'm a going to live with my daughter. Her husband's a very nice man, and when he is n't following a corpse, he's as good company as if he was a member of the city council. My son, he's a going into business with the old Doctor he studied with, and he's a going to board with me at my daughter's for a while, — I suppose *he* 'll be getting a wife before long. (This with a pointed look at our young friend, the Astronomer.)

It is n't but a little while longer that we are going to be together, and I want to say to you gentlemen, as I mean to say to the others and as I have said to our two ladies, that I feel more obligated to you for the way you've treated me than I know very well how to put into words. Boarders sometimes expect too much of the ladies that provides for them. Some days the meals are better than other days; it can't help being so. Sometimes the provision-market is n't well supplied, sometimes the fire in the cooking-stove does n't burn so well as it does other days; sometimes the cook is n't so lucky as she might be. And there *is* boarders who is always laying in wait for the days when the meals is not quite so good as they commonly be, to pick a quarrel with the one that is trying to serve them so as that they shall be satisfied. But you've all been good and kind to me. I suppose I'm not quite so spry and quick-sighted as I was a dozen years ago, when my boarder wrote that first book so many have asked me about. But now I'm going to stop taking boarders. I don't believe you 'll think

much about what I did n't do, — because I could n't, — but remember that at any rate I tried honestly to serve you. I hope God will bless all that set at my table, old and young, rich and poor, merried and single, and single that hopes soon to be merried. My husband that's dead and gone always believed that we all get to heaven sooner or later, — and sence I've grown older and buried so many that I've loved I've come to feel that perhaps I should meet all of them that I've known here — or at least as many of 'em as I wanted to — in a better world. And, though I don't calculate there is any boarding-houses in heaven, I hope I shall some time or other meet them that has set round my table one year after another, all together, where there is no fault-finding with the food and no occasion for it, — and if I do meet them and you there, — or anywhere, — if there is anything I can do for you . . .

. . . . Poor dear soul! Her ideas had got a little mixed, and her heart was overflowing, and the white handkerchief closed the scene with its timely and greatly needed service.

— What a pity, I have often thought, that she came in just at that precise moment! For the Old Master was on the point of telling us, and through one of us the reading world, — I mean that fraction of it which has reached this point of the record, — at any rate, of telling you, Beloved, through my pen, his solution of a great problem we all have to deal with. We were some weeks longer together, but he never offered to continue his reading. At length I ventured to give him a hint that our young friend and myself would both of us be greatly gratified if he would begin reading from his unpublished page where he had left off.

— No, sir, — he said, — better not, better not. That which means so much to me, the writer, might be a disappointment, or at least a puzzle, to you, the listener. Besides, if you 'll take my printed book and be at the trouble of thinking over what it says, and put that



with what you've heard me say, and then make those comments and reflections which will be suggested to a mind in so many respects like mine as is your own,—excuse my good opinion of myself,—(It is a high compliment to me, I replied,) you will perhaps find you have the elements of the formula and its consequences which I was about to read you. It's quite as well to crack your own filberts as to borrow the use of other people's teeth. I think we will wait awhile before we pour out the *Elixir Vita*.

—To tell the honest truth, I suspect the Master has found out that his formula does not hold water quite so perfectly as he was thinking, so long as he kept it to himself, and never thought of imparting it to anybody else. The very minute a thought is threatened with publicity it seems to shrink towards mediocrity, as I have noticed that a great pumpkin, the wonder of a village, seemed to lose at least a third of its dimensions between the field where it grew and the cattle-show fair-table, where it took its place with other enormous pumpkins from other wondering villages. But however that may be, I shall always regret that I had not the opportunity of judging for myself how completely the Master's formula, which, for him, at least, seemed to have solved the great problem, would have accomplished that desirable end for me.

The Landlady's announcement of her intention to give up keeping boarders was heard with regret by all who met around her table. The Member of the Haouse inquired of me whether I could tell him if the Lamb Tavern was kept well about these times. He knew that members from his place used to stop there, but he had n't heard much about it of late years.—I had to inform him that that fold of rural innocence had long ceased offering its hospitalities to the legislative flock. He found refuge at last, I have learned, in a great public house in the northern section of the city, where, as he said, the folks all went up stairs in

a rat-trap, and the last I heard of him was looking out of his somewhat elevated attic-window in a northwesterly direction in hopes that he might perhaps get a sight of the Grand Monadnock, a mountain in New Hampshire, which I have myself seen from the top of Bunker Hill Monument.

The Member of the Haouse seems to have been more in a hurry to find a new resting-place than the other boarders. By the first of January, however, our whole company was scattered, never to meet again around the board where we had been so long together.

The Lady moved to the house where she had passed many of her prosperous years. It had been occupied by a rich family who had taken it nearly as it stood, and as the pictures had been dusted regularly, and the books had never been handled, she found everything in many respects as she had left it, and in some points improved, for the rich people did not know what else to do, and so they spent money without stint on their house and its adornments, by all of which she could not help profiting. I do not choose to give the street and number of the house where she lives, but a great many poor people know very well where it is, and as a matter of course the rich ones roll up to her door in their carriages by the dozen every fine Monday while anybody is in town.

It is whispered that our two young folks are to be married before another season, and that the Lady has asked them to come and stay with her for a while. Our Scheherazade is to write no more stories. It is astonishing to see what a change for the better in her aspect a few weeks of brain-rest and heart's ease have wrought in her. I doubt very much whether she ever returns to literary labor. The work itself was almost heart-breaking, but the effect upon her of the sneers and cynical insolences of the literary rough who came at her in mask and brass knuckles was to give her what I fear will be a lifelong disgust against any



writing for the public, especially in any of the periodicals. I am not sorry that she should stop writing, but I am sorry that she should have been silenced in such a rude way. I doubt, too, whether the young Astronomer will pass the rest of his life in hunting for comets and planets. I think he has found an attraction that will call him down from the celestial luminaries to a light not less pure and far less remote. And I am inclined to believe that the best answer to many of those questions which have haunted him and found expression in his verse will be reached by a very different channel from that of lonely contemplation, — the duties, the cares, the responsible realities of a life drawn out of itself by the power of newly awakened instincts and affections. The double star was prophetic, — I thought it would be.

The Register of Deeds is understood to have been very handsomely treated by the boarder who owes her good fortune to his sagacity and activity. He has engaged apartments at a very genteel boarding-house not far from the one where we have all been living. The Salesman found it a simple matter to transfer himself to an establishment over the way; he had very little to move, and required very small accommodations.

The Capitalist, however, seems to have felt it impossible to move without ridding himself of a part at least of his encumbrances. The community was startled by the announcement that a citizen who did not wish his name to be known had made a free gift of a large sum of money — it was in tens of thousands — to an institution of long standing and high character in the city of which he was a quiet resident. The source of such a gift could not long be kept secret. It was our economical, not to say parsimonious Capitalist who had done this noble act, and the poor man had to skulk through back streets and keep out of sight, as if he was a show character in a travelling caravan, to avoid the acknowledgments of his liberality, which met him

on every hand and put him fairly out of countenance.

That Boy has gone, in virtue of a special invitation, to make a visit of indefinite length at the house of the father of the older boy, whom we know by the name of Johnny. Of course he is having a good time, for Johnny's father is full of fun, and tells first-rate stories, and if neither of the boys gets his brains kicked out by the pony, or blows himself up with gunpowder, or breaks through the ice and gets drowned, they will have a fine time of it this winter.

The Scarabee could not bear to remove his collections, and the Old Master was equally unwilling to disturb his books. It was arranged, therefore, that they should keep their apartments until the new tenant should come into the house, when, if they were satisfied with her management, they would continue as her boarders.

The last time I saw the Scarabee he was still at work on the *meloë* question. He expressed himself very pleasantly towards all of us, his fellow-boarders, and spoke of the kindness and consideration with which the Landlady had treated him when he had been straitened at times for want of means. Especially he seemed to be interested in our young couple who were soon to be united. His tired old eyes glistened as he asked about them, — could it be that their little romance recalled some early vision of his own? However that may be, he got up presently and went to a little box in which, as he said, he kept some choice specimens. He brought to me in his hand something which glittered. It was an exquisite diamond beetle.

— If you could get that to her, — he said, — they tell me that ladies sometimes wear them in their hair. If they are out of fashion, she can keep it till after they're married, and then perhaps after a while there may be — you know — you know what I mean — there may be — *larvæ* that's what I'm thinking there may be, and they'll like to look at it.

— As he got out the word *larvæ*, a



faint sense of the ridiculous seemed to take hold of the Scarabee, and for the first and only time during my acquaintance with him a slight attempt at a smile showed itself on his features. It was barely perceptible and gone almost as soon as seen, yet I am pleased to put it on record that on one occasion at least in his life the Scarabee smiled.

The Old Master keeps adding notes and reflections and new suggestions to his interleaved volume, but I doubt if he ever gives them to the public. The study he has proposed to himself does not grow easier the longer it is pursued. The whole Order of Things can hardly be completely unravelled in any single person's lifetime, and I suspect he will have to adjourn the final stage of his investigations to that more luminous realm where the Landlady hopes to rejoin the company of boarders who are nevermore to meet around her cheerful and well-ordered table.

The curtain has now fallen, and I show myself a moment before it to thank my audience and say farewell. The second comer is commonly less welcome than the first, and the third makes but a rash venture. I hope I have not wholly disappointed those who have been so kind to my predecessors.

To you, Beloved, who have never failed to cut the leaves which hold my record, who have never nodded over its pages, who have never hesitated in your allegiance, who have greeted me with unfailing smiles and part from me with unfeigned regrets, to you I look my *las tadium* as I bow myself out of sight, trusting my poor efforts to your always kind remembrance.

#### EPILOGUE TO THE BREAKFAST-TABLE SERIES.

AUTOCRAT—PROFESSOR—POET.

AT A BOOKSTORE.

*Anno Domini 1972.*

A CRAZY bookcase, placed before  
A low-price dealer's open door;  
Therein arrayed in broken rows  
A ragged crew of rhyme and prose,

The homeless vagrants, waifs and strays  
Whose low estate this line betrays  
(Set forth the lesser birds to lime)

*YOUR CHOICE AMONG THESE BOOKS, 1 DIME!*

Ho! dealer; for its motto's sake  
This scarecrow from the shelf I take;  
Three starveling volumes bound in one,  
Its covers warping in the sun.  
Methinks it hath a musty smell,  
I like its flavor none too well,  
But Yorick's brain was far from dull,  
Though Hamlet pah! 'd, and dropped his  
skull.

Why, here comes rain! The sky grows  
dark,—

Was that the roll of thunder? Hark!  
The shop affords a safe retreat,  
A chair extends its welcome seat,  
The tradesman has a civil look  
(I've paid, impromptu, for my book),  
The clouds portend a sudden shower,—  
I'll read my purchase for an hour.

What have I rescued from the shelf?  
A Boswell, writing out himself!  
For though he changes dress and name,  
The man beneath is still the same,  
Laughing or sad, by fits and starts,  
One actor in a dozen parts,  
And whatsoe'er the mask may be,  
The voice assures us, *This is he.*

I say not this to cry him down;  
I find my Shakespeare in his clown,  
His rogues the self-same parent own;  
Nay! Satan talks in Milton's tone!  
Where'er the ocean inlet strays,  
The salt sea wave its source betrays,  
Where'er the queen of summer blows,  
She tells the zephyr, "I'm the rose!"

And his is not the playwright's page;  
His table does not ape the stage;  
What matter if the figures seen  
Are only shadows on a screen,  
He finds in them his lurking thought,  
And on their lips the words he sought,  
Like one who sits before the keys  
And plays a tune himself to please.

And was he noted in his day?  
Read, flattered, honored? Who shall say?  
Poor wreck of time the wave has cast  
To find a peaceful shore at last,  
Once glorying in thy gilded name  
And freighted deep with hopes of fame,



Thy leaf is moistened with a tear,  
The first for many a long, long year !

For be it more or less of art  
That veils the lowliest human heart  
Where passion throbs, where friendship  
glows,

Where pity's tender tribute flows,  
Where love has lit its fragrant fire,  
And sorrow quenched its vain desire,  
For me the altar is divine,  
Its flame, its ashes, — all are mine !

And thou, my brother, as I look  
And see thee pictured in thy book,

Thy years on every page confessed  
In shadows lengthening from the west,  
Thy glance that wanders, as it sought  
Some freshly opening flower of thought,  
Thy hopeful nature, light and free,  
I start to find myself in thee !

Come, vagrant, outcast, wretch forlorn  
In leather jerkin stained and torn,  
Whose talk has filled my idle hour  
And made me half forget the shower,  
I'll do at least as much for you,  
Your coat I'll patch, your guilt renew,  
Read you — perhaps — some other time.  
Not bad, my bargain ! Price one dime !

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## SHAKER JOHN.

### I.

THE sun lay warm on the hills  
that June afternoon, tingeing with  
brighter scarlet the strawberries that  
were ripening in the growing grass.  
The roses were in all their glory, and  
the little brown cottage under the  
maple-tree was nearly covered with  
their bloom. Into the open window  
floated their fragrance till the air was  
heavy with it.

But she who had longed so much for  
the summer was rapidly passing from  
all earthly summers forever.

The monotonous hum of the bees  
among the roses soothed to quiet slum-  
ber the little watcher by her bedside,  
while she gazed on the unconscious boy  
with looks of unutterable love. Who  
may tell the agony of that mother's  
heart as she felt herself gliding away  
from that little helpless one who had  
never known any care or love save  
hers? Who, in the whole wide world,  
could fill her place to the shrinking,  
sensitive child?

All the sad past came up before  
her, as she lay there that summer  
afternoon, — memories of girlhood, of  
a happy bride, a proud mother, and,  
so soon ! a widow. Then she recalled

the struggle that followed, when she  
toiled bravely for the sake of her  
boy, year after year with ever-failing  
strength, till at last, when Johnnie was  
ten years old, she lay down to die.  
There was no hope for her, and she  
knew it ; but when she told Johnnie  
so, he did not and could not and *would*  
not believe it.

The day drifted on to evening, and  
the stars came out and shone into the  
quiet room before Johnnie awoke.

"Please, darling, get me a cup of  
water and then eat your supper, for I  
want to talk with you."

He brought the water and sat down  
again by her side, awed by the strange  
pallor of her face into a fearful, sickening  
dread.

"Johnnie darling, mother is going  
away from you now for a little while,  
— going home to heaven. My precious  
darling, will you always, as long as you  
live, remember all I have told you and  
try to be as good as if I were with  
you? I think God will sometimes let  
me be with you, though you cannot see  
me."

With a bitter cry, as if hope had  
gone out in his heart, he answered,  
"O mother, mother, do not leave me !  
Take me with you, — do, mother, take



me with you! I cannot live without you, you know I cannot. Ask God to let me die too."

Tears, the last the poor mother was to shed, rolled down her cheeks as she clasped the boy close to her heart, already beating with the labored throbs of death. "O Johnnie, my own darling, God will take care of you, indeed he will! He says, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' You must love him and trust him, and he will surely take care of you. Now, Johnnie, kiss me and then go to sleep right here in my arms."

And Johnnie kissed her over and over and over again, with a tempest of sobs and tears, till at last, worn out with his grief, he sank down by her side and was again in a troubled sleep. The mother clasped him closer and closer, and gazed at him as long as her dim, dying eyes could see; and then she too slept.

A neighbor, coming in soon after, found them lying in each other's arms; but Johnnie was motherless.

## II.

OUT a few miles from a flourishing city was the Shaker community of Bethlehem. The broad acres of fertile meadow and hill-slope gave evidence of careful cultivation. The great barns were filled almost to bursting with the abundant harvests. Fat, sleek cattle fed in the pastures and gave promise of a dairy full of milk, butter, and cheese. Sheep were scattered over the hillsides, and many acres were blue with the delicate blossom of the flax. Everything indicated industry, thrift, and neatness, as is always the case in the Shaker communities. Beyond these virtues they seldom went. Utilitarians of the strictest sort, they argued that the beautiful was only to be cultivated by the world's people, and that to their everlasting undoing. So the Brothers went about their work with grave faces that hardened year by year into rigid lines,—faces in which one read the

extinguishment of human hope and love and happiness. The Sisters, in their grotesque garb, lost year by year the sweetness and serenity that should have been theirs, and became angular and unlovely in mind and body. No sweet feminine graces were theirs, no dainty touches were allowed to soften the rudeness of their surroundings. You saw no flowers growing in their windows or in their gardens, no bouquets in their rooms. True, they had great beds of sage and thyme and summer-savory, and they excelled in preparing these herbs for the market. But they did not cultivate flowers for their own sweet sake. What call had they to love the world's vanities and weeds?

A serious, sober, simple, quiet people, kindly, plain in manner;—it was in their quaint Community that Johnnie Lawrence found himself the next day after his mother's funeral. There had been neither kith nor kin to claim the orphan, and the neighbors, who had been very kind to Mrs. Lawrence during her illness, were too poor and had too many children of their own to add one more to their number. They talked together about Johnnie, and it had been decided by them that he could find no better home than among the Shakers at Bethlehem. So it came about that the very next day he was taken there.

When Johnnie found that his mother was dead, he made no outcry and shed no tear, but his face had a look far more sad to see than the most violent weeping. He seemed so benumbed by the shock as hardly to comprehend the sorrowful funeral rites; but when the coffin was lowered into the grave he uttered a wailing cry of, "Mother, mother!" and sank senseless to the ground. It was in this helpless state that they took him to the Shakers, and the good woman who carried him there wept over him when she left him, and assured the neighbors upon her return that Johnnie would soon follow his mother.

But young hearts are strong after



all, and grief seldom kills; and so, though Johnnie lay in a low fever for several weeks, during which he was tenderly cared for by the good Sisters, yet at last he came slowly but surely back to life. For some time he was too weak to know or care where he was. After a while he asked a few questions, and Sister Martha, who had come to have the sole care of him latterly, told him as gently as she could what had taken place. He listened in silence, then turned his face to the wall. Sister Martha, kind soul, tried to comfort him, but he took no notice of her for hours. There he lay, his thin hands over his white face, while between his fingers slowly trickled the tears. Occasionally a sob shook his slight frame, and sometimes Sister Martha fancied she heard him whisper, "Mother."

From that time he asked no questions, but accepted his lot without a word. To Sister Martha he particularly attached himself, as in some degree taking the place of his mother; though Sister Martha, coarse-featured, angular, large-handed, and uncouth, was very different from the beautiful, delicate, graceful mother whose memory Johnnie kept sacred in his heart. But there was something of the same mother-love in her eyes, and that sanctified and beautified her in his sight.

For a few years the duties required of Johnnie were very light and pleasant. To drive the cows to and from their pasture, to carry water to the busy workers in the field, to gather herbs and berries and fruit,—these were all agreeable tasks. The pure air and plain plentiful food and healthful exercise gave new life and strength to the boy, and brought a bright glow to the cheeks that had been so pale, and rounded out the slight limbs to a healthful fulness. But he was always quiet and gentle, and wore a certain air of refinement in contrast with his surroundings. As he grew older his nature sometimes rebelled at the coarse, rude life of the Shakers, and he questioned with himself why all that makes

life beautiful was so sedulously excluded by them. He gave no expression, however, to all that passed in his mind; and as the years wore away and he steadily worked on at the trade, shoemaking, which he had learned, no one of that Brotherhood imagined that "Brother John" had any higher aspirations than the rest of them.

He seldom "went out into the world," as they termed mingling with the outsiders; but on such rare occasions he always came back with a crushed, desponding spirit. The glimpses he caught of another life revealed to him something better and higher and nobler than that of the Community, and led him back in memory to the little vine-covered cottage, and the gentle mother who had made his young life under that lowly roof seem a dream of Paradise. To no one did he speak of all this; perhaps, had Sister Martha lived, he might have gone to her for sympathy, but Sister Martha had for years slept in her lowly, unmarked grave. "Gone over there," they always answered, with an indefinite wave of the hand, when questioned of one who was dead.

Gradually there grew up in Brother John's mind a desire to leave the Community. At first he rejected the idea as impracticable, but it returned again and again, and grew upon him more and more. Meanwhile, till he could see the way clear for its accomplishment, he worked steadily at his trade, making the heavy shoes that seemed to him like everything else about him, coarse and ungainly.

### III.

"WELL, Sue, what shall we do to-day? We must improve every one of these shining hours."

Sue, who was a beautiful young mother with her first baby asleep in her arms, got up and walked gently to the cradle, singing in a low voice all the while to the little one as she carefully laid it down. Then she stole out of the room.



"Now, Lucy."

"I have it, Sue; let us go out to Bethlehem this morning and see the Shakers. You know we have been talking about it ever so long."

"But our babies, Lucy."

"O those babies! We can leave them well enough this morning. They will be taken good care of."

So, with many injunctions to the nurse, they departed. They were school-friends who had seldom met since their marriage, and they were now renewing the pleasant friendship of old times.

It was a delightful drive, — first, through the crowded city streets; then out where the houses began to straggle farther and farther apart, and the country to steal in between; a little farther and the road lay through shady woods and between cultivated fields, and every vestige of the city was left behind. The friends were as happy that morning as in the merry days whose memories they recalled with so many peals of laughter, and they reached Bethlehem in a gay mood, prepared to enjoy everything they should see and hear.

The Sisters, as usual, were going about their work, looking to the kitchen, the dairy, the spinning and weaving, and whatever else came in their department; but one of them cheerfully accompanied the ladies on their round of observation. The friends admired the order and neatness everywhere visible, — the milk-pans shining like silver, the pails and churns scoured to a snowy whiteness. They must taste the butter, and have a drink of the milk, and try some of the cheese, and the cheese made some bread necessary, and that reminded Sister Hannah that some honey would not be out of place with the bread; and so they had a gay lunch with Sister Hannah, who found herself laughing merrily at their enjoyment of everything. It was quite an extraordinary thing for Sister Hannah to laugh, and it really made her plain face grow young and beautiful. Poor soul, doubtless she reproved herself long after for having been betrayed into such worldliness and levity?

After the lunch they took a stroll over the gardens, and there Brother John met them. He bowed to them with instinctive but most un-Shaker-like grace, and they were at once struck by the contrast between him and the other Brothers they had met. He, on his part, followed their every motion with eyes that took in all the difference between them and the ungainly Sister Hannah. There was something in Lucy's voice, her elastic step, her slender figure, that reminded him of his mother, that dear, dead mother who had been all these long years enshrined in his memory, the embodiment of perfect grace and goodness. He followed them at a respectful distance, contrasting in his mind the culture and refinement they manifested in every look and tone and motion with the coarseness of the Sisters' manners. The very sweep of their drapery seemed to him marvellously beautiful by the side of poor Sister Hannah's scant skirts that switched so ungracefully about her thick ankles, revealing her colored woollen stockings and great coarse shoes. Sister Hannah certainly suffered in all points by the contrast, from her hideous head-gear to the No. 7s on her feet. Brother John finally turned away in despair.

The sound of Lucy's clear laugh drew him again in their direction, and he followed them with wistful eyes that revealed something of what was passing in his heart. The ladies, in a pause of their gay talk, noticed the eager look, and Lucy impulsively turned toward him and said, "Brother John, are you contented here?"

He was not prepared for the question, and his heart cried out bitterly at its seeming cruelty. "How can she," he thought, "with all her beauty and culture and love, taunt me with the poverty of my life?" Perhaps he did not think it in just these words, but such was the current of his thoughts. Yet, with all the calmness he could, he simply answered, "I have lived here from childhood."

Why did not that suffice? Why



must she demand still further, "But are you happy here?"

The question pierced him through and through, for his heart, after all the discipline it had undergone, was still very human.

There was no revelation in his manner of what was passing in his mind, and he replied in the same low, measured, passionless tones, "This has long been my home."

"Home," echoed Lucy, looking around at the prim, stiff, bare houses of the Community, — "home! but you would be so much happier in a home of your own, I am sure."

Brother John did not reply, but the words rung in his ears, and he almost wailed them over to himself, weeks afterwards, "You would be so much happier in a home of your own."

With an invitation to Brother John to call upon them when he visited the city, the ladies went. In a few days the memory of that visit was, to them, only one among many pleasant memories.

Not so with Brother John. The grave, silent man grew, if possible, still more grave and silent. "Must I," so he questioned with himself, — "must I try forever to satisfy myself with these dry husks which have no kernel of affection in them? Must I starve my spirit here, when in the world there is fulness of beauty and love? Why should I not go away from this place where I have been so cramped and dwarfed every way, and live among men, and measure myself with them, and try to grow like them? Yes, why should not I, too, have a home all my own?"

So he reasoned, and gradually the desire to leave the Shakers, at first misty and indistinct, took form. Come what would, he could not stay there longer. The very air stifled him. He must go away where he could breathe more freely.

Then he remembered the invitation he had received to call upon the ladies who had helped him so much, unwittingly, to his decision; and he re-

solved to go and see them before he should make known to the Brotherhood his intention of leaving them.

To the city Brother John went. But in its crowded streets, jostled by its rushing, bustling throng of well-dressed men and women, he began to feel how different he was from them. If he had little in common with the Shakers, he had still less with this new world in which he found himself. He looked with a degree of bitterness at his own coarse dress and brown hands. He became suddenly and painfully aware of his own deficiencies, and the man who, at the Farm, was so quiet and self-possessed, and contrasted so favorably with the other Brothers, grew awkward and uneasy, and walked with shambling step and downcast eye. Almost his courage failed him, and he had half resolved to go back and live and die in the Community, when he found himself in front of the house he was seeking.

A great desire to see again the woman who had reminded him so much of his mother took possession of him, and he rung the bell with almost childish eagerness. His ring was answered and he was shown into the parlor where the two ladies sat, surrounded by their children; making — so Brother John thought — the sweetest home-picture he had ever looked upon.

They received him kindly, and asked him all sorts of questions about Bethlehem and its people. Could they have known what was passing in his mind, they would doubtless have said something in reference to his leaving the Shakers, but it never occurred to them that such an idea had entered his mind, still less that they had done anything to suggest it to him. So the time passed away, Brother John noticing everything in the room, and each moment seeming carried back nearer and nearer to his childhood and his mother. When he left the house, though not an allusion had been made to the subject, his mind was fully made up. He would come out into the world. Henceforth his end and aim in



life should be to make for himself a home,—such a home as he had just visited. Then Brother John blushed, a vivid, painful blush, as he fancied some sweet-faced, pleasant woman who would make that home all the world to him. Instinctively, he gave that unknown woman the form and features of his mother.

It was with a firm step and uplifted face that he now walked. No more hesitation, no more doubt. He would henceforth be a man among men. He would go out and live among them, and hold up his head with the best of them. He felt in his heart that he had the power to do it, and his nerves were strung with the intensity of his resolve.

#### IV.

THE great barn-doors at Bethlehem swung wide open, revealing to the passer-by the abundance of the harvest stored within. The sweet smell of the hay came wafted by the breeze, more delicious than any gale that sweeps over Araby the blest. Motherly, clucking hens with great broods of half-grown chickens sought shelter inside the friendly open doors from the fierceness of the heat, and tried in vain to restrain their thoughtless offspring from too reckless pursuit of the temptingly fat grasshoppers that started up in every direction.

In the pastures the cows lay quietly chewing their cuds, with meditative eyes, under the shadow of the trees, waiting till they should be driven up for the evening milking.

The Brothers toiled patiently in the fields, with moist faces and sun-browned hands,—toiled patiently, but with a painful, mechanical air, as if they carried to their labor no more of heart or hope than the machines they were using in their work.

In the houses the Sisters were busy as usual,—they were always busy there,—but who could look at their patient, hopeless faces without pity? Occasionally there was a fair, sweet, saintly one that told of heavenly hopes and

communings so bright and real as to make earthly joys dim and worthless. There were others seamed and scarred all over with the inner conflict. There were eyes that looked as from behind prison bars; other eyes, sad and full of unshed tears. There were some timid, gentle, loving faces, that should have been seen only in quiet, happy homes, not in Bethlehem. There were others coarse, stupid, hard.

Brother John noticed them all that evening as he had never noticed them in the twenty years of his life there. Now that he was about leaving them there sprung up in his heart a pitying, loving sympathy for them. There was a certain feeling of familiarity with them that had taken the place of tender ties, and now he felt as if, after all, he might be going away from home. For a moment he almost drew back, and he had a weak notion of going to the Brothers and telling them he would stay with them. Only for a moment, though, and then the desire for something better than life there could possibly offer grew strong within him. With beating, anxious heart he went to the room where he was to meet the elders and receive the sum of money which, after due deliberation, they should conclude his services worth for the twenty years he had been with them.

Were this story a fiction, I should never think of naming so small a sum as Brother John found set down to his credit. As it is a true story, I hardly dare mention it for fear of throwing discredit on a whole sect. True he had been received into the Community when he was a feeble, delicate child. They had cared for him through severe and protracted sickness. Little labor had been required of him for several years, while he had been fed and clothed and sheltered. They had taught him how to make the coarse "stoga" shoes worn at Bethlehem. He, on his part, had wrought faithfully for twelve of the twenty years at that trade. The Community was rich. Might not Brother John expect at least a few hundred dollars to begin life with?



He found himself, that summer evening, standing half stupefied, looking back upon the Community which he had just quitted, and upon which the setting sun shone as if in benediction, with exactly two dollars and fifty cents in his pocket! And "the world was all before him where to choose."

With pardonable bitterness John Lawrence, now Brother John no longer, recalled the time, twenty years ago, when he was brought there senseless and helpless; and the thought crossed his mind that he was beginning the world, at thirty years of age, in just as helpless a condition.

There had been a great commotion at Bethlehem when Brother John announced his intention of leaving. He was the last one they would have suspected of any such desire. He had always been so self-possessed and reticent, they thought him perfectly satisfied. There was even talk of making him an elder, and it was confidently predicted that he would some day be a great man among them.

The Sisters, too, all liked him, — he was always so ready to do any little kindness. They would sadly miss his pleasant face out of the little sunshine in their lives. There had been some effort made to retain him, but he was so decided that it was at once given up. And now he was gone.

As he stood looking back upon the spot that had been all the home he had known for so many years, he saw one of the Sisters stealing quietly towards him, with a little package in her hand; and when it proved to be Sister Hannah, who had followed him with a paper of bread and cheese, which she gave him, telling him he might want it for his breakfast, his heart smote him for the bitter thoughts he had been indulging. There was some good there after all; and when poor Sister Hannah said good by with faltering voice and tearful eyes, and turned back home again, he forgot about her awkward figure, slouchy bonnet, coarse hands and feet, and remembered only

the womanly kindness that for the time beautified her.

So John Lawrence, at thirty years of age, had his next day's breakfast in his hand, and two dollars and fifty cents in his pocket, and the world before him.

It was no hardship for him to spend the first night within the shelter of a barn, about half-way from Bethlehem to the city. His poverty made it necessary; but, aside from this, it gave a certain spice of romance, a flavor of adventure, that was in no wise distasteful to the man in his present mood. For he was but a young man, after all; and now that he had fairly entered the world, he began to feel within himself the energy and ambition that his life with the Shakers had only crushed and repressed, not killed. So he laid himself down on the fragrant hay, and the moon shone brightly in at the open doors, and John Lawrence, with half-shut eyes, dreamed of the future upon which he was now entering. Gradually the barn in which he slept changed into a fair home, with beautiful rooms filled with rare adornments, and moving among them, the chief attraction, was a sweet-faced woman, who, in the vagaries of his dream, wore by turns the features of his mother, then of the two well-remembered visitors at Bethlehem, and sometimes of Sister Hannah. As his sleep deepened the picture grew more intense and real, and then the whole night long she who moved in his dream wore the calm, still face and loving eyes of his mother.

Was not that mother, in her intense yearning love, thus fulfilling her dying promise to be sometimes with him if God would permit? Might he not have known, from that vision of the night, that the world held for him no dearer home, no nearer love, than he had known in that little brown cottage under the old maple-tree?

Happily, — or was it not rather unhappily? — all this was hidden from his eyes.

He woke in the morning refreshed by his sleep. Sister Hannah's bread and cheese were by no means despised,



with the eager appetite he found himself possessed of. The morning was cool and beautiful, and the young man felt a new accession of determination and energy with every step he took towards the city.

It had been long ago decided in his mind that his first act on entering the city should be to buy himself a new suit of clothes. "And they shall be fashionably made too," he had said to himself dozens of times, this young man who had hitherto worn only the grotesque homespun Shaker garb. This was out of the question now. The hated Shaker raiment must cling to him awhile longer; a small matter, it was true, but were not his other plans for being in the world and like the world to be similarly unsuccessful?

He resolved to apply for work at the various shoe-shops till he should obtain it. He therefore called at the very first one that came in his way, but was gruffly informed that they wanted no renegade Shakers there! "So much for these miserable clothes!" he thought, as he went on to one and another and another, in all of which he was equally unsuccessful. None of them wanted a hand at his style of work, for there was little sale for stoga shoes in the city. So the day wearily wore on, and poor John Lawrence's heart sank lower and lower at every refusal; and when night came and found him still without prospect of employment, he almost wished himself safely back at the Farm again.

He sought a cheap lodging-house, paid a few cents for a slice of bread and a cup of tea, and lay down in a little dingy room with a heavier heart than he had ever known before. No pleasant dreams for him that night, no sweet visions of mother or home. Instead, a troubled, restless sleep in the close, hot air of that not over-clean lodging-house, and a waking at early dawn to a sickening remembrance of the previous day's experience.

The search for work was as fruitless as before, and he retired at night with a weary body and sad heart. Day

after day the result of his efforts was the same, and a week passed before John Lawrence found employment. Even then it was to be poorly paid, for the company employing him had done it more out of sympathy for him than a need or desire for his work. This he felt, and he was stung to the quick by the knowledge; but he resolved as soon as practicable to learn some more desirable branch of the trade.

It was hardly to be expected that the men with whom he now associated in his daily life were men of refinement. They were unfeeling, almost brutal. Day after day they taunted John Lawrence with his Shaker dress, and he soon came to be known among them only as "Shaker John." When he had, by strictest economy, saved enough to buy himself a suit of clothes such as they wore, they greeted him with shouts of derisive laughter, called him "turncoat," and he was "Shaker John" still. There was no limit to their petty spite, and it manifested itself in every conceivable annoyance. All this, however, he could have borne cheerfully had there been any compensation in his life. Had any pleasant home-circle been opened to him, had any kind-hearted Christian extended to him a helping hand, had any pitying mother looked tenderly into his sad eyes and spoken cheering words such as mothers can speak, — then he would have felt himself full panoplied against the shafts of malice daily hurled at him in the shop. Alas!

"For him, in all life's desert sands,  
No well was dug, no tent was spread";

and, as the months passed, he began to lose courage, and hope grew faint within him, while his face became pale and thin, and his eyes wore the look his mother's wore long before.

I would like you to take a glance with me at the little room he called home during those dark days. It was away up, up, up, in a cheap boarding-house, right under the roof. It was guiltless of plaster, but John with his own hands had whitewashed the rough bricks and brown rafters to a snowy whiteness. His cot bed stood



in one corner of the room, while a little table and one chair completed his store of furniture. Yet, he always contrived to find a few flowers for the tumbler on the table, and it was pathetic to see how he tried to give the room a home-like air by pinning up against the rough wall the engravings that had in various ways come into his possession. It might be seen at once that he had chosen them, simple though they were, with a tasteful eye, and hung them in the best light, — if light it could be called that struggled so hard past all the corners and angles of surrounding buildings into the narrow four-paned window. There were brackets also, of his own manufacture, that held bits of bright moss or curious stones gathered during his occasional Sunday rambles into the country. There was one fortunate thing about it, his room was always well supplied with books from the free libraries of the city.

A poor, pitiful home it was, and you or I would turn away from it at once; but I think it was a great comfort to John Lawrence then, and that its possession and adornment intensified his desire for another and better and less solitary home. At any rate his tired, worn face always took on a look of rest and peace when he entered it and locked himself in, and he always cast a loving glance back at it when he left it for the day.

So a year went by, — to John Lawrence a long, lonely year. Meanwhile he had learned another and better paying branch of his trade, and with the beginning of his second year he found work at another establishment, and his prospects seemed brightening. But he carried far less heart and hope into his new business. His year's experience of the world had materially lessened his confidence in his ability to cope successfully with it, and had increased his diffidence and reserve. To himself he seemed to have made no headway towards gaining the dearest object of his ambition, and he sometimes feared he never should. He had formed no acquaintances, as he never could

bring himself to make the first advances, and those who casually met him never dreamed how the heart of that quiet man was consuming itself in the vain intensity of its longing for companionship and love. And still the months went on, bringing no change to John Lawrence, except an occasional walk in the fields. Latterly these walks all turned toward Bethlehem. Had any one loved him, had any one even cared for him with a friendly interest, that friend would have noticed how he grew thinner and paler; but there was no one to notice or to care. Later in the fall he became feverish and restless, and his room, which had always been his dearest refuge, now became like a prison to him. Evening after evening, and sometimes far on into the night, he walked the streets of the city, never pausing except it were before an open window to look at the home-picture within. He heard music and merry voices, saw parents and children mingling together in happy forgetfulness of everything save their own enjoyment. How could they dream of the bitterness surging over the heart of the wanderer who looked at and envied their bliss? Could but one such home — only one out of all the thousands in that great city — have opened its doors to him and bid him welcome, he would have been satisfied.

Winter set in early that year, — a bleak, cold winter, — and then an unexpected calamity befell him. A great commercial panic swept over the country, and thousands of workmen were thrown out of employment. John Lawrence was one of the number. When he went as usual one morning to his work, his employer told him there was nothing more for him to do, at the same time handing him the few dollars still due him. John was stupefied: this was an unthought-of misfortune, and he went back to his cold room and threw himself on his bed, feeling that he might as well give up the struggle, whose termination he now too plainly foresaw.

Not quite yet, though. He would



make one more effort. The next day, accordingly, he went from shop to shop, but no one was hiring men then, while nearly every shop was discharging them. Then he tried to find something else to do; anything, he did not care what, so it would promise him the barest support. Here again he was unsuccessful. Whole armies of laborers — men, too, with helpless families depending on them — were before him. He could not push himself among them, could not urge his claim to a place for which scores equally or more necessitous were clamoring.

Back again to his cold room. He could afford no fire now. He must even restrict himself to the coarsest and cheapest food, and never enough of that. His disease, aggravated by exposure and insufficient food, and by his utter friendlessness as much, gained rapidly upon him. As he grew worse, and the fever rioted in his veins, he did not want fire, — he was burning up already. He did not care for food any more. He only wanted water, ice-cold water, and there was no one in all that city to take a cup of cold water to the parched lips of the sufferer in that lonely garret.

At length the keeper of the boarding-house, moved by a fear that he should lose his rent or that John would die and he should be at some expense for the funeral, went into the white washed attic room and asked the sick man if he had no friend to whom he could go and be taken care of. John, whose only wish was to be left to die in peace, answered that he had none.

"Then," said the landlord, — "then you must go to the poor-house."

The poor-house! O John Lawrence! is that the home your heart longed for, and your fancy painted so fondly, for which you prayed and labored?

He looked round at the little room where, after all, he had enjoyed more home-feeling than anywhere else. He looked at the fading moss, the little pictures, the pitiful trifles he had so la-

boriously collected to ornament his room. "Poor worthless trifles, all," he thought. They were of no value now; he must drag himself away somewhere to die.

Where?

His mind turned back to Bethlehem. "Poor fool, better had I never left it!" he said bitterly, as his mind recalled his unavailing efforts to make his way in the world.

But that was all over now, all over, and he would go back and die in Bethlehem. "Sister Hannah will be glad to see me," he said to himself with a sad smile.

Wearily he toiled down the long stairs, up which his tired feet would never toil again; out into the winter sunshine which mocked him with its brightness. With slow and feeble step he turned towards Bethlehem, only one wish uppermost in his mind, — to live till he should reach there. On, on, he dragged himself, the cold air chilling his fevered blood till it almost stood still in his veins. All day on, slowly, painfully, and at night he stood where he could see the setting sun gild Bethlehem, just as he had seen it before, when he went away. For a moment he recalled that outgoing and contrasted it with the return, — only for a moment. He was too tired now to care much about it. He was getting very cold. He only wanted to see Sister Hannah and die.

An hour later a feeble step was heard on the threshold of one of the houses, and then a fall. The Brothers who heard it went to the door, and there lay John Lawrence. Not quite dead, though at first they thought him so, for he opened his eyes as they carried him in, and asked for Sister Hannah.

And Sister Hannah came, much wondering who could want her then. She knew him at once. He clasped her outstretched hand, whispered faintly, as a look of unutterable peace stole over his face, "Home at last, mother," — and Sister Hannah held the hand of the dead.

*Mrs. E. B. Raffensperger.*



## RECENT LITERATURE.\*

PROFESSOR WHITNEY has done great service to the public by collecting in one volume a number of his essays, many of which must have been read by some of our readers in different numbers of the "North American Review," while others were hidden in less accessible pages. For many years Mr. Whitney has labored at the head of American students of linguistics and of Sanskrit; more than any one in the country he has devoted his life to the pursuit of those studies of which there is, in general, a lamentable ignorance in America; and not only in the way of encouragement and advice has he served this cause, but by an unceasing and intelligent criticism of other workers in the same field. Very gradually the knowledge of the importance of the thorough study of linguistics, which of itself demands as the corner-stone some acquaintance with Sanskrit, has come to teachers and scholars. To those men who had acquired their knowledge of Greek and Latin from the old-fashioned text-books, according to the old-fashioned rules, there seemed something presumptuous in the statement that a science had been discovered which made necessary the rewriting of our once-valued grammars, and tested the knowledge of Greek and Latin from another standpoint. There was nothing, however, that was claimed for this new science which destroyed the value of the knowledge which its possessors, educated according to the old traditions, naturally and justly claimed; but it was regarded from another point of view, as something not absolute in itself, but as a link in a much longer chain. Already the greater part of Greek and Latin etymology has been rescued from the hands of grammarians who failed, not from any culpable ignorance, but from the impossibility of knowing what only the last half-century has made clear. There are indications, too, of new light being thrown upon the complications of syntax. But meanwhile the

leaders have gone far in advance of their flock, while in Europe, and especially, of course, in Germany, within the memory of living men this science has taken its place along with chemistry, mathematics, or philosophy, while in this country some of our best colleges are dependent on the piecemeal work of individual instructors who know the importance of this subject and feel keenly the disadvantages under which both they and their students labor. That the public should have but slight acquaintance with and less interest in these subjects is only natural, but "the public" is a vague term, and we are sure that there are many who will be glad to hear of this volume and who will profit by it.

The first few essays are about the Vedas; giving in the first place a description of them, and taking up in greater detail, in one case, the Vedic notion of a future life. Following this we have some thorough reviews of Max Müller's history of Vedic literature, of his translation of the Rig-Veda, and a discussion of different theories about the method of accomplishing this difficult task, the translation of the Veda. Further on we find two admirable reviews of Max Müller's "Lectures on Language," one of Schleicher's Darwinism in language, which, to our thinking, is the best in the book; an easy overthrow of Steinthal, and an admirable article on "Language and Education." From this varied list of subjects it will be seen that this is a volume that no student of linguistics can avoid reading. In almost every one of the essays Mr. Whitney appears as a critic, and it is especially in this capacity that he is deserving of praise. He has the judicial coolness that prevents him from being run away with by any wild theory; he points out clearly, and often with humor, the inconsistencies and vagueness of many eminent leaders who are more enthusiastic than critical; and, particularly, he keeps an ever watchful eye upon Max Müller. That he

\* *Oriental and Linguistic Studies. The Veda; The Avesta; The Science of Language.* By WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1873.

*The Poet at the Breakfast-Table.* His Talks with his Fellow-Boarders and the Reader. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

*The End of the World. A Love Story.* By ED-

WARD EGGLESTON. With thirty-two Illustrations. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 1872.

*Gareth and Lynette.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

*Hints on Household Taste in Furniture, Upholstery and other Details.* By CHARLES L. EASTLAKE. Edited by CHARLES C. PERKINS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.



should do this is not strange. It would be hard to find two men more unlike than these two. Müller is a brilliant, fascinating writer, who by the charm of his two volumes of Lectures must have won many students to interest themselves in linguistics; his work, too, has been of great importance, but his very enthusiasm makes him hasty and often inaccurate in his judgments; questions of the utmost importance, that require the most delicate and patient examination, he will declare to be settled in a turn of his hand. He is an admirable man to have before the public; he amuses at the same time that he instructs those who otherwise might dread the arid stretches of the science. His uncertainties, his inaccuracies, the unsatisfactoriness of very much of his work, — and especially just where the test would be put on the strength of the writer's mind, — and his equivocal dexterity at avoiding a difficulty, are all shown by the criticisms of Mr. Whitney, although never in any unjust or spiteful way. Mr. Whitney lacks Professor Müller's fire, but he is far more accurate as a guide. His earnestness in attacking Schleicher's theory of the "independent and organic life of language," a familiar heresy, illustrates well Mr. Whitney's power. Besides his controversy with Müller and his refutation of Schleicher, he has a good word for Professor Key of London, who looks down upon the frivolous pretensions of Sanskritists, and M. Oppert, of Paris, receives a thrust that should have done him some good.

In all of Mr. Whitney's writing we find the same merits, — the careful accuracy, the constant appeal to common-sense, and often the humor that only appears in connection with some peculiarly telling blow. Of all the men now working in linguistics, there is no one who works with more intelligence than Mr. Whitney; he and M. Bréal, in respect to that quality, stand easily foremost and nearly equal. We would warmly recommend this book to teachers and students and to all who take any interest in the condition of one of the most fascinating of sciences. We trust that the author will fulfil his half-promise of giving us another volume; there is no superfluity of such books in the American market, nor in any market, for the matter of that.

— Far back in the youth of the world, — or in the age of a world that has passed away, — or at any rate, six or seven years before

the war, — when this old magazine was new, the newest thing in it was a series of papers called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." It was so novel that it seemed a new kind in literature; it was so unique an expression of a peculiarly original mind, that it defied the hand of the imitator, and never wearied by becoming a manner or a fashion. It remained the inventor's own, and will be inalienably his. When he gave us "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," he did not repeat himself, but continued what he had to say in another character that showed a new phase of the same mind; and now, after a lapse of twelve years, he completes the personal trilogy in "The Poet." We say personal for want of some better word, but we should be sorry not to recognize that the personal form is only a means of study, a bond of union with other minds which the author constantly seeks to trace out and strengthen. It is by virtue of this that he has been able to strike so many responsive chords in his readers, and to establish such close sympathy with them. He studies them through himself; he is interested in himself because he is like them, and explains them to themselves; and we all find that his hopes and fears, his prejudices, his antipathies, his impulses, his vague psychical impressions and intimations are for the most part our own.

We cannot imagine that the Poet has been talking to any of his readers here to so small purpose that we need animadvert particularly upon what he has been saying during the past year. But some of his fellow-boarders have taken our liking to that degree that we must not let them pass out of these pages unsaluted. The slight thread of love-story running through the papers unites two characters in whom is a fresh and delicate attraction. That sweet newspaper Scheherazade is new to the great company of fiction; she is scarcely more than indicated; but she seems, with her almost impossible conditions, a familiar reality; and in the young Astronomer, who takes her away from her heroes and heroines, and their cruel critic, is felt that simple self-abnegation which one perceives in scientific men, and which is here suggested we think for the first time. It gives him a serene elevation of character, as it gives a beauty to the grotesque Scarabee, who disclaims the title of Entomologist: "A society may call itself an Entomological Society, but the man who arrogates such a broad title as that to himself, in the pres-



ent state of science, is a pretender, sir, a dilettante, an impostor." These people have the extraordinary advantage of being all unhackneyed personages, and so has "the Lady," with her gracious friendship for the poor little Scheherazade, at whose jokes she laughs, and at whose stories she weeps; and the whole conceit of her poverty-stricken elegance and meek gentility is charming.

As for the Man of Letters, we could wish he were more like — rather, we should be glad to believe that all brutal critics smoke a bad quality of tobacco and go off leaving their board bills unpaid. But we are afraid they do not. What they can do to torture and embarrass an author is well enough suggested in the conduct of the Man of Letters towards Scheherazade, whose stories he hunts down in their successive instalments, anticipating their course, and ridiculing their end beforehand. The limitations of the mere book-noticing critic's work in time and space are such that it can hardly ever be adequately done, and in a keen and not too kindly intellect, the perfect immunity enjoyed while striking out day after day, or week after week, — or month after month, dear reader, if you will, — and feeling that some one writhes at every stroke, begets a cruelty which is none the less cruelty because it persuades itself that it is zeal for literature and taste. It is so sweet to know whilst you make Smith hop by your notice of his poem, that you are also defending the cause of true poetry; that the sneer under which Jones squirms, not only hurts him who wrote the ridiculous magazine paper, but also contributes to elevate the standard of magazine writing; that the stab administered to Miss Robinson through her novel reforms fiction whilst it amusingly rankles in her stricken bosom! This privilege, we say, of indulging a taste for blood in the service of elegance and refinement, is one that will go as near to deprave a man as anything we know; and we would fain urge upon the brotherhood that, since it is so very hard to be just, it is always well to be merciful, in self-defence, if in no better cause. The Man of Letters will not agree with us, but will ask us if the reading-public has no rights in the matter. Dear friend and brother, do you suppose the reading-public cares for your opinions? It relishes your sour sarcasm and ruthless wit, and when it has had a good deal of you, it will like still better some sharper cynic who shall finally abolish you as a literary terror.

As to the feeble books which but for you you fear would become classic and immortal, we really believe they would somehow perish without you. Our author suggests letting them alone; and that passage about the best way of getting rid of Angelina's book of verses is full of the tolerant wisdom of all the Poet's discourse.

Of the different chapters we believe we like none better than the first describing the old gambrel-roofed house, which the visitor to Cambridge will recognize from its likeness in this volume. Of the poems, "Homesick in Heaven" and the "Epilogue to the Breakfast-Table Series" please us best as being best representative of two prevailing moods of a genius, which, in whatever mood it speaks, rarely speaks without giving some subtle delight or uttering some penetrating thought, or suggesting some new sense of the mystery which surrounds life. It is a genius which is alert, through and through; which responds vividly to every influence stirring the common life, and to the thousand finer touches that leaves most lives dumb; which learns itself from all things that are, and which is as sole of its kind as any that ever was.

— One feels at once, in taking up a book of Mr. Eggleston's, that he has to do with a natural story-teller. The author's own eager interest in what he is about, and his thorough realization of the people he has set out to describe to us, have their immediate effect on the reader, with whom, when he has begun the book, it is never a question whether he shall leave off till he comes to the end. In the present story the materials are simple and even common, but several of the persons are new, and there is the shadow of a grand dramatic element thrown across the ordinary plot that gives it dignity and solemn force. The scene is in Southern Indiana, and the time is that of the great Millerite excitement, when vast numbers of good people throughout the country believed that the end of the world was at hand, and probably most men were touched with a vague fear that it *might* be so. The lovers in Mr. Eggleston's book were among those who thought it might be so; and, to be prepared for any emergency, they ended their varied tribulations by getting married the very night that the world was appointed to be consumed. They are Julia Anderson, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and August, his German farm-hand; and they are persecuted by Julia's mother, who leads



her whole family a life of such torment as a vulgar shrew can inflict. She feels it a great disgrace that her daughter should be "in love with a Dutchman," and tries to promote her marriage with Mr. Humphreys, a river-gambler, who has retired to the country in the character of singing-master, until a little excitement about him in Paducah has subsided. The lovers are befriended by the good Methodist "help," Cynthia Ann, and by Jonas, the farm-hand who succeeds August when he is "turned off" for being in love with Julia; and they are also abetted by Julia's uncle, whom her mother had jilted in his youth, and who had since become a philosopher and lived alone in a log-built "castle" in the woods. "Andrew Anderson belonged to a class noticed, I doubt not, by every acute observer of provincial life in this country. In backwoods and out-of-the-way communities literary culture produces marked eccentricities in the life. Your bookish man at the West has never learned to mark the distinction between the world of ideas and the world of practical life. Instead of writing poems or romances, he falls to living them, or at least trying to. Add a disappointment in love, and you will surely throw him into the class of which Anderson was the representative." This personage adds to the romance and variety of the story, and he may be true enough, but he is not a very tangible figure. August himself is only objectionable as all sentimentalized Germans in American stories must be; he has manly qualities and does natural things, while Julia is very much more of a woman than heroines are apt to be. We find, moreover, a great reality in the characters casually introduced. Dr. Ketchup, the "steam-doctor," who had been a blacksmith; the gamblers on the river-steamboat; the "mud-clerk" with his cool, humorous liking for August, and the cynical philosophy which enables him to lead a quiet life among the pistolling passengers of the "Iatan"; Bob Walker, the poor "renter," who is doomed to lasting want, by reason of being both indolent and honest, but who wants to buy Mr. Anderson's place when it is to be sold for little or nothing just before the end of the world; the sanctimonious young clergyman, who advised against Cynthia Ann's marrying Jonas because he was a New Light, — all these, though slightly sketched, are very credible and recognizable people, and pre-eminently help to verify locality.

The population is the same as that in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," but it is in a higher mood, thanks to the prevailing fear that the destruction of the world is at hand.

The haste with which a fiction must be written for publication from week to week has left its marks upon the conduct of Mr. Eggleston's story and the development of its characters, and in the fresh field which he has opened, we have chiefly to wish him more favorable conditions of work.

— The latest of the Idyls of the King can scarcely be thought the best of them. The story of "Gareth and Lynette" is not very pleasing, and the treatment, though it has that grace which belongs to all the poet's work, has not many peculiar graces. Gareth is the son of Queen Bellicent and King Lot, on whom his fond mother, to keep him at home, imposes the condition that if he goes up to Arthur's court, he shall go unknown, and shall serve a year and a day in Arthur's kitchen; but Gareth is very glad to go, even on those terms. At the end of his service, he is known, and demands of the king that he may be the first knight sent on any enterprise thereafter; and while he stands before the king, still in his scullion's dress, there comes the lady Lynette to ask Lancelot's help against three outlaw knights who beleaguer her sister Lyonors in her castle. She cries "Fie on thee, king," when Arthur offers her the service of the scullion, instead of Lancelot, and turns from his presence in scorn; but Gareth rides after her all the same, and, in spite of her contempts and disdains, overthrows her sister's foes, and then, the two being overtaken by Lancelot, is known for Prince Gareth, —

"And he that told the tale in older times  
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,  
But he, that told it later, says Lynette."

The passages that relate to Arthur in the poem complete the conception of that large and noble character, whose heroic goodness and grand patience make him the most beautiful figure of romance. As he sits at judgment in the hall, a widow appears before him, and with such an appeal as a high-tone Southern lady might have addressed to Lincoln: —

"A boon, Sir King! Thine enemy, King, am I.  
With thine own hand thou slewest my dear lord,  
A knight of Uther in the Barons' war,  
When Lot and many another rose and fought  
Against thee, saying thou wert basely born.  
I held with these, and loathe to ask thee aught.  
Yet lo! my husband's brother had my son  
Thrall'd in his castle, and hath starved him dead;  
And standeth seized of that inheritance



Which thou that slewest the sire hath left the son.  
So tho' I scarce can ask it thee for hate,  
Grant me some knight to do the battle for me,  
Kill the foul thief, and wreak me for my son.' "

And Arthur promises to see her righted with much the same sad tolerance of her insult, as Lincoln used toward such petitioners.

The character of Gareth is not much, nor that of Lynette, though there is a pretty touch of nature in her that shows her angry to find him prince whom she had half learned to love as scullion. A dreamy light of allegory dwells upon the story, adding a charm which we should fear to spoil by too close scrutiny, and there are of course pictures that take the sense with their inimitable perfection, like this : —

" Then to the shore of one of those long loops  
Wherethro' the serpent river coil'd, they came.  
Rough-thicketed were the banks and steep ; the  
stream

Full, narrow : this a bridge of single arc  
Took at a leap ; and on the further side  
Arose a silk pavilion, gay with gold  
In streaks and rays, and all Lent-lily in hue,  
Save that the dome was purple, and above,  
Crimson, a slender banneret fluttering.  
And therefore the lawless warrior paced  
Unarm'd, and calling, ' Damsel, is this he,  
The champion ye have brought from Arthur's hall?  
For whom we let three pass.' . . .

" Then at his call, ' O daughters of the Dawn,  
And servants of the Morning-Star, approach,  
Arm me,' from out the silken curtain-folds  
Barefooted and bareheaded three fair girls  
In gilt and rosy raiment came : their feet  
In dewy grasses glisten'd ; and the hair  
All over glanced with dewdrop or with gem  
Like sparkles in the stone Avantine.  
These arm'd him in blue arms, and gave a shield  
Blue also, and thereon the morning star.  
And Gareth silent gazed upon the knight,  
Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,  
Glorying ; and in the stream beneath him, shone,  
Immingled with Heaven's azure waveringly,  
The gay pavilion and the naked feet,  
His arms, the rosy raiment, and the star.

Besides such pictures there are those miracles of exquisite phrase that none but this poet can work, with wonders of artful simplicity, and marvels of gracious affectation, better than nature (which, by the way, we never do get in works of art, and should not like if we did) ; so that, if it is indeed the least of the Idyls, we have still to lament that it is the last of poems the like of which no one will write again.

— Whatever may have been Sir Charles Eastlake's weaknesses as a painter, they certainly did not impair his ability to write a most entertaining as well as valuable book. Long referred to as the standard manual on the subject of which it treats, we

are glad to see his "Household Taste" introduced to the American reader, through the medium of a reprint, and by an editor who has a lively and correct appreciation of the need from which the arts of design, and, proportionately those of painting and sculpture, in this country suffer.

The range of the book is ample. Beginning with a chapter on Street Architecture, we are led successively into the entrance-hall and through the most important rooms of the house, discussing all the details from roof to floor, not disdaining even to touch upon the fire-poker and the cords by which pictures are hung. The latter, for instance, must harmonize in color with the tint of the wall, and their lines must be reconciled with the prevailing vertical and horizontal lines of the room, through the abolition of the present triangular figure composed by every picture-cord. The remarks upon carpets touch us even more nearly than they did the author's original audience. The underlying principle traceable throughout his hints is this : that every piece of furniture or appurtenance about a house should be rendered as beautiful and pleasing as possible consistently with the end for which it is made. Such things cannot be pleasing and beautiful unless harmoniously combined and contrasted ; and so a necessity arises of organizing the interior of each room with a view to its whole effect, — a necessity seldom regarded by modern professional furnishers. Use is the first consideration, ornament the second. Neither must use be allowed to banish ornament, nor ornament to conceal nor interfere with use. The illustrations and designs with which the book is well supplied have a strong mediæval character, a fact which points us to the root of reform in household taste. In order to resume progress in the industrial arts, we must take up their history at the time when good taste last directed them. What we have not we must borrow, and borrow from the later centuries of the Middle Ages. The new birth of mediævalism will in time develop an individuality as expressive of the present as the arts of the "cinque cento" were of that epoch.

The chapter on dress is profoundly suggestive. Radical good taste, indeed, is closely connected with morals. Mr. Eastlake shows, for example, how the passion for expensive jewelry, as such, tends to destroy excellence of design in this department. That is, good taste cannot flourish



long without good motive. Simplicity and sincerity forward good taste, and are in turn encouraged by it.

The great drawback, however, to the reform which the painter and his editor urge upon us is, that manufacturers cannot, at present, generally provide articles designed in good taste at so cheap a rate as those in a corrupted style, the demand for the latter being greater, and the skill to produce the former, rarer. Art-education will remove the last of these obstacles, but it lies with the possessors of wealth to give the reform its first impetus, by spending wisely as well as freely, and making their abodes in every detail sources of instruction and inspiration, without and within.

It is worthy of notice that the binding of Mr. Eastlake's book — a detail not without the pale of criticism, in this case — is in a quaint and pleasant taste. The painter-poet Rossetti, who is also partner in a firm established for the production of improved furniture, metal-work, and stained glass, set the now prevalent fashion of decorative book-bindings, in the volume of his poems published a few years since.

#### FRENCH AND GERMAN.\*

Of the books that we have before us today by far the most deserving of mention is Ferdinand Lotheissen's *Literatur und Gesellschaft in Frankreich zur Zeit der Revolution 1789–1794*. It is by no means uncommon, as every reader of German knows, to find books in that language which are accurate and exhaustive; and even if many are made less attractive by a rugged style and careless arrangement, they yet have enough positive merit to be indispensable to the student, who needs no rhetorical graces to tempt him on in his work. But not all German works are unattractive, even if they lack the grace that makes the reading of

\* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Müller's, 40, Winter Street, Boston.

*Literatur und Gesellschaft in Frankreich zur Zeit der Revolution 1789–1794. Zur Culturgeschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von FERDINAND LOTHEISSEN. Wien: 1872.

*Das Geheime Treiben, der Einfluss und die Macht des Judenthums in Frankreich seit hundert Jahren (1771–1871).* Von HERMANN VON SCHARFF-SCHARFFENSTEIN. Stuttgart, 1872.

*Gott und Naturwissenschaft. Irrthum und Wahrheit.* Von A. VON HARTMANN. Halle, 1872.

*Der heilige Antoninus von Padua.* Von WILHELM BUSCH. Strassburg, 1872.

*M. le Comte et Mme. la Comtesse, un Mari.* Par ST. GERMAIN LE DUC. Paris, 1872.

*La Jeunesse de Lord Byron.* Paris, 1872.

Sainte-Beuve, for instance, so agreeable that one is almost tempted to regard it as a frivolous joy. There is Julian Schmidt who, in spite of the enormous length and breadth of his pages, always interests his readers; and in regard of interest we are sure that this work of Mr. Lotheissen's will not be found defective. In his volume we find the following subjects discussed: society, women in the Revolution, parliamentary eloquence, the press, the theatre both before and during the Revolution, the two Chéniers, Shakespeare in France, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the songs of the time, the ideal in the Revolution, with a few pages on German literature in France. The French Revolution is a subject which, both from its complexity and interest, is not readily exhausted, and we can only be glad to be aided in our studies by such books as this which we are discussing. In his general remarks Mr. Lotheissen speaks of the Revolution as an outburst to be compared only with the Reformation, with this difference, that it was the work of philosophy and not of religion, and especially of a philosophy which, while it introduced great factors of uneasiness, such as equality, brotherhood, etc., into men's minds, found those in authority — who were to be those most directly attacked by such principles — fortified only by ignorance and apathetic pessimism, which at once enslave and betray their victims. But it not so much for these more or less vague discussions that we mention this book, as it is for the chapters which treat of more definite subjects. Perhaps as fair an example as any would be the one on Shakespeare in France, where the author tells again the old story of Voltaire's repugnance to the English poet, and of all his various unsettled feelings about him. A short story that is told in a foot-note may not be out of place. Speaking of a passage in which Voltaire has apparently imitated a line from Othello, La Harpe burst into admiration with the words, "What lines these are in comparison with Shakespeare's coarse (*grossier*) language!" Sedaine, however, who was a Shakespeare enthusiast, said, "He who only took *Zaire* out of Othello has left the best part behind." It would be well, however, for those who are most austere in their judgment of the classical minds of their neighbors to recall the time — to be sure it was earlier, but then it was in England that it happened — when even Dryden so wofully misunderstood the Tempest, when Shakespeare was considered a



great, but untamed genius, who needed all sorts of manipulation to be made acceptable. Then in the last century, in Voltaire's time, when the great Shakespeare revival began, Garrick could not keep from setting his dainty fingers to the improvement of Shakespeare, and acted Tate's King Lear with its joy and blessing in the last act. If things were then in this state in England, — we need not speak of the present time, — we can surely forgive the French for their coldness. Shakespeare is worshipped by us so religiously, he is set on so lofty a pedestal, that any discussion about him is at once unfair and one-sided. But whatever his merits may be, he cannot be legitimately counted as belonging to recent French or German literature, with which we are now more particularly concerned. Once more we warmly recommend this book of Mr. Lotheissen's to all students of literature.

But not all is good that comes out of Germany; there is occasionally a lack of judicial impartiality in their writings about their recent foes the French; facts may be more thoroughly accumulated and then misused as badly in the new empire as in any republic on either side of the ocean. As a melancholy proof we would mention Hermann von Scharff-Scharffenstein's *Geheime Treiben, der Einfluss und die Macht des Judenthums in Frankreich seit hundert Jahren* (1771–1871). While many pessimists give themselves up simply to general lamentation, to vague regrets about the emptiness of all things, there are yet others who have discovered either some cause of all our troubles, or, more commonly, foresee the dangers threatening civilization from some source which is generally disregarded by a careless world. There is no unanimity about this peril; with some it is a Chinese invasion, others dread the Jesuits or Communism, but our writer brands the Jews as the evil-doers in this world of sin and trouble. It is amusing to see the fire and tirelessness there is in this most fantastic hobby. For instance, Louis Napoleon, late Emperor of the French, was a foe of Germany; his uncle, too, was not its cordial friend: why was this? Because a great many Jews fled to Corsica in the Middle Ages, and from one of these families sprang the Bonapartes. Even the present Pope is said to have Jewish blood in his veins, and it is implied that his leniency towards those who were formerly obliged to live only in the Ghetto, and to be

driven once a year to hear a sermon on the advantages of Christianity, is merely a bit of treachery in the interests of the religion which he secretly adores within his heart. Less conspicuous persons are also exposed. Meyerbeer is shown to have composed his "Huguenots" with the malicious intention of setting Protestants and Roman Catholics by the ears. Will not some one write a book to prove that in his *L'Africaine* he was only moved by a desire to expose the horrors of slavery? It might help restore his damaged reputation. Offenbach is willfully using the sweet charm of his music to undermine those principles which depend so much on a modern heresy not yet two thousand years old. The most successful opera-singers, the two Pattis and Lucca, are only successful by means of religious intrigue. If that is true we in America have no need to complain. But why go on? In spite of its absurdities, in fact, by means of them, the book is extremely readable. It contains a mass of gossip and scandal, especially about financiers, that is very entertaining. A. von Hartmann, who is not to be confounded with E. von Hartmann, the author of the *Philosophie des Unbewussten*, of which we have already spoken, has written a little book called *Gott und Naturwissenschaft*, which contains a brief summary of the objections of materialists to theism and religion. It is no scurrilous pamphlet, although it is written with much interest. The small size of the book may make it seem more offensive than would the manner in which it is written. It is like having a little boy attacking the opinions of his parents. Perhaps the wicked have a similar feeling about tracts.

A book which deserves much more condemnation for its manner of treating sacred subjects is *Der Antoninus von Padua*, with illustrations by Wilhelm Busch. The letter-press is in poetical form; but it, as well as the illustrations, is in every way offensive to good taste, and we only mention the book because it is one that has already had a large sale and threatens to make its way in this country. It is really a ribald production. Busch has too much talent to make one patient of such prostitution of it. Much better examples of his humor may be seen in a book just published by J. C. Hotten in London, of course without acknowledgment of the person to whom the credit of the illustrations is due. The series representing the piano-forte player is inimitable.



Of French books we have but few. There is but little appearing in that country, as was naturally to be expected. There are a few novels, among others *M. le Comte et Mme. la Comtesse, un Mari*, which is an excellent example of the second-rate mechanical French novels, — excellent, be it understood, as an example, not as a novel. It is in such books as this that we see the venomous way in which the novelist of that country draws a husband, as a man unutterably despicable. Better writers do this with more art, but they almost all do it, and indeed the subject of most of their novels being what it is, this exaggeration

has to appear to justify the usual dramatic action of the story. But even that necessity does not make it pleasant. The story will not be found unreadable, perhaps, by those who need the strong waters of French fiction.

Not wholly uninteresting is a book entitled *La Jeunesse de Lord Byron*. It is a book that is composed entirely of material that exists in English, but is has the advantage of presenting it to the reader in a convenient and easily readable form. As a life of Lord Byron it is, of course, incomplete; but, as far as it goes, it will be found entertaining and instructive.

## A R T.

THE "Nation," in its review of the "Atlantic" for October, expressed its pleasure at what it chose to call our withdrawal from the discussion of Mr. Ward's Shakespeare. It touched lightly upon our comparison of its present opinions on this sculptor's Indian with those it professed when the statue first appeared and surprised us, as, we dare say, it surprised a great many of its readers, by the declaration that in the interval between its two prophecies it had been improving its mind. It is true, as it asserts, that its notions of Indian structure are the same to-day that they were five or six years ago, and that we have pointed out the resemblance. But the difference lies just here, that when the Indian Hunter first appeared, the "Nation" praised it for its faithful rendering of that structure, whereas, now, it laughs at it for its unfaithfulness. We venture to think that, under the circumstances, if it would take a little more time for conning its expressions, its readers might find it to their advantage. To the question it puts whether we think we are profitably employed in thus raking up its old opinions and comparing them with its new ones, we answer, that certainly it is of little profit to ourselves, but why will not the "Nation," that works so hard for others, allow others, now and then, to do it a little good in return? And who can doubt that when people quietly assume omniscience and throw reckless assertions about, that it is profitable to them, both for instruction and reproof, to show them occasionally that they are at least almost human in their liability to err?

As for the discussion, in our supposed withdrawal from which the "Nation" has found a lofty pleasure, we have to say that we never had it in mind to enter upon a discussion either with the "Nation" or with any other journal on the subject either of Mr. Ward's Shakespeare or of his Indian Hunter; we expressed our opinion of Mr. Ward's principal works, and, in speaking of the Hunter, we defended the sculptor against an innuendo of which the "Nation" allowed itself to be made the mouthpiece in advance of its publication elsewhere, as to the originality of the pose of the group. Since then, the innuendo has taken the shape of an assertion in Laura Keene's "Fine-Arts" that the pose of the Indian Hunter is directly borrowed, and spoiled too in the borrowing, from Gibson's Greek Hunter, a statue which never was in this country, nor any cast or copy of it, and of which the only knowledge Mr. Ward could have had must have come through a woodcut in the Illustrated Catalogue of the great Hyde Park Exhibition, a book seldom seen out of a public library. We were prepared to have the Gibson statue brought forward as Mr. Ward's original, though some time ago it was the Discobolos from Herculaneum, in the Naples Museum, that was complimented with having given Mr. Ward the first suggestion of his Indian. The Gibson statue makes a much better foundation than the Discobolos for the charge of plagiarism; the resemblance of Ward's Indian to it being certainly very striking. It is of course possible that the English group may have sug-



gested the American, but the treatment of the subject is so different in the two, that the obligation of the younger sculptor to the older would be about the same as that of Milton to Cædmon or to Andreini, or as that of Raffaele to Masaccio or Perugino, or to any one of a dozen others from whom he borrowed, when he saw anything that pleased him, and made what he borrowed his own.

As for the piece of fur about the Indian's loins, the writer in "Fine-Arts" is certainly mistaken in supposing that it was put there either to hide the bad modelling of the pelvis, or to conceal the incorrect way in which the legs are inserted. There was, we are sure, no other reason for putting on this bit of drapery than the supposed necessity of throwing a sop to the Cerberus of prudery. If Ward had had his own way, he would have left the Indian naked. Beside, it might have occurred to the writer, that if Mr. Ward was so conscious of his weakness in anatomy as intentionally to cover up from the critics one part of his poor workmanship, he should have been equally conscious of all his short-comings and frankly put his savage into breeches and a pea-jacket. So much for the Indian Hunter, which we must still be permitted to think a worthy work, in spite of the flaws that have been picked in its anatomy. Indeed, it is some consolation to remember that the critics, with their compasses and probes and scalpels, have left not a single important statue, old or new, with a clean bill of health, from the Venus de Medicis, with her head notoriously too small, or the Antinous with his too much fat, or the Venus of Milo with her too long leg, to the poor Greek Slave whose "thunders of white silence" seem now to our ears most tame stage-thunder indeed. Nay, even the "competent critic" of the "Nation" in looking about for some statue that it may recommend for legitimate admiration to the poor, untravelled American folk who ignorantly think well of Ward, has nothing better to set up as a standard than that third-rate melodramatic statue of Vela's, The Dying Napoleon, with its claptrap appeal to the vulgar love of clever imitative stone-cutting and to the popular admiration for the First Napoleon, — a statue of which the best French critics made short work, even at a time when in France everything connected with "the family" was looked upon as almost sacred.

That its mechanical execution is nearly perfect we willingly admit, though the difficulties to be overcome in the way of anatomy are clearly reduced to a minimum; but, as a statue, a work of high art, it has hardly a single fine quality: and perhaps no important piece of sculpture of modern times — and puffery and hero-worship and the vulgar love of the marvellous have done what they could to make this work of Vela's seem an important one — could have been chosen less fitted to make our American sculptors feel the force of the "Nation's" verdict, that alongside the works of European skill they are like school-boys preparing themes.

We did not, at the time, believe the statements first made by the "Fine-Arts," and afterward redelivered by the writer in the "Nation" with such posturings and flourishes as his nature willed, that the Shakespeare is only six and a half of its heads in height; but we preferred to wait until we could contradict it on the strength of a personal examination. No writer not more bent on epigram and the display of his own learning than on finding out the truth and reporting it, would have made the assertions that "the head of the Shakespeare is miles outside of all permitted license," on the mere strength of an off-hand measurement from a photograph; nor would a writer, with a proper respect for his place and for the public, indulge himself in so wild a flight of libel as to say that Ward, "by the scale he has seen fit to adopt for his figure of *le divin Williams* has attached it [*sic*] to the class of burlesques made by Assi and Pellegrini, in 'Vanity Fair,' and by André Gill, in '*La Lune*.'" Words like these bear exaggeration on their face to the instructed; but people who are little interested in the subject, or who have no means of learning the truth, will naturally believe that the statements of a journal of so much pretension as the "Nation" must have some truth in them; and it becomes necessary to expose their untruthfulness. Looking at the statue with eyes sufficiently taught by study and experience — as with all due modesty we dare to hope — not to be ridiculously deceived, we could not find any such outrageous disproportion, nor, indeed, any disproportion at all, in the Shakespeare. What we said in September, we say again after repeated visits to the statue and the most careful study. We saw a well-proportioned figure which left with us the impression of so much



manliness, sincerity, and right-thinking in the sculptor of it, and of such strong beauty in the lines and masses, with so much lightness in the poise, that, its shortcomings duly weighed, we felt its excellences far outnumbered its faults, and that it must be long before any sculptor would give us a more satisfactory Shakespeare. Another reason for our disbelief in the statement of the "Fine-Arts" was found in the fact that the measurements did not profess to have been taken from the statue itself, but from a photograph, and a glance at their diagram showed where they had missed the mark. For the photograph must give us a curved image, and no measure taken from it is worth anything where accuracy is concerned. And, to make matters worse, the slightly stooping figure of Shakespeare is set against the proudly erect, triumphing figure of the Apollo. But the ancients made a marked distinction between the proportions of ideal statues and those of portrait-statues, and a sculptor who should have had in hand a statue of *Æschylus* or *Aristophanes*, would not have been quarrelled with or snubbed if he had made it of different proportions from those used in the case of an Apollo. So that the comparison of Ward's Shakespeare with the Belvedere Apollo is hardly a fair one, if Ward had it in mind, as we think he had, to portray the real William Shakespeare and not the ideal one. And, once more, to give all our reasons for doubting the statement of the "Fine-Arts," we asked ourselves whether it was not reasonable to take it for granted, that a man of forty-two years, who, since his seventeenth year, has been studying the art of sculpture, would know as well as the first stone-cutter what are the proportions of the human figure as commonly received; whether a reserved, industrious, thoughtful workman, who had learned the rudiments of his profession from the best-taught and most experienced American sculptor now living, Henry K. Brown, would be likely to make a statue that should be a caricature "miles away from all permitted license"? How came Mr. Ward to be reckoned the clever sculptor that he is, if, in a work of the importance of the Shakespeare, he could betray such a want of the sense of proportion as the measurement of the "Fine-Arts" and the "Nation" would make him chargeable with?

the question, and that was to measure the statue itself. This has accordingly been done. Mr. Henry K. Brown went with us to the Central Park, where, the authorities having put everything at our disposition, he measured the statue in our presence with the following result: The height of the head was found by taking the distance from the tip of the chin to the bridge of the nose and reckoning this as half the head. The curved compass was of course used, and the beard thus not in the measurer's way. The result was six and a half inches, thus making the height of the head thirteen inches. The measurement by "noses" made the head four noses high, which is the usual rule. The whole height of the statue was then found to be eight feet, — ninety-six inches, — and this divided by thirteen, gives the result, seven and five thirteenths, or nearly a whole head above the height stated by the "Nation." The "Fine-Arts," and the "Nation" repeating the "Fine-Arts'" statement, make the Apollo eight heads high, but the best authorities, Audran, Dr. Zeising, and Quetelet, make it not more than seven and six eighths, while the Antinoüs is only seven and one half heads. Thus we see that this André Gill-Assi-Pellegrini caricature, with its head miles away from all permitted license, belongs as to its proportions with some of the most famous antique statues. To use the elegant simile of the "competent critic" of the "Nation," which of us is it who may be said, in view of this result, to be turning hand-springs, and showing his heels at the windows of the judgment-hall? The plaster cast of the Shakespeare in Mr. Ward's study was afterward measured by us (of course without Mr. Ward's knowledge, he being, at the time, absent in Europe), and the result obtained by Mr. Brown from the bronze was confirmed by us from the plaster. At the same time we also settled another matter. The writer in the "Fine-Arts" charges that the left arm of the Shakespeare "is several inches shorter than the right." Now, nobody can decide that this difference exists by the eye alone, and only great carelessness in measuring could have given such a result as a difference of "several inches," seeing that an accurate measurement, first by the curved compasses and then by the tape, makes the real difference one inch and a half. But this difference in the length of his statue's arms is not to be charged upon Ward as a proof of ignorance; it is simply a proof of



his-carefulness. The left arm is an inch and a half shorter than the right, because the right is strongly bent, the hand being brought up high on the breast, whereas the left is in a position that would not alter its length to any appreciable degree, the shoulder being merely pushed higher up. Anybody who really wishes to find out the truth of this matter, and who is not merely moved by an excessive charity to save poor Mr. Ward from being spoiled by flattery, and therefore anxious to invent flaws in his work, may prove on the first person who will bare an arm for him how great is the difference in length caused by strongly bending the arm. But we suppose it is not necessary to dilate upon so common an experience. But even granting that Ward had made one arm shorter than the other, shall he be sent to Coventry for that? Claude Audran published in 1683 a work in which he gave the measurements made by himself of the most celebrated antique statues. He is reckoned a very good authority on the subject. Quetelet, another well-known writer of great authority, who always speaks of Audran with respect, quotes from him the following statement: "In the most beautiful of the antique figures we remark things that we should certainly reckon faults if we noticed them in the works of a modern. Thus the Laocoön has the left leg longer than the other by 4 minutes;\* the left leg of the Apollo is about nine minutes longer than the right leg. The bent leg of the Venus de Medicis is longer than the one on which she stands by one part and three minutes, and the right leg of the older of the two sons of Laocoön is nearly nine minutes longer than the other." It is true that Audran imagines these imperfections to be intentional, but his theory does not concern us here. It is enough that we need not be too hard upon a modern for making one arm of a statue a trifle longer than the other, supposing him to have done so without evident reason, when those impeccable "slaves" of ancients are allowed to shorten legs and arms at their own sweet Procrustean wills, and are praised for the liberty they take, while philosophers scratch their heads for reasons why they did it. It is not a little amusing, by the way, to hear with what solemn emphasis the "Nation" warns us that, in art, whoever ceases to be a slave is of no

\* Audran counts the head the unit of measure, and divides it into four parts, and each part into twelve minutes.

use thereafter to anybody. We are quite as strong in our belief that exactly the reverse is true, and that the artist who does not leave his master's workshop a freeman, or who does not speedily become a freeman, is worse than useless to the world. When the "Nation" will point us to any great or excelling artist who was a slave, we will name him a greater who never knew what slavery meant. We venture to think that Michael Angelo has been of some use in the world, yet even the "Nation" admits that he was a life-long experimenter. Raphael and Leonardo were always in search of the ideal, and Dürer sadly wrote, near the end of his life of toilsome study, "The things that once pleased me in my art please me no longer." A man cannot be a slave to a law that is not known nor fixed. In this matter of "proportion," no two sculptors are agreed; and if two statues out of the small circle of ancient masterpieces have the same proportions throughout, it is much; though what their agreement or disagreement may be, we do not really know, as they have never been measured with absolute accuracy, and no writer accepts the measurement of any other writer except in a general way. We may accept as true the generally received proportions of the human figure as from seven and a half to eight heads high. This is the statement of Vitruvius, though Audran, a much better authority, does not give eight heads to the tallest of the antique statues. We, in our turn, will give a generous hand to the public, and assure it that Mr. Ward's Shakespeare is seven and five thirtieths of its head in height, and that it will find no sculptor of repute nor any "competent critic" who will apply his compasses to the statue itself, or to the cast, and make it add up a materially different sum. We say "materially different," remembering Quetelet's words: "Les points entre lesquels on prend les mesures sont en général mal définis; la hauteur de la jambe, par exemple, ou la longueur du bras, surtout si la statue exprime une action, donneront rarement les mêmes résultats à deux observateurs différents, ou même à un seul observateur les mesurant deux fois de suite." And again, "Schadon s'est aussi occupé de déterminer les proportions de la femme; il donne quelques nombres pris sur le modèle vivant et d'autres d'après l'antique. Il fait connaître par exemple les proportions de la Vénus de Médicis, qui ont été données également dans l'ou-



vrage d' Audran ; il est assez remarquable que ces deux artistes ne sont pas du tout d'accord sur la plupart des proportions. C'est une nouvelle preuve de la difficulté qu'on éprouve à obtenir des déterminations exactes en mesurant le corps humain, même sur le marbre ou sur le plâtre." See, also, W. W. Story, "The Proportions of the Human Figure, etc., etc," pp. 38, 39. It would seem, then, that Ward has followed in his statue the ordinary practice, but we maintain that no one has a right to insist on his following any absolute rule of proportion in making a portrait-statue but that supplied by his own sense of fitness. He had as much right as had Michael Angelo or Raffaele, Leonardo or Dürer, to try experiments.

We say as little as is possible about the animus of the "Nation's" article on Ward's Shakespeare. So far as it is criticism of the statue from a purely æsthetic point, it is not only not to be deprecated, but to be cordially welcomed ; and whatever there is of wisdom in it, to be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. But misstatements for which there is no excuse, since it was as easy for the critic of the "Nation" to measure the statue as for us to measure it ; sneers founded on these wilful misstatements, and others such as the "nut-cracker" profile, and "the peak of the nose portraying and attenuating itself into the atmosphere,"—to call such writing "criticism" is simply an abuse of terms.

## MUSIC.

THE "season" has begun in good earnest, and concerts of the migratory, nomadic sort have been, as usual, numerous, and more than usually interesting. The Strakosch troop first claims our attention. Among the various artists who compose it the name of Mario is naturally the prime attraction. Before this great tenor, about whose name cluster so many recollections of the palmy days of Italian opera and the best school of Italian singing, the position of the critic is a delicate one. Were he like so many veterans of the operatic stage, who, when age has broken the voice that was once the delight and war-cry of hosts of ardent admirers, still try to cover up the ravages of time by cunning tricks of vocalization too well known to singers, as an old beau pads and paints his withered person that he may pass with the credulous for a young man, we might perhaps pass him by with pity that he who had once stood so high should have fallen so low. But Signor Mario, with only the ghost of his former voice, comes before us now as much an artist as ever, modestly content to be taken for what he is worth, seeking to cover up his physical short-comings by no claptrap tricks of the trade, and honestly, if tacitly, acknowledging his weakness. Such a man commands our respect if nothing more. A singer's temptations to sacrifice his artistic self-respect to his love of admiration, to

quit the path of true art for the more seductive one of virtuosity, in plain English, to stop being an artist in order to become an acrobat or a juggler, are at all times great, but never so great as when his voice begins to fail him. As an artist, Signor Mario is still the king of tenors. He stands a glorious illustration of Lablache's famous reply to the sceptic who doubted the capacity of the voice of one of his pupils. "Bah !" said the portly basso, "la voix, c'est un détail." Indeed it were difficult to praise Signor Mario's singing too highly when we consider the beauty of his conceptions, his perfect phrasing and artistically refined sentiment. His voice, alas, only allows him to hint at his artistic intentions, rather than to put them into execution ; but the fine intention is always palpably there, and it is a higher artistic enjoyment to hear him *try* to sing than to hear almost any other tenor *sing*. His style is not free from some little Italianisms ; which we have learned, after hearing them from other singers, to look upon as rather vulgar commonplaces of effect, but which gain a peculiar grace in his mouth. They are for the most part traditions of the old days of Italian opera, when Bellini and Rossini were in the ascendant, and before Verdi had swept the stage with the whirlwind of his overstrained, semi-barbarous passion. But as Signor Mario renders them, they are to their exaggerations in



the mouths of singers of a more recent school what the easy refinement of a gentleman is to the blatant swagger of a swell of the period. But with all this we must unwillingly acknowledge that Signor Mario's day is passed; for although to artists his singing is still highly enjoyable, to the public at large his repeated failures to realize his artistic conceptions cannot but be painful. A singer must be able to give his audience something more than good intentions; executive ability is a *sine qua non* in every public performer, and the artist who is forced to claim the public's indulgence in this particular is always in a false position, and never more so than when he comes with such a glorious past record as does Signor Mario.

Of the other singers in the troop, Mademoiselle Carlotta Patti is distinguished by the wonderful beauty, purity, and flexibility of her voice. Her technical execution of difficult passages, especially of *staccato* roulades and *arpeggi* is at times astonishing, but she has many and grave faults of style, and, as it appears to us, an almost entire want of musical feeling. She sings naturally and without effort, like a bird, and the beauty of her tones often serves to cover up defects in style which would at once condemn a singer less liberally endowed by nature. She accordingly sings light music like Eckert's "Echo Song," the "Proch Variations," and Auber's "Laughing Song,"—her rendering of which last, in spite of its rather broad realism, is saved from anything approaching to coarseness by a certain infantine refinement of bearing, — better than serious melodies of a broader *cantabile* movement, in which her want of expressive power and poor phrasing are strongly felt. Miss Cary, on the other hand, sings *cantilena* with great purity of style and finely cut, well-rounded phrasing. Her voice, always beautiful, has gained a fine, incisive, penetrating quality rare in voices of such low compass, and she is one of the very few deep *contralti* we know of who have not the habit of forcing their lower tones, to the admiration of "the gods," but the discomfort of appreciative musicians. Her facility in executing rapid passages has greatly increased within the last two or three years, but she wants the electric *élan* so necessary to the success of a *bravura* singer, and will always find melodies of a slow, broad movement more satisfactory, where her nobility of style and purity of

intonation raise her above the level of many singers whom she could not compete with in *bravura* songs.

The young violinist, Monsieur Sauret, was indeed a surprise to every one. With the exception of Vieuxtemps, his master, and of Sarasate, no such violinist has been heard here for many years. But for the absence of a certain piquant grace of style which can only be acquired after years of experience in concert-playing, we cannot see that M. Sauret is in any way inferior to his master. His tone is rich, firm, and sympathetic, his bowing masterly, his phrasing artistic and dignified, and, what is rare with young performers, his intonation, even in the most trying octave passages and *altissimo* harmonies, absolutely perfect. His technique is wonderfully developed, and his execution of the most intricate passages always perfectly distinct, although in some of the more startling flights of virtuosity, such as the solo transcription of the Lucia sextet, he does not as yet show that easy mastery over the instrument that can only be expected in a more experienced performer. But, what is better and higher than all this, he shows great depth of musical sentiment and a thorough appreciation of the real beauties as well as the chances for virtuosity in whatever he is playing.

Mademoiselle Teresa Carreño comes back to us in all the beauty of budding womanhood, a really fine pianist. Already as the "child-pianist" of several years ago she gave signs of being made of better stuff than goes to make a mere musical monstrosity, but every reflecting musician must have trembled for that tender germ of talent, perhaps of genius, that was to be developed at that early age in the overstimulating atmosphere of the concert-room. But she has passed through the dangerous phase of child-wonderhood unspoiled by the flatteries and the inevitable bad advice of injudicious admiring friends to which all young performers are exposed, and comes before us now as a genuine, conscientious artist. Not that her playing is perfect; far from it. She has some grave faults of technique and graver faults of style. But she has excellences which, while they compel our admiration, call by their very greatness for all the severer criticism of her defects. Her execution, as far as the fingers go, is beautifully clear, neat, and brilliant, and she plays the most difficult passages with great ease and distinctness;



her touch is sympathetic and firm, her strength remarkable for a woman; but her octave-playing, and, in short, her wrist-action in general, is faulty. She plays octaves and chord-passages with great rapidity and ease, but they lack that incisive vitality of tone and distinctness of enunciation that only comes from a perfect command over the wrist. She also shows some weakness, or perhaps carelessness, in the use of the little finger of her left hand, causing her basses to be often indistinct. Her phrasing, although evidently well considered and never slovenly, is sometimes inartistic and wanting in breadth and elegance. Her conceptions are often immature, at times even school-girlish. So much for her faults. But, on the other hand, she possesses in an intense degree that most precious quality of all in an artist, — PASSION. She has, to our thinking, a more thoroughly artistic musical organization than any woman pianist we have ever heard in America. She plays not only with great sentiment, but with great expression. She plays Italian music of the sentimental stamp, in which her youthful, Southern warmth of feeling seems as yet more instinctively to find expression, better than she does the works of the more thoughtful German masters, in which her immaturity of conception sometimes betrays itself. Her playing of the air *D'amor sull' ali*, in the first part of Gottschalk's *Trovatore* transcription, was wonderfully beautiful. It was the only time we ever remember to have seen an American audience interrupt a piano-forte piece to applaud a simple bit of *cantabile* playing, and surely applause was never better merited. Her rendering of the Mendelssohn G-minor concerto was in many respects fine, but, on the whole, not so satisfying as some of her less ambitious performances. She was too free with the *tempo* in the first movement, and took the final *Molto allegro e vivace* injudiciously fast. Not that she took the *tempo* faster than her fingers could play, but faster than the mechanism of the piano-forte can clearly articulate the second theme. We must, however, say by way of parenthesis, that the movement itself is an awkwardly arranged one, and that at whatever *tempo* it is taken, one of the two themes is sure to suffer. But Mademoiselle Carreño has the true divine fire, and her faults are all of them faults of schooling; could she but be prevailed upon to forego concert-playing for a while and spend one or

two years under the tuition of a real master of the instrument, Dr. Hans v. Bülow for instance, we would venture to predict for her an honorable place among the very foremost pianists of the world.

Next in order come the Rubinstein-Wieniawski concerts. A criticism of Herr Rubinstein's playing coming from us would be simply impertinent. He has that in him which gives him indisputably a position of authority among musicians; and although many points in his rendering of the thoughts of great composers may, nay, must of necessity be new, at times even in direct opposition to our preconceived notions, we must acknowledge in him a better right to his conceptions than we have to dispute them; to blame or to praise would be alike presumptuous in any of us. All that we can do is to study and attempt to analyze his playing, guided by that light of intelligence which nobody surely will be impolite enough to suppose any critic to be without. Herr Rubinstein comes to us one of the leading musical geniuses, and in all probability the foremost pianist of to-day, assuredly the greatest that has ever been heard in America. The thing that strikes us as most to be remarked in the executive part of his playing is his wonderful power of endurance. We have heard another pianist, Carl Tausig, now, alas, lost to the world, carry through the most trying passages with the same triumphant firmness and with far greater ease than Rubinstein; if report speaks true, Hans v. Bülow can claim the same power; but these are both men of much greater muscular strength, and Tausig, at least, of vastly more developed technique. Passages that Tausig would play with the greatest ease evidently cost Rubinstein the most intense and protracted exertion, and it is his power of keeping up the hard work with such unflagging energy that most astonishes us. But although Rubinstein's technique, his mere virtuosity, is by no means the most salient point in his playing, it is still immense, and of all his contemporaries the two pianists we have named can alone claim any superiority over him even in this respect. But great as his executive power is, it sinks into insignificance beside the grandeur of his artistic conceptions and the all-subduing intensity of his passion. Passion, after all, is the ruling element in the man, — passion generally restrained and kept within bounds by his high artistic sense of fitness, but at moments



rushing forth with untamable impetuosity, whirling both him and all who hear him no one can tell whither. The next most striking trait in him is his entire forgetfulness of self. Grandly simple, with no trace of self-consciousness, he so merges his own personality in that of the composer while playing, that he not only forgets himself, but makes us also forget him. He is thus the most objective — shall we say the most feminine? — player we have ever heard. He evidently feels what he is playing fully as much as any of his hearers. Other players have given us the fruits of thoughtful study and reflection, have even illumined and warmed us by such fire of genius as they could command; but all the time we have felt that whatever of magnetic influence was exerted upon us emanated from the player himself, that we were directly affected by his individuality, but only indirectly by the composer or the music. But Rubinstein seems to put us into direct magnetic communication with the composer, and to bring both himself and us under the same exalting influence. To hear him play is almost to feel that we are playing ourselves. Other players have let us catch far-off glimpses of the divinity:

Rubinstein lifts the Isis veil. With all this his individuality is nevertheless immense, and all his conceptions are more or less tinged with it; there is nothing of servility in his treatment of the music; his relation with the composer may be described as one of perfect sympathy, yet one in which the composer's is ever the vivifying, masculine mind, his the receptive, shape-giving, feminine one. Other players have worked upon us through the music, Rubinstein lets the music work upon us through him. Playing evidently fatigues him greatly; a man does not so exert his whole body, mind, and soul together for nothing, and we have seen him when he seemed almost completely prostrated by playing. Sometimes he becomes almost frantic with excitement, and at such times is very liable to strike wrong notes, in fact we have never heard a really fine pianist strike wrong notes so often as he, — sometimes two and three at a time. But in comparison with his genuine greatness this little defect goes absolutely for nothing.

We have here come to the end of our allotted space. Of Monsieur Wieniawski, — of whom we have also much to say, — next time!

## SCIENCE.

**A**MONG certain tribes of Australia and South Africa, every death is attributed to witchcraft, and among our own European ancestors, until comparatively recent times, every sudden death, not explicable by contemporary medical knowledge or medical ignorance, was supposed to have been occasioned by poison. If our memory serves us, we have already referred, in the course of these notes, to the interesting and instructive case of Henrietta, sister-in-law of Louis XIV., as it has been acutely analyzed and brilliantly elucidated by Littré, in his lately published volume of *Essays on medical topics*. At the distance of two centuries, not only does the great physiologist demonstrate that the sudden death of this lady was not caused by poison, but he determines with precision the character of the disease which killed her.

If the jurors who were called upon three years ago to decide whether Dr. Paul Schoeppe was guilty of murder had pos-

sessed sufficient enlightenment to read and comprehend such an essay as that of the illustrious Littré, it is probable that an innocent man would have been spared three years of unjust confinement with the loss of reputation and social position. The case is so important, as illustrating both the dangers of jury-trial and the false views current respecting the worth of the testimony of experts, that we may be excused for recalling its main incidents.

In 1868 Dr. Paul Schoeppe, a highly educated physician and graduate of the University of Berlin, about thirty years of age, established himself in practice at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He soon became engaged to a wealthy maiden lady, Miss Steinecke, old enough to be his mother. She made a will, bequeathing him all her property, amounting to some fifty thousand dollars. Shortly before the time set for the wedding, Miss Steinecke died very suddenly, Dr. Schoeppe and one Dr. Herman



being in attendance upon her. No one suspected any foul play until Dr. Schoeppe demanded the property under the will, when the lady's relatives, unwilling to be thus set aside in favor of the gallant newcomer who had captivated her fancy, at once raised the cry of poison, just as the same cry used to be raised in the Middle Ages whenever a sudden death occurred. The scene which followed would have done credit to the darkest of the dark ages. The community of gossips instantly inferred murder from the circumstances; the newspapers began at once to deal with the case with as much assurance as if their respective editors had actually seen the doctor mixing and administering the fatal dose; an "expert"—Professor W. E. Aiken of the Baltimore Infirmary—was summoned and told to look for poison, and seeing some blue spots which *might* conceivably have been due to prussic acid, he incontinently declared that he had found prussic acid in the stomach of the deceased. Dr. J. S. Conrad, another "expert," gave some concurring testimony, and accordingly Dr. Schoeppe was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

Now the evidence upon which this conviction was procured was so ridiculously flimsy, when viewed by any one sufficiently conversant with scientific methods to estimate it at its due weight, that a protest against the unjust sentence was speedily called forth from scientific students in all parts of the country. Numerous letters from eminent experts were addressed to Governor Geary, exhibiting the worthlessness of Dr. Aiken's testimony, and praying for the reprieve of the prisoner. At last, only two days before the time appointed for the execution, a writ of error was granted, with an order for a new trial. With the proverbial procrastination of the law, the doctor was allowed to lie three years in jail, when upon the second trial, just concluded, he was triumphantly acquitted.

The result of this second trial has been to make it plain, even to the average juror, — what no competent person ever doubted from the beginning, — that Drs. Conrad and Aiken, far from being "experts" in such matters as these, are no more capable of conducting a scientific inquiry into the presence of poisons in the stomach than a couple of college freshmen would be capable of concocting a treatise on the Sankhya philosophy. For example, in examining the body of the deceased, two points were

to be determined: first, whether there were any signs of disease not caused by poison, of which she might have died; secondly, whether there were any traces of poison in the system. Even though the indubitable presence of poison might render the determination of the first point unessential, it could not render it superfluous for a thorough understanding of the case. Now Dr. Conrad, among other crude statements, pronounced the heart perfectly sound, while admitting that he had not used a microscope in examining it; although the merest tyro in the study of pathology knows that it is quite impossible to detect sundry forms of heart-disease without microscopic scrutiny. But still worse, when he came to "examine" the brain, not only was the microscope disregarded as an idle toy, but no attempt was made to ascertain the quantity of blood emitted by the cerebral blood-vessels, though this would have been a point of the first importance as bearing on the hypothesis of death from apoplexy or congestion of the brain! Still more atrocious was the bungling of Dr. Aiken in his search for traces of poison. His positive statement at first was that he had actually found prussic acid existing in the stomach. But on further examination it appeared that he had found no such thing. What he did was to mix some of the juices of the stomach with a solution of sulphate of iron and potash in muriatic acid, and to obtain therefrom a blue color. Prussic acid mixed with such a solution will give it a blue color, *ergo* this particular blue color was caused by prussic acid; and this is what the doctor called "finding" prussic acid! He was apparently ignorant of the fact that the same result would follow from the presence of healthy saliva! And his confidence in this *non-sequitur* was so great that he dispensed altogether with the nitrate of silver test, which is by far the surest index of the presence or absence of prussic acid. To crown all, his management of his materials was so careless and slovenly that it became at last quite impossible to say what substances he had under inspection.

Upon these evidences of gross incompetence the case for the prosecution was entirely shattered, and when it was further proved by the most careful medical reasoning, that the symptoms of Miss Steinecke's illness were those of serous apoplexy consequent upon uræmia or blood-poisoning from inaction of the kidneys, it became evident to all that an innocent man had



narrowly escaped hanging at the hands of an ignorant jury adapting its inferences to the statements of a pair of "experts" who knew not the veriest rudiments of their subject.

We characterize thus severely the sciolism of Drs. Aiken and Conrad, both because ignorance in such matters and on such occasions becomes in itself a crime of the first magnitude, and because the daily press, in its comments on this trial and the similar case of Mrs. Wharton, has by no means perceived the true relations of the facts. "Why boast of the precision of science," asks the "New York Tribune," "when the blunders of its professors can thus doom a wretch to strangulation?" And so again the old thrust is made which ignorance loves to make at knowledge. Yet again it is asked, who shall decide when doctors disagree? And from other quarters may be heard similar mistaken criticisms.

To this we reply that the "precision of science" would not be disturbed, in a case of astronomy, if some sciolist were to swear that the radius vector of a planet does *not* describe equal areas in equal times. No more is the precision of science disturbed in a case of pathology when some sciolist asserts that a certain color is the infallible index of the presence of a certain substance, though it is well known that it is not an infallible or even a valuable index. Nor can that be called a "disagreeing of doctors," which consists in the detection of the ignorance of one side by the cross-questioning of the other.

Toward the close of the last century a "disagreement" of this sort resulted in the hanging of a gentleman who is now almost universally regarded as an innocent victim of crudeness aping the mien of science. In the celebrated trial of Captain Donellan for the alleged murder of his brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton, the testimony of three common country doctors, alleging the presence of poison, was allowed to prevail over that of the great John Hunter, on the ground that three are less likely to be wrong than one.

The true criticism to be made upon such cases, as it seems to us, is that they show very forcibly some of the inconveniences and dangers attendant upon that system of jury-trial which we have inherited from earlier and less civilized ages. As the judge who presided at the trial of Captain Donellan could not be expected to know that in mere matter of authority the single

testimony of John Hunter might fairly be allowed to outweigh that of three fourths of the physicians in Europe, so the average jurymen of our time is utterly incompetent to decide whether such men as Drs. Aiken and Conrad understand their business or not. That which saved Dr. Schoeppe in the present case was not any device of legislation, but the vehement and indignant protest of the scientific world.

The blundering of Dr. Aiken is further interesting as showing how hypothesis warps perception and inference. Because the circumstantial evidence suggested foul play on the part of Dr. Schoeppe, because he had engaged himself to an old lady whose property he was now endeavoring to secure for himself, our "expert" hastened to the inference that the spots which he saw were traces of prussic acid, rather than of saliva; and it was because his perceptions were so entirely under the sway of the hypothesis of Dr. Schoeppe's guilt, that he did not go on to test their soundness by the use of nitrate of silver, supposing him to have known of this test. But when a physiological chemist allows his conclusions to be governed by an analysis of motives rather than by the application of reagents, the blunders which he will inevitably make, however disgraceful to himself and dangerous to others, are not to be set down to the discredit of the scientific world in general.

In his monograph on "Autumnal Catarrh,"\* Dr. Wyman gives from observations of a long series of years a very exhaustive account of the symptoms, causes, diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment of that exceedingly unpleasant disorder commonly known as "hay fever." The latter appellation Dr. Wyman very properly rejects, since that can hardly be termed "hay fever" which is neither dependent on the haying season nor attended by feverish symptoms. The absence of fever is one of the differential marks by which the disease in question is distinguished from bronchitis; and newly cut hay, which often causes paroxysms in persons affected with the so-called "June cold," or "rose cold," rarely or never produces such effects in the case of autumnal catarrh. Dr. Wyman calls attention to the fact that the most prominent symptoms of the latter disease—the

\* Autumnal Catarrh (Hay Fever), by Morrill Wyman, M. D. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1872.



suddenness with which it begins, the redness of the conjunctiva, or lining of the eyelids, the profuse shedding of tears, the itching of the skin, the frequent and spasmodic asthma, the sudden coughing, and "the speedy disappearance of all these symptoms, without the usual signs of inflammation"—point to the nervous system, and more specifically to the sympathetic nerves, as the probable seat of the disease. An instructive parallel is drawn between the symptoms of autumnal catarrh and the effects of Claude Bernard's experiments on the great sympathetic nerve. When the molecular continuity of the great sympathetic is interfered with by cutting or tying, there ensues congestion of the blood-vessels of the head, the membrane lining the eyelids and nostrils is reddened, and there is copious secretion, with a short cough. Itching also follows, and the changes of heat are sudden. Similar results have been obtained by arresting the action of the fifth pair of nerves. To these facts we may add that it seems to be well established that the sympathetic system exerts an inhibitive or restrictive action upon the blood-vessels throughout the body, so that to heighten the activity of the sympathetic (by bromide of potassium, for example) is to diminish the sectional area of the blood-vessels and *vice versa*. If this be regarded as established, we may well understand that interference with the sympathetic, especially with its cervical branch, will enlarge the blood-vessels in the head and cause the phenomena of congestion, though the ill-understood affection of the blood-corpuscles, which constitutes inflammation, need not ensue. That the trouble is with the sympathetic system we may thus admit to be quite probable; but when it comes to assigning the external causes which affect these nerve-centres so as to produce the disease, the inquiry fails entirely. Yearly the disease begins about the 20th of August, and no experiment has yet succeeded in preventing its appearance at this period, by excluding any of its supposed causes. Whatever theory, then, we may be able to frame concerning the physiology of this interesting disease,—and no one will pretend that even here we have yet obtained anything that amounts to an item of positive knowledge,—we are at present quite in the dark as to its origin. But, as Dr. Wyman well observes, though our ignorance is matter of regret, we must still remember that even if we did under-

stand perfectly the cause of the disease, "it would by no means follow that our success in its prevention or treatment would exceed that we now have with our present knowledge of the character of its symptoms."

For, although we are so ignorant of the manner of origination of autumnal catarrh, we are nevertheless tolerably well informed as to its geographical relations. There are certain places which it does not visit; and if a person suffering from the disease will but consult one of our author's maps and betake himself to some one of the exempt localities, the chances are that he will recover within a day or two. This fact seems well established by a multitude of careful observations; though Dr. Wyman is far from asserting that a journey to one of the favored spots will necessarily or in all cases bring relief. In particular, we may expect to find that places near the boundaries of the exempt region will afford relief in some seasons but not in others, owing to the normal variations in physical circumstances from year to year. Still it is undeniable that the autumnal catarrh is, on the whole, quite strictly confined to certain geographical areas. It does not exist in Europe; and the same persons who suffer from it yearly in New England may escape it by crossing the Atlantic. Less expensive and laborious relief is, however, at hand. The White Mountain region is exempt, and surely there can be no pleasanter prescription for a disease which recurs each August than a sojourn of five or six weeks among the pine woods of New Hampshire. But when we come to inquire into the local characteristics of the places where immunity may be expected, we are as far as ever from finding the materials for a generalization. Neither with respect to elevation, nor to temperature, nor to moisture, nor to soil, nor to vegetation, does there appear to be any common characteristic which is the peculiar property of the exempt regions.

But while Dr. Wyman's essay thus leaves us in the dark as to many interesting points,—as every scientific essay must until that millennium comes in which we shall know as we are known,—it is, for that very reason, all the more a scientific essay. It does not pretend to be the final solution of a problem (the sure mark of sciolism), but it brings together, with praiseworthy scientific acumen, all the facts thus far obtainable with reference to the subject of which it treats.



## POLITICS.

THE Presidential election is over at last, and the nation breathes freer in the security of its delivery from Mr. Greeley and his galvanized democracy. For this it may reasonably be grateful to General Grant, who has a second time saved the Union—not now from rebellion and dissolution, as before, but from an uprising of office-seekers under the lead of an erratic, unstable, and ill-advised philanthropist—from confusion and corruption and absurdity and babble and ink-shed, no end.

For all this we are right to be grateful, but in our gratitude let us not forget that as to governmental reform we have no surer prospect than we had one year ago; let us remember that the faults of General Grant's character invoked the dangers from which he has saved us; let us consider that if Grant the President had been different, Greeley the candidate would not have been at all; let us look at the facts of the late campaign and the present situation in the face, and now that we are saved, let us see from what General Grant is to be saved.

Every party found presented by the Presidential election only a choice of evils. It was so confessed by the tariff and civil-service reformers who originated the Cincinnati Convention, and unwittingly prepared the instrumentalities for the nomination of Horace Greeley. It was freely declared by the Democratic party when it ratified this nomination. It was so regarded by the thinking portion of the Republican party, who demanded an elevation of the character of the government in all its branches, which they could not expect under a renewal of the term of Grant's Presidency. But they had the measure of the evils and inabilities of the present administration, and they have decided to hold to it rather than take the immeasurable risks of the administration of Horace Greeley and of a restoration of the Democratic party to power.

The election of Grant is therefore the choice of the lesser evil. It is not an unqualified indorsement of his conduct, nor a declaration of popular contentment with the present status for another four years. On the contrary, his re-election liberates a reform sentiment which was repressed by the necessities of the election contest.

The sense of having been placed at a disadvantage before the enemy by the shortcomings of the administration will give the reform demand an energy it did not have before. The wounds of the battle will give an unwonted sharpness to criticism in the administration party. Whatever load the supporters of the President have had to carry in the fight will now be freely cast upon him, and his conduct will be subjected to a severity of judgment which will be something new to our party experiences.

The paradox that the renomination of the President without any apparent opposition, and so vigorous a contest by his party for his re-election, was not a full indorsement of him by his supporters, seems to require explanation, although it is plain enough to political observers. A government which in all its branches and details is subject to elections at short periods draws a great number of its citizens into the pursuit of office, and creates a great fabric of political machinery which is a controlling power in nominations. The vast patronage of the President, dispensed through Congressmen and by these through local committees and managing politicians, furnishes the means for wielding this political machine. The dispensers and recipients of his patronage are all bound by their own interest to promote his renomination. Whether he orders it or not, all the power of his patronage is exerted for his renomination. Practically this power is irresistible. It is sufficient to make the support of any candidate against the President seem unfaithfulness to the party. Under ordinary circumstances no member of the party could expect to succeed in a contest with the head of the administration for the party nomination. Such a conflict inside the party, in the face of a powerful enemy, would expose it to defeat. Therefore the party shuns such a contest, and is led into a spirit of intolerance toward competing aspirants and their supporters. In the nature of things, while the President desires a renomination, it is practically impossible for any to compete with him, at least until he has had the second term, which in our traditions is due to a good President.

And besides all this, a multitude in the



Republican party had that blind confidence in Grant which the mass always have in their leader in successful war, and that steadfast allegiance which grows out of such a relation, extended from military to political triumph. Thus the fact of the re-nomination is accounted for, although there is in the Republican party, not excepting even those public men who seem to be personal adherents of Grant, a wide-spread feeling of discontent with him, and among all the thinking classes a feeling that we need an elevation of the character of the administration. The removal of the outer pressure of the election battle will liberate this feeling and give it a rebounding energy of expression which it will be necessary for the President to heed, and which it would be wise in him to anticipate by giving signs that he is alive to the public sensibilities. It is necessary that free public journals which desire the success of the administration should speak plainly on these matters; for the Japanese Mikado is not more completely cut off from all hearing of unfavorable opinions of his conduct on the part of his personal supporters than is President Grant. The power which a President possesses, and the fact that through his patronage he holds the political fate of every administration congressman in his hand, would to a great extent prevent any President from hearing the truth from those about him; but it is well known that this evil is increased by the disposition of President Grant, which inclines him to regard with aversion any who speak to him of faults of conduct.

It may be that the character of the executive branch will rank with that of the legislative; but it ought to be much above it. The President's broader constituency, longer term of office, and vast power to control the party, enable him to take a higher stand and to direct public opinion. The member of Congress travels, as Napoleon said of an army, on his stomach. He is continually looking to his base, and his chief concern is to stop the mouths of his supporters with offices, and to work the machinery for his re-election. But the President is lifted above these conditions. He can have a tone which will make the influence of the administration elevating in all branches of government. If his tone is low, his influence is powerful to degrade the legislature and the entire public service. He is responsible, not only for his administrative acts, but for his example.

It is not enough that he lets things take their course. If he be not qualified to have an affirmative policy in affairs, he may at least make the executive department an example of strict integrity, of a high sense of duty, of a rigid sentiment of honor, and of good manners, which are akin to good morals.

It was unfortunate that Grant came into office with the conspicuous gifts of citizens to the successful general who in the line of precedents was the coming President. When he showed an inclination to call the givers to high places in the government, it gave the opposition a weapon against him. When he took a share in the gift that citizens were contributing to General Sherman, and in his eagerness involved himself in the scandal with Mayor Bowen, he compromised his personal dignity, and exhibited qualities unbecoming to his station.

It is not a great draft upon the public purse, nor a creation of dangerous family influence, when the President appoints a dozen or more of his relations to office; but it is a bad example and shows a low view of the Presidential office. But far worse than this was the scandal of a President's brother-in-law at the capital, following the profession of agent for claims against the government, carrying his family influence into the subordinate executive departments where such claims are judged, and actually — as he testified before a congressional committee — appealing cases from the departments to the President, and appearing before him to argue them. In effect this was the sale of the President's influence against the ends of justice by his brother-in-law.

The summer absences of the President from the capital are matters of no great moment in the affairs of government, and his frequent junketing excursions could be excused, but for his proclivity for a peculiar kind of entertainers who bring him and the Presidential office into disrepute, and expose him to be made the instrument of designs upon the government. When the gold conspiracy to make a private speculation at the cost of wide-spread ruin of the innocent burst upon the public on the memorable Black Friday, the public mind was shocked by the intelligence that the President had been caught in the toils of the conspirators, and had been made to do their bidding by writing a letter to Secretary Boutwell advising him against increasing his sales of gold. The effect was not mitigated by the fact that the conspirators



had entangled the President's family in the plot. The public partly excused him with the charitable plea that he was deceived by the sharpers Gould and Fisk; but there was a general feeling that the President of the United States should not have made companions of men so notorious as public robbers, nor received hospitalities and other favors from them.

The American people do not fear that the President's surrounding himself with military attendants means a design to subvert the government; but jealousy of military surroundings and manners belongs to free institutions and to the spirit of free peoples, and the disregard of this shows a lack of perception of popular sentiment, or a contempt for it.

It is true that Congress is laggard and reluctant in the work of civil-service reform; but the President has not the trammels that bind congressmen. He can wield a prevailing influence in promoting the needed legislation. He can put the methods of reform into practice, by retaining and promoting capacity, fidelity, and experience, and by refusing to remove any capable and faithful officer to make place for a partisan retainer, without waiting for legislation. But while he asks of Congress legislation to coerce him to reform the mode of appointments to the civil service, he presents to the country such a scandal as the New York Custom House, with its disreputable official service and its unofficial levies upon the merchants, regulated by his own hand.

It is true that when the President caused our case to be presented to the Geneva Tribunal with our consequential injuries extended to the cost of the war, he went no further than the speech of Mr. Sumner and the almost unanimous vote of the Senate and the general acceptance of the country, and that his late competitor went beyond this with a wild proposition that our claims should be made the ground for demanding the cession of Canada; but it cannot be forgotten that between these events the President's ostensible reason for the peremptory dismissal of Mr. Motley was that he stated to the British Minis-

ter the case of our injuries too strongly, although it came far short of the case presented at Geneva.

The Republican party did not seek a statesman for President when it chose General Grant; for it could not have expected a statesman in him. It chose him because the glory reflected on him in the popular view by the military triumph gave him a political availability which would be useful and which if not secured by it might be turned against it. It would therefore be unreasonable to demand of him a positive and leading policy of statesmanship. But it had the right to expect from him an example of duty, dignity, regard for law, and a high self-respect which would have beneficent influence on the other branches of government and on the whole executive service. Yet there is a common impression that General Grant takes a low view of the Presidential office; that he looks upon it as a personal affair; that he makes a calculation of what is due him from the value of the office he gave up to take this; and that he regards it as a reward of merit.

All these things and others have made the labor of the recent contest much greater to the administration party than it would have been with any Republican of standing, without an administration record for a candidate. The election having given to General Grant another term of office, the feeling in his party should have free expression. His friends cannot do him greater service than to subject his conduct every step to severe judgment. At the bottom he will have a difficult part to play. Whether he shall show an amenability to intelligent public sentiment and shall rise above the personal view of the President will govern the event whether he shall continue to have the support of a successful party, and shall leave it in the hands of the country when he retires to private life, or whether his re-election shall precipitate a disintegration of the Republican party which will make his administration helpless, and will leave him to terminate his official career followed by the reproaches of the party that elected him, and with none to do him honor.















